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THE SALEM OF HAWTHORNE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S instinct for localities was not strongly developed; wherever he walked, in city or country (and he was very fond of walking), he constantly missed his way. This trait, or deficiency, is not without its reflection in his writings. It is of small importance to him what the topography of his story may be, — whether his house faces north or south, whether his street turns to the right or to the left. He is willing to let these and analogous matters take care of themselves; and herein he differs markedly from the great French novelist Balzac, who wrote by the map and the rule, and who always knew precisely the income of all his people, and from what investments it was derived. On the other hand, the American possessed, to quite as great a degree as the Frenchman, the perception of the picturesque; his light and shadow, his color and atmosphere, have never been surpassed. But he shunned rather than sought to make his outlines and directions correspond too closely with palpable reality. The intensity with which he could convey the feeling of a place, a character, or a situation, was almost in inverse ratio to its literal resemblance to any material prototype; he was essentially a romancer, and the world of his imagination was like the material world only as the mind of man is like his body: a spiritual world of types, elements, and harmonies, rather than a physical world of accidents, individuals, and technicalities. When I was lately visiting the scenes of his stories, I was impressed by nothing more than by the manner in which he had contrived to escape from the rigid flesh and blood of his scenes, and to make everything plastic and significant, while fully preserving and indeed intensifying the spirit and sentiment which the scenes embodied. The subtle, artistic balance and structure of his compositions would have been distorted by the intrusion of photographic facts. His characters and his scenery bore an organic relation to the theme or plot in which they appeared and acted. It has been surmised that what is technically termed construction was Hawthorne's weak point; and, in the Wilkie Collins sense of construction, this is true. But the author of "The Scarlet Letter" took a view of artistic proportion — the answering of part to part, the culmination and the catastrophe — indefinitely deeper than Mr. Collins's, because moral and spiritual. His episodes are of the mind and heart, not of the body; and on this plane the construction of his romances is as nearly perfect as, on another plane, is that of "Tom Jones" or "The Moonstone."

What has been said suggests the conclusion that there is comparatively little to be gained by the most conscientious consideration of the localities in which, for lack of better, the characters of Hawthorne's stories are seen and developed. The true localities of the stories are in the characters themselves, who, secondarily, are reflected in their surroundings. In the case of Dickens it was quite otherwise; and that curious sort of entertainment which is found by many people in the autographs, the birthplaces, the old hats and snuff-boxes, the inns and the graves of great or notorious personages, may receive a similar gratification in hunting out the houses and the streets of Dickens's fictitious society, and noticing how closely the fiction coincides with the reality. This pleasure has, I believe, already been tasted by the readers of this magazine; but they must not anticipate anything quite comparable to it in the present instance. What I have to report may augment their appreciation of Hawthorne's

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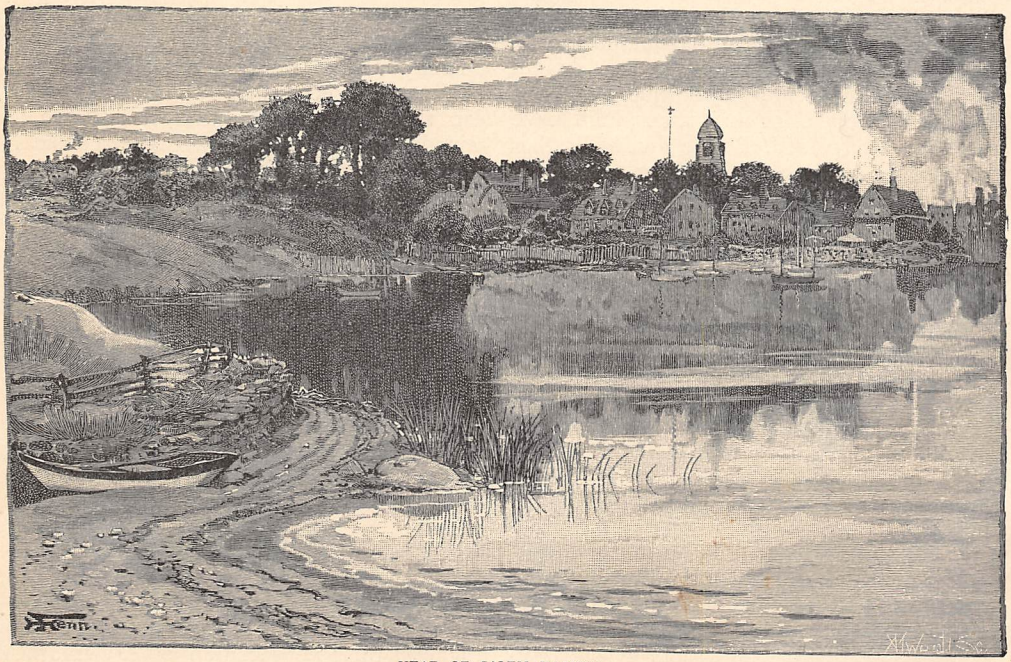
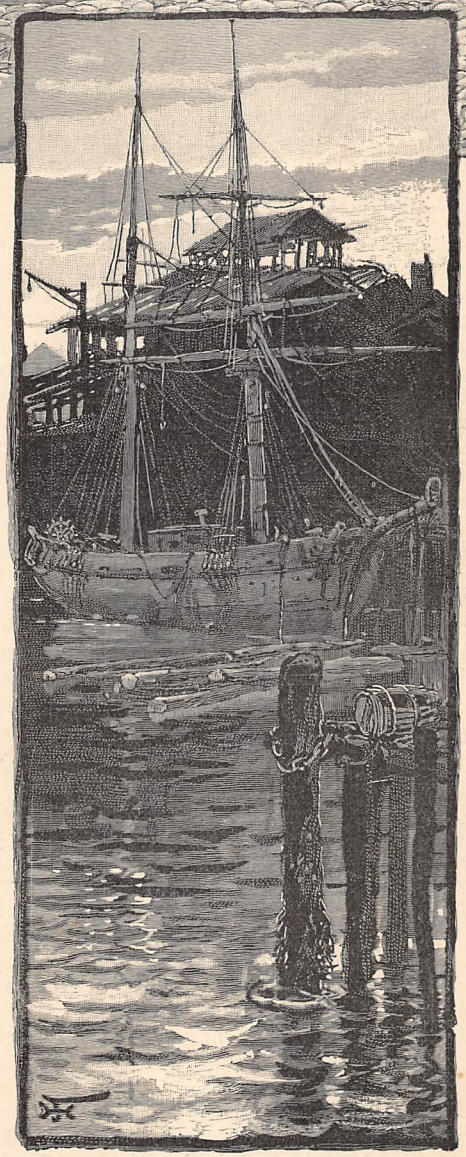
power of making bricks without straw, and even without clay upon occasion, but will do little to enhance his reputation as a Chinese copyist. Some people will not regard this as a defect; but there is some ground for believing that Hawthorne himself aimed rather to increase than to diminish the external verisimilitude of his pictures. It would otherwise be difficult to account for the existence of his journals and note-books, from which imagination is, as much as possible, excluded, and a constant effort is made to give an accurate and dispassionate record and representation of things as they are. The impression produced by the note-books is oddly different from that of the romances — a difference comparable in kind and degree to that between the voice in ordinary speech and in singing. The descriptions in the books are conscientious and laborious, and strike one, perhaps, as having been written coldly and somewhat against the grain — written not for their own sake, but as auxiliary to an ulterior purpose. It is often edifying to observe how a passage from these records has been transmuted from commonplace metal into fine gold on being incorporated with the living organism of the romance. The specific accuracy has become less, but the fidelity to essential truth has become greater. On the whole, however, the illusion of reality is doubtless greater in Hawthorne's later works than in the "Twice-told Tales" and the "Mosses from an Old Manse." The substance of the later works is wrought out of a wider experience and observation of actualities than is the case with the earlier ones. Yet the imagination has gained power proportionate to the increased observation and experience, and is as far as ever from being dominated by them. The work is richer and more minute, but it is just as truly creative as before; the fusion of the elements is no less complete. "The Marble Faun" is as thoroughly Hawthorne, to the outermost particle, as is "The Gray Champion" or "Feathertop." So that, after all, the result of the note-books was different from their apparent aim (as I have supposed it), and much better worth the pains bestowed on producing them. I doubt if my father ever realized how searchingly powerful his imagination was. He did not perceive the ardor of his own fire; the magic of his own atmosphere was hidden from him. He fancied he was telling his story in quite a plain and obvious way, and was rather amused at the depths and splendors which other people thought they saw in it. Of course I do not mean to imply that he did not know what he was about. The "Grimshawe" studies, lately published in this magazine, show that no one comprehended the methods and art of fiction better than he. He was never careless, and he had the unmitigable conscience of a Puritan. He was not of that order of genius that yields itself up to vague, hysteric deliriums of inspiration, and in that condition evolves something which as often turns out silly as sublime. When he



HEAD OF SALEM HARBOR.

THE END OF DERBY WHARF.

was warmed to his work, he was more himself—more in command of every faculty he possessed—than at any other time. He never wrote a sentence that he did not himself thoroughly understand. He could criticise his own processes, aims, and results as justly as the most dispassionate reviewer. But there was one quality, one faculty in himself that he could never estimate or criticise — the most important quality or faculty of all. It was the quality that no one else ever possessed, the faculty that no one else ever exercised, the thing, whatever it was, that makes him Hawthorne. Some years ago one of our magazines published a story, a translation from the German, entitled "The Face in the Rock" (or something of that kind). It was a literary curiosity, for it was neither more nor less than Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face," which had been translated into German and afterward turned back into English by some one who had never heard of the original. Here was the story, sentence for sentence the same, and yet as different from it as is a cabbage from a rose. I have often wondered what my father would have thought of it; whether he would have perceived as distinctly as another person the immeasurable superiority imparted by touches too fine and subtle to be described—the touches which no one else could give, and which even he gave, as it were, unconsciously, because it was the natural expression of his temperament and organization. I may return to this matter another time, for it is full of suggestion; but for the present it is enough to observe that the faculty of self-appreciation (not altogether strange to our later writers) is not precisely the most valuable element of the literary organization, inasmuch as it stands in the way of that genial unconsciousness, of that freedom from the sense of being overlooked and criticised, which is indispensable to the production of original and harmonious work. Though Hawthorne was humility itself in his estimate of his own powers, yet when once he was under the influence of his muse, not all the criticism of ancient and modern times could have made him swerve by so much as a hair's breadth



THE DESERTED WHARVES OF SALEM.

from the path along which she led him. When he was at work he was in a region by himself,— alone with his art,— into which the voices of the exterior world could never penetrate, nor its presence intrude. The work being done, however, and sent forth, the worker would return to a colder and more skeptical state, in which he took, as it were, the part of the world against himself, and led the attack. So little is known of the man that it has always been the custom to paint his portrait from the same palette which he himself used for his pictures. But it is important to remember that the man and the writer were, in Hawthorne's case, as different as a mountain from a cloud. It was not until after his death that I read any of his romances; he had always told me that they were not suited to my age and requirements; and I remember, as I read on, being constantly unable to comprehend how a man such as I knew my father to be could have written such books. He did not talk in that way; his moods had not seemed to be of that color. The books gave me an enlarged though not a more powerful impression of him. He was a very strong man, in every application of the word. I have seen him in company with many of the great men of his time, and I was always made to feel that his was the loftier and dominant spirit — that he was to other men what Augustus Cæsar is said to have been to Marc Antony. It is true that I was but a child; but I apprehend that the perceptions of a child in such matters, being mainly intuitive, are at least as apt to be just as those of mature persons. At all events, subsequent meditation and experience have served rather to augment than to lessen my estimate of his personal power and weight. As regards the books, it is difficult to state exactly the relation they bore to the general manifestation of his character; perhaps it might be said that they resulted from the immediate action of his spirit, in a spiritual plane; whereas in other matters it acted through his material part, in the physical plane. But there is more vanity than profit in such distinctions, and the topic is, moreover, not essential to the present inquiry, indefinite and vagabond though that be.

HAWTHORNE was born in Salem; it was mostly the scene of such of his earlier tales as pretend to any definite location at all; the "House of the Seven Gables" was erected there; and finally, at the close of his literary career, he returned to Salem to find the scene of "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret." Salem, consequently, might reasonably be presumed to be a singularly picturesque and interesting old town. In the matter of age, no doubt, it can court comparison with any settlement in New England; the place bore the name of Salem as long ago as 1629, after having been called Bastable in 1614, and Naum-Keag by the aboriginal Indians. Concerning this latter appellation, Cotton Mather, with that fondness for the miraculous which characterized his epoch, writes as follows in his "Magnalia":

> "Of which place I have somewhere met with an odd observation, that the name of it is rather Hebrew than Indian; for Nahum signifies comfort, and Keik signifies an haven; and our English not only found it an haven of comfort, but happened also to put an Hebrew name upon it; for they called it Salem, for the peace which they had hoped in it."

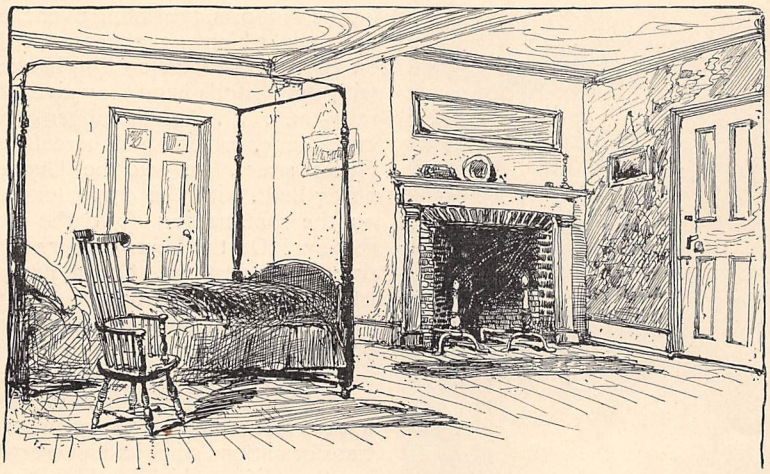
The "odd observation" was probably met with in a publication called "The Planter's Plea," printed in London in 1630, in which it is written:

> "It fals out, that the name of the place, which one late colony hath chosen for their seat, prooves to bee perfect Hebrew, being called Nahum Keike; by interpretation, the bosom of consolation; which it were pitty that those which observed it not, should change into the name of Salem, though upon a fair ground, in remembrance of a peace setled upon a conference at a generall meeting betweene them and their neighbors, after expectance of some dangerous jarre."

This fanciful etymology, though never formally recognized or adopted by the body corporate of the citizens, is informally and sentimentally used by them to this day. I remember that my maternal grandmother, at the time she was living in Boston, used affectionately to speak of her native Salem by the title of "Old Naum-Keag."

Hawthorne himself, in his "Main Street," an article printed in the "Snow-Image" volume, has given the best antiquarian picture of the growth of his native town that is likely to be met with anywhere. He begins at the period when the site of the Main street (now called Essex street) was a tract of forest land, over which the dusty pavement of the thoroughfare was hereafter to extend. This tract, about a mile and a half in length by half a mile in breadth, and bounded on three sides by water, is hardly definable nowadays. Two hundred and seventy years ago, however, along through the vista of impending boughs, might have been seen a faintly-traced path, running nearly east and west, "as if a prophecy or foreboding of the future street had stolen into the heart of the solemn old wood." The great Squaw Sachem and the red Chief Wappacowet pass on beneath the tangled shade, imagining, doubtless, that their own system of affairs will endure forever; the squirrel rustles in the trees, the deer leaps in

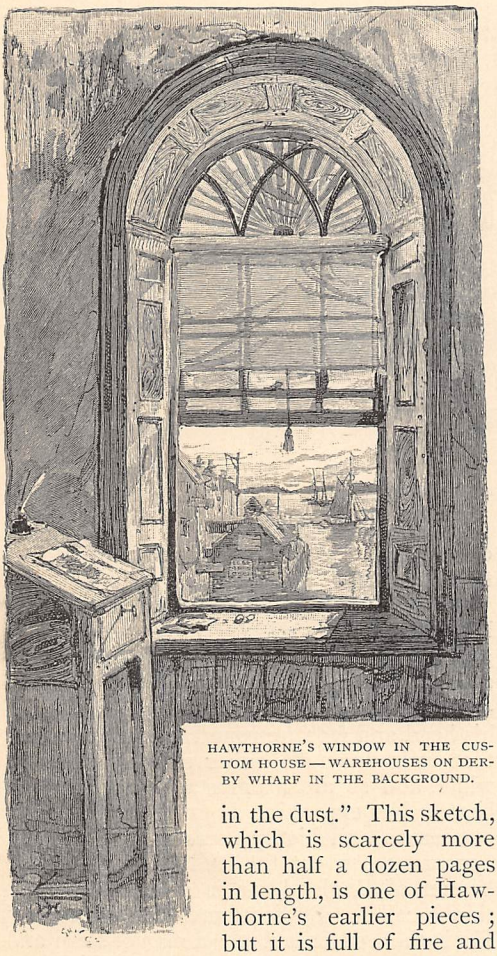
his covert; we catch the cruel and stealthy eye of a wolf, as he draws back into yonder imperious density of underbrush; a momentary streak of sunlight finds its way down through the gloom of the broad wilderness, and glimmers among the feathers of the Indian's dusky hair. Can it be that the thronged street of a city will ever pass into this twilight solitude? Casting our eyes again over the scene, we behold a stalwart figure, clad in a leathern jerkin and breeches of the same, striding sturdily onward with his gun over his shoulder, bringing home the choice portions of a deer. This is Roger Conant, the first settler of Naum-Keag, "a man of thoughtful strength." There stands his habitation, "showing in its rough architecture some features of the Indian wigwam, and some of the log-cabin, and somewhat, too, of the straw-thatched cottage in Old England, where this good yeoman had his birth and breeding." A few years more, and "the forest track, trodden more and more by the hob-nailed shoes of these sturdy and ponderous Englishmen, has now a distinctness which it never would have acquired from the light tread of a hundred times as many Indian moccasins. It will be a street anon. It goes onward from one clearing to another, here plunging into a shadowy strip of woods, there open to the sunshine, but everywhere showing a decided line, along which human interests have begun to note their career. Over yonder swampy spot two trees have been felled, and laid side by side to make a causeway." This "swampy spot," by the bye, was at or about the junction of the present Essex and Washington streets, and the track of the Eastern Railway runs through it. In the course of time, John Endicott, the first governor of the new settlement, enters upon the scene. "Two venerable trees unite their branches high above his head, thus forming a triumphal arch of living verdure, beneath which he pauses, with his wife leaning on his arm, to catch the first impression of their new-found home."



ROOM IN WHICH HAWTHORNE WAS BORN.

In a copy of Felt's "Annals of Salem" which belonged to my father, I have seen a lithographed portrait of this famous Puritan, with a fac-simile of his signature—"Jo: Endecott"—underneath. He wears a black skull-cap; his head and face are round and full; the hair that curls down on either side his visage is white, and so are his mustache and pointed beard. His expression is grave and resolute, but serene and kindly; scarcely the man, in appearance, to cut the Red Cross out of the banner of England, as is described in the sketch called "Endicott and the Red Cross." He is there described as "a man of stern and resolute countenance, the effect of which was heightened by a grizzled beard that swept the upper portion of his breast-plate." When in anger, "a wrathful change came over his manly countenance. The blood glowed through it till it seemed to be kindled with an internal heat; nor was it unnatural to suppose that his breast-plate would likewise become red with the angry fire of the bosom which it covered." He brandished his sword, "thrust it through the cloth, and, with his left hand, rent the Red Cross completely out of the banner. He then waved the tattered ensign above his head. . . . With a cry of triumph, the people gave their sanction to one of the boldest exploits which our history

records. And forever honored be the name of Endicott! We look back through the mist of ages, and recognize, in the rending of the Red Cross from New England's banner, the first omen of that deliverance which our fathers consummated, after the bones of the stern Puritan had lain more than a century



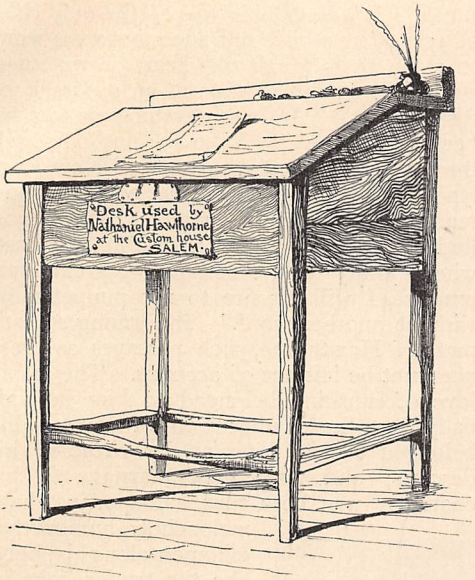
HAWTHORNE'S WINDOW IN THE CUSTOM HOUSE — WAREHOUSES ON DERBY WHARF IN THE BACKGROUND.

in the dust." This sketch, which is scarcely more than half a dozen pages in length, is one of Hawthorne's earlier pieces; but it is full of fire and eloquence. Let us, however, return to the main street.

Six or seven years after Roger Conant's appearance, "the street had lost the aromatic odor of the pine-trees, and of the sweet-fern that grew beneath them. Gardens are fenced in, and display pumpkin-beds and rows of cabbages and beans. No wolf, for a year past, has been heard to bark, or known to range among the dwellings, except that single one, whose grizzly head, with a plash of blood beneath it, is now affixed to the portal of the meeting-house." "Still later, the forest track has been converted into a dusty thoroughfare, which, being intersected with lanes and cross-paths, may fairly be designated as Main street. Houses of quaint architecture have now risen; most of them have one huge chimney in the center, with flues so vast that it must have been easy for the witches to fly out of them. Around this great chimney the wooden house clusters itself, in a whole community of gable-ends, each ascending into its own separate peak; the second story, with its lattice windows, projecting over the first; and the door, which is perhaps arched, provided on the outside with an iron hammer, wherewith the visitor's hand may give a thundering rat-a-tat. . . . On the upper corner of that green lane, which shall hereafter be called North street, we see the Curwen House, newly built, with the carpenters still at work on the roof, nailing down the last sheaf of shingles. On the lower corner stands another dwelling,—destined, at some period of its existence, to be the abode of an unsuccessful alchemist,—which shall likewise survive to our generation."

There is a picture of the old Curwen House in Felt's "Annals," and it seems to have at least seven gables. It has gone through many transformations since its first erection in 1642, but the edifice, which is still to be seen on the corner of North and Essex streets, a few rods west of the railway station, is said to be substantially the same building. At the time of the persecution of the witches, several examinations of those unhappy persons were held in one of its apartments. The inquiry has often been made: which of the old Salem houses was the prototype of the "House of the Seven Gables"? and the Curwen House, among several others, has been pointed out as the one. Intelligent inquirers of this kind will probably be disappointed to learn that the old Pynchon House had no prototype at all. It is itself a type of the kind of houses that were built in the latter half of the seventeenth century. "These edifices," says Hawthorne himself, "were built in one generally accordant style, though with such subordinate variety as keeps the beholder's curiosity excited, and causes each structure, like its owner's character, to produce its own peculiar impression." In the preface to the romance he "trusts not to be considered as unpardonably offending, by laying out a street that infringes upon nobody's private rights, and appropriating a lot of land which had no visible owner, and building a house of materials long used for constructing castles in the air."

No one with any understanding of the nature of Hawthorne's genius could believe it even possible for him to import into his stories true literal portraits, either of houses or persons; but he frequently alluded, with a certain arch lifting of the right eyebrow that



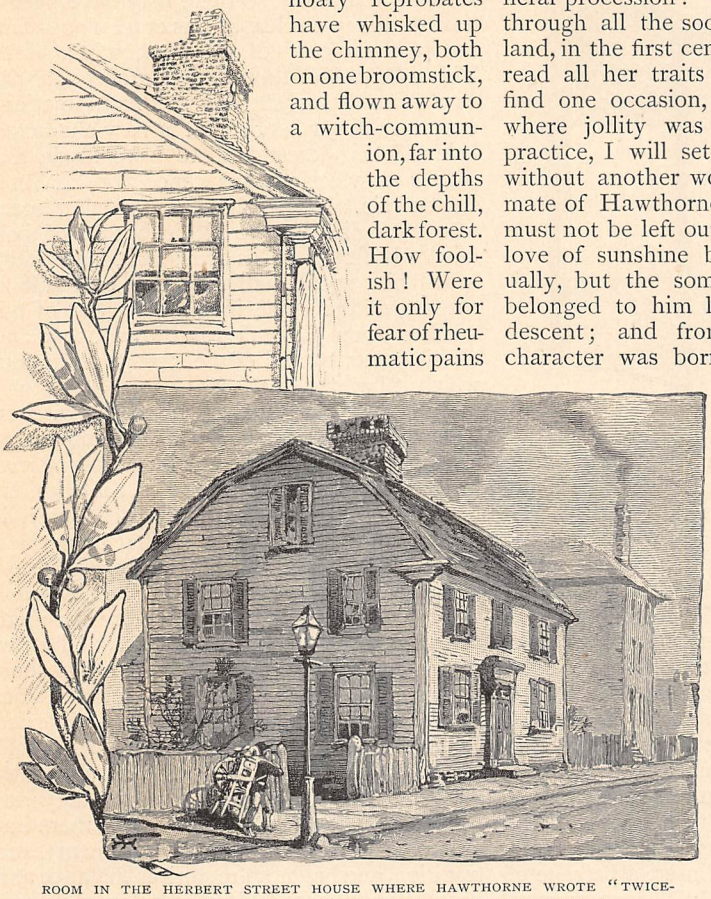
was characteristic of him when amused, to the perverse determination of his friends and correspondents to believe that Zenobia, for example, was suggested by Margaret Fuller; that he himself was Miles Coverdale; that the Pynchon House existed in wood and plaster; or that Judge Pynchon was an enemy whom he had pilloried under that fictitious name. There is not a syllable of truth in any one of these surmises; but this is something which people devoid (as most of us are) of imagination can never be persuaded to credit or comprehend.

We have now arrived, in our review of the history of Main street, at the epoch of the persecutions of the Quakers, and here Hawthorne takes occasion to insert a passage of his own ancestral annals. "There a woman, —it is Ann Coleman,—naked from the waist upward, and bound to the tail of a cart, is dragged through the main street at the pace of a brisk walk, while the constable follows with a whip of knotted cords. He loves his business, faithful officer that he is, and puts his soul into every stroke, zealous to fulfill the injunction of Major Hawthorne's warrant, in the spirit and to the letter. There came down a stroke that has drawn blood! and with thirty such stripes of blood upon her is she to be driven into the forest. The crimson trail goes wavering along the main street; but Heaven grant that, as the rain of so many years has wept upon it time after time, and washed it all away, so there may have been a dew of mercy to cleanse this cruel blood-stain out of the record of the persecutor's life!" This Major Hawthorne, or Hathorne, as the name was then spelt, was the first American emigrant of our family. It is very characteristic of his descendant to have made this prayer of vicarious penitence for his forefathers' sin. Their blood and temperament were strong in him; he felt the burden of their misdeeds almost as his own; and I have often heard him speak, half fancifully and half in earnest, of the curse invoked by one of the witches upon Colonel John Hawthorne and all his posterity, and of the strange manner in which it had taken effect.

Following the Quakers come the witches. The witches always had a special interest or fascination for my father, as might be inferred from the character and tone of the allusions to them in his published writings. But it is perhaps not generally known that he wrote a number of tales having witches for their subject-matter, that were said by the one or two persons who saw them to be more powerful, as conceptions of weird and fantastic horror, than anything in the printed volumes of short stories. But these tales never emerged from the manuscript state, and were finally burned by their author, because, as my mother told me he had explained to her, he felt that they were not true. That is, I suppose, they embodied no moral truth; they were mere imaginative narratives, founded on history and tradition, and had not the spiritual balance and proportion of what Hawthorne would deem a work of art. But I cannot help regretting that the manuscripts were not accidentally

STENCIL PLATE, NOW IN THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

preserved. His touch acquires a deeper vividness wherever witches come in his way. "While we supposed the old man to be reading the Bible to his old wife,—she meanwhile knitting in the chimney-corner,—the pair of hoary reprobates have whisked up the chimney, both on one broomstick, and flown away to a witch-communion, far into the depths of the chill, dark forest. How foolish! Were it only for fear of rheumatic pains in their old bones, they had better have stayed at home. But away they went; and the laughter of their decayed, cackling voices has been heard at midnight, aloft in the air. Now, in the sunny noontide, as they go tottering to the gallows, it is the devil's turn to laugh."



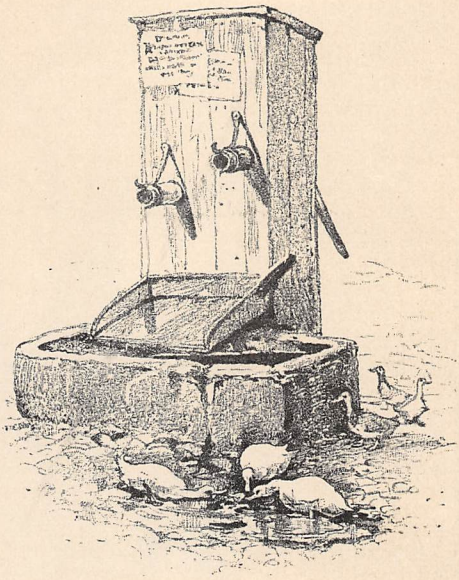
ROOM IN THE HERBERT STREET HOUSE WHERE HAWTHORNE WROTE "TWICE-TOLD TALES." HAWTHORNE'S BIRTHPLACE, ON UNION STREET.

Next to the witches, the stern, gloomy, self-confident, and sometimes bloodthirsty Puritan character had the strongest attraction for him. "These scenes, you think," he says, "are all too somber. So, indeed, they are; but the blame must rest on the somber spirit of our forefathers, who wove their web of life with hardly a single thread of rose-color or gold,—and not on me, who have a tropic love of sunshine, and would gladly gild all the world with it, if I knew where to find so much. That you may believe me," he continues, "I will exhibit one of the only class of scenes in which our ancestors were wont to steep their tough old hearts in wine and strong drink, and indulge in an outbreak of frisky jollity." And he introduces us to a funeral procession! "Even so; but look back through all the social customs of New England, in the first century of her existence, and read all her traits of character; and if you find one occasion, other than a funeral feast, where jollity was sanctioned by universal practice, I will set fire to my puppet-show without another word." In forming an estimate of Hawthorne, such passages as these must not be left out of account. The tropic love of sunshine belonged to him individually, but the somber web of Puritan life belonged to him likewise, by virtue of his descent; and from their marriage in his character was born that half-sportive, half-melancholy humor that glimmers along his pages, like the tender light of morning upon the stern surface of New England granite.

The history of Main street is followed only as far as the great snow of 1717, and we have a parting glimpse of "Goodman Massey taking his last walk,—often pausing,—often leaning over his staff,—and calling to mind whose dwelling stood at such and such a spot, and whose field or garden occupied the site of these more recent houses. He can render a reason for all the bends and deviations of the thoroughfare, which, in its flexible and plastic infancy, was made to swerve aside from a straight line in order to visit every settler's door. The main street is still youthful; the coëval man is in his latest age. Soon he will be gone, a patriarch of four-score; yet shall retain a sort of infantile life, in our local history, as the first town-born child."

Salem has probably changed as slowly and as little as any town in New England; and yet, when I visited it last winter, it no longer hinted of that New England which "must have been a dismal abode for the man of pleasure, since the only boon-companion was Death." The main street is now quite a lively and progressive-looking thoroughfare, lined with handsome, albeit unpretentious brick and stone buildings, and with a horse-car track

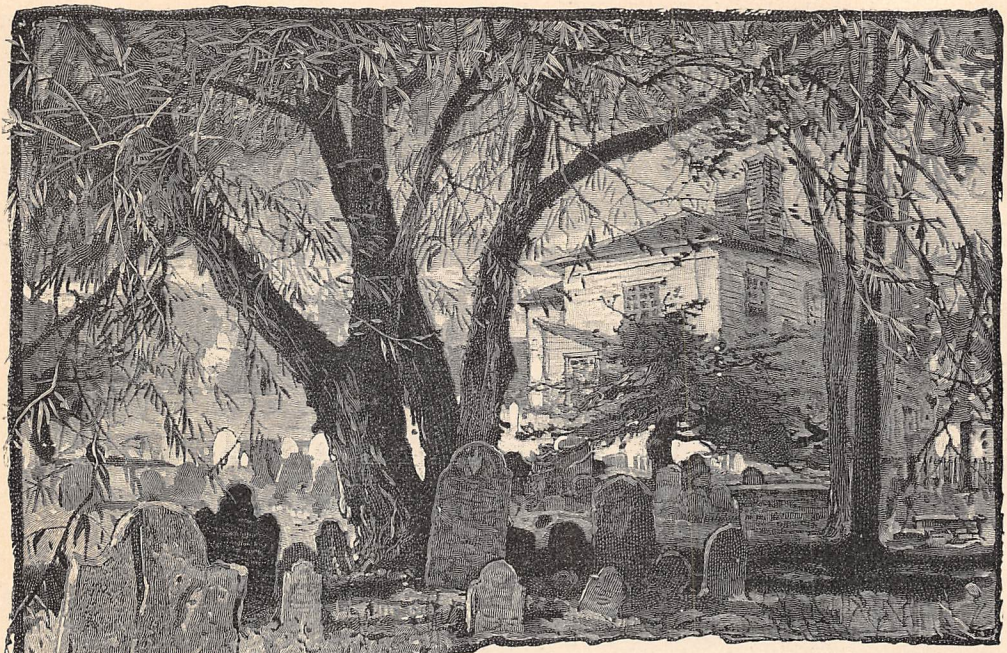
lying complacently along its length, above the forgotten footsteps of Squaw Sachem and the red Chief Wappacowet, and the crimson trail of Ann Coleman. There are town-halls and music-halls, and advertisements of the last new dramatic and operatic celebrities. There were inviting shops, full of Christmas goods and finery, and numbers of young ladies and gentlemen, in quite un-Puritanical garb, tripping gayly along the sidewalks, and not at all afraid of bewitching one another. Elderly persons there were, also, with gray hair and wrinkled faces, and some of them looking unmirthful enough too, but not with the sturdy religious solemnity of their forefathers. The inhabitants of Salem, however, are much more a race apart — their features and demeanor belong much more to a special and recognizable type — than is the case in the neighboring city of Boston, for instance. A few faces I saw that, so far as their physical conformation was concerned, only needed the Puritan doublet and skull-cap to answer very well for the contemporaries of Winthrop and Roger Williams; and I remember a policeman, with a white pointed beard, a conical helmet, and a dark cloak, who might almost have walked out of the seventeenth century just as he was. But, upon the whole, had Salem not been my home in infancy, were I not tolerably familiar with its history and associations, and bound to it by ties of kindred, I doubt whether I should find in it anything more than a rather dull and monotonous town, in which one might live without living, and die almost without being aware of it. With the exception of the houses in Essex street, and a few structures of a public or commercial character scattered here and there, Salem seems principally composed of wooden clapboarded houses, of rather old-fashioned build, with hip roofs, and painted a sober drab or buff color. The larger number of these edifices must date back at least as far as the beginning of this century, and many doubtless much further. The more ancient portion of the town lies eastward from the railway station and southward from Essex street. Parallel with Essex street, and next to it, runs Charter street, on which is the old grave-yard mentioned in "The Dolliver Romance" and in "Doctor Grimshawe." Parallel with this again, and skirting the wharfs, extends Derby street, named after old King Derby, mentioned in "The Custom House," introductory to "The Scarlet Letter"; its eastern extremity is at the Custom House, its western merges at right angles with Centre street, and in the vicinity stands the Town Pump. Numerous cross streets go from Essex street toward two wharfs. One of these



THE TOWN PUMP.

is called Union street, neat, quiet, and narrow, though with a sidewalk on each side. On the western side, within a hundred yards of the corner, stands the house in which Nathaniel Hawthorne was born. It is a plain clapboarded structure of small size, with a three-cornered roof, and a single large chimney in the midst. The front is flush with the sidewalk, and the high stone door-steps jut forth beyond. It has evidently been repaired, and now presents a very well-kept appearance; some additions have perhaps been built on in the rear, but it remains substantially unchanged,— an eight-roomed house, with an attic in the gable, painted a quiet drab hue, with pale-green shutters to the windows. A little yard or garden, about equal in area to the house, adjoins it on the north. There is, I am happy to say, no inscription above the door or elsewhere to arrest the curious attention of the passer-by. This spot was the birthplace of a genius, but the genius itself never had its abiding-place here. It belongs to a world in which there are no places, and no time, but only love and knowledge.

Westward from Union street lies Herbert street; and the house in which Hawthorne lived with his widowed mother and sisters after his return from Bowdoin College stands here, the back yards of the two dwellings communicating. In the old time, Union and Herbert streets seem to have been practically one thoroughfare; for it was in the Herbert street house that the words, "In this dismal chamber FAME was won.— Salem, Union street," were written. The house is of more



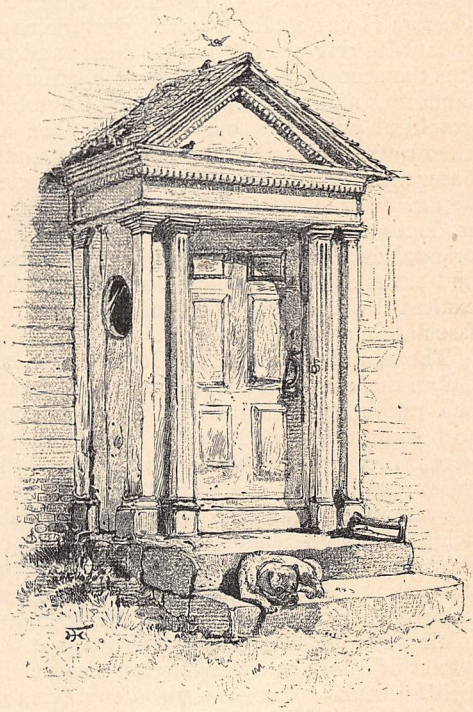
DR. GRIMSHAWE'S ABODE, FROM CHESTER STREET BURYING-GROUND: THE HOUSE IN WHICH HAWTHORNE WAS MARRIED.

irregular form than the other, and has probably been subjected to greater alterations. The room in which Hawthorne wrote the "Twice-told Tales" is in the upper story or attic. The place was doubtless quiet enough in those days; but now there are a school and a church or chapel on the opposite side of the street. It was "recess" as I passed by, and forty or fifty boys were creating such a hubbub in the school-yard as would have destroyed the most genial inspiration. But it seems a marvel that such stories should have been written here, under conditions however favorable. They have, indeed, "the pale tint of flowers that have blossomed in too retired a shade"; but how, in such a shade, did they come to blossom at all? The mind, one would think, must have some external stimulus—some sympathy and enjoyment in surrounding objects—in order to become creative; but for Hawthorne there was nothing but the night and the day, the sunshine and the rain, the changes of the seasons, the leaves of the forest and the waves of the sea,—the simple features and processes of nature, in short,—to quicken and nourish his imagination. The human life around him was as nearly colorless as it could be. But there appears to be much the same sort of difference between some men and others that exists between a sun and its satellites. The former shines in itself, by its own resources; the latter are bright only by derivation. Hawthorne evolved his exquisite creations in a social desert, and the physical unresponsiveness and barrenness of his surroundings only served to render what he produced more pure and permanent. There is hardly any attempt at color in them; their beauty is in their form. The enjoyment inspired by form is perhaps loftier and less subject to change, albeit also less intense, than the delight of color, which is mainly dependent on temperament and emo-

tion; but be that as it may, it is well for the artist, whether he work with pen or pencil, profoundly to verse himself in the intellectual laws of form before venturing to admit the passionate license of color. The genius of Hawthorne seems to have been providentially protected and trained, so that it might attain its full growth and strength in an orderly manner, without haste or eccentricity. Those lonely years in Salem were wearisome, no doubt, and often somber; but they wrought a strength and a self-poise in the solitary writer which all the splendor and phantasmagory of the world afterward could enrich and sweeten, but not mislead. In one way or another, all men who are destined to enter deeply into the mysteries of human life are led through a probationary period of solitude and fasting. They must explore the lonely and appalling recesses of the world within themselves before they are admitted to the world without.

Hawthorne, during those ten years, breathed and walked in the Salem of his day, but lived in the Salem of one and two centuries before. There he found a largeness of material, a ruggedness of light and shade, and an atmosphere that played into the hands, so to speak, of his native imagination. The historical scenes that he draws, as in "The Gray Champion," or the "Legends of the Province House," though they are as vivid and broad and full of movement as a picture by Meissonier, manifestly owe their charm and effect not to any realism or literalness of detail, but purely to the imaginative power of the writer. The real scene did not look like this, but this is the essence and purport of the real scene. It has the beauty and it gives the delight of a work of fine art: all the disproportionate elements, the obtrusive accidents, the insignificancies of matter-of-fact, are refined away. And the bulk of the tales belonging to this period have scarcely any foothold upon earth at all. They are not lyrical,—the record of moods; but they are the moral speculations, or rather conclusions, of a mind singularly penetrating, just, and mature,—of a mind so healthy and well-balanced that its lack of practical experience enhanced instead of diminishing its faculty of dispassionate analysis. "In youth," Hawthorne remarks, "men are apt to write more wisely than they really know or feel; and the remainder of life may not be idly spent in realizing and convincing themselves of the wisdom which they uttered long ago." The experience of age should be interpreted by the intuitions of youth; and this is broadly the gist of Hawthorne's literary history, as traced in his literary achievements. The truth which he divined in his youth was the touchstone of his later knowledge, and gave unity to his career.

From Herbert street it is but a few steps to the Custom House, in the upper apartments of which was made the momentous discovery of Mr. Surveyor Pue's literary remains, and of the original scarlet letter, the history whereof has become more or less familiar to the educated fraction of Christen-



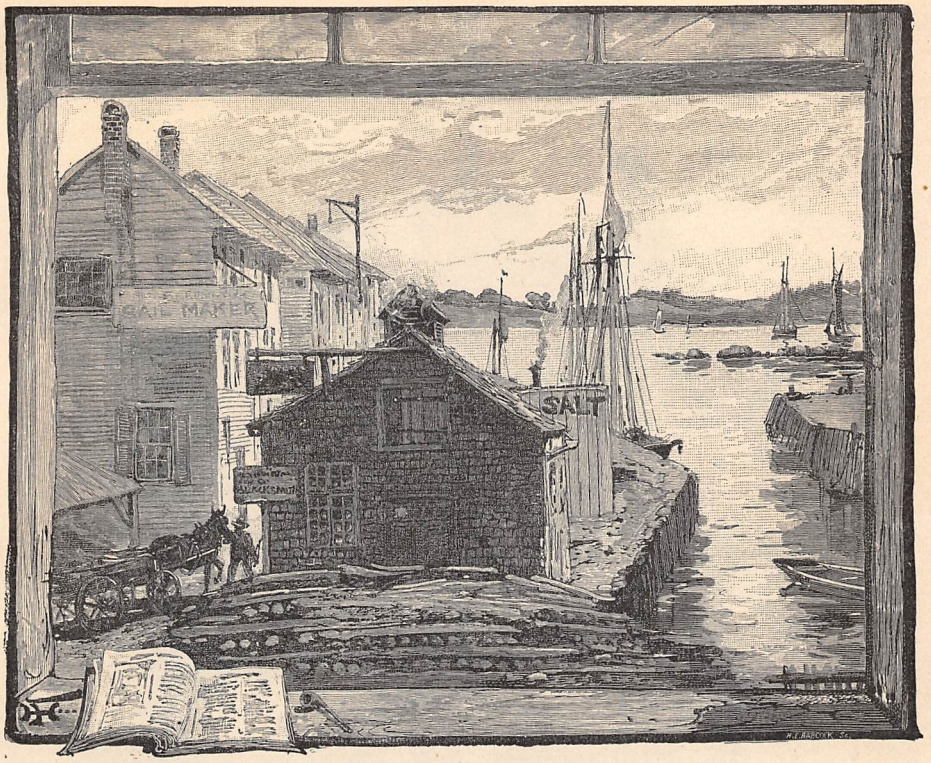
PORCH OF DR. GRIMSHAWE'S HOUSE.

dom. The building is doubtless essentially the same as it was forty years ago. Here is still the spacious edifice of brick, with the banner of the Republic—the thirteen stripes turned vertically instead of horizontally, and thus indicating that a civil and not a military sort of Uncle Sam's government is here established—floating or drooping, in breeze or calm, from the loftiest point of its roof. Over the entrance, moreover, still hovers the enormous specimen of the American eagle, with the thunderbolts and arrows in each claw; she is heavily gilded, and appears to be in a remarkably good state of preservation. Here too is the flight of wide granite steps descending toward the street; and the portico of half a dozen wooden pillars, supporting a balcony. The entrance door was closed at the time of my visit, and the neighborhood quite as deserted as it ever could have been in Hawthorne's day. As for the row of venerable figures, sitting in old-fashioned chairs,

tipped on their hind legs back against the wall, I made no effort to discover them; nor did I attempt to explore a certain room or office, about fifteen feet square, and of a lofty height, decorated with cobwebs and dingy paint, and its floor strewn with gray sand. The room was doubtless there, but in these days of progress and Morris wall-papers, its interior might have been painfully unrecognizable. In truth, I forbore to enter the Custom House at all. A more forlorn, defunct, vacant-looking place I never beheld; and yet it is the scene of one of the most charmingly humorous and picturesque pieces of autobiographical writing in our language. The alchemy of genius never attempted to transmute baser metal than this into gold, or succeeded better. "The Custom House" is a fitting introduction to "The Scarlet Letter." The original depravity of matter in the former, and of the spirit in the latter, are respectively exalted by the magic of imagination into fascination and tragic beauty.

The rambling length of Derby street lay before me, and I traversed its lonely, mean, and uneventful extent as far as its junction with Central street. There is more liveliness here; the houses that surround the little square are less like dwellings of the dead, and the atmosphere is not so much that of a drab-colored Puritan Sunday as in other parts of the town. Here, as aforesaid, is the present town pump; but the original town pump, as appears by the stage direction at the beginning of that famous little monologue, stood at the corner of Essex and Washington streets. In Felt's "Annals" there is a wood engraving of the latter splendid thoroughfare, resembling the streets which children were wont to construct with the German toy houses that came packed in oval wooden boxes: a remarkable coach, foreshortened, with two trunks behind and a horse three or four yards in front, occupies the central foreground; the windows of the houses are five feet in height by eighteen inches in width, and are all furnished with black shutters, closed; eight or nine ladies, gentlemen, and children, in the poke bonnets and high-collared coats of the year 1839, are solemnly posed at different points along either sidewalk. Across the lower middle distance runs Essex street, indicated by two parallel lines; and on the corner at the spectator's right stands the town pump, with two symmetrical handles, and a large trough. "Little was it expected," writes the worthy Mr. Felt, "when this fountain was opened and fitted for use, that locomotives, like some monstrous leviathan, would sweep over the bed of its waters, and pour out fire and smoke, instead of the element designed to subdue them. . . . A cistern was ordered near the first church, in lieu of 'the old town pump,' which Mr. Hawthorne, one of our city's gifted sons, has given a prominent place among his eloquent and impressive tales." The fact was, that the Eastern Railway ran a tunnel underneath Washington street, and the fountains of the great pump were thus dried up, or at any rate diverted.

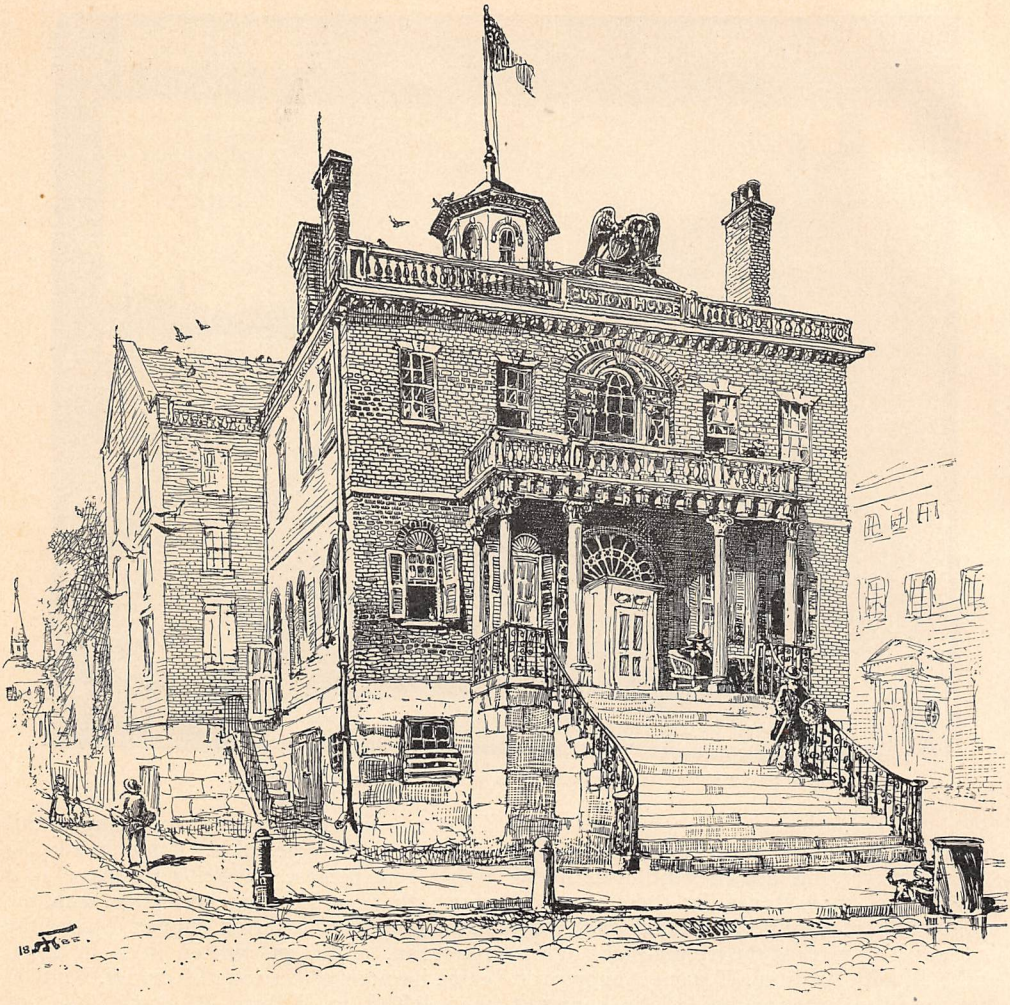
From Central street I took my way back along Charter street, and soon came to an open space on the right, some three acres in extent, filled with grave-stones, and known as the Charter street burying-ground. On one corner of the inclosure, fronting the street, but partly infringing on the grave-yard, stands an old house which was once occupied by Doctor Peabody, the father of Mrs. Hawthorne; but which, in the world of romance, was the abode of Doctor Grimshawe and the two mysterious children, Elsie and Ned, and possibly, also, of good old Grandsir Dolliver and little Pansie. The description given in "Grimshawe" is tolerably exact,—quite as nearly so as might be expected of a place which one had not seen for eight or ten years, and which needed a certain picturesque glamour to make it harmonize with the story. "Doctor Grimshawe's residence," we are told, "cornered on a grave-yard, with which the house communicated by a back door. . . . It did not appear to be an ancient structure, nor one that would ever have been the abode of a very wealthy or prominent family — a three-story wooden house, perhaps a century old, low-studded, with a square front, standing right upon the street; and a small inclosed porch, containing the main entrance, affording a glimpse up and down the street through an oval window on each side. Its characteristic was decent respectability, not sinking below the boundary of the genteel. . . . A sufficient number of rooms and chambers, low, ill-lighted, ugly, but not unsusceptible of warmth and comfort, the sunniest and cheerfulest of which were on the side that looked into the grave-yard." All that applies well enough to the present Charter street house. It is of a whitish hue, irregular in plan, and about as commonplace as an old wooden house can well be. It seems, moreover, to have sunk somewhat below that genteel level which it held to in the doctor's day. It looks as if it might be unclean inside, though by no means with the appalling and portentous griminess that characterizes it in the Romance; and I doubt if there be a spider as big as a nickel in the whole building. Dreary the entire spot undeniably is, especially under such conditions as those in which I beheld it,—a



DERBY WHARF FROM HAWTHORNE'S WINDOW IN THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

cold, gray sky, a harsh, inclement breeze, and a dull whiteness of snow underfoot. The snow, however, did not prevent an examination of the grave-stones, for these were all upright; there were no horizontal ones, such as that which marked the resting-place of him of the Bloody Footstep. I suspect, moreover, that were the sexton to tell all he knows, it would transpire that some of these head-stones are not the bona fide original slabs that were erected at the dates engraved upon them. They are reproductions, more or less accurate; some archæologist, desirous of preserving the historic records of the town, has perhaps resorted to this somewhat questionable mode of achieving his purpose. Most of the slabs are thin parallelograms of slate, the inscriptions being as fresh as if cut last week. The words, in order to carry out the illusion, are sometimes spelt in the old fashion, and the device of a death's head, or a cherub, is roughly traced on the top of the stone. One of the first graves I came upon was that of Doctor John Swinnerton, the famous quack physician, and predecessor of Grandsir Dolliver,—the man who concocted the drink of immortality, which was to have restored that venerable personage to the vigor and elasticity of his long-vanished youth. Doctor Swinnerton expired, according to this record, in the year 1690. Undoubtedly, he was a real person. In Felt's "Annals" it is stated that "a Brinsley Accidence, with the name of John Swinnerton, supposed to be the physician, of Salem, written in it in 1652, came into the possession of Rev. Dr. Bentley, who left it to William B. Fowle, Esq., of Boston." And in the chapter about the Salem schools, it appears that on the twenty-fifth of March, 1716, "John Swinnerton began to keep the English school by the town house, at the usual compensation,"—a son, evidently, of the mystic doctor, and, so far as records go, the last of his tribe. The school-teacher's salary, in those days, seems to have been about twenty-five dollars a year.

This use of a real Salem name, by the bye, constantly occurs in Hawthorne's writings. In my strolling about the town, I recognized several over the shop-windows; and others appear in the index of Felt's "Annals." Thus Ethan Brand, Mr. Bullfinch, Clifford, Dixey, Goldthwaite, Gookin, Holgrave, Hollingsworth, Jeffrey, Maule, Pinchion or Pynchon, and others, were all, at one time or another, residents of Salem. But Doctor John Swinnerton seems to have been, for some reason, a favorite personage with my father; mention



SALEM CUSTOM-HOUSE.

of him occurs not only in "The Dolliver Romance," but also in "Grimshawe," in the introductory chapter to "The House of the Seven Gables," and, I think, in one or two of the shorter pieces. It is all of a piece with his predominating love of veracity, which, as he more than once intimates, is by no means inconsistent with the pursuit of fiction. The novel, he says, "is presumed to aim at a very minute fidelity, not merely to the possible, but to the probable and ordinary, course of man's experience." The romance, "while, as a work of art, it must rigidly subject itself to laws, and while it sins unpardonably so far as it may swerve aside from the truth of the human heart, has fairly a right to present that truth under circumstances, to a great extent, of the writer's own choosing or creation. . . He will be wise, no doubt, to make a very moderate use of the privileges here stated, and, especially, to mingle the marvelous rather as a slight, delicate, and evanescent flavor, than as a portion of the actual substance of the dish offered to the public." In another place he says that "he designed the story and the characters to bear, of course, a certain relation to human nature and human life, but still to be so artfully and airily removed from our mundane sphere, that some laws and proprieties of their own should be implicitly and insensibly acknowledged." Miss E. P. Peabody, in a letter referring to the "Twice-told Tales," writes: "Nathaniel Hawthorne made a discovery, which was that we might be taken out of the prose of life into the region of the 'perfect good and fair,'—and into the mysteries of the Inferno as well, —without transcending the common boundaries of daily life. He did not waste his imagination in making circumstances; he was

deficient in invention; but all his imagination was employed in discovering what depths of passion, what agonies of conscience, what exquisite emotions underlie our nature, and witness to the ever-present God. He left the vulgar ground invented by human will, and kept himself in that spiritual region where imagination is native and at home. He would take the most ordinary and probable circumstances imaginable, or an historical fact perhaps, and lift the veil and show and explain the play of eternal laws that made the facts and personages what they were." Some novelists, when in search of fresh and unhackneyed material, make journeys to foreign lands, or to out-of-the-way corners of their own. Hawthorne's journeys were always inward, beneath the surface of things; but, like Jason in his passage through the labyrinth of Crete, he found it well to hold in his hand the silken clew or cord which connected him with the daylight world without, and enabled him to shape his course aright, and not lose himself in vague wanderings and speculations. To bestow the names of actual persons upon his imaginary creations was perhaps one of the means that he adopted to this end,—one of his reminders to himself to keep, as he expresses it, "undeviatingly within his immunities."

The Matthew Maule of the "Seven Gables" has perhaps (and perhaps not) a partial prototype in a certain Thomas Maule mentioned in the historic annals of Salem. This Thomas was a Quaker, and in 1669 Samuel Robinson and Samuel Shalocke were fined twenty shillings apiece for "entertayninge of him." Maule was warned to depart, but "he persevered, then and subsequently, in retaining his abode here." In 1714, "among claims for common land, Thomas Maule presented one for a place where his two shops were burnt; and in 1724 an order was issued for John Maule to pay eight pounds which his father left as a bequest to the town, three pounds of which were specified for the writing-school." Evidently Thomas Maule's fate was not so tragic as that of the fictitious Matthew; but he seems to have had a touch of the latter's obstinacy. The curse which Matthew is described as having launched against his enemy, the Puritan Colonel Pyncheon, "God will give him blood to drink!" is, however, historical, so far as the words go; but they were uttered by a woman, under circumstances mentioned, I think, in the note-books. Indeed, I am not sure that my own ancestor, Colonel John Hathorne, did not represent the Colonel Pyncheon of the occasion.

In the note-books, under date of 1838, allusion is made to the grave of this "Colonel John Hathorne, Esq.," and the head-stone is described as being sunk deep into the earth and leaning forward, with the grass growing very long around it; "and on account of the moss it was rather difficult to make out the date." But the stone, as I saw it fifty-four years later, was as upright as if it had been put in place yesterday, and the inscription was quite clear of moss and perfectly legible. The hand of the renovator must have been at work, but it has performed its office with unusual forbearance and discretion. The passage above quoted from goes on to say: "It gives strange ideas to think how convenient to Dr. Peabody's residence the burial-ground is — the monuments standing almost within reach of the side-windows of the parlor, and there being a little gate from the back yard through which we step forth upon those old graves aforesaid." So we read in "Doctor Grimshawe" how the grave-yard communicated with the house by a back door, "so that with a hop, skip, and jump from the threshold, across a flat tombstone, the two children were in the habit of using the dismal cemetery as their play-ground." A couple of old apple-trees are spoken of; but these have disappeared, and the ground is planted with a few young elms. The south side of the inclosure is occupied by a line of low out-houses.

I might have prolonged indefinitely my desultory rambles about Salem, or this description of them; but, as the reader will long ago have perceived, there is really little or nothing to be said very pertinent to the matter ostensibly in hand. To repeat what I began with saying, material objects and associations are but the portals through which entrance is made into the region peopled and enriched by Hawthorne's genius. There is a certain pleasure — to the writer if not to the reader — in putting one's self, so far as may be practicable, in Hawthorne's physical standpoint, and thus testing, as it were, by practical experiment, the penetration of his insight and the creativeness of his imagination. But it is impossible, for me at least, as the foregoing pages abundantly testify, to adhere to the letter of my undertaking in this article, or to avoid taking up and discussing side-issues, and indulging in unpremeditated speculations. Hawthorne existed in Salem, but he lived, to all vital intents and purposes, somewhere else, whither no railway can convey the investigator, and whereof no guide-book hitherto published contains any information. In the paper still to come, I shall follow his footsteps through Concord, Boston, and Brook Farm.

Julian Hawthorne.

LADY BARBERINA.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "An International Episode," etc.

I.

It is well known that there are few sights in the world more brilliant than the main avenues of Hyde Park of a fine afternoon in June. This was quite the opinion of two persons, who, on a beautiful day at the beginning of that month, four years ago, had established themselves under the great trees in a couple of iron chairs (the big ones with arms, for which, if I mistake not, you pay two pence), and sat there with the slow procession of the Drive behind them, while their faces were turned to the more vivid agitation of the Row. They were lost in the multitude of observers, and they belonged, superficially at least, to that class of persons who, wherever they may be, rank rather with the spectators than with the spectacle. They were quiet, simple, elderly, of aspect somewhat neutral; you would have liked them extremely, but you would scarcely have noticed them. Nevertheless, in all that shining host, it is to them, obscure, that we must give our attention. The reader is begged to have confidence; he is not asked to make vain concessions. There was that in the faces of our friends which indicated that they were growing old together, and that they were fond enough of each other's company not to object (if it was a condition) even to that. The reader will have guessed that they were husband and wife; and perhaps while he is about it, he will have guessed that they were of that nationality for which Hyde Park at the height of the season is most completely illustrative. They were familiar strangers, as it were; and people at once so initiated and so detached could only be Americans. This reflection, indeed, you would have made only after some delay; for it must be admitted that they carried few patriotic signs on the surface. They had the American turn of mind, but that was very subtle; and to your eye—if your eye had cared about it—they might have been of English, or even of Continental, parentage. It was as if it suited them to be colorless; their color was all in their talk. They were not in the least verdant; they were gray, rather, of monotonous hue. If they were interested in the riders, the horses, the walkers, the great exhibition of English wealth and health, beauty, luxury, and leisure, it was because all this referred itself to other impressions, because they had the key to almost everything that needed an answer,—because, in a word, they were able to compare. They had not arrived, they had only returned; and recognition much more than surprise was expressed in their quiet gaze. It may as well be said outright that Dexter Freer and his wife belonged to that class of Americans who are constantly "passing through" London. Possessors of a fortune of which, from any standpoint, the limits were plainly visible, they were unable to command that highest of luxuries,—a habitation in their own country. They found it much more possible to economize at Dresden or Florence than at Buffalo or Minneapolis. The economy was as great, and the inspiration was greater. From Dresden, from Florence, moreover, they constantly made excursions which would not have been possible in those other cities; and it is even to be feared that they had some rather expressive methods of saving. They came to London to buy their portmanteaus, their toothbrushes, their writing-paper; they occasionally even crossed the Atlantic to assure themselves that prices over there were still the same. They were eminently a social pair; their interests were mainly personal. Their point of view, always, was so distinctly human, that they passed for being fond of gossip; and they certainly knew a good deal about the affairs of other people. They had friends in every country, in every town; and it was not their fault if people told them their secrets. Dexter Freer was a tall, lean man, with an interested eye, and a nose that rather drooped than aspired, yet was salient withal. He brushed his hair, which was streaked with white, forward over his ears, in those locks which are represented in the portraits of clean-shaven gentlemen who flourished fifty years ago, and wore an old-fashioned neckcloth and gaiters. His wife, a small, plump person, of superficial freshness, with a white face, and hair that was still perfectly black, smiled perpetually, but had never laughed since the death of a son whom she had lost

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ten years after her marriage. Her husband, on the other hand, who was usually quite grave, indulged on great occasions in resounding mirth. People confided in her less than in him; but that mattered little, as she confided sufficiently in herself. Her dress, which was always black or dark gray, was so harmoniously simple, that you could see she was fond of it; it was never smart by accident. She was full of intuitions of the most judicious sort; and though she was perpetually moving about the world, she had the air of being perfectly stationary. She was celebrated for the promptitude with which she made her sitting-room at an inn, where she might be spending a night or two, look like an apartment long inhabited. With books, flowers, photographs, draperies, rapidly distributed,—she had even a way, for the most part, of having a piano, —the place seemed almost hereditary. The pair were just back from America, where they had spent three months, and now were able to face the world with something of the elation which people feel who have been justified in a prevision. They had found their native land quite ruinous.

"There he is again!" said Mr. Freer, following with his eyes a young man who passed along the Row, riding slowly. "That's a beautiful thoroughbred!"

Mrs. Freer asked idle questions only when she wished for time to think. At present she had simply to look and see who it was her husband meant. "The horse is too big," she remarked, in a moment.

"You mean that the rider is too small," her husband rejoined; "he is mounted on his millions."

"Is it really millions?"

"Seven or eight, they tell me."

"How disgusting!" It was in this manner that Mrs. Freer usually spoke of the large fortunes of the day. "I wish he would see us," she added.

"He does see us, but he doesn't like to look at us. He is too conscious; he isn't easy."

"Too conscious of his big horse?"

"Yes, and of his big fortune; he is rather ashamed of it."

"This is an odd place to come, then," said Mrs. Freer.

"I am not sure of that. He will find people here richer than himself, and other big horses in plenty, and that will cheer him up. Perhaps, too, he is looking for that girl."

"The one we heard about? He can't be such a fool."

"He isn't a fool," said Dexter Freer. "If he is thinking of her, he has some good reason."

"I wonder what Mary Lemon would say."

"She would say it was right, if he should do it. She thinks he can do no wrong. He is exceedingly fond of her."

"I sha'n't be sure of that if he takes home a wife that will despise her."

"Why should the girl despise her? She is a delightful woman."

"The girl will never know it,— and if she should, it would make no difference; she will despise everything."

"I don't believe it, my dear; she will like some things very much. Every one will be very nice to her."

"She will despise them all the more. But we are speaking as if it were all arranged; I don't believe in it at all," said Mrs. Freer.

"Well, something of the sort — in this case or in some other — is sure to happen sooner or later," her husband replied, turning round a little toward the part of the delta which is formed, near the entrance to the Park, by the divergence of the two great vistas of the Drive and the Row.

Our friends had turned their backs, as I have said, to the solemn revolution of wheels and the densely packed mass of spectators who had chosen that part of the show. These spectators were now agitated by a unanimous impulse: the pushing back of chairs, the shuffle of feet, the rustle of garments, and the deepening murmur of voices sufficiently expressed it. Royalty was approaching — royalty was passing — royalty had passed. Freer turned his head and his ear a little; but he failed to alter his position further, and his wife took no notice of the flurry. They had seen royalty pass all over Europe, and they knew that it passed very quickly. Sometimes it came back; sometimes it didn't; for more than once they had seen it pass for the last time. They were veteran tourists, and they knew perfectly when to get up and when to remain seated. Mr. Freer went on with his proposition: "Some young fellow is certain to do it, and one of these girls is certain to take the risk. They must take risks, over here, more and more."

"The girls, I have no doubt, will be glad enough; they have had very little chance as yet. But I don't want Jackson to begin."

"Do you know I rather think I do," said Dexter Freer; "it will be very amusing."

"For us, perhaps, but not for him; he will repent of it, and be wretched. He is too good for that."

"Wretched, never! He has no capacity for wretchedness; and that's why he can afford to risk it."

"He will have to make great concessions," Mrs. Freer remarked.

"He wont make one."

"I should like to see."

"You admit, then, that it will be amusing,

which is all I contend for. But, as you say, we are talking as if it were settled, whereas there is probably nothing in it after all. The best stories always turn out false. I shall be sorry in this case."

They relapsed into silence, while people passed and repassed them—continuous, successive, mechanical, with strange sequences of faces. They looked at the people, but no one looked at them, though every one was there so admittedly to see what was to be seen. It was all striking, all pictorial, and it made a great composition. The wide, long area of the Row, its red-brown surface dotted with bounding figures, stretched away into the distance and became suffused and misty in the bright, thick air. The deep, dark English verdure that bordered and overhung it looked rich and old, revived and refreshed though it was by the breath of June. The mild blue of the sky was spotted with great silvery clouds, and the light drizzled down in heavenly shafts over the quieter spaces of the Park, as one saw them beyond the Row. All this, however, was only a background, for the scene was, before everything, personal—superbly so, and full of the gloss and luster, the contrasted tones, of a thousand polished surfaces. Certain things were salient, pervasive,—the shining flanks of the perfect horses, the twinkle of bits and spurs, the smoothness of fine cloth adjusted to shoulders and limbs, the sheen of hats and boots, the freshness of complexions, the expression of smiling, talking faces, the flash and flutter of rapid gallops. Faces were everywhere, and they were the great effect,—above all, the fair faces of women on tall horses, flushed a little under their stiff black hats, with figures stiffened, in spite of much definition of curve, by their tight-fitting habits. Their hard little helmets, their neat, compact heads, their straight necks, their firm, tailor-made armor, their blooming, competent physique, made them look doubly like Amazons about to ride a charge. The men, with their eyes before them, with hats of undulating brim, good profiles, high collars, white flowers on their chests, long legs and long feet, had an air more elaborately decorative, as they jolted beside the ladies, always out of step. These were youthful types; but it was not all youth, for many a saddle was surmounted by a richer rotundity, and ruddy faces, with short white whiskers or with matronly chins, looked down comfortably from an equilibrium which was moral as well as physical. The walkers differed from the riders only in being on foot, and in looking at the riders more than these looked at them; for they would have done as well in the saddle and ridden as the others ride. The women had tight little bonnets and still tighter little knots of hair; their round chins rested on a close swathing of lace, or, in some cases, of silver chains and circlets. They had flat backs and small waists, they walked slowly, with their elbows out, carrying vast parasols, and turning their heads very little to the right or the left. They were amazons unmounted, quite ready to spring into the saddle. There was a great deal of beauty and a suffused look of successful development, which came from clear, quiet eyes and from well-cut lips, on which syllables were liquid and sentences brief. Some of the young men, as well as the women, had the happiest proportions and oval faces, in which line and color were pure and fresh, and the idea of the moment was not very intense.

"They are very good-looking," said Mr. Freer, at the end of ten minutes; "they are the finest whites."

"So long as they remain white they do very well; but when they venture upon color!" his wife replied. She sat with her eyes on a level with the skirts of the ladies who passed her; and she had been following the progress of a green velvet robe, enriched with ornaments of steel and much gathered up in the hands of its wearer, who, herself apparently in her teens, was accompanied by a young lady draped in scanty pink muslin, embroidered, æsthetically, with flowers that simulated the iris.

"All the same, in a crowd, they are wonderfully well turned out," Dexter Freer went on; "take the men, and women, and horses together. Look at that big fellow on the light chestnut: what could be more perfect? By the way, it's Lord Canterville," he added in a moment, as if the fact were of some importance.

Mrs. Freer recognized its importance to the degree of raising her glass to look at Lord Canterville. "How do you know it's he?" she asked, with her glass still up.

"I heard him say something the night I went to the House of Lords. It was very few words, but I remember him. A man who was near me told me who he was."

"He is not so handsome as you," said Mrs. Freer, dropping her glass.

"Ah, you're too difficult!" her husband murmured. "What a pity the girl isn't with him," he went on; "we might see something."

It appeared in a moment that the girl was with him. The nobleman designated had ridden slowly forward from the start, but just opposite our friends he pulled up to look behind him, as if he had been waiting for some one. At the same moment a gentleman in the Walk engaged his attention, so that he advanced to the barrier which protects the pedestrians, and halted there, bending a little

from his saddle and talking with his friend, who leaned against the rail. Lord Canterville was indeed perfect, as his American admirer had said. Upward of sixty, and of great stature and great presence, he was really a splendid apparition. In exquisite preservation, he had the freshness of middle life, and would have been young to the eye if the lapse of years were not needed to account for his considerable girth. He was clad from head to foot in garments of a radiant gray, and his fine florid countenance was surmounted with a white hat, of which the majestic curves were a triumph of good form. Over his mighty chest was spread a beard of the richest growth, and of a color, in spite of a few streaks, vaguely grizzled, to which the coat of his admirable horse appeared to be a perfect match. It left no opportunity, in his uppermost button-hole, for the customary gardenia; but this was of comparatively little consequence, as the vegetation of the beard itself was tropical. Astride his great steed, with his big fist, gloved in pearl-gray, on his swelling thigh, his face lighted up with good-humored indifference, and all his magnificent surface reflecting the mild sunshine, he was a very imposing man indeed, and visibly, incontestably, a personage. People almost lingered to look at him as they passed. His halt was brief, however, for he was almost immediately joined by two handsome girls, who were as well turned-out, in Dexter Freer's phrase, as himself. They had been detained a moment at the entrance to the Row, and now advanced side by side, their groom close behind them. One was taller and older than the other, and it was apparent at a glance that they were sisters. Between them, with their charming shoulders, contracted waists, and skirts that hung without a wrinkle, like a plate of zinc, they represented in a singularly complete form the pretty English girl in the position in which she is prettiest.

"Of course they are his daughters," said Dexter Freer, as they rode away with Lord Canterville; "and in that case one of them must be Jackson Lemon's sweetheart. Probably the bigger; they said it was the eldest. She is evidently a fine creature."

"She would hate it over there," Mrs. Freer remarked, for all answer to this cluster of inductions.

"You know I don't admit that. But granting she should, it would do her good to have to accommodate herself."

"She wouldn't accommodate herself."

"She looks so confoundedly fortunate, perched up on that saddle," Dexter Freer pursued, without heeding his wife's rejoinder.

"Aren't they supposed to be very poor?"

"Yes, they look it!" And his eyes followed the distinguished trio, as, with the groom, as distinguished in his way as any of them, they started on a canter.

The air was full of sound, but it was low and diffused; and when, near our friends, it became articulate, the words were simple and few.

"It's as good as the circus, isn't it, Mrs. Freer?" These words correspond to that description, but they pierced the air more effectually than any our friends had lately heard. They were uttered by a young man who had stopped short in the path, absorbed by the sight of his compatriots. He was short and stout, he had a round, kind face, and short, stiff-looking hair, which was reproduced in a small bristling beard. He wore a double-breasted walking-coat, which was not, however, buttoned, and on the summit of his round head was perched a hat of exceeding smallness, and of the so-called "pot" category. It evidently fitted him, but a hatter himself would not have known why. His hands were encased in new gloves, of a dark-brown color, and they hung with an air of unaccustomed inaction at his sides. He sported neither umbrella nor stick. He extended one of his hands, almost with eagerness, to Mrs. Freer, blushing a little as he became aware that he had been eager.

"Oh, Dr. Feeder!" she said, smiling at him. Then she repeated to her husband, "Dr. Feeder, my dear!" and her husband said, "Oh, Doctor, how d'ye do?" I have spoken of the composition of his appearance; but the items were not perceived by these two. They saw only one thing, his delightful face, which was both simple and clever, and unreservedly good. They had lately made the voyage from New York in his company, and it was plain that he would be very genial at sea. After he had stood in front of them a moment, a chair beside Mrs. Freer became vacant, on which he took possession of it, and sat there telling her what he thought of the Park, and how he liked London. As she knew every one, she had known many of his people at home; and while she listened to him she remembered how large their contribution had been to the virtue and culture of Cincinnati. Mrs. Freer's social horizon included even that city; she had been on terms almost familiar with several families from Ohio, and was acquainted with the position of the Feeders there. This family, very numerous, was interwoven into an enormous cousinship. She herself was quite out of such a system, but she could have told you whom Dr. Feeder's great-grandfather had married. Every one, indeed, had heard of the good deeds of the descendants of this worthy, who

were generally physicians, excellent ones, and whose name expressed not inaptly their numerous acts of charity. Sidney Feeder, who had several cousins of this name established in the same line at Cincinnati, had transferred himself and his ambition to New York, where his practice, at the end of three years, had begun to grow. He had studied his profession at Vienna, and was impregnated with German science; indeed, if he had only worn spectacles, he might perfectly, as he sat there watching the riders in Rotten Row as if their proceedings were a successful demonstration, have passed for a young German of distinction. He had come over to London to attend a medical congress which met this year in the British capital; for his interest in the healing art was by no means limited to the cure of his patients, it embraced every form of experiment; and the expression of his honest eyes would almost have reconciled you to vivisection. It was the first time he had come to the Park; for social experiments he had little leisure. Being aware, however, that it was a very typical, and as it were symptomatic, sight, he had conscientiously reserved an afternoon, and had dressed himself carefully for the occasion. "It's quite a brilliant show," he said to Mrs. Freer; "it makes me wish I had a mount." Little as he resembled Lord Canterville, he rode very well.

"Wait till Jackson Lemon passes again, and you can stop him and make him let you take a turn." This was the jocular suggestion of Dexter Freer.

"Why, is he here? I have been looking out for him; I should like to see him."

"Doesn't he go to your medical congress?" asked Mrs. Freer.

"Well, yes, he attends; but he isn't very regular. I guess he goes out a good deal."

"I guess he does," said Mr. Freer; "and if he isn't very regular, I guess he has a good reason. A beautiful reason, a charming reason," he went on, bending forward to look down toward the beginning of the Row. "Dear me, what a lovely reason!"

Dr. Feeder followed the direction of his eyes, and after a moment understood his allusion. Little Jackson Lemon, on his big horse, passed along the avenue again, riding beside one of the young girls who had come that way shortly before in the company of Lord Canterville. His lordship followed, in conversation with the other, his younger daughter. As they advanced, Jackson Lemon turned his eyes toward the multitude under the trees, and it so happened that they rested upon the Dexter Freers. He smiled and raised his hat with all possible friendliness; and his three companions turned to see to whom he was bowing with so much cordiality. As he settled his hat on his head, he espied the young man from Cincinnati, whom he had at first overlooked; whereupon he smiled still more brightly, and waved Sidney Feeder an airy salutation with his hand, reining in a little at the same time just for an instant, as if he half expected the doctor to come and speak to him. Seeing him with strangers, however, Sidney Feeder hung back, staring a little as he rode away.

It is open to us to know that at this moment the young lady by whose side he was riding said to him familiarly enough:

"Who are those people you bowed to?"

"Some old friends of mine,—Americans," Jackson Lemon answered.

"Of course they are Americans; there is nothing but Americans nowadays."

"Oh, yes, our turn's coming round!" laughed the young man.

"But that doesn't say who they are," his companion continued. "It's so difficult to say who Americans are," she added, before he had time to answer her.

"Dexter Freer and his wife,—there is nothing difficult about that; every one knows them."

"I never heard of them," said the English girl.

"Ah, that's your fault. I assure you everybody knows them."

"And does everybody know the little man with the fat face whom you kissed your hand to?"

"I didn't kiss my hand; but I would if I had thought of it. He is a great chum of mine,—a fellow student at Vienna?"

"And what's *his* name?"

"Dr. Feeder."

Jackson Lemon's companion was silent a moment.

"Are *all* your friends doctors?" she presently inquired.

"No; some of them are in other businesses."

"Are they all in some business?"

"Most of them; save two or three, like Dexter Freer."

"Dexter Freer? I thought you said Dr. Freer."

The young man gave a laugh. "You heard me wrong. You have got doctors on the brain, Lady Barb."

"I am rather glad," said Lady Barb, giving the rein to her horse, who bounded away.

"WELL, yes, she's very handsome, the reason," Dr. Feeder remarked, as he sat under the trees.

"Is he going to marry her?" Mrs. Freer inquired.

"Marry her? I hope not."

"Why do you hope not?"

"Because I know nothing about her. I want to know something about the woman that man marries."

"I suppose you would like him to marry in Cincinnati," Mrs. Freer rejoined, lightly.

"Well, I am not particular where it is; but I want to know her first." Dr. Feeder was very sturdy.

"We were in hopes you would know all about it," said Mr. Freer.

"No; I haven't kept up with him there."

"We have heard from a dozen people that he has been always with her for the last month; and that kind of thing, in England, is supposed to mean something. Hasn't he spoken of her when you have seen him?"

"No; he has only talked about the new treatment of spinal meningitis. He is very much interested in spinal meningitis."

"I wonder if he talks about it to Lady Barb," said Mrs. Freer.

"Who is she, anyway?" the young man inquired.

"Lady Barberina Clement."

"And who is Lady Barberina Clement?"

"The daughter of Lord Canterville."

"And who is Lord Canterville?"

"Dexter must tell you that," said Mrs. Freer.

And Dexter accordingly told him that the Marquis of Canterville had been in his day a great sporting nobleman and an ornament to English society, and had held more than once a high post in her Majesty's household. Dexter Freer knew all these things,—how his lordship had married a daughter of Lord Treherne, a very serious, intelligent, and beautiful woman, who had redeemed him from the extravagance of his youth, and presented him in rapid succession with a dozen little tenants for the nurseries at Pasterns,—this being, as Mr. Freer also knew, the name of the principal seat of the Cantervilles. The Marquis was a Tory, but very liberal for a Tory, and very popular in society at large; good-natured, good-looking, knowing how to be genial, and yet to remain a *grand seigneur*, clever enough to make an occasional speech, and much associated with the fine old English pursuits, as well as with many of the new improvements,—the purification of the Turf, the opening of the museums on Sunday, the propagation of coffee-taverns, the latest ideas on sanitary reform. He disapproved of the extension of the suffrage, but he positively had drainage on the brain. It had been said of him at least once (and I think in print) that he was just the man to convey to the popular mind the impression that the British aristocracy is still a living force. He was not very rich, unfortunately (for a man who had to exemplify such truths), and of his twelve children, no less than seven were daughters. Lady Barberina, Jackson Lemon's friend, was the second; the eldest had married Lord Beauchemin. Mr. Freer had caught quite the right pronunciation of this name; he called it Bitumen. Lady Lucretia had done very well, for her husband was rich, and she had brought him nothing to speak of; but it was hardly to be expected that the others would do as well. Happily the younger girls were still in the school-room; and before they had come up, Lady Canterville, who was a woman of resources, would have worked off the two that were out. It was Lady Agatha's first season; she was not so pretty as her sister, but she was thought to be cleverer. Half a dozen people had spoken to him of Jackson Lemon's being a great deal at the Cantervilles. He was supposed to be enormously rich.

"Well, so he is," said Sidney Feeder, who had listened to Mr. Freer's little recital with attention, with eagerness even, but with an air of imperfect apprehension.

"Yes, but not so rich as they probably think."

"Do they want his money? Is that what they're after?"

"You go straight to the point," Mrs. Freer murmured.

"I haven't the least idea," said her husband. "He is a very nice fellow in himself."

"Yes, but he's a doctor," Mrs. Freer remarked.

"What have they got against that?" asked Sidney Feeder.

"Why, over here, you know, they only call them in to prescribe," said Dexter Freer; "the profession isn't — a — what you'd call aristocratic."

"Well, I don't know it, and I don't know that I want to know it. How do you mean, aristocratic? What profession is? It would be rather a curious one. Many of the gentlemen at the congress there are quite charming."

"I like doctors very much," said Mrs. Freer; "my father was a doctor. But they don't marry the daughters of marquises."

"I don't believe Jackson wants to marry that one."

"Very possibly not — people are such asses," said Dexter Freer. "But he will have to decide. I wish you would find out, by the way; you can if you will."

"I will ask him — up at the congress; I can do that. I suppose he has got to marry some one," Sidney Feeder added, in a moment, "and she may be a nice girl."

"She is said to be charming."

"Very well, then; it wont hurt him. I

must say, however, I am not sure I like all that about her family."

"What I told you? It's all to their honor and glory."

"Are they quite on the square? It's like those people in Thackeray."

"Oh, if Thackeray could have done this!" Mrs. Freer exclaimed, with a good deal of expression.

"You mean all this scene?" asked the young man.

"No; the marriage of a British noblewoman and an American doctor. It would have been a subject for Thackeray."

"You see you do want it, my dear," said Dexter Freer, quietly.

"I want it as a story, but I don't want it for Dr. Lemon."

"Does he call himself 'Doctor' still?" Mr. Freer asked of young Feeder.

"I suppose he does; I call him so. Of course he doesn't practice. But once a doctor, always a doctor."

"That's doctrine for Lady Barb!"

"Sidney Feeder stared. "Hasn't she got a title too? What would she expect him to be? President of the United States? He's a man of real ability; he might have stood at the head of his profession. When I think of that, I want to swear. What did his father want to go and make all that money for!"

"It must certainly be odd to them to see a 'medical man' with six or eight millions," Mr. Freer observed.

"They use the same term as the Choctaws," said his wife.

"Why, some of their own physicians made immense fortunes," Sidney Feeder declared.

"Couldn't he be made a baronet by the Queen?" This suggestion came from Mrs. Freer.

"Yes, then he would be aristocratic," said the young man. "But I don't see why he should want to marry over here; it seems to me to be going out of his way. However, if he is happy, I don't care. I like him very much; he has got lots of ability. If it hadn't been for his father he would have made a splendid doctor. But, as I say, he takes a great interest in medical science, and I guess he means to promote it all he can — with his fortune. He will always be doing something in the way of research. He thinks we *do* know something, and he is bound we shall know more. I hope she wont prevent him, the young marchioness — is that her rank? And I hope they are really good people. He ought to be very useful. I should want to know a good deal about the family I was going to marry into."

"He looked to me, as he rode there, as if he knew a good deal about the Clements," Dexter Freer said, rising, as his wife suggested that they ought to be going; "and he looked to me pleased with the knowledge. There they come, down on the other side. Will you walk away with us, or will you stay?"

"Stop him and ask him, and then come and tell us — in Jermyn street." This was Mrs. Freer's parting injunction to Sidney Feeder.

"He ought to come himself — tell him that," her husband added.

"Well, I guess I'll stay," said the young man, as his companions merged themselves in the crowd that now was tending toward the gates. He went and stood by the barrier, and saw Dr. Lemon and his friends pull up at the entrance to the Row, where they apparently prepared to separate. The separation took some time, and Sidney Feeder became interested. Lord Canterville and his younger daughter lingered to talk with two gentlemen, also mounted, who looked a good deal at the legs of Lady Agatha's horse. Jackson Lemon and Lady Barberina were face to face, very near each other; and she, leaning forward a little, stroked the overlapping neck of his glossy bay. At a distance he appeared to be talking, and she to be listening and saying nothing. "Oh, yes, he's making love to her," thought Sidney Feeder. Suddenly her father turned away to leave the Park, and she joined him and disappeared, while Dr. Lemon came up on the left again, as if for a final gallop. He had not gone far before he perceived his *confrère*, who awaited him at the rail; and he repeated the gesture which Lady Barberina had spoken of as a kissing of his hand, though it must be added that, to his friend's eyes, it had not quite that significance. When he reached the point where Feeder stood, he pulled up.

"If I had known you were coming here, I would have given you a mount," he said. There was not in his person that irradiation of wealth and distinction which made Lord Canterville glow like a picture; but as he sat there with his little legs stuck out, he looked very bright, and sharp, and happy, wearing in his degree the aspect of one of Fortune's favorites. He had a thin, keen, delicate face, a nose very carefully finished, a rapid eye, a trifle hard in expression, and a small mustache, a good deal cultivated. He was not striking, but he was very positive, and it was easy to see that he was full of purpose.

"How many horses have you got — about forty?" his compatriot inquired, in response to his greeting.

"About five hundred," said Jackson Lemon.

"Did you mount your friends — the three you were riding with?"

"Mount them? They have got the best horses in England."

"Did they sell you this one?" Sidney Feeder continued, in the same humorous strain.

"What do you think of him?" said his friend, not deigning to answer this question.

"He's an awful old screw; I wonder he can carry you."

"Where did you get your hat?" asked Dr. Lemon in return.

"I got it in New York. What's the matter with it?"

"It's very beautiful; I wish I had bought one like it."

"The head's the thing — not the hat. I don't mean yours, but mine. There is something very deep in your question; I must think it over."

"Don't — don't," said Jackson Lemon; "you will never get to the bottom of it. Are you having a good time?"

"A glorious time. Have you been up to-day?"

"Up among the doctors? No; I have had a lot of things to do."

"We had a very interesting discussion. I made a few remarks."

"You ought to have told me. What were they about?"

"About the intermarriage of races, from the point of view ——" And Sidney Feeder paused a moment, occupied with the attempt to scratch the nose of his friend's horse.

"From the point of view of the progeny, I suppose?"

"Not at all; from the point of view of the old friends."

"Damn the old friends!" Dr. Lemon exclaimed, with jocular crudity.

"Is it true that you are going to marry a young marchioness?"

The face of the young man in the saddle became just a trifle rigid, and his firm eyes fixed themselves on Dr. Feeder.

"Who has told you that?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Freer whom I met just now."

"Mr. and Mrs. Freer be hanged! And who told them?"

"Ever so many people; I don't know who."

"Gad, how things are tattled!" cried Jackson Lemon, with some asperity.

"I can see it's true, by the way you say that."

"Do Freer and his wife believe it?" Jackson Lemon went on, impatiently.

"They want you to go and see them: you can judge for yourself."

"I will go and see them, and tell them to mind their business."

"In Jermyn street; but I forget the number. I am sorry the marchioness isn't American," Sidney Feeder continued.

"If I should marry her, she would be," said his friend. "But I don't see what difference it can make to you."

"Why, she'll look down on the profession; and I don't like that from your wife."

"That will touch me more than you."

"Then it *is* true?" cried Feeder, more seriously, looking up at his friend.

"She wont look down; I will answer for that."

"You wont care; you are out of it all now."

"No, I am not; I mean to do a great deal of work."

"I will believe that when I see it," said Sidney Feeder, who was by no means perfectly incredulous, but who thought it salutary to take that tone. "I am not sure that you have any right to work, — you oughtn't to have everything; you ought to leave the field to us. You must pay the penalty of being so rich. You would have been celebrated if you had continued to practice, — more celebrated than any one. But you wont be now, — you can't be. Some one else will be, in your place."

Jackson Lemon listened to this, but without meeting the eyes of the speaker; not, however, as if he were avoiding them, but as if the long stretch of the ride, now less and less obstructed, invited him, and made his companion's talk a little retarding. Nevertheless, he answered, deliberately and kindly enough:

"I hope it will be you;" and he bowed to a lady who rode past.

"Very likely it will. I hope I make you feel badly, — that's what I'm trying to do."

"Oh, awfully!" cried Jackson Lemon; "all the more that I am not in the least engaged."

"Well, that's good. Wont you come up to-morrow?" Dr. Feeder went on.

"I'll try, my dear fellow; I can't be sure. By by!"

"Oh, you're lost anyway!" cried Sidney Feeder, as the other started away.

II.

It was Lady Marmaduke, the wife of Sir Henry Marmaduke, who had introduced Jackson Lemon to Lady Beauchemin; after which Lady Beauchemin had made him acquainted with her mother and sisters. Lady Marmaduke was also transatlantic; she had been for her conjugal baronet the most permanent consequence of a tour in the United States.

At present, at the end of ten years, she knew her London as she had never known her New York, so that it had been easy for her to be, as she called herself, Jackson Lemon's social godmother. She had views with regard to his career, and these views fitted into a social scheme which, if our space permitted, I should be glad to lay before the reader in its magnitude. She wished to add an arch or two to the bridge on which she had effected her transit from America; and it was her belief that Jackson Lemon might furnish the materials. This bridge, as yet a somewhat sketchy and rickety structure, she saw (in the future) boldly stretching from one solid pillar to another. It would have to go both ways, for reciprocity was the keynote of Lady Marmaduke's plan. It was her belief that an ultimate fusion was inevitable, and that those who were the first to understand the situation would gain the most. The first time Jackson Lemon had dined with her, he met Lady Beauchemin, who was her intimate friend. Lady Beauchemin was remarkably gracious; she asked him to come and see her as if she really meant it. He presented himself, and in her drawing-room met her mother, who happened to be calling at the same moment. Lady Canterville, not less friendly than her daughter, invited him down to Pasterns for Easter week; and before a month had passed it seemed to him that, though he was not what he would have called intimate at any house in London, the door of the house of Clement opened to him pretty often. This was a considerable good fortune, for it always opened upon a charming picture. The inmates were a blooming and beautiful race, and their interior had an aspect of the ripest comfort. It was not the splendor of New York (as New York had lately began to appear to the young man), but a splendor in which there was an unpurchasable ingredient of age. He himself had a great deal of money, and money was good, even when it was new, but old money was the best. Even after he learned that Lord Canterville's fortune was more ancient than abundant, it was still the mellowness of the golden element that struck him. It was Lady Beauchemin who had told him that her father was not rich; having told him, besides this, many surprising things,—things that were surprising in themselves, or surprising on her lips. This struck him afresh later that evening—the day he met Sidney Feeder in the Park. He dined out in the company of Lady Beauchemin, and afterward, as she was alone,—her husband had gone down to listen to a debate,—she offered to "take him on" She was going to several places, and he must be going to some of them. They compared notes; and it was settled that they should proceed together to the Trumpington's, whither, also, it appeared at eleven o'clock that all the world was going, the approach to the house being choked for half a mile with carriages It was a close, muggy night; Lady Beauchemin's chariot, in its place in the rank, stood still for long periods. In his corner beside her, through the open window, Jackson Lemon, rather hot, rather oppressed, looked out on the moist, greasy pavement, over which was flung, a considerable distance up and down, the flare of a public-house. Lady Beauchemin, however, was not impatient, for she had a purpose in her mind, and now she could say what she wished.

"Do you really love her?" That was the first thing she said.

"Well, I guess so," Jackson Lemon answered, as if he did not recognize the obligation to be serious.

Lady Beauchemin looked at him a moment in silence; he felt her gaze, and turning his eyes, saw her face, partly shadowed, with the aid of a street-lamp. She was not so pretty as Lady Barberina; her countenance had a certain sharpness; her hair, very light in color and wonderfully frizzled, almost covered her eyes, the expression of which, however, together with that of her pointed nose, and the glitter of several diamonds, emerged from the gloom.

"You don't seem to know. I never saw a man in such an odd state," she presently remarked.

"You push me a little too much; I must have time to think of it," the young man went on. "You know in my country they allow us plenty of time."

He had several little oddities of expression, of which he was perfectly conscious, and which he found convenient, for they protected him in a society in which a lonely American was rather exposed; they gave him the advantage which corresponded with certain drawbacks. He had very few natural Americanisms, but the occasional use of one, discreetly chosen, made him appear simpler than he really was, and he had his reasons for wishing this result. He was not simple; he was subtle, circumspect, shrewd, and perfectly aware that he might make mistakes. There was a danger of his making a mistake at present,—a mistake which would be immensely grave. He was determined only to succeed. It is true that for a great success he would take a certain risk; but the risk was to be considered, and he gained time while he multiplied his guesses and talked about his country.

"You may take ten years if you like," said Lady Beauchemin. "I am in no hurry whatever to make you my brother-in-law. Only

you must remember that you spoke to me first."

"What did I say?"

"You told me that Barberina was the finest girl you had seen in England."

"Oh, I am willing to stand by that; I like her type."

"I should think you might!"

"I like her very much—with all her peculiarities."

"What do you mean by her peculiarities?"

"Well, she has some peculiar ideas," said Jackson Lemon, in a tone of the sweetest reasonableness; "and she has a peculiar way of speaking."

"Ah, you can't expect us to speak as well as you!" cried Lady Beauchemin.

"I don't know why not; you do some things much better."

"We have our own ways, at any rate, and we think them the best in the world. One of them is not to let a gentleman devote himself to a girl for three or four months without some sense of responsibility. If you don't wish to marry my sister, you ought to go away."

"I ought never to have come," said Jackson Lemon.

"I can scarcely agree to that; for I should have lost the pleasure of knowing you."

"It would have spared you this duty, which you dislike very much."

"Asking you about your intentions? I don't dislike it at all; it amuses me extremely."

"Should you like your sister to marry me?" asked Jackson Lemon, with great simplicity.

If he expected to take Lady Beauchemin by surprise he was disappointed; for she was perfectly prepared to commit herself.

"I should like it very much. I think English and American society ought to be but one—I mean the best of each—a great whole."

"Will you allow me to ask whether Lady Marmaduke suggested that to you?"

"We have often talked of it."

"Oh, yes, that's her aim."

"Well, it's my aim, too. I think there's a great deal to be done."

"And you would like me to do it?"

"To begin it, precisely. Don't you think we ought to see more of each other—I mean the best in each country?"

Jackson Lemon was silent a moment. "I am afraid I haven't any general ideas. If I should marry an English girl, it wouldn't be for the good of the species."

"Well, we want to be mixed a little; that I am sure of," Lady Beauchemin said.

"You certainly got that from Lady Marmaduke."

"It's too tiresome, your not consenting to be serious! But my father will make you so," Lady Beauchemin went on. "I may as well let you know that he intends in a day or two to ask you your intentions. That's all I wished to say to you. I think you ought to be prepared."

"I am much obliged to you; Lord Canterville will do quite right."

There was, to Lady Beauchemin, something really unfathomable in this little American doctor, whom she had taken up on grounds of large policy, and who, though he was assumed to have sunk the medical character, was neither handsome nor distinguished, but only immensely rich and quite original, for he was not insignificant. It was unfathomable, to begin with, that a medical man should be so rich, or that so rich a man should be a doctor; it was, even to an eye which was always gratified by suitability, rather irritating. Jackson Lemon himself could have explained it better than any one else, but this was an explanation that one could scarcely ask for. There were other things; his cool acceptance of certain situations; his general indisposition to explain; his way of taking refuge in jokes, which at times had not even the merit of being American; his way, too, of appearing to be a suitor without being an aspirant. Lady Beauchemin, however, was, like Jackson Lemon, prepared to run a certain risk. His reserves made him slippery; but that was only when one pressed. She flattered herself that she could handle people lightly. "My father will be sure to act with perfect tact," she said; "of course, if you shouldn't care to be questioned, you can go out of town."

She had the air of really wishing to make everything easy for him.

"I don't want to go out of town; I am enjoying it far too much here," her companion answered. "And wouldn't your father have a right to ask me what I meant by that?"

Lady Beauchemin hesitated; she was slightly perplexed. But in a moment she exclaimed:

"He is incapable of saying anything vulgar!"

She had not really answered his inquiry, and he was conscious of that; but he was quite ready to say to her, a little later, as he guided her steps from the brougham to the strip of carpet which, between a somewhat rickety border of striped cloth and a double row of waiting footmen, policemen, and dingy amateurs of both sexes, stretched from the curbstone to the portal of the Trumpingtons:

"Of course I shall not wait for Lord Canterville to speak to me"

He had been expecting some such announcement as this from Lady Beauchemin, and he judged that her father would do no

more than his duty. He knew that he ought to be prepared with an answer to Lord Canterville, and he wondered at himself for not yet having come to the point. Sidney Feeder's question in the Park had made him feel rather pointless; it was the first allusion that had been made to his possible marriage, except on the part of Lady Beauchemin. None of his own people were in London; he was perfectly independent, and even if his mother had been within reach he could not have consulted her on the subject. He loved her dearly, better than any one; but she was not a woman to consult, for she approved of whatever he did: it was her standard. He was careful not to be too serious when he talked with Lady Beauchemin; but he was very serious indeed as he thought over the matter within himself, which he did even among the diversions of the next half hour, while he squeezed obliquely and slowly through the crush in Mrs. Trumpington's drawing-room. At the end of the half hour he came away, and at the door he found Lady Beauchemin, from whom he had separated on entering the house, and who, this time with a companion of her own sex, was awaiting her carriage and still "going on." He gave her his arm into the street, and as she stepped into the vehicle she repeated that she wished he would go out of town for a few days.

"Who, then, would tell me what to do?" he asked, for answer, looking at her through the window.

She might tell him what to do, but he felt free, all the same; and he was determined this should continue. To prove it to himself he jumped into a hansom and drove back to Brook street to his hotel, instead of proceeding to a bright-windowed house in Portland Place, where he knew that after midnight he should find Lady Canterville and her daughters. There had been a reference to the subject between Lady Barberina and himself during their ride, and she would probably expect him; but it made him taste his liberty not to go, and he liked to taste his liberty. He was aware that to taste it to perfection he ought to go to bed; but he did not go to bed, he did not even take off his hat. He walked up and down his sitting-room, with his head surmounted by this ornament, a good deal tipped back, and his hands in his pockets. There were a good many cards stuck into the frame of the mirror over his chimney-piece, and every time he passed the place he seemed to see what was written on one of them,—the name of the mistress of the house in Portland Place, his own name, and, in the lower left-hand corner, the words: "A small Dance." Of course, now, he must make up his mind; he would make it up the next day: that was what he said to himself as he walked up and down; and according to his decision he would speak to Lord Canterville, or he would take the night-express to Paris. It was better, meanwhile, that he should not see Lady Barberina. It was vivid to him, as he paused occasionally, looking vaguely at that card in the chimney-glass, that he had come pretty far; and he had come so far because he was under the charm,—yes, he was in love with Lady Barb. There was no doubt, whatever, of that; he had a faculty for diagnosis, and he knew perfectly well what was the matter with him. He wasted no time in musing upon the mystery of this passion, in wondering whether he might not have escaped it by a little vigilance at first, or whether it would die out if he should go away. He accepted it frankly, for the sake of the pleasure it gave him,—the girl was the delight of his eyes,—and confined himself to considering whether such a marriage would square with his general situation. This would not at all necessarily follow from the fact that he was in love; too many other things would come in between. The most important of these was the change, not only of the geographical, but of the social, standpoint for his wife, and a certain re-adjustment that it would involve in his own relation to things. He was not inclined to re-adjustments, and there was no reason why he should be; his own position was in most respects so advantageous. But the girl tempted him almost irresistibly, satisfying his imagination both as a lover and as a student of the human organism; she was so blooming, so complete, of a type so rarely encountered in that degree of perfection. Jackson Lemon was not an Anglo-maniac, but he admired the physical conditions of the English, —their complexion, their temperament, their tissue; and Lady Barberina struck him in flexible, virginal form, as a wonderful compendium of these elements. There was something simple and robust in her beauty; it had the quietness of an old Greek statue, without the vulgarity of the modern simper or of contemporary prettiness. Her head was antique; and though her conversation was quite of the present period, Jackson Lemon had said to himself that there was sure to be in her soul a certain primitive sincerity which would match with the outline of her brow. He saw her as she might be in the future, the beautiful mother of beautiful children, in whom the look of race should be conspicuous. He should like his children to have the look of race, and he was not unaware that he must take his precautions accordingly. A

great many people had it in England; and it was a pleasure to him to see it, especially as no one had it so unmistakably as the second daughter of Lord Canterville. It would be a great luxury to call such a woman one's own; nothing could be more evident than that, because it made no difference that she was not strikingly clever. Striking cleverness was not a part of harmonious form and the English complexion; it was associated with the modern simper, which was a result of modern nerves. If Jackson Lemon had wanted a nervous wife, of course he could have found her at home; but this tall, fair girl, whose character, like her figure, appeared mainly to have been formed by riding across country, was differently put together. All the same, would it suit his book, as they said in London, to marry her and transport her to New York? He came back to this question; came back to it with a persistency which, had she been admitted to a view of it, would have tried the patience of Lady Beauchemin. She had been irritated, more than once, at his appearing to attach himself so exclusively to this horn of the dilemma,—as if it could possibly fail to be a good thing for a little American doctor to marry the daughter of an English peer. It would have been more becoming, in her ladyship's eyes, that he should take that for granted a little more, and the consent of her ladyship's—of their ladyships'—family a little less. They looked at the matter so differently! Jackson Lemon was conscious that if he should marry Lady Barberina Clement, it would be because it suited him, and not because it suited his possible sisters-in-law. He believed that he acted in all things by his own will,—an organ for which he had the highest respect.

It would have seemed, however, that on this occasion it was not working very regularly, for though he had come home to go to bed, the stroke of half-past twelve saw him jump, not into his couch, but into a hansom which the whistle of the porter had summoned to the door of his hotel, and in which he rattled off to Portland Place. Here he found — in a very large house — an assembly of three hundred people, and a band of music concealed in a bower of azaleas. Lady Canterville had not arrived; he wandered through the rooms and assured himself of that. He also discovered a very good conservatory, where there were banks and pyramids of azaleas. He watched the top of the staircase, but it was a long time before he saw what he was looking for, and his impatience at last was extreme. The reward, however, when it came, was all that he could have desired. It was a little smile from Lady Barberina, who stood behind her mother while the latter extended her finger-tips to the hostess. The entrance of this charming woman, with her beautiful daughters — always a noticeable incident — was effected with a certain brilliancy, and just now it was agreeable to Jackson Lemon to think that it concerned him more than any one else in the house. Tall, dazzling, indifferent, looking about her as if she saw very little, Lady Barberina was certainly a figure round which a young man's fancy might revolve. She was very quiet and simple, had little manner and little movement; but her detachment was not a vulgar art. She appeared to efface herself, to wait till, in the natural course, she should be attended to; and in this there was evidently no exaggeration, for she was too proud not to have perfect confidence. Her sister, smaller, slighter, with a little surprised smile, which seemed to say that, in her extreme innocence, she was yet prepared for anything, having heard, indirectly, such extraordinary things about society, was much more impatient and more expressive, and projected across a threshold the pretty radiance of her eyes and teeth before her mother's name was announced. Lady Canterville was thought by many persons to be very superior to her daughters; she had kept even more beauty than she had given them; and it was a beauty which had been called intellectual. She had extraordinary sweetness, without any definite professions; her manner was mild almost to tenderness; there was even a kind of pity in it. Moreover, her features were perfect, and nothing could be more gently gracious than a way she had of speaking, or rather of listening to people, with her head inclined a little to one side. Jackson Lemon liked her very much, and she had certainly been most kind to him. He approached Lady Barberina as soon as he could do so without an appearance of precipitation, and said to her that he hoped very much she would not dance. He was a master of the art which flourishes in New York above every other, and he had guided her through a dozen waltzes with a skill which, as she felt, left absolutely nothing to be desired. But dancing was not his business to-night. She smiled a little at the expression of his hope.

"That is what mamma has brought us here for," she said; "she doesn't like it if we don't dance."

"How does she know whether she likes it or not? You have always danced."

"Once I didn't," said Lady Barberina.

He told her that, at any rate, he would settle it with her mother, and persuaded her to wander with him into the conservatory, where there were colored lights suspended among

the plants, and a vault of verdure overhead. In comparison with the other rooms, the conservatory was dusky and remote. But they were not alone; half a dozen other couples were in possession. The gloom was rosy with the slopes of azalea, and suffused with mitigated music, which made it possible to talk without consideration of one's neighbors. Nevertheless, though it was only on looking back on the scene later that Lady Barberina perceived this, these dispersed couples were talking very softly. She did not look at them; it seemed to her that, virtually, she was alone with Jackson Lemon. She said something about the flowers, about the fragrance of the air; for all answer to which he asked her, as he stood there before her, a question by which she might have been exceedingly startled.

"How do people who marry in England ever know each other before marriage? They have no chance."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Lady Barberina; "I never was married."

"It's very different in my country. There a man may see much of a girl; he may come and see her, he may be constantly alone with her. I wish you allowed that over here."

Lady Barberina suddenly examined the less ornamental side of her fan, as if it had never occurred to her before to look at it. "It must be so very odd, America," she murmured at last.

"Well, I guess in that matter we are right; over here it's a leap in the dark."

"I'm sure I don't know," said the girl. She had folded her fan; she stretched out her arm mechanically, and plucked a sprig of azalea.

"I guess it doesn't signify, after all," Jackson Lemon remarked. "They say that love is blind at the best." His keen young face was bent upon hers; his thumbs were in the pockets of his trousers; he smiled a little, showing his fine teeth. She said nothing, but only pulled her azalea to pieces. She was usually so quiet that this small movement looked restless.

"This is the first time I have seen you in the least without a lot of people," he went on.

"Yes, it's very tiresome," she said.

"I have been sick of it; I didn't want to come here to-night."

She had not met his eyes, though she knew they were seeking her own. But now she looked at him a moment. She had never objected to his appearance, and in this respect she had no repugnance to overcome. She liked a man to be tall and handsome, and Jackson Lemon was neither; but when she was sixteen, and as tall herself as she was to be at twenty, she had been in love (for three weeks) with one of her cousins, a little fellow in the Hussars, who was shorter even than the American, shorter, consequently than herself. This proved that distinction might be independent of stature — not that she ever reasoned it out. Jackson Lemon's facial spareness, his bright little eye, which seemed always to be measuring things, struck her as original, and she thought them very cutting, which would do very well for a husband of hers. As she made this reflection, of course it never occurred to her that she herself might be cut; she was not a sacrificial lamb. She perceived that his features expressed a mind — a mind that would be rather superior. She would never have taken him for a doctor; though, indeed, when all was said, that was very negative, and didn't account for the way he imposed himself.

"Why, then, did you come?" she asked, in answer to his last speech.

"Because it seems to me after all better to see you in this way than not to see you at all; I want to know you better."

"I don't think I ought to stay here," said Lady Barberina, looking round her.

"Don't go till I have told you I love you," murmured the young man.

She made no exclamation, indulged in no start; he could not see even that she changed color. She took his request with a noble simplicity, with her head erect and her eyes lowered.

"I don't think you have a right to tell me that."

"Why not?" Jackson Lemon demanded. "I wish to claim the right; I wish you to give it to me."

"I can't — I don't know you. You have said it yourself."

"Can't you have a little faith? That will help us to know each other better. It's disgusting, the want of opportunity; even at Pasterns I could scarcely get a walk with you. But I have the greatest faith in you. I feel that I love you, and I couldn't do more than that at the end of six months. I love your beauty — I love you from head to foot. Don't move, please don't move." He lowered his tone; but it went straight to her ear, and it must be believed that it had a certain eloquence. For himself, after he had heard himself say these words, all his being was in a glow. It was a luxury to speak to her of her beauty; it brought him nearer to her than he had ever been. But the color had come into her face, and it seemed to remind him that her beauty was not all. "Everything about you is sweet and noble," he went on; "everything is dear to me. I am sure you are good. I don't know what you think of me; I

asked Lady Beauchemin to tell me, and she told me to judge for myself. Well, then, I judge you like me. Haven't I a right to assume that till the contrary is proved? May I speak to your father? That's what I want to know, I have been waiting; but now what should I wait for longer? I want to be able to tell him that you have given me some hope. I suppose I ought to speak to him first. I meant to, to-morrow, but meanwhile, to-night, I thought I would just put this in. In my country it wouldn't matter particularly. You must see all that over there for yourself. If you should tell me not to speak to your father, I wouldn't. I would wait. But I like better to ask your leave to speak to him than to ask his to speak to you."

His voice had sunk almost to a whisper; but, though it trembled, his emotion gave it peculiar intensity. He had the same attitude, his thumbs in his trousers, his attentive head, his smile, which was a matter of course; no one would have imagined what he was saying. She had listened without moving and at the end she raised her eyes. They rested on his a moment, and he remembered, a good while later, the look which passed her lids.

"You may say anything that you please to my father, but I don't wish to hear any more. You have said too much, considering how little idea you have given me before."

"I was watching you," said Jackson Lemon.

Lady Barberina held her head higher, looking straight at him. Then, quite seriously, "I don't like to be watched," she remarked.

"You shouldn't be so beautiful, then. Wont you give me a word of hope?" he added.

"I have never supposed I should marry a foreigner," said Lady Barberina.

"Do you call me a foreigner?"

"I think your ideas are very different, and your country is different; you have told me so yourself."

"I should like to show it to you; I would make you like it."

"I am not sure what you would make me do," said Lady Barberina, very honestly.

"Nothing that you don't want."

"I am sure you would try," she declared, with a smile.

"Well," said Jackson Lemon, "after all, I am trying now."

To this she simply replied she must go to her mother, and he was obliged to lead her out of the conservatory. Lady Canterville was not immediately found, so that he had time to murmur as they went, "Now that I have spoken, I am very happy."

"Perhaps you are happy too soon," said the girl.

"Ah, don't say that, Lady Barb."

"Of course I must think of it."

"Of course you must!" said Jackson Lemon; "I will speak to your father to-morrow."

"I can't fancy what he will say."

"How can he dislike me?" the young man asked, in a tone which Lady Beauchemin, if she had heard him, would have been forced to attribute to his general affectation of the jocose. What Lady Beauchemin's sister thought of it is not recorded; but there is perhaps a clew to her opinion in the answer she made him after a moment's silence:

"Really, you know, you *are* a foreigner!"

With this she turned her back upon him, for she was already in her mother's hands. Jackson Lemon said a few words to Lady Canterville; they were chiefly about its being very hot. She gave him her vague, sweet attention, as if he were saying something ingenious, of which she missed the point. He could see that she was thinking of the doings of her daughter Agatha, whose attitude toward the contemporary young man was wanting in the perception of differences,—a madness without method; she was evidently not occupied with Lady Barberina, who was more to be trusted. This young woman never met her suitor's eyes again; she let her own rest, rather ostentatiously, upon other objects. At last he was going away without a glance from her. Lady Canterville had asked him to come to lunch on the morrow, and he had said he would do so if she would promise him he should see his lordship.

"I can't pay you another visit until I have had some talk with him," he said.

"I don't see why not; but if I speak to him, I dare say he will be at home," she answered.

"It will be worth his while!"

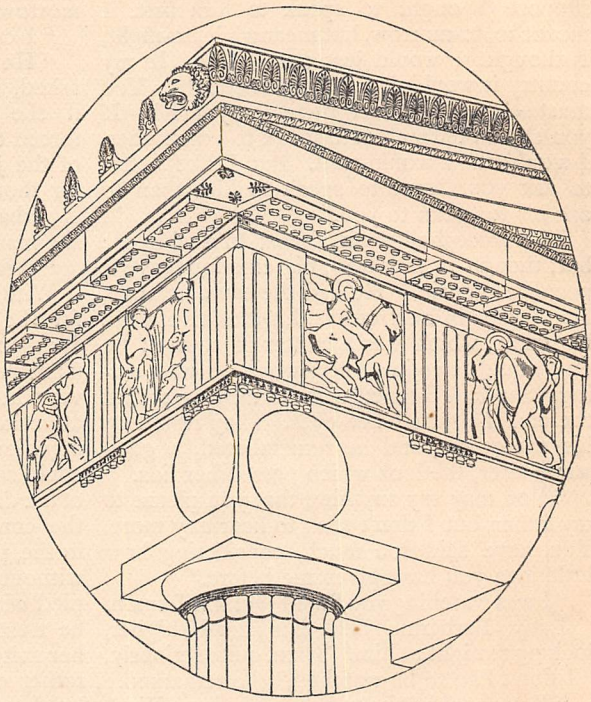
Jackson Lemon left the house reflecting that as he had never proposed to a girl before, he could not be expected to know how women demean themselves in this emergency. He had heard, indeed, that Lady Barb. had had no end of offers; and though he thought it probable that the number was exaggerated, as it always is, it was to be supposed that her way of appearing suddenly to have dropped him was but the usual behavior for the occasion.

(To be continued.)

THE METOPES OF THE PARTHENON,

AND THE LAPITH HEAD IN THE LOUVRE.

THE transition from the round lines of the columns of a Doric temple (see figure), in the shaft and in the echinus of the capital, to the straight lines of the entablature surmounting the pillars, is made by means of a square slab called the abacus (πλίνθος). This abacus seems placed between the weight-sustaining echinus and the heavy mass of the roofing as a kind of intermediate body to relieve the strain upon both main divisions, as it binds together the two systems of lines. Over the capital and the abacus, reaching from pillar to pillar, are oblong blocks of stone which constitute the architrave (ἐπιστύλιον). The architrave is surmounted by the frieze and the frieze by the projecting cornice (γεῖσον). This cornice is surmounted by a triangular space inclosed by another cornice, and the gable thus formed is the pediment (ἀετός). The recess created by the inclosing triangular cornice has a wall at the back (τύμπανον, tympanum) which is filled with a group of statues.



CORNER OF A DORIC TEMPLE. (PENROSE.)

In the Ionic and Corinthian orders the frieze forms one continuous band with an uninterrupted ornamentation. In the Doric order the frieze is called τρίγλυφον, because it is subdivided by means of small projecting rectangular pieces (higher than they are broad), one above and one between each two pillars. These projections are subdivided into three parts by means of two grooves cut into the surface, and hence they are called triglyphs (τρίγλυφος). The square space intervening between each two triglyphs is called the metope (μετόπη, metopa). Originally this space between the triglyphs was left open and served as a window; but subsequently it was closed with a marble slab, which was decorated with painting or sculpture in relief.*

In the Parthenon† these metopes were of Pentelic marble, and were decorated with sculpture in high relief. There were ninety-two of them, separated from one another by triglyphs, and running round the whole of the temple, fourteen on either front, and thirty-two on either side. Each was 441 feet square, but the top contained a projecting seam of 0.45 foot, decorated with a bead ornament (αστράγαλος), which must be deducted from the space left for reliefs. The figures in the reliefs project from the background about ten inches. This projection is never exceeded, and was therefore probably prescribed by the thickness of the slabs. The relief was very bold, and frequently the figures stood forth freely from the ground, in part almost as if in the round. The heads are often finished quite as in the round; for instance, the torso of the southern metope XVI. (Michaelis) was only attached to the background at the shoulder; the torso from metope XIV. has the back entirely finished, thus showing that the whole upper part of the body stood forth freely. The light striking these compositions from all sides, there was no fear that the strong projections in the relief would produce

* The accompanying cut is taken, by kind permission, from Mr. Fergusson's recent work on the Parthenon. It is reduced from Penrose's "True Principles of Athenian Architecture," Plate I.

† See Michaelis, "Der Parthenon," p. 124 seq.

disturbing shadows.* If in some instances the lower extremities of the figures, such as a foot, stood forth so boldly that the figure might appear to be floating in the air, this effect, as Michaelis has shown, would be counteracted by the fact that the metopes receded slightly more than the architrave below them, and so the feet, which otherwise would not be seen at all, appear to be standing on firm ground.

Though there are at present no traces of color to be found on these metopes, there can hardly be any doubt that originally the reliefs were supported by color. A committee appointed to examine this question in 1836 was unable at that time to come to any definite conclusion. Faraday admitted the possibility of color having been destroyed by the soapsuds in taking molds of the whole series of the Elgin marbles. Penrose believed in slight traces, though he leaves the whole very doubtful; while Beulé and the German sculptor Siegel, who, during a long residence in Athens, has examined numberless fragments found *in situ*, decidedly assert that they have seen distinct traces of color on the metopes. The frequent use of bronze accessories, as well as the flat and smooth blocking of the hair, especially of the Lapiths, without any ridges to indicate its texture, point to the use of color. There can hardly be a doubt that the ground of the relief was colored, and, as the triglyphs decidedly were blue, this ground was most probably dark red. The brightness of the light and the clearness of the atmosphere, while on the one hand calling for pronounced relief and for the support of color to render the designs visible in their distant position, on the other hand counteracted the excessive prominence of color.

The prescribed and limited space offered to the sculptor in the metopes called forth his skill in composing complete groups within each limited space. In many of the metopes this is most successfully accomplished. On the other hand, it has been recognized that the several metopes have a distinct relation among each other, and, though separated by the intervening triglyphs, form groups of larger compositions. These groups, as is generally the case in Greek temples, are again fixed and defined by the different sides of the temple; and so it is clear that on the east front the metopes represent scenes from the battle between the giants and gods, on the west the battle between Greeks and Amazons, and on the north and south the battle between the Lapiths and Centaurs. Within the compositions on the north and south (being the longer sides of the temple) are introduced two smaller compositions. The subject of that on the north has been made out to be the conquest of Troy, while that on the south is unexplained. With the exception of the metopes from the south side, representing the Kentauromachia, some of which are in perfect preservation, the metopes have suffered so much from the weather and the results of the destruction of the Parthenon in the time of Morosini (1687) and subsequently, that their interpretation and the study of their style become a difficult task.

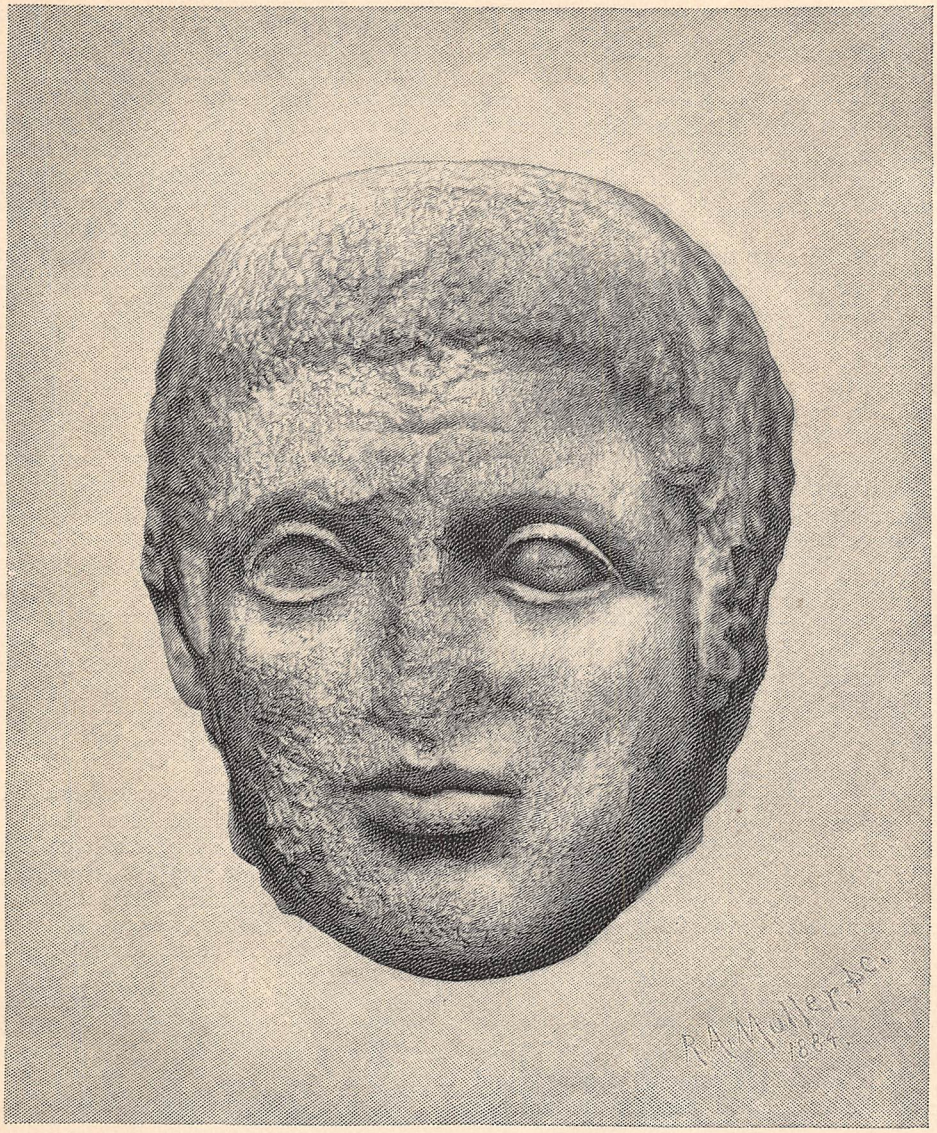
For purposes of the comparative study of style, however, the Centaur metopes present a most interesting series. It has been noticed† that these metopes vary considerably in their artistic conception and execution, and Michaelis has distinguished three noticeable stages: the first (IV., VIII., XXVI., XXX., XXXI.) are still slightly archaic and coarse in character and treatment; the second (VI., X., XXIX., XXXII.) are free from archaism, yet manifest a certain laxity of modeling and line, a wavering weakness of intention, which makes them a kind of neutral transition to the third (I., II., III., V., VII., IX., XII., XXVII., XXVIII.), which are among the finest specimens of high-relief sculpture in existence.

These discrepancies have been noticed by many, and attempts have been made to account for them.‡ Visconti and Quatremère de Quincy believe that various assistants executed the designs. Beulé points to the influence of the older Attic schools, and Brunn definitely shows how in the head of the Centaur in metope IV the Myronian type of heads, as in his Faun of the Lateran Museum, is evident, in contradistinction to the nobler character of the Centaur heads in metopes XXIX. and XXX.

The chief stress has been laid by these archæologists upon the fact that the different assistants whom Pheidias had to employ belonged to the earlier schools, such as that of Kritios, Kalamis, and Myron, and were either too old and too strongly infused with the traditional style of their masters to adapt themselves to that of Pheidias, or had not yet been trained into a willing execution of their new master's design. But though this circumstance may well have had some influence in the execution, the fact remains, as Michaelis has pointed out, that there are also considerable differences with regard to the design and

* This would have been the case in the frieze. † See Michaelis, p. 127.

‡ Prof. Brunn is still at work at the metopes. Though I have no doubt that his researches will surpass in importance and excellence all other work on the same subject, I feel driven to exemplify at present by means of the metopes an hypothesis arising out of the study of the life and development of Pheidias.



MARBLE HEAD IN THE LOUVRE MUSEUM, RECENTLY IDENTIFIED AS HEAD OF LAPITH, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

composition of these groups, differences in the skill of adapting this composition to the prescribed space, and in the life and nobility given to the action. This, I believe, cannot be sufficiently accounted for by the difference of school in the work of the assistants. We must look rather to Pheidias himself, and ask whether it be not possible that the change in the works is concomitant with the development of the artist.

If we compare the character of the subjects represented in these metopes as a whole with the compositions in the pediments and the frieze, we must feel that, in contradistinction to these, with their peaceful subjects and their noble rest and simplicity of treatment, the metopes depict warlike scenes in compositions full of violent activity. If we recall the subjects represented in the metopes, we find that there are scenes from the Gigantomachia, the Amazonomachia, the Kentauromachia, and the siege of Troy. These mythological conquests were, from the earliest times down to the later periods of Greek art, the types illustrative of the superiority of the Greek races over the Barbarians, and are always used to commemorate more or less immediately the warlike spirit of the people or some signal

victories. So it is in the metopes and frieze of the Theseion, the Parthenon, the temple of Apollo at Phigalia, the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, and the dedications of Attalos and Eumenes at Pergamon. We must furthermore bear in mind that the life and work of Pheidias have universally been divided into three periods, the first of which manifests the immediate influence of the heroic events of the Persian war, while the second period manifests this spirit merely in an indirect way, in that it gives a strong, elevated, and heroic tone to the artist's conception and treatment of the peaceful aspects of the flourishing life of culture at Athens. We must, finally, remember that, while the conception of Athene in the statue of the Athene Parthenos was that of the peaceful though powerful virgin, and that the pediments represent joyous incidents from the life of the Athenian patron goddess, and the frieze the great pomp and ceremony of her festival, the metopes are the expression in mythological form of the victorious power of the Greek race. Thus, from the character of the subject represented in the metopes, we must consider their conception more in keeping with the character of the Athene Promachos, the Athene Areia at Platææ, and the thirteen figures of Marathon at Delphi, than with the character of the work belonging to the second period.

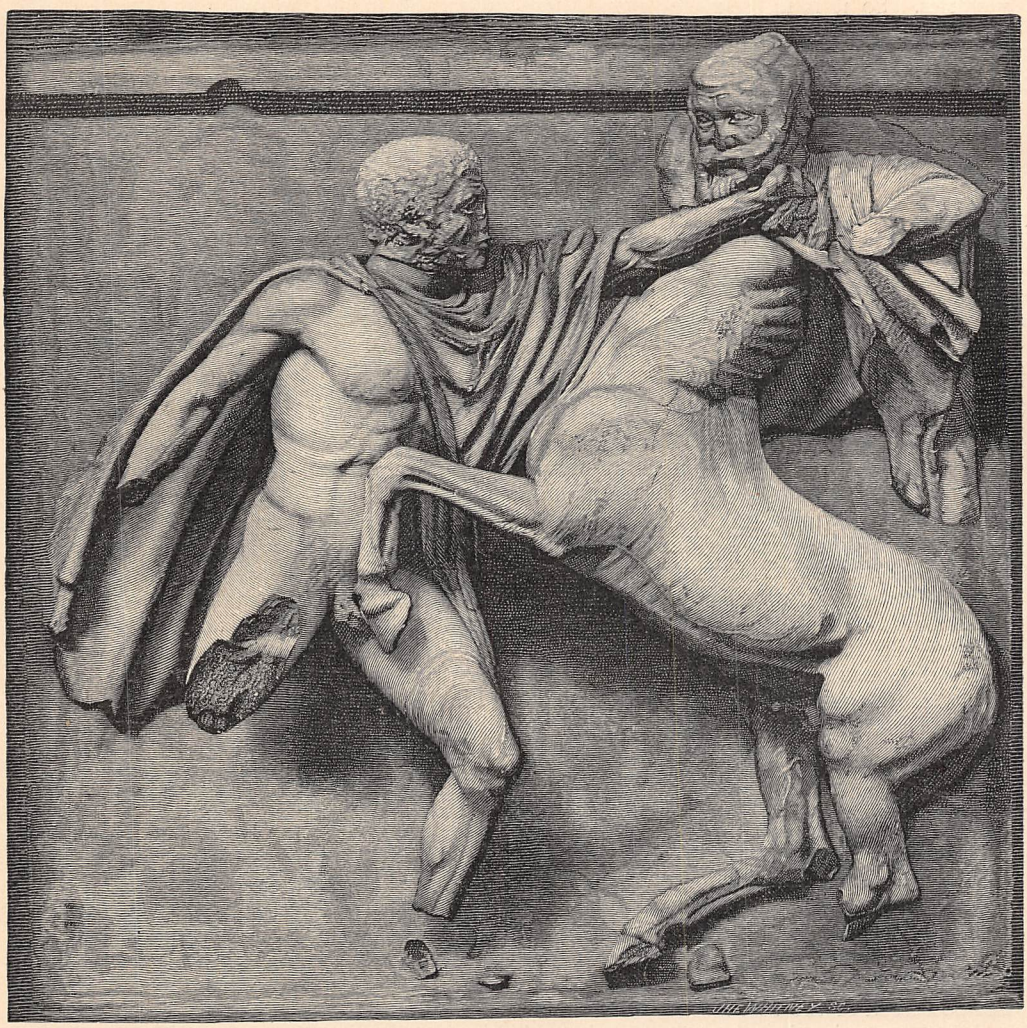
So far the choice of the subject represented in these compositions points to the first period in the artistic development of Pheidias. The more detailed our examination of these compositions grows, the more do we become confirmed in this hypothesis. In execution these conceptions, though frequently instancing the dash and boldness of youth, are on the whole not possessed of the rest and monumentality which characterize the other works, and could not by themselves be taken as fully representative types of Pheidiac art. The violent movements and attitudes of the struggling Centaurs and Lapiths would better suit the hand of a Myron than that of a Pheidias, and there can be no doubt that in the composition as well as in the type of the figures and the character of the modeling there are many instances in these metopes that remind us of the work of Myron, besides the striking coincidence between the head of the Centaur and that of the Lateran Faun to which Brunn has drawn attention.

Yet, as has been stated before, these metopes in themselves present an advance and a steady growth in freedom of composition and execution, and nobility of conception: they manifest to us the evident process of a striving for and a seeking after something which is ultimately attained. And this progress is noticeable in all the different aspects of the art.

In metope XXIX. we feel that the artist has not yet gained the power to adapt his composition to the space in filling out the square, so that no blank flat surfaces shall remain. The attitudes are forced, and do not appear so natural as to make us forget the limits of space within which they are composed; the modeling of the surface is either harsh and rigid or vague and uncertain, while the types of the Centaurs, especially with regard to the heads, are exaggerated in the attempted indication of their brute nature. In others, however, the composition is so well adapted to the space, the square is so well filled with "unneutral" lines, and this unmechanical effect is so heightened by the natural flow of the attitudes and the grouping, that we are never allowed to feel that the artist had a limited space prescribed into which he was to fit his composition. The action, though vigorous, is so self-contained that when there is added to this a perfect flow of surface in the modeling, and a type of Centaur in which the brutal never merges into the grotesque, we feel that we have a work which in kind is intimately related to the pediments and the frieze.

When, in addition to the justifiable first hypothesis, we consider the growth in freedom of composition and nobility of conception together with the steady advance in the skill of the technical handling of the material within the several metopes, and when we bear in mind that, in keeping with the natural process in the construction of such a temple, the metopes would be the first executed of all the plastic decorations, we shall be driven to infer that in these works Pheidias went through his schooling in this sphere of his art, a phase in the development of an artist which even genius has to live through before its own fire can shed forth warmth or light—before it really is genius. The supreme serenity of the artistic creativeness of Pheidias was not infused into him in one moment of enlightened craving and of idle receptiveness; but he had to conquer his place as a hero of art, of which the claims lay dormant in his innate genius, by the steady struggle of work and experience, as the strong Herakles and the bold Theseus made themselves heroes only after struggling through a series of toilsome labors.

In the metopes of the Parthenon, Pheidias was subjected to that inestimable regulator of the development of genius, moderate compulsion; and it is here that we are most likely to find the turning-point from the growing artistic individuality to the fully formed and fixed originality of his creative power.

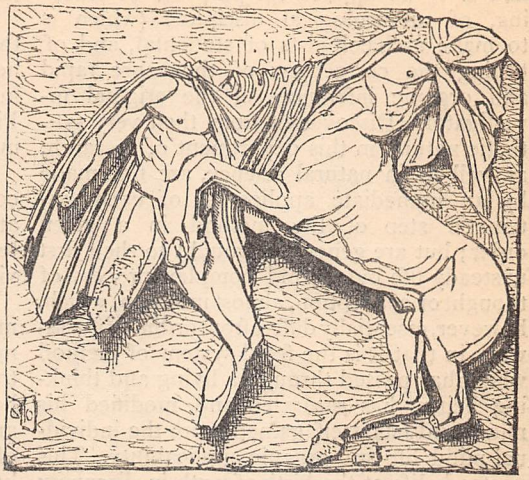


METOPE OF THE PARTHENON, SHOWING LAPITH AND CENTAUR, AS NOW EXHIBITED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

We only become thoroughly possessed of our own originality when we have learnt and recognized the work and methods of others, and have opened ourselves to their influence. It is to the "storm and stress" period of his life, to the seeking for the means of expression that will fully convey the meaning that is within his artistic imagination, that the character of the metopes points. No wonder that there are Myronian elements in some of them; that their original conception is instinct with the warlike character of the preceding great events; that there is a steady growth toward perfection in their composition and execution; and that from rigidity, violence, and grotesqueness we pass through wavering and uncertainty into the freedom, moderation, and grace of the art which is shed over the pediments and the frieze. For these works mark the very transition from the first to the second period, from the Athene Promachos to the Athene Parthenos; and it is the first attempt of the artist to fit his art and his inventiveness into a prescribed outer frame-work in the decorative sculpture of the Parthenon, the result of which is to bear fruit again in his works of pure sculpture such as the Parthenos and the Zeus.

THOUGH we have been dwelling upon the differences in the various metopes when compared with each other, the fact remains that the style of the metopes taken as a whole, in comparison with the style of a similar class of works by the other masters and schools, is marked and individual. The characteristics of conception and workmanship that remain, after the individual differences have been

subtracted from the whole list of their attributes, are of sufficient definiteness to enable an archæologist of ordinary training, and a natural predisposition to this class of observation, to recognize one of these metopes, or even an important fragment from them, when met with under surrounding conditions that would of themselves not have suggested the Parthenon. Such characteristics, presenting a varied scale of definiteness for purposes of identification, are: (1) The quality of the marble (Pentelic). (2) The dimensions of the figures (two-thirds life-size). (3) High, bold relief, carved out of the block itself (on the frieze of the Erechtheion the relief of other marble was fixed to the background), with some peculiarities noted above. (4) The subject represented, so far as these subjects have been recognized in the composition of the Parthenon metopes, and, if the work to be interpreted is a fragment, so far as the figure of which it was a part is recognizable through it. (5) The conception of the subject represented, which, though bolder and fuller of action than known archaic representations, is still more severe than those that have come down to us in similar representations belonging to a period subsequent to the Peloponnesian war. (6) The modeling of the figures, which, though more marked, rigid, and angular than the flowing modeling of even the figures from the pediments and the frieze of the same temple, has none of the softness of the later Attic schools, and is less hard and strict than that of the figures of the Æginetan school, as in the Ægina pediments. In the later modeling of the metopes of the second class (as classed by Michaelis), we never meet with the flabby undefined character of the figures recently discovered at Olympia.* (7) The peculiar types of head, as in the three classes of Centaur heads, and the peculiar way in which the hair is indicated in the head and in the beard, the character of the mouth, cheek-bone, and eye (with prominent orbs and straight-cut eyelids), and the definite type of Lapith head. (8) The nature of the mechanical working of the surface (not polished as late marble), with traces of color, or indications of the past application of color, from the peculiar working of the marble, or rather from the *voluntary* omission of the indication of texture by means of modeling in some parts. (9) The nature of the corrosion, whether partial or entire, especially if the work under consideration is a fragment. (10) The site upon which the work was found, if ascertainable.



THE METOPE BEFORE THE RECENT DISCOVERIES. (FROM MICHAELIS'S "DER PARTHENON.")

Now, it will be seen that within this list of characteristics some of the above heads are of less importance in identification than others. Such for instance is (1); for there are very many works of Pentelic marble. Others, such as (8), the traces of color, or indications of the past application of color, may not be present in a given specimen; but their presence would be an important addition to the identification. One of these characteristics alone is far from defining a given work as belonging to the Parthenon metopes; but the greater the number of them found in a given work, the greater grows the probability of its belonging to this class, until, if the work contains all these characteristics in a marked manner, we are forced to consider it as belonging to these metopes.

There are many reliefs, even high-reliefs, of Pentelic marble; not so many representing the battle between Greeks and Centaurs; still fewer in figures of these dimensions and still fewer metopes of Pentelic marble of exactly these dimensions forming part of a temple with certain proportions. But when we come to the peculiar conception and representation of these scenes, and the individual style of modeling and character of workmanship and an Attic *provenance*, we may step from the negative to the positive, and with all but

* Compare, for instance, the Centaur carrying off a struggling female figure in metope XXIX., with a very similar *motif* in the western pediment of Olympia (*Ausgrab.* II. 23, 24; Overbeck, *Plastik*, 3d ed. Fig. 90. M.N.). Not only are the lines that indicate the muscles of the Centaur vague and washed out in the Olympian figure as compared with the Parthenon metope, but this difference is especially marked in the drapery of the female figures as well as in the relation between the drapery and the nude.

mathematical certainty we assign such a work to the Parthenon metopes.

This process and method of enumeration of individual characteristics is really useful, and is to be applied for purposes of teaching, of archæological discipline (which is to make archæologists of students), and of testing the correctness of the more rapid and organic inferences of the original investigator. Discoveries, from their very synthetic nature, in this department of research, as well as in natural science, are not made by an immediate application of each systematic step of the method in a given order; but are generally brought to their first unsteady life by a rapid complex process of thought or conception, almost intuition, which, however, essentially differs from ordinary guesswork in that it is the fixed system of method which has passed through a living and thinking being, has saturated and modified his mind, and has itself gained from the individual mind life and organic applicability. This unsteady life at the birth of truth in discovery can be made vigorous and prolonged by the more analytical and sober application of the tests enumerated above, and not until then can it really be considered to be a discovery. An archæological investigator may at one glance consider a given work to belong to the Parthenon metopes, because one or more of the essential characteristics of these works have stood forth very pronouncedly in the work considered, or because the total effect of all these characteristics combined in the one work impressed themselves in their entirety upon his mind, which had been made appreciative for this effect through a previous study of each of these characteristics. However this may be, the investigator must test his inference by a detailed application of all the known attributes of the Parthenon metopes.

In the corridor leading to the *Cabinet des Bronzes* of the Louvre Museum at Paris, cases are placed against the wall which contain temporarily fragments of marbles, generally newly discovered or acquired. In passing through this corridor I was struck by a marble head (see page 34) placed at some height from the eye line, and feeling in the first instance that this was not a Roman but a Greek work, and moreover of the great period of Greek art, I stopped to study it more carefully, as well as its distant position would permit. The conviction soon forced itself upon me that here was a piece of Attic workmanship of the period corresponding to the earlier works of Pheidias and the works of the Theseion, and, though reserving the final verification for the time when it would be possible to make a detailed examination and comparison with the metopes, I was morally convinced that this was the head of a Lapith belonging to one of the metopes of the Parthenon.

Moreover, from M. Héron de Villefosse of the Louvre Museum I ascertained that the head in question was acquired from a dealer in Vienna, who, again, had procured it at the Piræus, where it was said to have been found in the water.

When once the case was opened and I could examine the marble in my own hands at leisure, what before partook of the character of conjecture was turned to a firm conviction that I was right in my first supposition.

The head, of Pentelic marble, is 17 centimeters (6¾ inches) in height by 12½ centimeters (almost 5 inches) in width from temple to temple. The general character of the beardless head presents a mixture of firmness and roundness which is given to the heads of the Lapiths opposing the bearded and brutal Centaurs, as a type of the cultured Greek opposing the brute force of the barbarians. The treatment of the outline and of the flesh is compact and firm, without approaching the hardness of the heads of the Ægina marbles, the works of which school are spoken of by Quintilian as being *duriora et Tuscanicis proxima*. In the treatment of the features we find that the lines are firmly marked in a cruder and more abrupt manner than we notice in the heads of the frieze of the Parthenon, or than we should assume in the heads of the pediments, judging from the comparatively softer modeling of the extant bodies of the pedimental figures. This difference between the execution of the metopes and the other marbles decorating the Parthenon is not wholly to be referred to a prevalence in these metopes of the more severe and archaic treatment which points to the influence of the older Attic schools, of a Hegias or a Myron; but also to the fact that the smallness of the dimensions, coupled with the height at which the metopes were placed above the eye of the spectator, made it necessary for the sculptor to emphasize and harden his lines.

The hair of the extant heads of Lapiths from the metopes, as well as that of the head under consideration, runs in a regular clear-cut outline over the forehead, coming to a point in the center. The texture of the hair is not fully indicated by a grooved surface; but a comparatively smooth layer, like a close-fitting cap, seems drawn over the head. Color was no doubt called in to assist in producing the effect which would otherwise have been obtained by means of grooves cut into the

marble itself. The frontal bone projects strongly, as in the heads of the metopes, yet presents no rise and fall, but runs in one continuous curve from temple to temple. The expression of emotion in the heads of the Lapiths, though more advanced than in those among the Ægina marbles, is far less pronounced than in the heads of the Centaurs from the same metopes, whose passion, anger, and pain are most manifest in the distorted features.

It is a fact worthy of more general notice that, before the end of the fourth century, there is no trace of a monument of a higher god or of a Greek in which an indication of passion carries with it a contortion of features. With great freedom this is put into the faces of daemons, monsters, and barbarians. It is in these heads that the Greek sculptors practiced the expression of passionate emotion. In the time in which the general feeling for the more dramatic and pathetic forms of art was strongest, statues of fauns and satyrs, river-gods, Centaurs, giants, and other beings of a like kind are most frequent. Though these figures are, in the higher periods of Greek art, introduced into reliefs or larger decorative groups, it is not until later (after the close of the fourth century) that they are made the subjects of single statues. In these earlier friezes and pedimental groups they are the only figures invested with the expression of passion. We can almost trace, by means of extant monuments, how the definite artistic method of expressing violent emotion was transferred into the heads of human, heroic, and divine figures in later art from the forms which had previously and customarily been put into the heads of these creatures. We need merely mark as a noteworthy instance the history of the gradual growth and exaggeration of the frontal bone towards the center of the forehead. The later the monument of Centaur or river-gods, the more does the frontal bone protrude; and the more in later times passion is expressed or suggested in human or divine heads, the more does the sculptor transfer to them this characteristic feature from the daemons and barbarians, into whose heads it had been put in much earlier periods of art. Still, even in later art, the sculptor seems to have exercised a comparative restraint in expressing violent passion in the heads of gods and Greeks. From the Centaur battles of the metopes of the Parthenon down to the recently discovered frieze from the altar at Pergamon representing the Gigantomachia, the faces of the Greeks and of the gods are comparatively free from the distortions of passion, while their adversaries manifest all the signs of pain and anger: so strong was the feeling for form with the Greeks, and so adverse were they to sacrificing harmonious lines in the representations of their own race and of their heroic and divine world.

The expression of emotion in the heads of the Lapiths is limited to parted or firmly closed lips and to the peculiar indication of a frown. In the Louvre head, as in the others, this frown is indicated by means of straight, simple lines worked into the brow and the forehead, probably by means of a file. In the Louvre head, as in the head of the fallen Lapith in metope xxx. (Michaelis), a simple horizonial line of this kind is cut along the middle of the forehead. One shorter and deeper line, again straight and simple, runs down between the brows above the bridge of the nose; while in the head of the Lapith in metope xxx., who has fallen below his adversary and is receiving a fatal blow from him, a stronger expression of emotion is brought out, in that he has two such perpendicular ridges.

The eyelid in the Louvre head and in those of the metopes is worked smoothly with one continuous curve. The chin is round and firm, yet has some appearance of pointedness through the deep curve worked into the space between the under-lip and the chin. The under-lip is full and round, much more so than in the Ægina marbles. Still the mouth is hard and somewhat conventional in the perfectly symmetrical curve of the line between the lips.

The right side of the head is much corroded, while the left is quite smooth in its surface. As in all similar monuments, this shows that the right was the weather side and that the left was protected. It is further evident that the left side was not meant to be seen; for it is not quite finished, the ear not being at all indicated on this side. In pedimental groups in which the inside of the figures in the round facing the tympanum is also not to be seen, this inner side, in the Pheidiac period of art, is still quite finished. It is only from the limits of space in high relief that the inner side does not practically admit of complete finish. This head was thus evidently part of a high relief corresponding to that of the metopes of the Parthenon, in which the heads and limbs are generally completely undercut and stand out freely from the ground of the relief. This is still more evident from the fact that in the attempt to work away the marble from the ground of the relief, there must have been difficulty in properly getting at the inner side; and thus strokes of the chisel are noticeable running from the beginning of the hair at the left temple toward the back of the head, and others running from the back

of the head toward the left or inner side. At one point where these strokes from either side tend to meet, about at the boundary line between the back and the left side of the head, there is a rough elevation, a ridge, running from the top of the head to the neck. Evidently this was the part of the head nearest the ground of the relief, and the sculptor who had to work round from either side must have experienced the greatest difficulty in cutting this part away cleanly.

As many of the Lapiths in the Parthenon metopes have merely the heads broken away while the necks remain, I felt that it was highly probable that the very metope to which this head belonged might be found in the British Museum.

I had proceeded thus far in this investigation when the authorities of the Louvre Museum generously sent me a plaster cast taken from the original marble. Upon taking this cast to the British Museum, with the kind assistance of Mr. Newton, the metope to which it appeared to belong was soon found; and after placing the cast upon the neck, it was found that it fitted perfectly, each fractured projection of the one fitting into the depression of the other. So, for instance, while there remained a fragment of the neck on the outside of the head, there was no indication left upon the inside; this cavity however was found to correspond exactly to the curve produced by the rising left shoulder, caused by the upraised arm of the advancing Lapith. Finally, the rough ridge on the left side of the head, where the sculptor was not able to work freely with the chisel, was the point nearest the ground of the relief when the head was placed on the metope.

The illustration on page 36 is taken from the metope (VII. Mich., 6 in the *British Museum Guide*) in the British Museum upon which the cast from the Louvre has been placed, as well as the cast of a head of a Centaur at Athens, previously recognized as belonging to this metope. Even in its former imperfect condition this metope has been greatly admired. Mr. Newton says of it: "Even in its present mutilated state, this is, perhaps, the finest of all the metopes in the Museum. The action is most spirited, and the modeling very thorough and masterly."

With the head of the Lapith now supplied, and with the help of Carrey's drawing, from which we learn the action of the left arm of the Centaur, we are enabled to reconstruct the whole metope without the loss of any of the details.

The metope is thus one of the most complete, as it decidedly is, in many ways, the finest. Its excellence consists chiefly in the way in which the dramatic situation is represented and the tension of the supreme moment is brought out. The Lapith has seized the Centaur by the throat with his left hand, while he is drawing back the right hand to give the fatal blow with the sword. The onset of the advancing Lapith causes the Centaur to rear in the attempt to free his throat with his left hand from the firm grasp of his enemy. The attitude of pressing forward on the part of the Lapith is most perfectly given, while the head looking up at the rearing Centaur adds much to the expression of this action. It is interesting to compare a photograph of the metope, as it was before the head was added, with the present plate. We can then realize how fatally the loss of any one part impairs the appearance of the work of a great artist, as we must also realize that a perfect work of art depends upon the organic treatment of the artist's crude material, the harmony and unity of all the parts of a work. There hardly exists any more bold and superb action than that of the Centaur rearing back in a last effort. The forelegs and hoofs do not remind one of hands, and still they seem more sensitive and fuller of designed purpose than the hoofs of a horse, as if the human body above the animal had modified their power and purpose while they retain their shape.

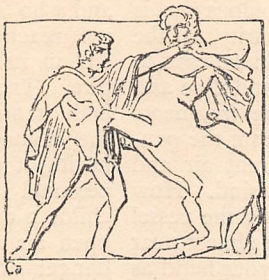
Finally, dramatic unity is given to this composition through the clear localization of a central point of interest. This is not conventionally placed in the actual center of the square metope, but in the right upper corner, at the neck of the Centaur. It is to this point (also the moral center of importance and interest) that all the movements of the figures and all the lines of the composition tend. It is also, physically, the point of balance to the figures as represented. For if we were to conceive this point suddenly to give way, both Centaur and Lapith would fall forward. It is the meeting of forces at this point that keeps both figures in the position in which the artist has represented them, as it is the grip upon the Centaur's throat that gives the Lapith the advantage in the struggle and is the efficient cause of the other's speedy destruction.

But the greatest artistic merit, and that which most fully marks the advance made by Pheidias in the metopes, and the result attained in the schooling period of the artist's career marked by these monuments, lies in the fact that all this life and action displayed with such freedom have been composed and executed within the limits of the prescribed square space of the metope. It is here that

the power of a great artist like Pheidias manifests itself; it is thus that he adapts himself to the physical conditions of the work to be produced, and makes us forget the difficulties with which he had to struggle, by means of the life which he puts into his figures and scenes, while adapting the form to the material at his disposal.

Charles Waldstein.

[The present article and Dr. Waldstein's paper of last December (on "The Frieze of the Parthenon") appear in THE CENTURY through the courtesy of the University of Cambridge, which will soon publish Dr. Waldstein's work on Pheidias.—EDITOR.]



THE METOPE AS SKETCHED BY CARREY IN 1674. (FROM MICHAELIS'S "DER PARTHENON.")

POWER AGAINST POWER.

WHERE spells were wrought he sat alone,
The wizard touching minds of men
Through far-swung avenues of power,
And proudly held the magic pen.

By the dark wall a white Shape gleams,
By morning's light a Shadow falls!
Is it a servant of his brain,
Or Power that to his power calls?

By morning's light the shadow looms,
And watches with relentless eyes;
In night-gloom holds the glimmering lamp,
While the pen ever slower flies.

By the dark wall it beckons still,
By evening light it darkly stays;
The wizard looks, and his great life
Thrills with the sense of finished days.

A Shape so ghost-like by the sun,
With smiles that chill as dusks descend!
The glancing wizard stern and pale,
Admits the presence of the End.

Health has forsaken, death is near,
The hand moves slower, eyes grow dim;
The End approaches, and the man
Dreams of no spell for quelling Him.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

THE SLAVE WOMAN.

SHEDDING cool drops upon the sun-baked clay,
  The dripping jar, brimful, she rests a space
  On the well's dry white brink, and leans her face,
Heavy with tears and many a heartsick day,
Down to the water's lip, whence slips away
  A rivulet through the hot, bright square apace.
  And lo! her brow casts off each servile trace—
The wave's cool breath hath won her thoughts astray.

Ah desolate heart! Thy fate thou hast forgot
  One moment; the dull pain hath left those eyes
    Whose yearning pierces time, and space, and tears.
Thou seest what was once, but now is not,—
  By Niger thy bright home, thy Paradise,
    Unscathed of flame, and foe, and hostile spears.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

BRITISH FERTILITY.

In crossing the Atlantic from the New World to the Old, one of the first intimations the traveler has that he is nearing a strange shore, and an old and populous one, is the greater boldness and familiarity of the swarms of clamorous sea-gulls that begin to hover in the wake of the ship, and dive and contend with each other for the fragments and parings thrown overboard from the pantry. They have at once a different air and manner from those we left behind. How bold and tireless they are, pursuing the vessel from dawn to dark, and coming almost near enough to take the food out of your hand as you lean over the bulwarks. It is a sign in the air; it tells the whole story of the hungry and populous countries you are approaching; it is swarming and omnivorous Europe come out to meet you. You are near the sea-marge of a land teeming with life, a land where the prevailing forms are on the most copious and vehement scale; where the birds and animals are not only more numerous than at home, but more dominating and aggressive, more closely associated with man, contending with him for the fruits of the soil, learned in his ways, full of resources, prolific, tenacious of life, not easily checked or driven out,—in fact, characterized by greater persistence and fecundity. This fact is sure, sooner or later, to strike the American in Britain. There seems to be an aboriginal push and heat in animate nature there, to behold which is a new experience. It is the Old World, and yet it really seems the New in the virility and hardihood of its species.

The New Englander who sees with evil forebodings the rapid falling off of the birth-rate in his own land, the family rills shrinking in these later generations, like his native streams in summer, and who consequently fears for the perpetuity of the race, may see something to comfort him in the British islands. Behold the fecundity of the parent stock! The drought that has fallen upon the older parts of the New World does not seem to have affected the sources of being in these islands. They are apparently as copious and exhaustless as they were three centuries ago. Britain might well appropriate to herself the last half of Emerson's quatrain:

> "No numbers have counted my tallies,
> No tribes my house can fill;
> I sit by the shining Fount of Life,
> And pour the deluge still."

For it is literally a deluge: the land is inundated with humanity. Thirty millions of people within the area of one of our larger States, and who shall say that high-water mark is yet reached? Everything betokens a race still in its youth, still on the road to empire. The full-bloodedness, the large feet and hands, the prominent canine teeth, the stomachic and muscular robustness, the health of the women, the savage jealousy of personal rights, the swarms upon swarms of children and young people, the delight in the open air and in athletic sports, the love of danger and adventure, a certain morning freshness and youthfulness in their look, as if their food and sleep nourished them well, as well as a certain animality and stupidity,—all indicate a people who have not yet slackened speed or taken in sail. Neither the land nor the race shows any exhaustion. In both there is yet the freshness and fruitfulness of a new country. You would think the people had just come into possession of a virgin soil. There is a pioneer hardiness and fertility about them. Families increase as in our early frontier settlements. Let me quote a paragraph from Taine's "English Notes":

> "An Englishman nearly always has many children, —the rich as well as the poor. The Queen has nine, and sets the example. Let us run over the families we are acquainted with: Lord —— has six children; the Marquis of ——, twelve; Sir W——, nine; Mr. S——, a judge, twenty-four, of whom twenty-two are living; several clergymen, five, six, and up to ten and twelve."

Thus is the census kept up and increased. The land, the towns and cities, are like hives in swarming time; a fertile queen indeed, and plenty of brood-comb! Were it not for the wildernesses of America, of Africa, and Australia, to which these swarms migrate, the people would suffocate and trample each other out. A Scotch or English city, compared with one of ours, is a kind of duplex or compound city; it has a duplicate interior—the interior of the closes and alleys, in which and out of which the people swarm like flies. Every country village has its closes, its streets between streets, where the humbler portion of the population is packed away. This back-door humanity streams forth to all parts of the world, and carries the national virtues with it. In walking through some of the older portions of Edinburgh, I was somehow reminded of colonies of cliff swallows I

had seen at home, packed beneath the eaves of a farmer's barn, every inch of space occupied, the tenements crowding and lapping over each other, the interstices filled, every coigne of vantage seized upon, the pendent beds and procreant cradles ranked one above another, and showing all manner of quaint and ingenious forms and adaptability to circumstances. In both London and Edinburgh there are streets beneath streets, or huge viaducts that carry one torrent of humanity above another torrent. They utilize the hills and depressions to make more surface room for their swarming myriads.

One day, in my walk through the Trosachs in the Highlands, I came upon a couple of ant-hills that arrested my attention. They were a type of the country. They were not large, scarcely larger than a peck measure; but never before had I seen ant-hills so populous and so lively. They were living masses of ants, while the ground for yards about literally rustled with their numbers. I knew ant-hills at home, and had noted them carefully, hills that would fill a cart-box; but they were like empty tenements compared with these, a fort garrisoned with a company instead of an army corps. These hills stood in thin woods by the roadside. From each of them radiated five main highways, like the spokes of a wheel. These highways were clearly defined to the eye, the grass and leaves being slightly beaten down. Along each one of them there was a double line of ants—one line going out for supplies and the other returning with booty—worms, flies, insects, a constant stream of game going into the capitol. If the ants, with any given worm or bug, got stuck, those passing out would turn and lend a helping hand. The ground between the main highways was being threaded in all directions by individual ants, beating up and down for game. The same was true of the surface all about the terminus of the roads, several yards distant. If I stood a few moments in one place, the ants would begin to climb up my shoes and so up my legs. Stamping them off seemed only to alarm and enrage the whole camp, so that I would presently be compelled to retreat. Seeing a big straddling beetle, I caught him and dropped him upon the nest. The ants attacked him as wolves might attack an elephant. They clung to his legs, they mounted his back, and assaulted him in front. As he rushed through and over their ranks down the side of the mound, those clinging to his legs were caught hold of by others, till lines of four or five ants were being jerked along by each of his six legs. The infuriated beetle cleared the mound and crawled under leaves and sticks to sweep off his clinging enemies, and finally seemed to escape them by burying himself in the earth. Then I took one of those large, black, shelless snails with which this land abounds, a snail the size of my thumb, and dropped it upon the nest. The ants swarmed upon it at once, and began to sink their jaws into it. This woke the snail up to the true situation, and it showed itself not without resources against its enemies. Flee, like the beetle, it could not, but it bore an invisible armor; it began to secrete from every pore of its body a thick, whitish, viscid substance, that tied every ant that came in contact with it, hand and foot, in a twinkling. When a thick coating of this impromptu bird-lime had been exuded, the snail wriggled right and left a few times, partly sloughing it off, and thus ingulfing hundreds of its antagonists. Never was army of ants or of men bound in such a Stygian quagmire before. New phalanxes rushed up and tried to scale the mass; most of them were mired like their fellows, but a few succeeded and gained the snail's back; then began the preparation of another avalanche of glue; the creature seemed to dwindle in size, and to nerve itself to the work; as fast as the ants reached him in any number he ingulfed them; he poured the vials of his glutinous wrath upon them, till he had formed quite a rampart of cemented and helpless ants about him; fresh ones constantly coming up laid hold of the barricade with their jaws, and were often hung that way. I lingered half an hour or more to see the issue, but was finally compelled to come away before the closing scene. I presume the ants finally triumphed. The snail had nearly exhausted its ammunition; each new broadside took more and more time, and was less and less effective; while the ants had unlimited resources, and could make bridges of their sunken armies. But how they finally freed themselves and their mound of that viscid, sloughing monster, I should be glad to know.

But it was not these incidents that impressed me so much as the numbers and the animation of the ants, and their raiding, buccaneering propensities. When I came to London I could not help thinking of the ant-hill I had seen in the North. This, I said, is the biggest ant-hill yet. See the great steam highways, leading to all points of the compass; see the myriads swarming, jostling each other in the streets, and overflowing all the surrounding country. See the under-ground tunnels and galleries and the over-ground viaducts; see the activity and the supplies, the whole earth the hunting ground of these insects and rustling with their multitudinous stir. One

may be pardoned, in the presence of such an enormous aggregate of humanity as London shows, for thinking of insects. Men and women seem cheapened and belittled, as if the spawn of blow-flies had turned to human beings. How the throng stream on interminably, the streets like river-beds, full to their banks! One hardly notes the units,—he sees only the black tide. He loses himself, and becomes an insignificant ant with the rest. He is borne along through the galleries and passages to the under-ground railway, and is swept forward like a drop in the sea. I used to make frequent trips to the country, or seek out some empty nook in St. Paul's, to come to my senses. But it requires no ordinary effort to find one's self in St. Paul's, and in the country you must walk fast or London will overtake you. When I would think I had a stretch of road all to myself, a troop of London bicyclists would steal up behind me and suddenly file by like specters. The whole land is London-struck. You feel the suction of the huge city wherever you are. It draws like a cyclone; every current tends that way. It would seem as if cities and towns were constantly breaking from their moorings and drifting thitherward and joining themselves to it. On every side one finds smaller cities welded fast. It spreads like a malignant growth, that involves first one organ and then another. But it is not malignant. On the contrary, it is perhaps as normal and legitimate a city as there is on the globe. It is the proper outcome and expression of that fertile and bountiful land, and that hardy, multiplying race. It seems less the result of trade and commerce, and more the result of the domestic home-seeking and home-building instinct, than any other city I have yet seen. I felt, and yet feel, its attraction. It is such an aggregate of actual human dwellings that this feeling pervades the very air. All its vast and multiplex industries, and its traffic, seem domestic, like the chores about the household. I used to get glimpses of it from the north-west borders, from Hampstead Heath, and from about Highgate, lying there in the broad, gentle valley of the Thames, like an enormous country village—a village with nearly four million souls, where people find life sweet and wholesome, and keep a rustic freshness of look and sobriety of manner. See their vast parks and pleasure grounds; see the upper Thames, of a bright Sunday, alive with rowing parties; see them picnicking in all the country adjacent. Indeed, in summer a social and even festive air broods over the whole vast encampment. There is squalor and misery enough, of course, and too much, but this takes itself away to holes and corners.

II.

A FERTILE race, a fertile nature, swarms in these islands. The climate is a kind of prolonged May, and a vernal lustiness and raciness are characteristic of all the prevailing forms. Life is rank and full. There is plenty of sap, plenty of blood. The salt of the sea prickles in the veins; the spawning waters have imparted their virility to the land. 'Tis a tropical and an arctic nature combined, the fruitfulness of one and the activity of the other.

The culmination and embodiment of it all is in Shakspere. He implies just such a teeming, racy, juicy land and people. He indeed smacks of the soil. He is rich in lime and phosphate, and in the humus of the heart—copious, fertile, healthful, mellow, unctuous, prolific. One sees in England, clearer than ever, that the moral and intellectual value or equivalent of this fertile island is in his pages.

The teeming human populations reflect only the general law: there is the same riot and prodigality of life in the lower types, the same push and hardiness. It is the opinion of naturalists that the prevailing European forms are a later production than those of the southern hemisphere or of the United States, and hence according to Darwin's law should be more versatile and dominating. That this last fact holds good with regard to them, no competent observer can fail to see. When European plants and animals come into competition with American, the latter, for the most part, go to the wall, as do the natives in Australia. Or shall we say that the native species flee before the advent of civilization, the denuding the land of its forests, and the European species come in and take their place? Yet the fact remains, that that trait or tendency to persist in the face of obstacles, to hang on by tooth and nail, ready in new expedients, thriving where others starve, climbing where others fall, multiplying where others perish, like certain weeds, which if you check the seed will increase at the root, is more marked in the forms that have come to us from Europe than in the native inhabitants. Nearly everything that has come to this country from the Old World has come prepared to fight its way through and take possession. The European or Old World man, the Old World animals, the Old World grasses and grains, and weeds and vermin, are in possession of the land, and the native species have given way before them. The honey-bee, with its greed, its industry, and its swarms, is a fair type of the rest. The English house-sparrow, which we were at such pains to in-

troduce, breeds like vermin and threatens to become a plague in the land. Nearly all our troublesome weeds are European. When a new species gets a foothold here, it spreads like fire. The European rats and mice would eat us up, were it not for the European cats we breed. The wolf not only keeps a foothold in old and populous countries like France and Germany, but in the former country has so increased of late years that the Government has offered an additional bounty upon their pelts. When has an American wolf been seen or heard in our comparatively sparsely settled Eastern or Middle States? They have disappeared as completely as the beavers. Yet it is probably true that, in a new country like ours, a tendency slowly develops itself among the wild creatures to return and repossess the land under the altered conditions. It is so with the plants and probably so with the animals. Thus, the chimney-swallows give up the hollow trees for the chimneys, the cliff swallows desert the cliffs for the eaves of the barns, the squirrels find they can live in and about the fields, etc. In my own locality, our native mice are becoming much more numerous about the buildings than formerly; in the older settled portions of the country, the flying squirrel often breeds in the houses; the wolf does not seem to let go in the West as readily as he did in the East; the black bear is coming back to parts of the country where it had not been seen for thirty years.

I noticed many traits among the British animals and birds that looked like the result both of the sharp competition going on among themselves in their crowded ranks and of association with man. Thus, the partridge not only covers her nest, but carefully arranges the grass about it so that no mark of her track to and fro can be seen. The field mouse lays up a store of grain in its den in the ground, and then stops up the entrance from within. The woodcock, when disturbed, flies away with one of her young snatched up between her legs, and returns for another and another. The sea-gulls devour the grain in the fields; the wild ducks feed upon the oats; the crows and jackdaws pull up the sprouts of the newly planted potatoes; the grouse, partridges, pigeons, fieldfares, etc., attack the turnips; the hawk frequently snatches the wounded game from under the gun of the sportsman; the crows perch upon the tops of the chimneys of the houses; in the east the stork builds upon the housetops, in the midst of cities; in Scotland the rats follow the birds and the Highlanders to the herring fisheries along the coast, and disperse with them when the season is over; the eagle continues to breed in the mountains with the prize of a guinea upon every egg; the rabbits have to be kept down with nets and ferrets; the game birds—grouse, partridges, ducks, geese—continue to swarm in the face of the most inveterate race of sportsmen under the sun, and in a country where it is said the crows destroy more game than all the guns in the kingdom.

Many of the wild birds, when incubating, will allow themselves to be touched by the hand. The fox frequently passes the day under some covered drain or under some shelving bank near the farm buildings. The otter, which so long ago disappeared from our streams, still holds its own in Scotland, though trapped and shot on all occasions. A mother otter has been known boldly to confront a man carrying off her young.

Thomas Edward, the shoemaker naturalist of Aberdeen, relates many adventures he had during his nocturnal explorations with weasels, polecats, badgers, owls, rats, etc., in which these creatures showed astonishing boldness and audacity. On one occasion, a weasel actually attacked him; on another, a polecat made repeated attempts to take a moor hen from the breast pocket of his coat while he was trying to sleep. On still another occasion, while he was taking a nap, an owl robbed him of a mouse which he wished to take home alive, and which was tied by a string to his waistcoat. He says he has put his walking-stick into the mouth of a fox just roused from his lair, and the fox worried the stick and took it away with him. Once, in descending a precipice, he cornered two foxes upon a shelf of rock, when the brutes growled at him and showed their teeth threateningly. As he let himself down to kick them out of his way, they bolted up the precipice over his person. Along the Scottish coast, crows break open shell-fish by carrying them high in the air and letting them drop upon the rocks. This is about as thoughtful a proceeding as that of certain birds of South Africa, which fly amid the clouds of migrating locusts and clip off the wings of the insects with their sharp beaks, causing them to fall to the ground, where they are devoured at leisure. Among the Highlands, the eagles live upon hares and young lambs; when the shepherds kill the eagles, the hares increase so fast that they eat up all the grass, and the flocks still suffer.

The scenes along the coast of Scotland during the herring-fishing, as described by Charles St. John in his "Natural History and Sport in Moray," are characteristic. The herrings appear in innumerable shoals, and are pursued by tens of thousands of birds in the air, and by the hosts of their ene-

mies of the deep. Salmon and dog-fish prey upon them from beneath; gulls, gannets, cormorants, and solan-geese prey upon them from above; while the fishermen from a vast fleet of boats scoop them up by the million. The birds plunge and scream, the men shout and labor, the sea is covered with broken and wounded fish, the shore exhales the odor of the decaying offal, which also attracts the birds and the vermin; and, altogether, the scene is thoroughly European. Yet the herring supply does not fail; and when the shoals go into the lochs, the people say they contain two parts fish to one of water.

One of the most significant facts I observed while in England and Scotland was the number of eggs in the birds' nests. The first nest I saw, which was that of the meadow pipit, held six eggs; the second, which was that of the willow warbler, contained seven. Are these British birds then, I said, like the people, really more prolific than our own? Such is, undoubtedly, the fact. The nests I had observed were not exceptional; and when a boy told me he knew of a wren's nest with twenty-six eggs in it, I was half inclined to believe him. The common British wren, which is nearly identical with our winter wren, often does lay upward of twenty eggs, while ours lays from five to six. The long-tailed titmouse lays from ten to twelve eggs; the marsh tit from eight to ten; the great tit from six to nine; the blue-bonnet from six to eighteen; the wryneck often as many as ten; the nuthatch, seven; the brown creeper, nine; the kinglet, eight; the robin, seven; the fly-catcher, eight; and so on; all or nearly all exceeding the number laid by corresponding species in this country. The highest number of eggs of the majority of our birds is five; some of the wrens and creepers and titmice occasionally produce six, or even more; but as a rule one sees only three or four eggs in the nests of our common birds. Our quail seem to produce more eggs than the European species, and our swift more.

Then this superabundance of eggs is protected by such warm and compact nests. The nest of the willow warbler, to which I have referred, is a kind of thatched cottage upholstered with feathers. It is placed upon the ground, and is dome-shaped, like that of our meadow mouse, the entrance being on the side. The chaffinch, the most abundant and universal of the British birds, builds a nest in the white thorn that is a marvel of compactness and neatness. It is made mainly of fine moss and wool. The nest of Jenny Wren, with its dozen or more of eggs, is too perfect for art, and too cunning for nature. Those I saw were placed amid the roots of trees on a steep bank by the roadside. You behold a mass of fine green moss set in an irregular framework of roots, with a round hole in the middle of it. As far in as your finger can reach, it is exquisitely soft and delicately modeled. When removed from its place, it is a large mass of moss with the nest at the heart of it.

Then add to these things the comparative immunity from the many dangers that beset the nests of our birds,—dangers from squirrels, snakes, crows, owls, weasels, etc., and from violent storms and tempests,—and one can quickly see why the British birds so thrive and abound. There is a chaffinch for every tree, and a crow and a starling for every square rod of ground. I think there would be still more starlings if they could find places to build; but every available spot is occupied; every hole in a wall, or tower, or tree, or stump; every niche about the farm buildings; every throat of the grinning gargoyles about the old churches and cathedrals; every cranny in towers and steeples and castle parapet, and the mouth of every rain-spout and gutter in which they can find a lodgment.

The ruins of the old castles afford a harbor to many species, the most noticeable of which are sparrows, starlings, doves, and swallows. Rochester Castle, the main tower or citadel of which is yet in a good state of preservation, is one vast dove-cot. The woman in charge told me there were then about six hundred doves there. They whitened the air as they flew and circled about. From time to time they are killed off and sent to market. At sundown, after the doves had gone to roost, the swifts appeared, seeking out their crannies. For a few moments the air was dark with them.

Look also at the crows, or rooks as they are usually called. They follow the plowmen like chickens, picking up the grubs and worms; and chickens they are, sable farm fowls of a wider range. Young rooks are esteemed a great delicacy. The four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie, and set before the king, of the nursery rhyme, were very likely four-and-twenty young rooks. Rook-pie is a national dish, and it would seem as if the young birds are slaughtered in sufficient numbers to exterminate the species in a few years. But they have to be kept under, like the rabbits; inasmuch as they do not emigrate, like the people. I had heard vaguely that our British cousins eschewed all pie except crow-pie, but I did not fully realize the fact till I saw them shooting the young birds and shipping them to market. A rookery in one's grove or shade trees may

be quite a source of profit. The young birds are killed just before they are able to fly, and when they first venture upon the outer rim of the nest or perch upon the near branches. I witnessed this chicken-killing in a rookery on the banks of the Doon. The ruins of an old castle crowned the height overgrown with forest trees. In these trees the crows nested, much after the fashion of our wild pigeons. A young man with a rifle was having a little sport by shooting the young crows for the gamekeeper. There appeared to be fewer than a hundred nests, and yet I was told that as many as thirty dozen young crows had been shot there that season. During the firing the parent birds circle high aloft, uttering their distressed cries. Apparently, no attempt is made to conceal the nests; they are placed far out upon the branches, several close together, showing as large dense masses of sticks and twigs. Year after year the young are killed, and yet the rookery is not abandoned, nor the old birds discouraged. It is to be added that this species is not the carrion crow, like ours. It picks up its subsistence about the fields, and is not considered an unclean bird.

What is true of the birds is true of the rabbits, and probably of the other smaller animals. The British rabbit breeds seven times a year, and usually produces eight young at a litter; while, so far as I have observed, the corresponding species in this country breeds not more than twice, producing from three to four young. The western gray rabbit (*Lepus silvaticus*) is said to produce three or four broods a year of four to six young. It is calculated that in England a pair of rabbits will, in the course of four years, multiply to one million two hundred and fifty thousand. If unchecked for one season, this game would eat the farmers up. In the parks of the Duke of Hamilton, the rabbits were so numerous that I think one might have fired a gun at random with his eyes closed and knocked them over. They scampered right and left as I advanced, like leaves blown by the wind. Their cotton tails twinkled thicker than fireflies in our summer night. In the Highlands, where there were cultivated lands, and in various other parts of England and Scotland that I visited, they were more abundant than chipmunks in our beechen woods. The revenue derived from the sale of the ground game on some estates is an important item. The rabbits are slaughtered in untold numbers throughout the island. They shoot them, and hunt them with ferrets, and catch them in nets and gins and snares, and they are the principal game of the poacher, and yet the land is alive with them. Thirty million skins are used up annually in Great Britain, besides several million hare skins. The fur is used for stuffing beds, and is also made into yarn and cloth.

But the Colorado beetle is our own, and it shows many of the European virtues. It is sufficiently prolific and persistent to satisfy any standard; but we cannot claim all the qualities for it till it has crossed the Atlantic and established itself on the other side.

There are other forms of life in which we surpass the mother country. I did not hear the voice of frog or toad while I was in England. Their marshes were silent; their summer nights were voiceless. I longed for the multitudinous chorus of my own bog; for the tiny silver bells of our *hyloides*, the long-drawn and soothing *tr-r-r-r-r* of our twilight toads, and the rattling drums, kettle and bass, of our pond frogs. Their insect world, too, is far behind ours; no fiddling grasshoppers, no purring tree crickets, no scraping katydids, no whirring cicadas; no sounds from any of these sources by meadow or grove, by night or day, that I could ever hear. We have a large orchestra of insect musicians, ranging from that tiny performer that picks the strings of his instrument so daintily in the summer twilight to the shrill and piercing crescendo of the harvest-fly. A young Englishman who had traveled over this country told me he thought we had the noisiest nature in the world. English midsummer nature is the other extreme of stillness. The long twilight is unbroken by a sound, unless in places from the "clanging rookery." The British bumble-bee, a hairy, short-waisted fellow, has the same soft, mellow bass as our native bee, and his habits appear much the same, except that he can stand the cold and the wet much better (I used to see them very lively after sundown, when I was shivering with my overcoat on), and digs his own hole like the rabbit, which ours does not. Sitting in the woods one day, a bumble-bee alighted near me on the ground, and, scraping away the surface mold, began to bite and dig his way into the earth,—a true Britisher, able to dig his own hole.

In the matter of squirrel life, too, we are far ahead of England. I believe there are more red squirrels, to say nothing of gray squirrels, flying squirrels, and chipmunks, within half a mile of my house than in any county in England. In all my loitering and prying about the woods and groves there I saw but two squirrels. The species is larger than ours, longer and softer furred, and appears to have little of the snickering, frisking, attitudinizing manner of ours. But England is the paradise of snails. The trail of the

snail is over all. I have counted a dozen on the bole of a single tree. I have seen them hanging to the bushes and hedges like fruit. I heard a lady complain that they got into the kitchen, crawling about by night and hiding by day, and baffling her efforts to rid herself of them. The thrushes eat them, breaking their shells upon a stone. They are said to be at times a serious pest in the garden, devouring the young plants at night. When did the American snail devour anything, except, perhaps, now and then a strawberry? The bird or other creature that feeds on the large black snail of Britain, if such there be, need never go hungry, for I saw these snails even on the tops of mountains.

The same opulence of life that characterizes the animal world in England characterizes the vegetable. I was especially struck, not so much with the variety of wild flowers, as with their numbers and wide distribution. Find one of a kind, and you will presently find ten thousand. The ox-eye daisy and the buttercup that have come to us from Europe are good samples. The foxglove, the corn-poppy, the speedwell, the wild hyacinth, the primrose, the various vetches, and others grow in nearly the same profusion. The forget-me-not is very common, and the little daisy is nearly as universal as the grass. Indeed, nearly all the British wild flowers seemed to grow in the open manner and in the same abundance as our golden rods and purple asters. They show no shyness, no wildness. Nature is not stingy of them, but fills her lap with each in its turn. Rare and delicate plants, like our arbutus, certain of our orchids and violets, that hide in the woods and are very fastidious and restricted in their range, probably have no parallel in England. The island is small, is well assorted and compacted, and is thoroughly homogeneous in its soil and climate; the conditions of field and forest and stream that exist have long existed; a settled permanence and equipoise prevail; every creature has found its habitat, every plant its home. There are no new experiments to be made, no new risks to be run; life in all its forms is established, and its current maintains a steady strength and fullness that an observer from our spasmodic hemisphere is sure to appreciate.

John Burroughs.

RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS. I.

THERE is a point of difference which marks off architecture from the other arts, and is commonly held to be distinctly in its favor. Emerson says it is "a mixed art whose end is sometimes use and sometimes beauty." More exactly, it is a mixed art whose ends are use and beauty interwoven. And this blending of the utilitarian with the strictly æsthetic insures to architecture a peculiarly unbroken life—insures that men will always build, though they may cease to carve or paint or sing. Perhaps this fact is not, however, so advantageous as is usually thought. Looking at the works produced when artistic instinct has been lost and dull gropings or mistaken aspirations have tried to play its part, and remembering that the world cannot so easily, with the advent of a better taste, rid itself of the architect's as of the painter's or the sculptor's legacy of failure, we may feel, perhaps, that it would be better if the art at times could cease entirely—could die to effort as it does die to success. But as no theoretical decision as to what might be for the best can alter the fact that building must go on, and as we know, I repeat, that its results are among the most permanent of man's creations, it is evident that in no art whatever have we so vital an interest as in this. With no art is it so essential that the people at large should be sufficiently enlightened to know good work from bad, and to encourage the good by public as well as by private effort. Doubly is this the case, moreover, since no art, be it noted, is dependent upon patronage in the same way as is the architect's. The result of ignorance in regard to architecture does not, as with the other arts, mean apathy alone and the mere loss of possible delight. It means the multiplication of wretched works that must remain for an unlimited period of time, to disgrace the memory of their generation and to corrupt the taste of later comers.

There is much good building going on at the present moment in this country, as it is hoped will be shown in these papers. If it were quite clearly perceived by the public to be such,—that is, if it were more evidently distinguished from the bad work flourishing beside it,—there would be less excuse for their preparation. That this bad work does so rankly flourish is by itself sufficient proof of a wide-

spread deficiency in knowledge, since, as I have said, architecture always comes in answer to a distinct call of patronage.

It is instructive to note in this connection the character of our recent architectural work done under government supervision. As stated in the Treasury report laid before the present Congress, no fewer than twenty-seven government buildings, many of them vast in size and costliness, have been in process of erection during the year just closed, in almost as many different cities of our land. It is safe to guess from the examples with which we are most familiar that very few of them are sensible structures, not one a really admirable work of art—safe to say that scarce a single building put up under Treasury direction since the days of Mr. Potter's service could by any stretch of courtesy be included in a list of our true successes. The various local governments of state and city have a little better record to exhibit; but it will be found that most of the works coming under the general head of "public buildings," which will here be named for praise, while intended, it is true, for public or semi-public use, yet owe their existence to the fortunate instinct of individuals or of private corporations.

There was, as Mr. White has lately shown my readers, a distant time when building as a fine art was in our country the rule and not merely the exception. While our fathers were colonists or very young republicans they built very well—sometimes beautifully, and almost always honestly, intelligently, appropriately, and with a simplicity of aim and manner that was the very reverse of affectation or vulgarity. But the years which lie between their time and ours were dead indeed to art—were characterized at first by a helpless sort of ignorance, and later on by crass vulgarity and barbarous display. It is not necessary to describe these phases in a detailed way, since I am by no means essaying to write a history of American architecture. Every reader who has used his eyes will find in his own memory types of the various sorts of failure we achieved—types which are only interesting now as standards by means of which to gauge the undeniable advance of very recent years. I may say one word, however, with regard to the kind of work that came in fashion soon after that early kind which Mr. White has praised. The remains of the "classic style" that flourished for so many years—in stone in our large cities, in pine boards and paint and stucco in our smaller towns—have long been pointed out for ridicule even by those who hold no other architectural tenet with distinctness save this as to the ludicrous folly of attempting to fit Greek temple forms to our modern uses and our often cheap materials. Such attempts are no doubt mistaken, and their results are often ludicrous enough. Yet after all the fashion has, I think, been rather unduly berated, for it had a certain amount of at least comparative excellence. It proved that its generation admired, if but in a stupid sort of way, the finest architectural style the world has ever seen. Later on, admiration was transferred to far inferior models, while current methods of adaptation and execution remained quite as stupid and grew still more inartistic. And a poor work following a fine example though at an immeasurable distance, is better at all events than another work in which execution and ideals are alike despicable and ugly. And be the work poor as it may, there is a dignity and a simplicity about Greek forms which prevent utter barbarism or hideousness of result—which prevent, for one thing, any accent of vulgarity. There are many far worse public buildings in New York than the Custom-House on Wall street. We might easily count up those which are much better, at least from an artistic point of view. And the pillared wooden temple which does duty for church or court-house in the village street is usually a far better thing in itself, and far more agreeable in its testimony to the taste if not to the practical wisdom of its builders, than is its later neighbor—a bastard structure with vulgarized reminiscences of many styles and no styles, and much riotous ornamentation in sanded zinc and jig-saw carving.

The ties of this our new world with the old are of such complex sorts that it would be impossible to guess, without inquiring into facts, whence may have come our impulse in any artistic path. Such inquiry will show that in our architecture we have largely followed England, though her example has not been consulted by our painters or our sculptors. England, as is well known, has been through a varied and perplexing architectural experience since the beginning of the century. First, there dawned the Greek revival, instigated chiefly by the publication of Stuart and Revett's "Athens." Then came the Gothic revival, bringing about the famous "battle of the styles" between classicism in general and mediævalism in general, and the faction fights (almost as bitter) of the mediævalists among themselves. Every phase of English Gothic had its exclusive advocates, and there were others, almost as exclusive, who enforced in stone as well as in speech and print the claims of French or Tuscan or Venetian builders as the best models for the modern architect to follow. Then, just when the main battle

seemed to have decided itself in favor of mediævalism, and when the partisans of the triumphant movement seemed to have settled into some sort of agreement among themselves,—or at least into such mutual toleration as would let them all live and work in their several ways and insure the advance of the Gothic movement as a whole,—just when its teachers and preachers began to draw breath and consider their cause gained for all time to come, began an unexpected reaction among the younger men into a love for late Renaissance work. "Queen Anne" is the term popularly used of this newest style, and may do as well as any other meaningless ticket to label its results when they must be mentioned. But no term could be historically more inexact. The builders of Queen Anne's day—whose influence we see in our own colonial work—discreet, sober, and dignified, even when nothing more, would be the last to accept the paternity of the motley new fashion, which is in truth less English than Dutch, and less "Queen Anne" than a mixture of Jacobean and Georgian manners, and which most rarely counts among its qualities those of discretion, sobriety, and dignity.

All these successive phases in English work were imitated here in more or less faithful and more or less successful ways. Of the Grecian fashion I have already spoken. It reigned for a time as wholly as it did in England, though with variations due to our lesser wealth and our different materials. The Gothic movement, however, was not quite so cordially indorsed on this side of the water as upon the other. English Gothic forms found little favor except for ecclesiastical and collegiate work. It was only the Venetian Gothic which at one time bade fair to be really popular with us. Many important buildings were erected in this style, like Mr. Wight's Academy of Design in New York, and the large structure on the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets in Boston. In it Mr. Eidlitz designed some of his best work, as, for example, the piano warehouse on the west side of Union Square. Messrs. Potter and Robinson, again, who at one time were the most prominent of our younger architects, have usually preferred this style, and with it have done some excellent work, notably on the Princeton College campus. But none of these buildings especially concern us here. I cannot try to praise everything good that has been done in the past—even in a past which lies close behind us. I can only endeavor to show what is being done *to-day* in ways that bid fair permanently to influence the development of our art. And Venetian Gothic with us is already, I think, a thing of the past. Isolated examples will continue, very likely, to be built; but it will hardly count any steady adherents among the younger men in whom lie the promise of our future.

The recent "Queen Anne" fashion has been taken up here with much enthusiasm. I cannot speak, except through an acquaintance with the prints in English journals, of its very latest essays on the parent soil; but it seems to me as if, with all the wildness and folly that have sometimes marked its presence here, we have still been somewhat more sober, if somewhat less ambitious, than our brethren. Both here and there good work, too, has of course been done when the style has been discreetly dealt with. But what our share in them amounts to I can only show in later portions of my commentary.

Just now I would add that, strong as has been the influence of England on our work, it has not been so exclusive as is commonly thought—at least by Englishmen. Much of our best architecture claims a very different parentage. Italian Renaissance examples have directly inspired some of our most important essays, and modern French fashions have evidently dictated the forms of very many others. Domestic work in New York, again, is chiefly founded on the "high stoop" model, which is not English but Dutch; and though this manner of building has scarcely touched either Boston or Philadelphia, it has become largely characteristic of Washington and of our newer Western cities. And the so-called decoration adopted for it when it deviated from the simplicity of the original Dutch model and evolved the typical "brown-stone front" of New York, is not English, whatever else it may be called. The statement often made by writers in English architectural journals that there is nothing good or bad in America which has not its exact prototype with them, is very wide indeed of the truth. We have been and still are not only far more continental, but far more original in our architecture than we even realize ourselves. To ask how often this originality has been a thing to boast of, is to open up quite another question—a question which would need first of all for its decision the settlement of the time-honored problem as to whether mistaken originality or the servile copying of good examples is the more promising mood in art. Two things are, however, certain. One is that our real epoch of productivity is but just beginning; and the other is that, whatever its course may be, whether peaceful or distracted, whether resulting in failure or success, it will work itself out on lines of its own—not upon those suggested by the contest still raging on the soil of England.

Perhaps the first thing that will be expected from a writer who proposes to discuss recent efforts and future probabilities, will be a definite programme as regards this matter of style —a statement of personal preferences, with the reasons why they seem justified by the needs of our day and clime. But such a programme I by no means intend to give. My aim, I repeat, is chiefly to show what is actually being built in various departments of the art; and though no commentator, perhaps, can be quite without theories as to what *ought* to be built, yet all ideals of future success must, to be of any value, base themselves on what seems probable, or at least possible, in the given case. Present essays are of very different sorts, even within the limits of true excellence; and through them many things are day by day working themselves a little clearer to our sight. Whatever considerations of a theoretical or prophetical sort I may have to advance,—they will not be many nor dogmatic—may better, therefore, be postponed till we shall have gained some acquaintance with our current art and shall be able to use its results as terms of illustration.

Since our recent works are of many different kinds, is there any standard by which they may all be tested and their excellence, when it exists, shown to be something more than mere accordance with that personal prepossession commonly known as the "taste" of a writer, which is often either vague or prejudiced and to which I, at least, shall not appeal? Certainly there must be. All art is judged—when really *judged* at all—far more in deference to reason and to tangible, demonstrable qualities, and far less in deference to blind instinct or "feeling," than is popularly thought. It is only a very ignorant observer who can give no logical reason for the faith that is in him before even the most ethereal, most spiritual results of art. How much more must this be true of architectural work, whose ends are those of use as well as beauty.

Old Sir Thomas Wotton, first of English writers on the subject, tells us that the architect's task is to provide us in his structure with "commoditie, firmness, and delight." It is popularly believed, I fear, that the last-named quality is the most important. So it might be, if we wished to regard the purely æsthetic side of the art alone. But we never *should* so wish; and, in fact, we cannot so regard it even if we would, since architectural beauty is not, as is too often thought and written, an extrinsic, superficial thing, depending altogether on ornamental features, but is inevitably bound up with the very attainment of "firmness" and "commoditie." The really vital beauty of an architectural work consists in its clear expression of these two qualities, and of the material way in which its parts are framed; for architecture is, like every other art, *first of all a means of expression.*

What every true work of art aims at is to express through the representation of something external to himself a meaning or an emotion which the artist feels. The external motive which is the painter's or the sculptor's medium he finds in some form or effect of nature. But the architect finds his in the character of his proposed building, the functions of its several necessary parts, and the qualities and demands of its material. This is to say, that the aim of his work is to show with clearness his idea of how a given structure should be built, considering its site, its size, its purpose, and also the kind of material and quantity of ornament permitted him. Thus we see that as in the other arts, so in architecture, conception is the most important thing. If the conception is adequate and is thoroughly well expressed to the eye, the result will be a good, though possibly not a beautiful, work of architecture. But if the architect is an *artist*, he will use his structural elements in ways that will not only be sensible and expressive, but æsthetically pleasing. He will secure by them those effects of composition, of color, and of light and shade, which (and not mere decoration) are his main helps toward the production of "delight." An architect cannot, even for the mere beauty of his work, treat his structure as a painter treats his canvas—cover it entirely, leave it to play no part in his visible result. He must, whether he will or no, treat it as the sculptor treats his clay,—must work with and not upon it. He must model it, and its modeling will tell that story of success or failure which can never be merely painted or sculptured or inlaid on its surface. If his materials are not plastic beneath his hand, if he does not shape them so as clearly and beautifully to express his intentions and his feelings, if, in a word, he does not *build* a beautiful thing, he will miss his mark in spite of all possible decorative effort. Decoration may, indeed, vastly increase the distinct expression and the beautiful effect of his building, but decoration can never *make* a good work of architecture,—can rarely, even in its noblest forms and its greatest profusion, redeem one which is weak in other ways. We see, therefore, that decoration cannot even be considered apart from constructive forms. It must grow from them, depend upon them, follow their lead and enforce their speech, if it is to be architectural in fact as well as name. The building itself should provide from the outset for the adornment it is to receive, should dictate its character, give it

the lines it is to emphasize, the spaces it is to fill,—should prescribe, in a word, the voice with which it needs must speak. For not abstract beauty (to repeat) but beautiful expression is the architect's concern, in the final ornamentation as in the first planning of his work. Constructive and decorative features must strive together toward this same end, and the latter always be dependent on the former.

If these things be true,—and I think they cannot be questioned,—we feel at once the falsity of the belief to which I have referred above—the belief that building and architecture are two different things, that delight alone is the object of the latter, and (consequently upon the first decision) is to be attained through superficial decoration—through the addition of what Mr. Ruskin, who champions this belief, actually calls "unnecessary features." From this mistaken theory, consciously or unconsciously held, have come not only most of the stupidity and vacillation of modern criticism, but much of the poverty and falseness of modern work itself. No; building and architecture are not to be divorced. The chief elements in architectural beauty, as in architectural strength and fitness, are *structural* elements. With these the builder must not only secure his "firmness," but must make its character apparent to the eye. With these he must not only provide, but reveal, the special sort of "commoditie" which has been the object of his effort. And with these he must achieve the greater part of that "delight" which he can vastly enhance, of course, by the consonant elaboration of ornamental motives, and the appropriate employment of the painter's and the sculptor's skill. A building that is structurally beautiful will please the eye,—the educated eye, I mean,—though no "unnecessary feature" be superadded. There is nothing more beautiful on earth to-day than the naked skeleton of a Greek temple after every atom of its decorative sculpture has been stripped and shattered from its place. There is nothing more admirable than a perfectly plain Gothic interior of good design. The castles of Edward I. are as fine in their soberer way as are his churches, and Albert Dürer's towers and the warehouses of Nuremberg are as fine in theirs as are her ornate house fronts. Elaboration may add a charm that their simplicity does not possess; but it needs no elaboration to make them works of architectural art. It is not because the towers of the Brooklyn bridge are plain that *they* are not works of art. It is because beauty was not considered in planning their masses, and because their constructive features do not properly explain their purpose. If an architect had fashioned them, he would very likely have left them as simple as they are to-day; but he would have built them beautiful in outline, and would not have fallen so far short of expressional design as to make the openings for the cables—the very why and wherefore of the towers' existence—mere casual holes cutting the cornice through. And there is no reason, save our apathy or artistic weakness, why every factory or grain elevator in the land might not be made, in its simple and humble way, a work of architecture too.

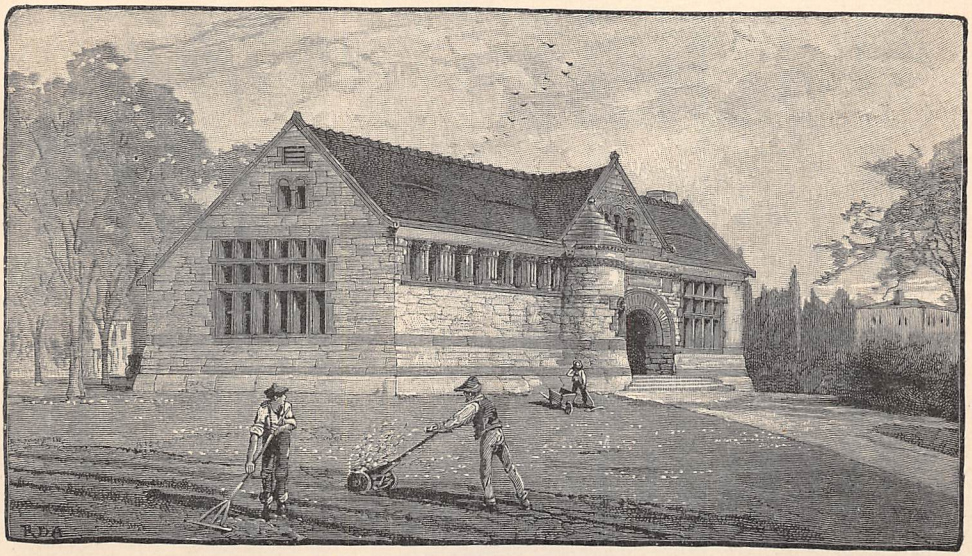
But in dwelling on the really vital law of architectural expression some critics go much too far. They demand that a building should not only be truthfully expressive, but should be this in a precise, particular, and complete way, even to the possible detriment of beauty of result. But this art, like all others, is a "system of compromises," in which certain desirable things must often be partially suppressed in order that others may get proper recognition. And just here is one of the few points in which architecture—most human and non-natural of the arts—may take a lesson from nature's work. In building her organisms nature rarely quite conceals, and never misrepresents, her structure and her purpose by her appearances; but she does not reveal them crudely, bluntly or minutely. Her expression is often abstract, veiled, condensed,—so to say, *typical* rather than explanatory. And so may be the architect's. So must it often be, indeed, especially in these days of complex modern life when the purposes and uses of buildings differ in so many really immaterial ways. Not all structures can definitely, very few perhaps can quite explicitly, tell the observer of all the secrets of their fabric or of all the needs to meet which they were built. But all—and here is the true reading of the law—should be so far and so truthfully expressive that their fabric will not be actually misrepresented to the eye, and that when their needs are known, their architectural outcome will seem completely inspired thereby and entirely in harmony therewith. And he is the best architect who selects with the truest instinct what things he will express—who sees most unerringly which are fundamental and must be shown, and which are accessory and may be unexpressed.

Still another lesson that nature teaches—and a most important one—is that a structure, to be sensible, expressive or delightful, must be an organism, a whole, with parts many or few as the case may be, but with such unity and harmony and interdependence bebetween them all that a single coherent im-

pression is the result. No portions of a work should seem casual, perfunctory, or immaterial. Each should seem right and proper in its own place, put there for some good and evident reason, which in the very best work will be at the same time constructional, expressive, and æsthetic.

This, then, is what we ask our architects to show us in their work,—not first of all, I am very sure, strict adherence to the precedents of some style of former days, but *rational art.* They must build sensibly, meeting as fully as possible the practical requirements of their task. They must build appropriately with regard to the nature of their site. They must build honestly, showing their material, whether noble or humble, for what it is, and making the best of it. They must build truthfully, concealing as little as possible their interior by their exterior, or the nature of their structural forms by the fashion of their surface and their decoration. And they must build beautifully, too, giving us pleasure through their composition, and, when it is allowed them, through wise ornament as well. These different aims involve, as I have said, occasional compromises and concessions; for beauty and truth and common sense are not always to be attained together. We are therefore sometimes called upon to decide in how far an architect has been justified in neglecting beauty for the sake of the sterner qualities of his art, or in securing it by some sacrifice of these. But it will always be the best kind of beauty that will come through no subordination or concealment.

One general rule, moreover, may be laid down to guide our criticism. This is the rule that as a work of architecture is both very conspicuous and very long-lived, its aim should be "to satisfy and not to startle." The fact that a building is "striking" is often held to prove it fine. But the best buildings are those which, whether striking or not,—oftener not, perhaps, at least in modern work,—will seem better and better as the days go by; will not grow oppressive or aggressive or impertinent, or tame, flat, and uninteresting, in proportion as they grow familiar.

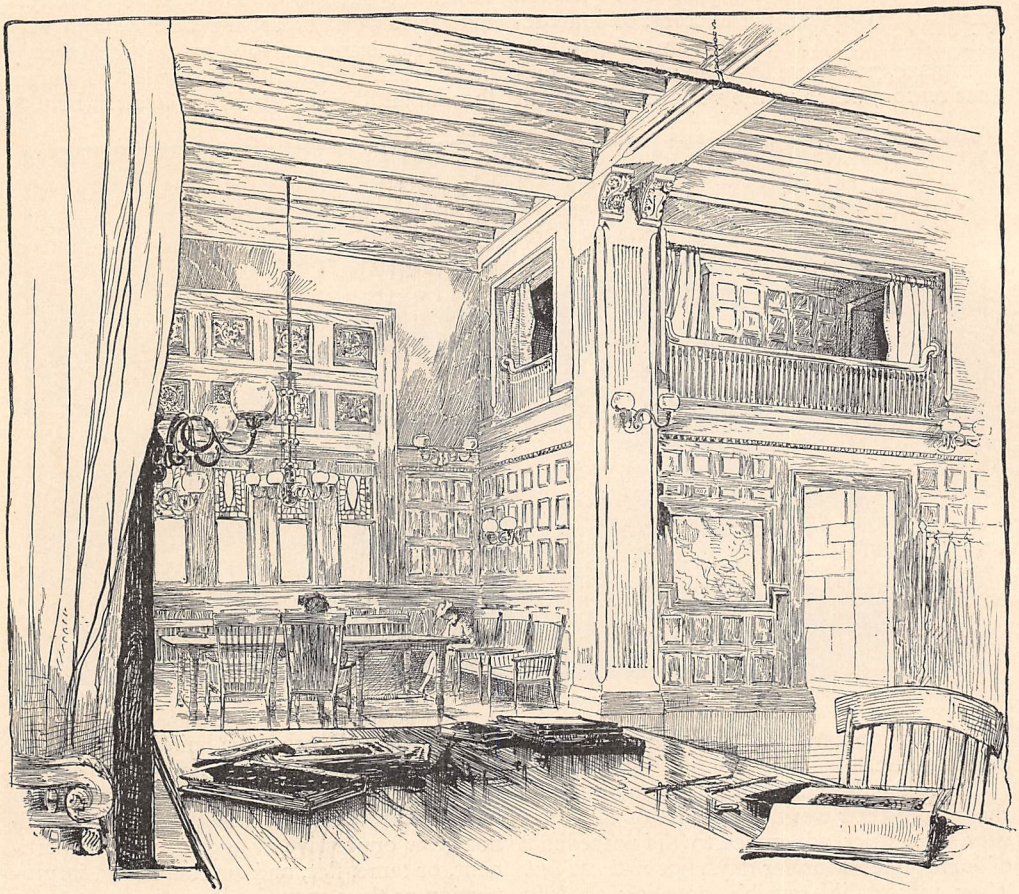


CRANE MEMORIAL LIBRARY, QUINCY, MASS.

Another thing which it is well to bear in mind is, that while a building must be judged by its intrinsic and evident qualities, a wider charity should restrain our judgment of its builder. A painter or a sculptor may usually do the kind of work he pleases and in the way he pleases, hampered only by limitations in himself. But an architect is always bound—and often hopelessly thwarted and coerced—by the practical requirements of his problem, and by the tastes, the fancies or the follies of his patron. Not often does he really get a chance to show all the strength that may be in him.

Let us look now at some of our recent public structures and see what excellent types we can find among them.

I think I cannot do better than begin the list with the new Medical School building that Messrs. Van Brunt and Howe have just put up in Boston, since in it we have good architecture reduced to its simplest, barest form. I have said that a building to be good must be an organism, a whole, composed of related and interdependent parts. *Composi-*

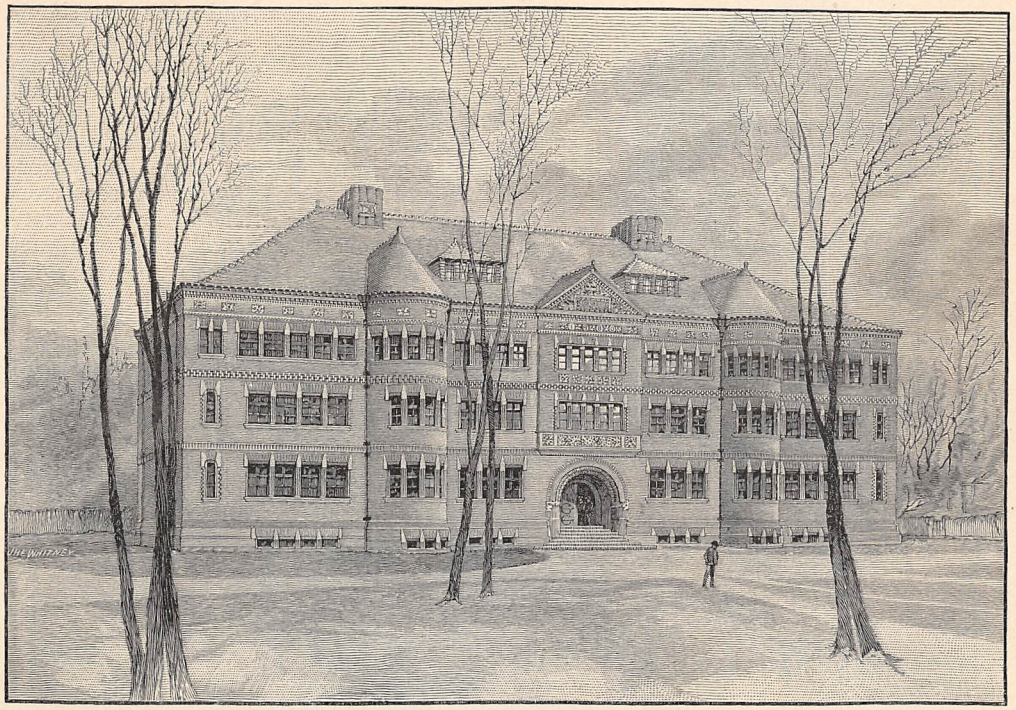


INTERIOR OF THE CRANE LIBRARY.

tion is, in fact, the architect's greatest task, and success in it the highest triumph he can gain. If the composition of his masses is scattered, ineffective, a thing of shreds and patches, and not a unity, he fails. But if the opportunity for this composition with masses is denied him altogether,—if he is obliged, as so often in our cities, to build a mere rectangular box without even a visible roof,—how shall he give his work that look of life and growth, and intelligent adaptation and expressiveness, which will mark it as an architectural conception, as an organism, and not a mere pile of brute material? But one resource is left him. He can still compose with what are called in technical parlance his *voids and solids*—with his windows and his wall spaces. Some of the most beautiful architectural composition in the world has, indeed, been done with no other constructive factors—as in the house fronts of Venice and the palaces of the Italian Renaissance time. Here, however, ornament comes largely into play, and beautiful materials do their part as well. But it was a much humbler and more difficult problem that was set in the Boston Medical School. The task was to build a great square box, wholly of brick, with no ornamentation, and with the necessity for floods of light in the interior. Yet there is beauty in the result—architectural beauty of the strictest kind, though no atom of that "picturesqueness" which popular criticism falsely considers its equivalent. If the Boston reader will look at this building, especially at the side which faces Trinity Church, he will see what I mean by good and effective and expressive composition, achieved solely by the sensible and artistic disposal of windows and wall spaces and very flat pilasters. And if he will look—I venture to say, though such pointing of comparisons is no pleasant part of my task—at the new building for the Technological Institute, which stands near by, and in which the conditions of the architect's task were almost precisely similar, he will see what I mean by inartistic, mechanical design. Of course, had ornament been added to Mr. Van Brunt's

structure (the only traces of it now present, the little gable over the front and the vases above the cornice, are distinctly detrimental to the whole), it would have gained vastly in beauty. The eye would then have been interested and delighted as we approach the building, not merely satisfied and impressed as we view it from a distance. Take the same design, build it of fine materials, and decorate it with good ornament, and we should have a very beautiful building. But, naked as it stands it is a good piece of architectural composition and so a good work of art—far more satisfactory than many buildings whose profuse and charming details have been applied to an unintelligent design.

I wish I could speak from personal inspection of the new library for the Michigan University which Mr. Van Brunt has also built. It offered problems of a similar sort as to the necessity for considering practical needs alone, but it gave full scope for composition with its masses. From the drawings it seems to be a work of peculiar architectural excellence, almost wholly devoid of ornament, but admirably adapted to its purpose, and boldly, clearly and agreeably expressing its interior by its exterior. No features, large or small, exist save such as were dictated by absolute necessity; but these are so conceived and so arranged that they result in great strength and originality and dignity. The same intelligence in composition, the same good management of masses and obligatory features, often distinguishes Mr. Van Brunt's work, even when the details are not of the most satisfactory kind. Surface beauty he may miss, but the body and bones of architectural beauty he very often shows us.

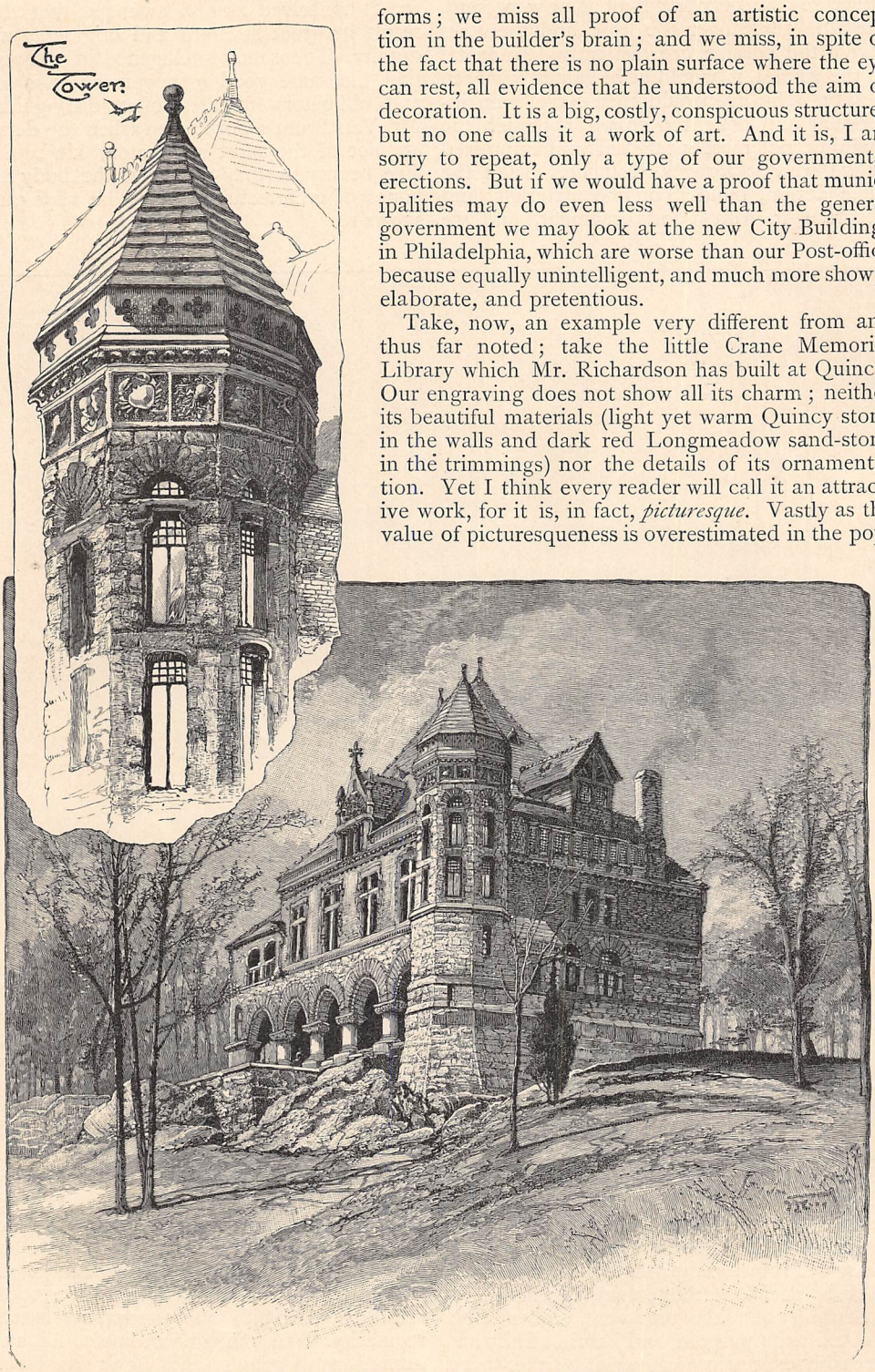


SEVER HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

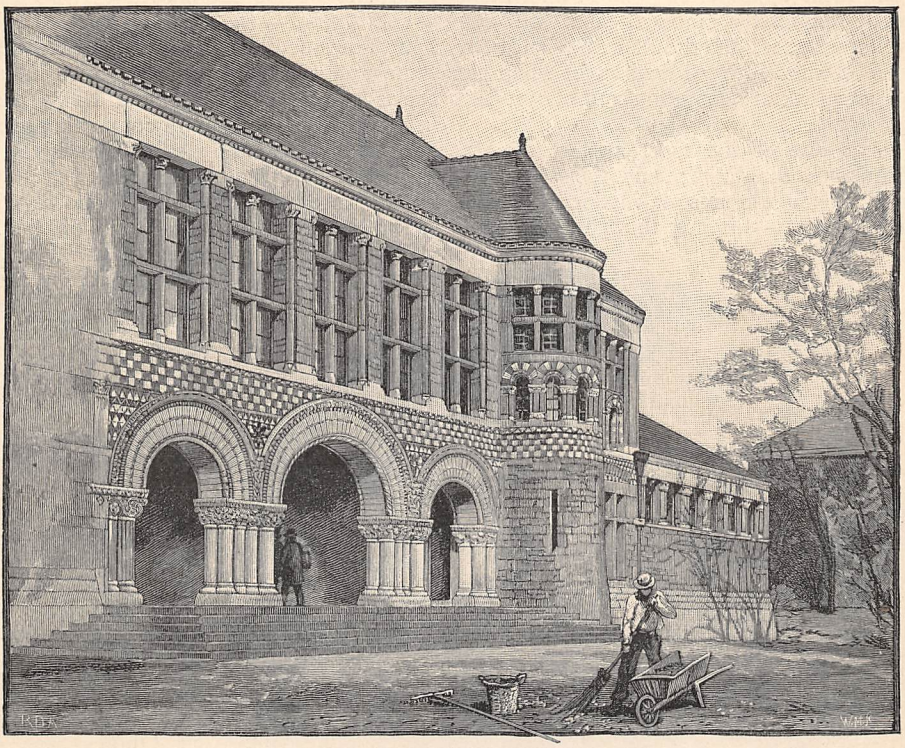
Look, now, for another instructive contrast, at the New York Post-office, where the architect had as fine a chance as heart could wish: a splendid site; practical requirements which, on such a site, need not have hampered him to any great extent; and money enough to give him noble materials and all the ornament he wanted. But what is the result? Modeling with the masses has been, indeed, attempted, but so imperfectly carried out that we do not get a single effective mass, a single powerful shadow, a single decisive line. Of composition with the voids and solids there is no trace at all; we see no wall spaces that can so be called, and the windows are distributed with monotonous, mechanical regularity. We miss, accordingly, all such impression of solidity and dignity as the eye demands in so large a building; we miss all expression of interior through exterior

forms; we miss all proof of an artistic conception in the builder's brain; and we miss, in spite of the fact that there is no plain surface where the eye can rest, all evidence that he understood the aim of decoration. It is a big, costly, conspicuous structure; but no one calls it a work of art. And it is, I am sorry to repeat, only a type of our governmental erections. But if we would have a proof that municipalities may do even less well than the general government we may look at the new City Buildings in Philadelphia, which are worse than our Post-office because equally unintelligent, and much more showy, elaborate, and pretentious.

Take, now, an example very different from any thus far noted; take the little Crane Memorial Library which Mr. Richardson has built at Quincy. Our engraving does not show all its charm; neither its beautiful materials (light yet warm Quincy stone in the walls and dark red Longmeadow sand-stone in the trimmings) nor the details of its ornamentation. Yet I think every reader will call it an attractive work, for it is, in fact, *picturesque*. Vastly as the value of picturesqueness is overestimated in the pop-



THE AMES MEMORIAL TOWN-HALL, NORTH EASTON, MASS.



LAW SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ular mouth, it is still often a desirable and a worthy quality when great dignity or grandeur is not demanded in a building; but only, be it noted, if it is achieved naturally and truthfully, not in forced fashions or too evidently for its own sole sake,—when it is the happy and easy result of a sensible arrangement of features really necessary or desirable in themselves. Such is the case with this little library. It is architecturally sensible, straightforward, expressive, and unaffected; and so we rejoice in the artistic instinct that could also make it picturesque and lovely. Its picturesqueness will be found to result, if we examine, from the irregular disposition of its structural parts —of the gable, the turret, the doorway, and the windows. Each of these features has come in strict and simple accordance with the demands of interior convenience. The large window lights the reading-room; the smaller, high-placed openings light the rank of alcoves; the door is made so large, from expressive if not from practical necessity, since here is a building which should distinctly invite the foot of every passer-by; the turret holds the staircase, which leads to the storage-room above, and this is lighted by the gable windows and the "winkers" in the roof. Thus much for the features themselves; but their irregular disposition is also motived by practical and not by willful reasons. Since the stairway must debouch upon the platform afforded by the gable, it must break the line of this; since the doorway must be so wide, its moldings must be boldly stopped against the tower—for to have shifted it further to the right would have brought it into too close contact with the great window, or have displaced this. A more timid builder would have made his doorway smaller, and so have lost his chance for forcible expression; and a less artistic one would not have known so well how to bring harmony and grace and true—not forced—originality and picturesqueness out of the irregularities which offered the best solution of his practical problem. Another point to be noted is the way in which the decorative value of color is made *architecturally* valuable—the bands of darker stone binding the various parts of the composition together, and accenting its important lines and features. The carved ornament, too, is concentrated, not dispersed, and so helps the general expression. With regard, finally, to this general expression, I will add that, though we may not at once perceive that the building is exactly what it is,—a library for free public use,—yet we know it is something of the sort; and when its purpose is told its appearance

is found most appropriate — and rather more minutely expressive, indeed, than we can often hope to see. To the delicately wrought interior of this library I shall refer when we come to speak of decoration and of "style" in general.

This is one of the most perfect of Mr. Richardson's buildings; but the same romantic, artistic, picturesque instinct is almost always shown in his art, though sometimes not held so well in hand by strict architectural feeling. It was only after several less completely satisfactory essays in a similar direction, indeed, that he arrived at such simplicity and truth of design as here. A larger library at Woburn was, I think, his first attempt in the Romanesque, round-arched style to which he has since faithfully adhered. So it is not wonderful that the richly picturesque and florid possibilities of this style led him into exuberance of rather too pronounced a sort. But as over-exuberance of a really strong and attractive kind is not a common failing in modern architecture, and as it is never, I think, combined in Mr. Richardson's work with affectation, forced animation, or mere display, we do not much complain of it.

INTERIOR OF THE SENATE CHAMBER, STATE CAPITOL, ALBANY, N. Y.

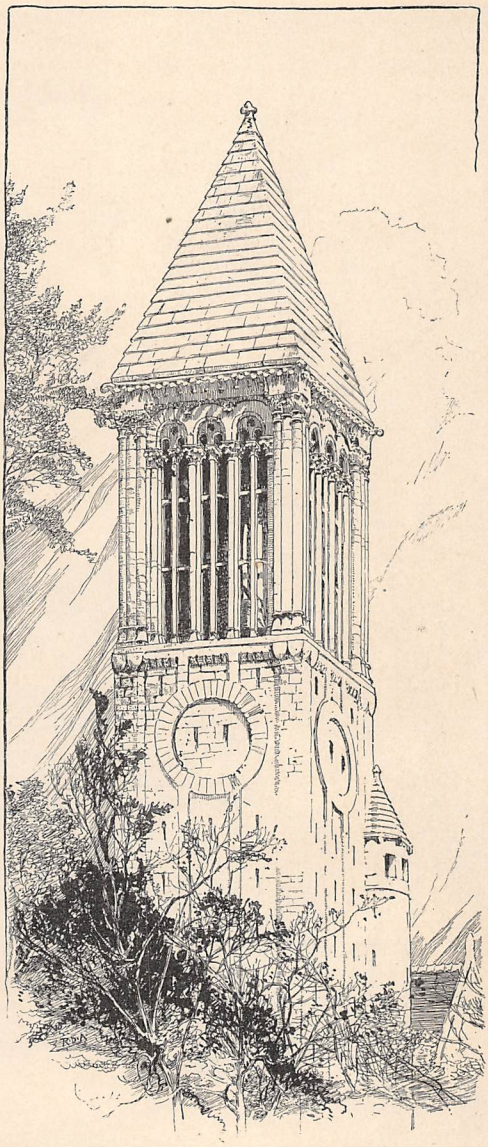
At North Easton, near Boston, Mr. Richardson was given a peculiarly fortunate opportunity in the commission to build, on an elevated rocky site overlooking the village, two important structures — the Ames Memorial Library and a Town-Hall, also a memorial offered by the same family. He was fortunate, also, in having the assistance of Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead in the arrangement of the connecting grounds and terraces, and the result is one of the most delightful groups of harmonious yet contrasting works of which we yet can boast — but a group, unfortunately, which lies off the highway of travel, and can only be seen at the end of a special pilgrimage.

The library is less imposing and less picturesque than the one at Woburn, — which is, indeed, rather too imposing and too picturesque, — while it is not so simply graceful and charming as the one at Quincy. It shows a less marked originality, more conventionalism in its design; and it sins a little in expression, I think, by the prominence of its tower. This, which at Quincy was given only its due importance as a staircase turret, is here carried well above the roof, and asserts itself in a manner rather out of harmony with the purpose of the building. Towers, like all other architectural features, have a meaning of their own — though the meaning of none is more commonly ignored or misconceived. A tower is first of all, in one shape or another, an ecclesiastical feature. Or it is, as in ancient castles or the palaces of Italian towns, an actual necessity for aggression or defense. Or in open forms it is a belvedere for outlook, and thus appropriate to many modern structures. Or, finally, it is a symbol of dominion and authority. This last was its function, for example, in the municipal buildings of the Netherlands, and such was its significance in the middle ages, when in more countries than one a royal permit was needed before it might be built. This, too, seems to be its proper service at the present day. As the town halls of Belgium lifted their great towers to give the hour with clock and bell and to proclaim the might of the civic arm, so ours should serve a similar practical or symbolic purpose.

Thus, while we object a little (on expressional grounds) to the tower that Mr. Richardson has given his North Easton library,—which, be it observed, is, on the whole, an excellent work that we should hardly stop to criticise were it another's and not Mr. Richardson's,—we approve the one he has added to the town-hall close at hand. The *loggia* of this building, with its massive arcade and broad open space within, is not only most effective in itself, but as expressive as is the Quincy door—marking the building as the chief gathering-place of the villagers; and the row of uniform large windows in the front well explains the presence of the great hall within. The library is built of the same materials as the one at Quincy, and the hall of dark stone below and brick above, the tower rising in admirably picturesque fashion from its rocky foundation.

Let us turn now to one of Mr. Richardson's works which is very different in site and purpose, and so, very properly, is different also in effect—to Sever Hall at Cambridge. Here a few large recitation-rooms of simple plan were required of him; and as the building stands in the college yard, dignity and not picturesqueness was well conceived to be its proper character, together with a certain simplicity and symmetry that would keep it harmonious with the older buildings close about it.

Sever Hall is, I am very sure, one of the most perfect of our recent works; and considering the nature of its excellence, it is one of the most instructive. First of all, it is instructive as showing that an architect who can be more romantic, exuberant, lavish, and ornate than any other of our builders, can also upon occasion be as quiet, as simple, as reticent, and discreet as the most conventional among them. But since he is an artist, he does not become conventional in becoming simple. There is, in truth, much more originality in the quiet success of Sever Hall than in many more striking works, whether by his hand or by another. It is not necessary to describe the building in detail, since the engraving is before us. I would only note that it is built of brick, with the decoration carved also out of brick, and with but a slight use of stone about the openings; and that the fortunate introduction of the great round arched doorway (an introduction from which many builders would have shrunk, in view of the square-headed openings which otherwise prevail throughout) is what gives a grateful touch of piquancy to the whole. I wish I could also show the reader the grouping of the windows at one end of this building to prove how simply and easily (*if* we presuppose an artist) variety may be secured, and the most perfect quietude and harmony yet prevail.



TOWER OF CITY HALL, ALBANY, N. Y.

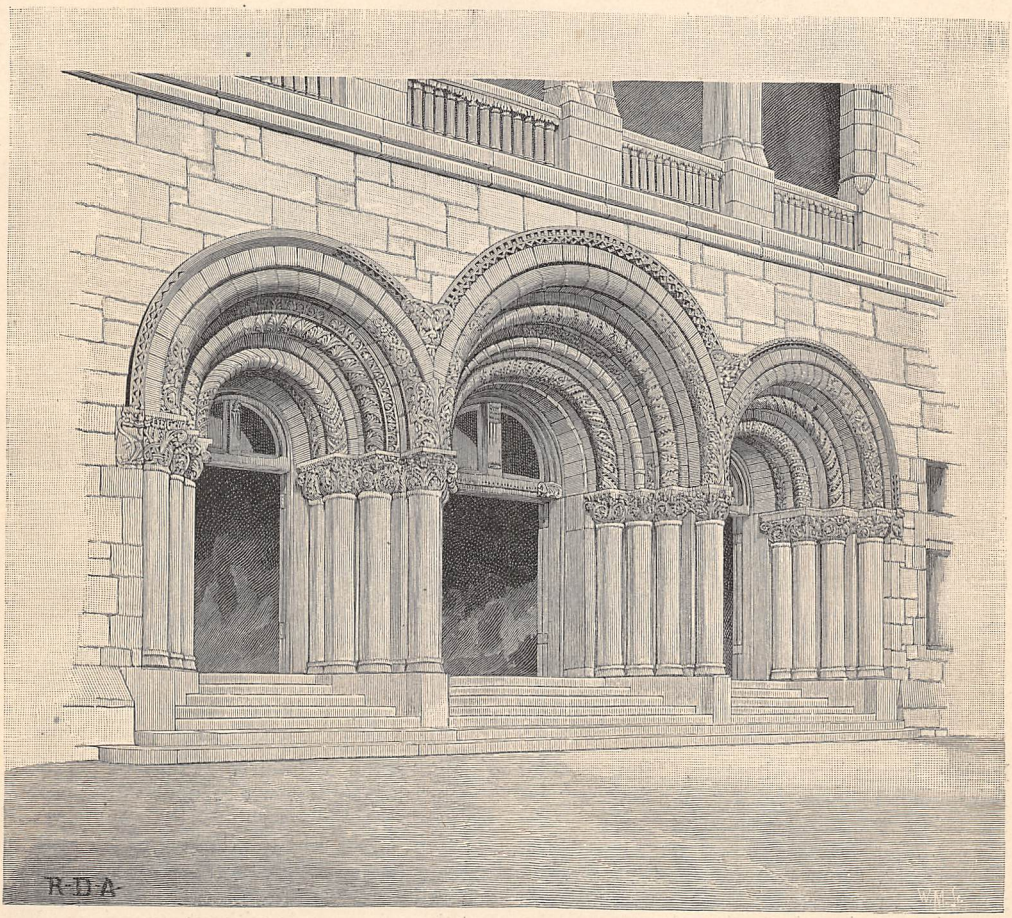
In the second place Sever Hall is especially instructive, because though it is excellent, admirable, and beautiful, it is *not* picturesque. I have already referred to the specious attractions of picturesqueness in architecture, but must dwell upon them still a little further; for no more pernicious fault afflicts our popular criticism—and, by inevitable reaction, our current practice—than the ceaseless, irrational desire for picturesque effects.

Every one who has traveled abroad with the average tourist who professed and often really felt an interest in the architectural work of former days, must remember how entirely that interest was inspired by picturesque ef-

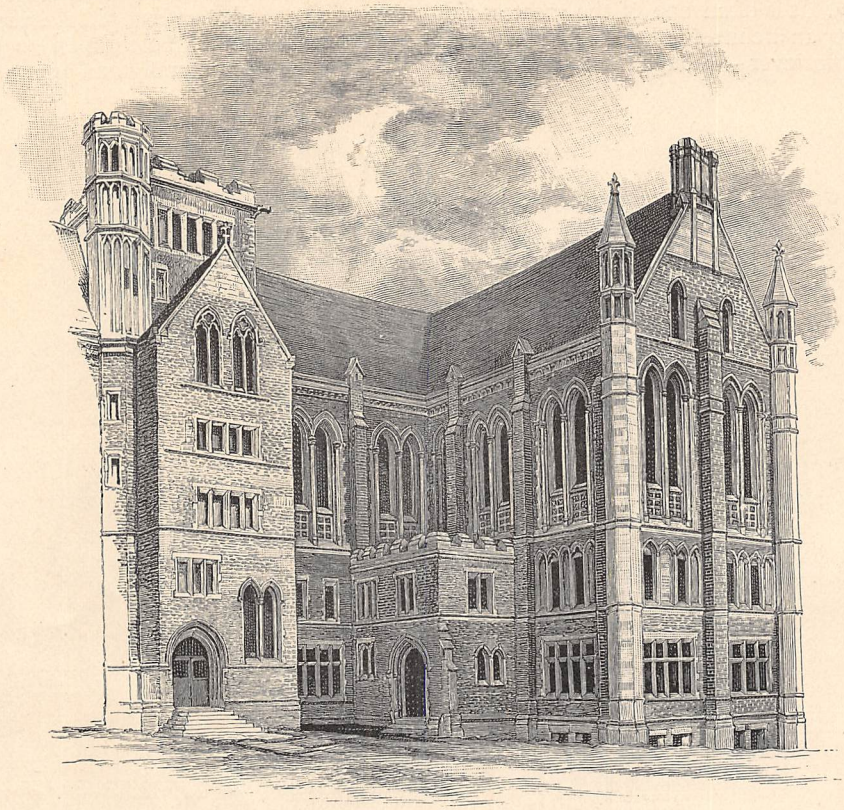
CITY HALL, ALBANY, N. Y.

fects. Sometimes these effects are, I repeat, a legitimate and immediate outcome of true architectural excellence; but more often they are accidental, posterior, wrought by the hand of time,— softening and harmonizing shapes, adding or subduing color,— and not by the deliberate purpose of the builder. Such is to a great extent the unsurpassed picturesqueness of St. Mark's at Venice,— coloristically beautiful, but architecturally by no means one of the world's finest buildings. Such is the attraction of many a poorly designed Gothic interior; and from the touch of decay and dampness comes much of the external picturesqueness of all old buildings in our northern clime. I do not say that this coloristic, accidental, time-

wrought charm is an illegitimate object of admiration. It is often one of the greatest aids to beauty an architectural work can gain. Not always, however,—though there are doubtless persons who would prefer to see even the temples of Egypt furrowed, lichen-stained, and buried in foliage, and would fain wreath the pure columns of the Parthenon with tangled veils of ivy. And in no case should it be forgotten that such accidental picturesqueness is *extrinsic* to true architectural excellence; that a plain, whitewashed interior, which would be passed by with disdain by the average artistic traveler, is often architecturally a far finer thing than another — like the Lorenzkirche in Nuremberg, for instance — which is bewilderingly delightful to a painter's eye. It is to a painter's and not an architect's eye, indeed, that picturesqueness chiefly speaks. The two senses may, of course, be brought to bear together, and when they both are gratified delight will be immeasurably heightened. But with these facts in mind we shall see the folly of always demanding picturesqueness in a modern structure. Sometimes, as I have said, it can come naturally and appropriately, and then it is a thing to be thoroughly admired. But oftener it must be left to the working of the hand of time, and not be forced by a perversion of architectural or decorative effort. It is the mistaken desire for its attractiveness which has led to the worst modern use of Gothic forms, and the worst vagaries of the "Queen Anne" fashion, and which has contorted so many of our country cottages into the semblance of card-board boxes put together by a Chinese child. It is this desire which has covered many buildings that might otherwise have been good with profuse, mistaken, disturbing decoration. It is this which has so corrupted our taste that we cannot appreciate simplicity, straightforwardness, common sense, and quiet beauty — those greatest because most rational and



MAIN ENTRANCE, CITY HALL, ALBANY.



COLUMBIA COLLEGE LIBRARY, NEW YORK.

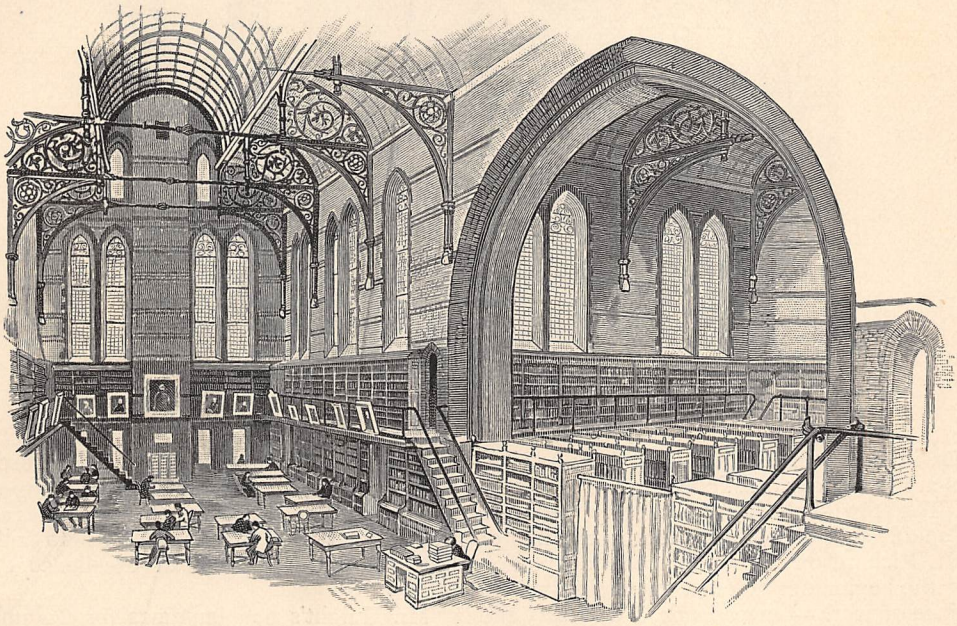
lasting charms in architecture. Many people, I imagine, test the beauty of a building by the effect it would produce upon a painter's canvas. But no test could be more false. Very likely, some two hundred years from now, when the color of Sever Hall shall have been deepened, variegated, and mellowed by time, when accident and decay shall have eaten into its moldings and softened its lines and surfaces, and when clinging vines shall have added their variety, an artist will gladly transfer it to his sketch-book. To-day he might not care to do so; but it is architecturally just as fine a thing as it will be then. I will not dwell upon it longer, save just to note the reticent dignity of its symmetric roof treatment; for a fantastic, irrational, unquiet treatment of his roof is one of the commonest sins into which the modern builder falls — led, of course, by his straining after picturesque effects.

The new Law School building which Mr. Richardson has built just outside the Cambridge Yard is more in his typical style; richer, more elaborate, more imposing — much more ambitious, if not so simply perfect. In it he has taken a course with regard to color which usually results in failure. It may be given as a general rule that where contrasting colors are used, the lighter should be employed for the main fabric and the darker, which always appears the stronger, for the trimmings and decorations that are the most emphatic parts. But there is no rule without exceptions. We do not quarrel with the color of this building, though dark stone has been used in the walls and a light Ohio stone in the trimmings. The quantities are so well adjusted, — the trimmings being made more prominent than usual, — and the artistic taste shown in their disposition is so true, that the result is charming.

I have thus far not spoken, except by implication, of excellence of plan as affecting excellence in architectural work. But his plan is, of course, the builder's actual point of departure, on the good disposal and proper expression of which much that is fine in his exterior must depend. The excellence they attain in this important point is one of the surest signs of the advance our younger architects are making. I wish I could show in example how admirably Mr. Richardson has planned this Law School and then expressed

its parts; but such attempts are useless without diagrams in illustration.

Every one knows the strange instructive history of the new Capitol at Albany. Or if it is not known it may be read in Mr. Schuyler's interesting paper in this magazine for December, 1879. His criticism is my excuse, moreover, for not dwelling upon Mr. Eidlitz's share in the work or upon Mr. Richardson's treatment of the exterior. But Mr. Richardson's interior work was scarce begun when Mr. Schuyler wrote, and so a word must be devoted to it here in spite of the necessity I feel for passing to other things than his.



INTERIOR, COLUMBIA COLLEGE LIBRARY.

The great staircase is still incomplete, but the Senate Chamber and court rooms are almost finished. The former is without doubt the most ambitious, sumptuous, and costly interior we have yet attempted — except perhaps Mr. Eidlitz's so different Assembly Chamber in the same building. But it is also one of the most successful. An engraving can give but a poor idea of the real dignity of the columns and massive arches of Sienna marble which subdivide the room toward either end, and which drew from so good a judge as Mr. Edward Freeman the remark that they were "worthy to stand at Ragusa." The decoration depends throughout largely upon splendor of material and beauty of color, and so its effect cannot be well conveyed either by black and white pictures or by words. The walls below are of Knoxville marble and above are paneled with Mexican onyx framed by strips of Sienna marble. The ceiling is paneled with oak, deeply and richly carved and touched with color in the background. And there is a lavish yet delicate use of the sculptor's chisel on the stone, especially in accenting and softening the moldings of the great arcades. Many people question the wisdom of putting so much costly art into a chamber of this sort. But after all there are worse uses to which to turn the money of a rich and extravagant people than to make it aid in the artistic education of our legislators — since from them comes so much of the patronage which will mold the future of our art. And there is no education like the habit of living amid beautiful surroundings. If economy were more apt with us to result in simple beauty, we might not thus decide; while if our extravagance were more apt to produce ornate beauty we might not be so very thankful for what Mr. Richardson has given us here — a splendid interior, which in spite of its lavish decoration must yet thank its architecture proper for the impression it produces.

The Albany Capitol stands at the top of the high hill which dominates the town. Halfway down this hill is a broad open square, and here stands the new city hall which Mr. Richardson has also built, overlooked by the Capitol but overlooking in its turn the steep streets which lie beyond. It was only a fortunate accident, I suppose, which dictated the appropriate situations of these two structures,

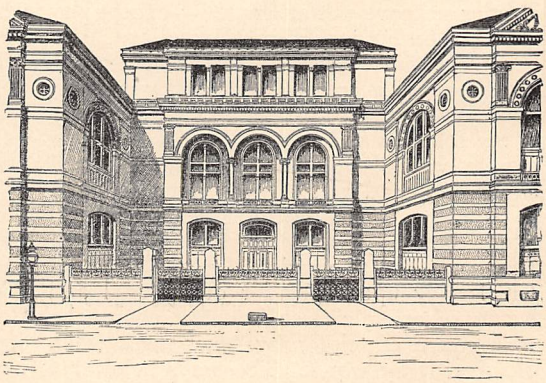
ENTRANCE TO THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE LIBRARY.

but in after years their placing may be cited as a proof of our artistic feeling.

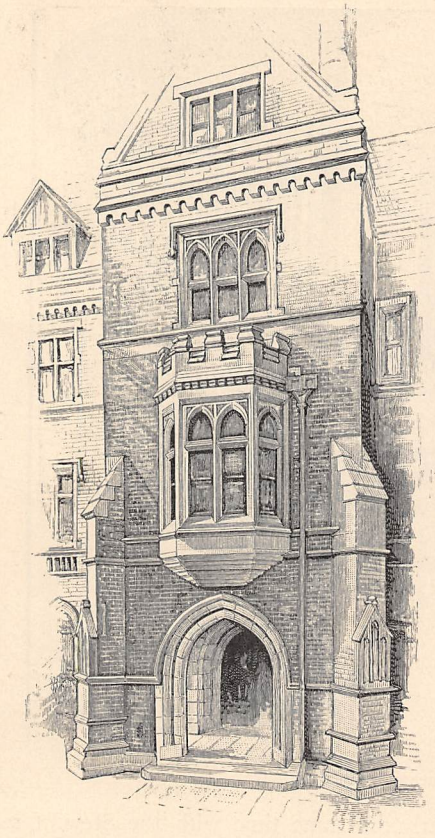
The town-hall has no affinity with the Capitol since it is throughout a creation of Mr. Richardson's own and not an adaptation of the beginnings of other men. It is a bold piece of work — unacademic, I dare say, and therefore displeasing to many eyes, but undeniably powerful and imposing. It gives us what I have heard called "a distinct architectural emotion" (that rare thing with modern work!) — and not a factitious one either, since we like it better, I think, the more we look at it. Here we have again a great porch and *loggia* expressing the building's public purpose; and here again the tower is well in place as an expressional feature — in addition to which it performs the practical service of storing in convenient ways the valuable archives of the town. Every observer may hold his own opinion as to the æsthetic success attained by the daring expedient of building the body of the tower of unbroken light stone and the open top of unbroken dark stone; but there is no question as to the skill with which the windows have been placed in its base so as to give ample light within and yet not weaken the solid appearance of the whole. What is perhaps the finest feature of the tower, however, cannot be clearly felt from an engraving: the graceful yet strong and re-assuring line formed as it broadens toward the base.

When we have studied Mr. Richardson's work in other departments, I shall try to say a word with regard to its characteristics as a whole. But now we must turn to other builders, and see what of excellence they offer.

Mr. Haight's new buildings for Columbia College are among the most interesting and successful of our recent works. Two large structures have already been erected, and a third will soon replace the old one that remains. We shall then see an extremely effective and picturesque group resulting from the intelligent and artistic resolution of a difficult problem. It was no easy task to take such a site — only a single city block — and yet secure such ample accommodation and



LENOX LIBRARY, NEW YORK — VIEW OF CENTER FRONT.

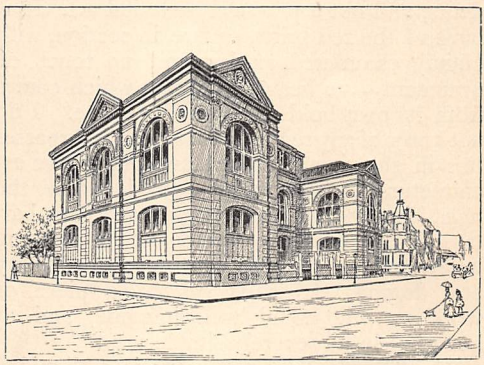


ENTRANCE TO SCHOOL OF ARTS, COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

illumination together with so much external variety and charm—so much diversity, and, at the same time so much harmony. The little college yard, too, has been preserved—fortunately, for practical reasons, and also for the sake of expressional interest. The style chosen for the work—a late type of English Gothic—is appropriate here at least, and is used with great intelligence and taste, though with a freedom which is a different thing from mere grammatical precision.

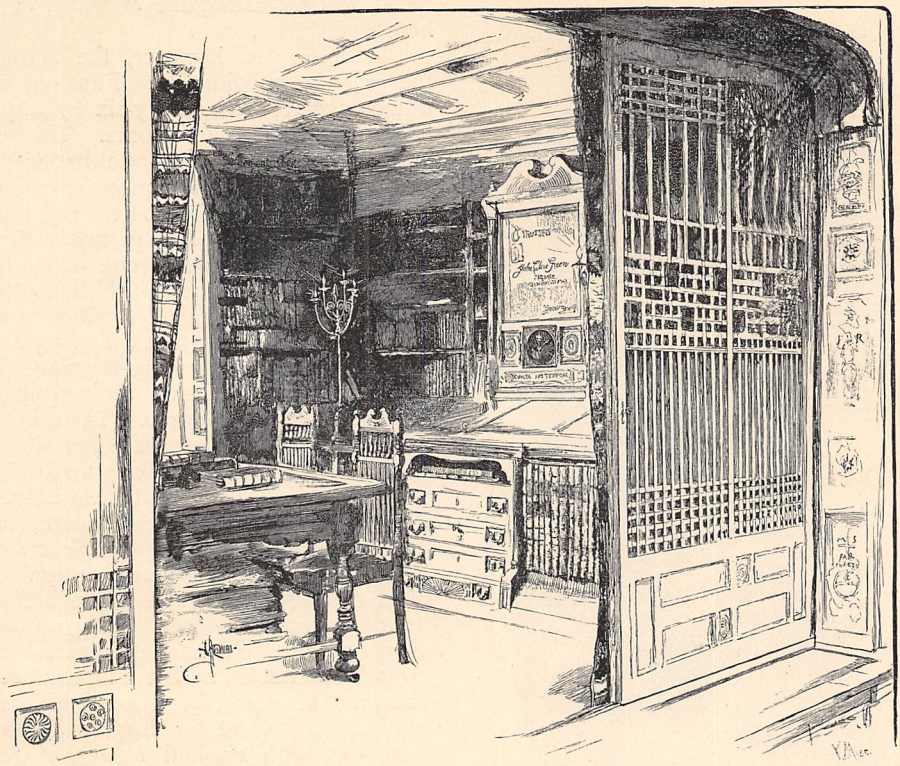
Here, again, I should like to be able to show the excellence of the planning. The class rooms, laboratories, and studies are large, convenient, and well shaped, and are fitted with appliances for ease and comfort that would surprise a student of any former generation. The corridors and staircases are admirably arranged to distribute a hurried crowd with the least confusion; and throughout there is an abundance of light not easily to be attained with such a complicated plan. Little scope was given for purely decorative effects, but such ornament as exists is admirably used to accentuate the most interesting features of the scheme—as, for example, in the staircase arcades, one of which we have here reproduced.

The library is, however, the feature of the greatest individuality. First one enters a rectangular room, thirty-six by fifty feet, filled with stacks for books. This opens into the reading-room—one hundred and twenty feet by fifty—by means of a pointed arch, so wide and lofty that the two form indeed but a single great apartment, the arch coming toward the end of one of the longer sides of the reading-room. This is lighted by large windows above, and small ones, rather widely spaced, below, thus affording the best illumination while avoiding the shut-up feeling that comes when all the openings are above the level of the eye. The ceiling is a barrel vault, supported on either side by a semi-vault of similar section; and there is a huge fire-place at either end of the apartment. The finish here, as in other parts of the building, is of brick, slightly glazed as to surface. The color is pale yellow diversified by bands of dull red—applied in no strictly symmetrical way, but with a skill which at once emphasizes dimensions and gives a desirable accent of freedom and variety. This sort of interior finish, though common I believe in England, is rather a novelty with us, and worthy of remark since it offers a fortunate way of securing color in the fabric itself—color that is absolutely permanent as well as satisfactory. I may add that the bricks are not quite uniform in tint so that an effect of coldness and hardness of tone is avoided. But the great feature of the room is the arch of which



LENOX LIBRARY—END VIEW.

I have already spoken, flanked by the circular stairways which give access to the upper shelves. Its beauty of form and great size—thirty-four by thirty-six feet—give dignity and distinction to the whole composition, and turn what might have been a merely excellent into an extremely imposing apartment.



ALCOVE OF THE SOCIETY LIBRARY, NEW YORK.

Meeting a structural necessity — that of really uniting the two rooms — in the frankest and the simplest way, it gives us a touch of freedom, originality, and grandeur which we should never have got from an architect to whom his craft was a formulated thing of laws and precedents, and not a practical and vital art. It is built of the red brick, square in section, with plainly chamfered angles, and no touch of ornament — no beauty save that which comes from its own bold and graceful shape. I do not know of any recent interior which surpasses this in showing how true and impressive architectural beauty may be produced in the most simply structural way, provided real artistic instinct is set to work upon the problem, unfettered by the chains of conventionality and dogma. It is as *rational* a piece of work as one could well imagine, and as beautiful in its severely simple way.

Mr. Hunt's Lenox Library is a dignified building which teaches a clear lesson as to the value of a large sobriety and reticence in producing architectural nobility. This lesson was peculiarly pertinent, moreover, at the time when the building was erected, for showy and purposeless elaboration was then even more characteristic of our art than it is to-day. It was built, I think, at nearly the same time with the Stewart residence at the corner of Thirty-Fourth street and Fifth Avenue, and the reader may be left to judge between the two.

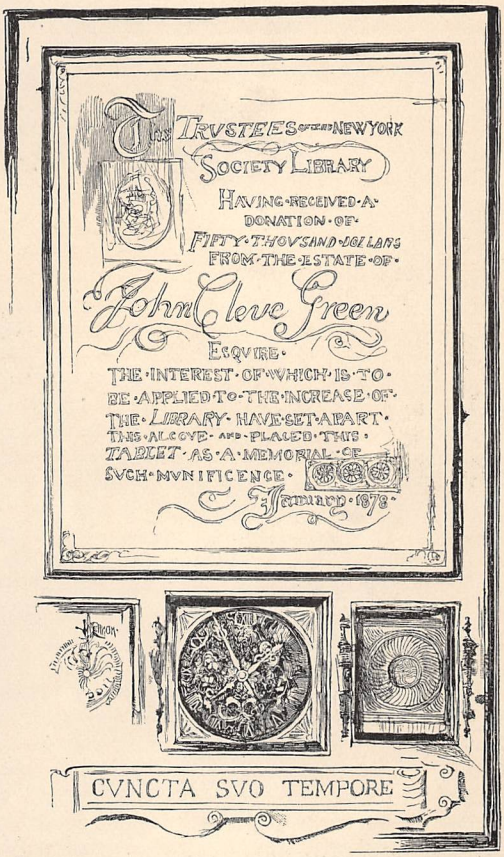
Nor should we pass without a word Mr. Withers's Police Courts at the corner of Tenth street and Sixth Avenue — one of our few recent important essays in a florid Gothic manner, and one of the first in which coloristic variety was attempted. It has great merits — notably in the picturesque composition of its masses resulting from its intelligent adaptation to an irregular site. But its composition with voids and solids is scattered and restless, and its decoration, both in color and in sculptured detail, may be charged with the same fault. It is overdone to begin with, and what is done is not so well done as it might have been. I have said that mere architectural composition alone may make a fine building, but here we have a proof that it is easy to spoil a good design by elaborating it in mistaken ways. This same design more simply carried out, both as to color and to form, would have been a far more valuable work.

In Boston, too, there is another building, which, while it has evident faults, has yet much merit — the new Christian Association building of Messrs. Sturgis & Brigham.

This building is agreeably and picturesquely composed; and is sufficiently expressive of its interior arrangements. But the point I would especially note is the way in which it meets the necessity — so often laid upon our architects — of making a dignified structure in which the lower story must be given up to shops. The usual course is to put the doorway level with the street, and then it is difficult to attain any proper expression of the main character of the work. But here the doorway is put at the level of the principal floor, and with its broad flight of steps it not only forms an effective feature, but completely subordinates the basement. In view of such an excellence we may excuse an ill disposition of ornament. A projecting oriel window, for example, is in itself a decorative feature, and one which comes very prominently before the eye. It is, therefore, a proper field for ornament. But here it has been left completely plain, while a band of decoration has been put close beneath the cornice where scarcely any eye will find it.

At Williamstown, Mass., Mr. Cady has built a collegiate building, which is a good example of quiet work — well composed, expressive, straightforward, dignified, and yet not devoid of picturesqueness. It follows with discretion an English Renaissance type, and is a valuable example to set beside the confused, restless, inorganic structures we more often achieve when working after similar models. At Yale College, too, I am told that Mr. Cady has done some interesting work; but I am unable to speak of it either from personal knowledge or from such as may be gained by the help of illustrations.

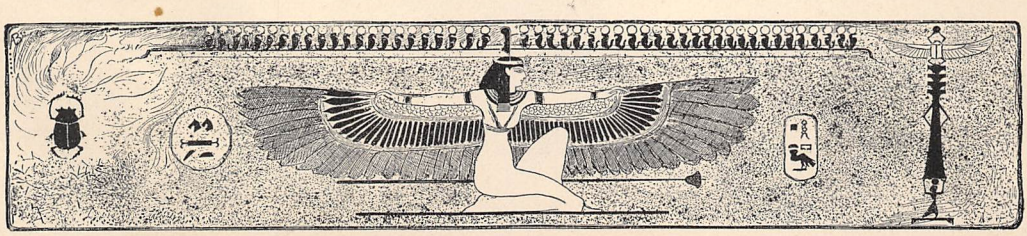
Architecture (and not decoration, as apart from this) is here our subject; but when a bit of interior decoration has a really architectural flavor, it may detain us for a moment. This is the case with the alcove which Mr. S. V. Stratton has lately fitted up in the Society Library building. It is a charming piece of work, and all the more valuable since we are so inclined to



MEMORIAL TABLET IN THE SOCIETY LIBRARY.

think that interior fittings need *not* be architectural, and since no idea could be more pernicious.

M. G. van Rensselaer.



SPRING.

ORIGINAL ENGRAVING BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

EVENING SONG IN MAY.

Up, up, the day is gone,
See, the moon and stars are here;
Hither, fairies, haste this way,
Welcome, welcome Lady May,—
Attend until the dawn
The queen of all the year.

Dance, dance it, little lights,
On the ripples out and in,
On the ripples up and down,
Where the brook goes by the town;
Peep forth, you bright-eyed sprites,
Your evening play begin.

Wake, wake, each tiny voice,
Sleeping soundly all the day;
In the hollow, on the hill,
Through the woodland — where you will,
Pipe, gentle things, rejoice
Round feet of Lady May.

Wood-blooms that know not sun,
Only by true lovers found,
Bid the nimble breezes bear
Sweetest perfumes as they fare,
Deft circling, one by one,
Our Lady round and round.

Make we a merry ring,
Singing, playing on our way;
Happy, happy, hand in hand,
Over water, over land,
Blithe be the hearts we bring
To welcome Lady May.

John Vance Cheney.

A PARABLE.

I walked one spring day, while yet winds were cold,
Between the waning day and waxing night,
And the boughs strained and whirled in the wind's might.
I took a simple wild-flower in my hold,
And fair it was, and delicate of mold,
And sweet to smell, and tremulous with light;
And something lurking in its petals white
Meant more to me than even its fragrance told.

Full long I held that flower, until one day
I came where queenliest, reddest roses grew;
Then from my hand afar that flower I threw,
Roses to gather; but, behold, this hour,
When roses and their thorn-stems strew the way,
I vainly seek for my lost woodland flower.

Philip Bourke Marston.

DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

XXXI.

A RISING STAR.

It had been many a day since Dr. Sevier had felt such pleasure as thrilled him when Richling, half beside himself with delight, ran in upon him with the news that he had found employment. Narcisse, too, was glad. He slipped down from his stool and came near enough to contribute his congratulatory smiles, though he did not venture to speak. Richling nodded him a happy how-d'ye-do, and the Creole replied by a wave of the hand.

In the Doctor's manner, on the other hand, there was a decided lack of response that made Richling check his spirits and resume more slowly.

"Do you know a man named Reisen?"

"No," said the Doctor.

"Why, he says he knows you."

"That may be."

"He says you treated his wife one night when she was very ill ——"

"What name?"

"Reisen."

The Doctor reflected a moment.

"I believe I recollect him. Is he away up on Benjamin street, close to the river, among the cotton-presses?"

"Yes. Thalia street they call it now. He says ——"

"Does he keep a large bakery?" interrupted the Doctor.

"The 'Star Bakery,'" said Richling, brightening again. "He says he knows you, and that, if you will give me just one line of recommendation, he will put me in charge of his accounts and give me a trial. And a trial's all I want, Doctor. I'm not the least fearful of the result."

"Richling," said Dr. Sevier slowly, picking up his paper-folder and shaking it argumentatively, "where are the letters I advised you to send for?"

Richling sat perfectly still, taking a long, slow breath through his nostrils, his eyes fixed emptily on his questioner. He was thinking, away down at the bottom of his heart,— and the Doctor knew it,— that this was the unkindest question, and the most cold-blooded, that he had ever heard. The Doctor shook his paper-folder again.

"You see, now, as to the bare fact, I don't know you."

Richling's jaw dropped with astonishment. His eye lighted up resentfully. But the speaker went on:

"I esteem you highly. I believe in you. I would trust you, Richling," — his listener remembered how the speaker *had* trusted him, and was melted,— "but as to recommending you, why, that is like going upon the witness stand, as it were, and I cannot say that I know anything."

Richling's face suddenly flashed full of light. He touched the Doctor's hand.

"That's it! That's the very thing, sir! Write that!"

The Doctor hesitated. Richling sat gazing at him, afraid to move an eye lest he should lose an advantage. The Doctor turned to his desk and wrote.

On the next morning Richling did not come for his breakfast; and, not many days after, Dr. Sevier received through the mail the following letter:

"New Orleans, December 2, 1857.

"Dear Doctor: I've got the place. I'm Reisen's book-keeper. I'm earning my living. And I like the work. Bread, the word bread, that has so long been terrible to me, is now the sweetest word in the language. For eighteen months it was a prayer; now it's a proclamation.

"I've not only got the place, but I'm going to keep it. I find I have new powers; and the first and best of them is the power to throw myself into my work and make it *me*. It's not a task; it's a mission. Its being bread, I suppose, makes it easier to seem so; but it should be so if it was pork and garlic, or rags and raw-hides.

"My maxim a year ago, though I didn't know it then, was to do what I liked. Now it's to like what I do. I understand it now. And I understand now, too, that a man who expects to retain employment must yield a profit. He must be worth more than he costs. I thank God for the discipline of the last year and a half. I thank Him that I did not fall where, in my cowardice, I so often prayed to fall, into the hands of foolish benefactors. You wouldn't believe this of me, I know, but it's true. I have been taught what life is; I never would have learned it any other way.

"And still another thing: I have been taught to know

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what the poor suffer. I know their feelings, their temptations, their hardships, their sad mistakes, and the frightful mistakes and oversights the rich make concerning them, and the ways to give them true and helpful help. And now, if God ever gives me competency, whether He gives me abundance or not, I know what He intends me to do. I was once, in fact and in sentiment, a brother to the rich; but I know that now He has trained me to be a brother to the poor. Don't think I am going to be foolish. I remember that I'm brother to the rich too; but I'll be the other as well. How wisely has God — what am I saying? Poor fools that we humans are! We can hardly venture to praise God's wisdom to-day when we think we see it, lest it turn out to be only our own folly to-morrow.

"But I find I'm only writing to myself, Doctor, not to you; so I stop. Mary is well, and sends you much love.

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN RICHLING."

"Very little about Mary," murmured Dr. Sevier. Yet he was rather pleased than otherwise with the letter. He thrust it into his breast pocket. In the evening, at his fireside, he drew it out again and re-read it.

"Talks as if he had got into an impregnable castle," thought the Doctor, as he gazed into the fire. "Book-keeper to a baker," he muttered, slowly folding the sheet again. It somehow vexed him to see Richling so happy in so low a station. But—— "It's the joy of what he has escaped *from*, not *to*," he presently remembered.

A fortnight or more elapsed. A distant relative of Dr. Sevier, a man of his own years and profession, was his guest for two nights and a day as he passed through the city, eastward, from an all-summer's study of fevers in Mexico. They were sitting at evening on opposite sides of the library fire, conversing in the leisurely ease of those to whom life is not a novelty.

"And so you think of having Laura and Bess come out from Charleston, and keep house for you this winter? Their mother wrote me to that effect."

"Yes," said Dr. Sevier. "Society here will be a great delight to them. They will shine. And time will be less monotonous for me. It may suit me or it may not."

"I dare say it may," responded the kinsman, whereas in truth he was very doubtful about it.

He added something a moment later about retiring for the night, and his host had just said, "Eh?" when a slave in a five-year-old dress-coat brought in the card of a person whose name was as well known in New Orleans in those days as St. Patrick's steeple or the statue of Jackson in the old Place d'Armes. Dr. Sevier turned it over and looked for a moment ponderingly upon the domestic.

The relative rose.

"You needn't go," said Dr. Sevier; but he said "he had intended," etc., and went to his chamber.

The visitor entered. He was a dark, slender, iron-gray man, of finely cut, regular features, and seeming to be much more deeply wrinkled than on scrutiny he proved to be. One quickly saw that he was full of reposing energy. He gave the feeling of your being very near some weapon of dreadful efficiency ready for instant use whenever needed. His clothing fitted him neatly; his long, gray mustache was the only thing that hung loosely about him; his boots were fine. If he had told a child that all his muscles and sinews were wrapped with fine steel wire, the child would have believed him, and continued to sit on his knee all the same. It is said by those who still survive him, that in dreadful places and moments the flash of his fist was as quick, as irresistible, and as all-sufficient as lightning, yet that years would sometimes pass without its ever being lifted.

Dr. Sevier lifted his slender length out of his easy-chair, and bowed with severe gravity.

"Good evening, sir," he said, and silently thought, "Now, what can Smith Izard possibly want with me?"

It may have been perfectly natural that this man's presence shed off all idea of medical consultation; but why should it instantly bring to the Doctor's mind, as an answer to his question, another man as different from this one as water from fire?

The detective returned the Doctor's salutation, and they became seated. Then the visitor craved permission to ask a confidential question or two for information which he was seeking in his official capacity. His manners were a little old-fashioned, but perfect of their kind. The Doctor consented. The man put his hand into his breast pocket, and drew out a daguerreotype case, touched its spring, and as it opened in his palm extended it to the Doctor. The Doctor took it with evident reluctance. It contained the picture of a youth who was just reaching manhood. The detective spoke:

"They say he ought to look older than that now."

"He does," said Dr. Sevier.

"Do you know his name?" inquired the detective.

"No."

"What name do you know him by?"

"John Richling."

"Wasn't he sent down by Recorder Munroe, last summer, for assault, and so forth?"

"Yes. I got him out the next day. He never should have been put in."

To the Doctor's surprise the detective rose to go.

"I'm much obliged to you, Doctor."

"Is that all you wanted to ask me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Izard, who is this young man? What has he done?"

"I don't know, sir. I have a letter from a lawyer in Kentucky who says he represents this young man's two sisters living there—half-sisters, rather—stating that his father and mother are both dead—died within three days of each other."

"What name?"

"He didn't give the name. He sent this daguerreotype with instructions to trace up the young man, if possible. He said there was reason to believe he was in New Orleans. He said if I found him, just to see him privately, tell him the news, and invite him to come back home. But he said if the young fellow had got into any kind of trouble that might somehow reflect on the family, you know, like getting arrested for something or other, you know, or some such thing, then I was just to drop the thing quietly, and say nothing about it to him or anybody else."

"And doesn't that seem a strange way to manage a matter like that—to put it into the hands of a detective?"

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Izard. "We're used to strange things, and this isn't so very strange. No, it's very common. I suppose he knew that if he gave it to me it would be attended to in a quiet and innocent sort o' way. Some people hate mighty bad to get talked about. Nobody's seen that picture but you and one 'aid,' and just as soon as he saw it he said, 'Why, that's the chap that Dr. Sevier took out of the Parish Prison last September.' And there wont anybody else see it."

"Don't you intend to see Richling?" asked the Doctor, following the detective toward the door.

"I don't see as it would be any use," said the detective, "seeing he's been sent down, and so on. I'll write to the lawyer and state the facts, and wait for orders."

"But do you know how slight the blame was that got him into trouble here?"

"Yes. The 'aid' who saw the picture told me all about that. It was a shame. I'll say so. I'll give all the particulars. But I tell you, I just guess—they'll drop him."

"I dare say," said Dr. Sevier.

"Well, Doctor," said Mr. Izard, "hope I haven't annoyed you."

"No," replied the Doctor.

But he had; and the annoyance had not ceased to be felt when, a few mornings afterward, Narcisse suddenly doubled—trebled it by saying:

"Doctah Seveeah,"—it was a cold day, and the young Creole stood a moment with his back to the office fire, to which he had just given an energetic and prolonged poking,—"a man was yeh to see you name' Bison. 'E want' to see you about Mistoo 'Itchlin'."

The Doctor looked up with a start, and Narcisse continued:

"Mistoo 'Itchlin' is wuckin' in 'is employment. I think 'e's please' with 'im."

"Then why does he come to see me about him?" asked the Doctor, so sharply that Narcisse shrugged as he replied:

"Reely, I cann' tell you; but thass one thing, Doctah, I dunno if you 'ave notiz: the worl' halways take a gweat deal of welfa'e in a man w'en 'e's 'ising. I do that myseff. Some'ow I cann' 'e'p it." This bold speech was too much for him. He looked down at his symmetrical legs and went back to his desk.

The Doctor was far from re-assured. After a silence he called out:

"Did he say he would come back?" A knock at the door arrested the answer, and a huge, wide, broad-faced German entered diffidently. The Doctor recognized Reisen. The visitor took off his flour-dusted hat and bowed with great deference.

"Toc—tor," he softly drawled, "I yoost taught I trop in on you to say a verte to you apowt teh chung yentleman vot you hef rickomendet to me."

"I didn't recommend him to you, sir. I wrote you distinctly that I did not feel at liberty to recommend him."

"Tat iss teh troot, Toctor Tseweer; tat iss teh ectsectly troot. Shtill I taught I'll yoost trop in on you to say a verte to you,—Toctor,—apowt Mister"——He hung his large head at one side to remember.

"Richling," said the Doctor, impatiently.

"Yes, sir. Apowt Mister Richlun. I heff a tifficuldy to rigolict naymps. I yoost taught I voot trop in und trop a verte to you apowt Mr. Richlun, vot maypy you titn't herr udt before, yet."

"Yes," said the Doctor, with ill-concealed contempt. "Well, speak it out, Mr. Reisen; time is precious."

The German smiled and made a silly gesture of assent.

"Yes, udt is brecious. Shtill I taught I voot take enough time to yoost trop in undt say to you tat I heffent het Mr. Richlun in my etsteplitchmendt a veek undtil I finte owdt someting apowt him, tot, uf you het a-knowdt ud, voot hef mate your letter maypy a little tifferendt written, yet."

Now, at length, Dr. Sevier's annoyance was turned to dismay. He waited in silence for Reisen to unfold his enigma, but already his resentment against Richling was gathering

itself for a spring. To the baker, however, he betrayed only a cold hostility.

"I kept a copy of my letter to you, Mr. Reisen, and there isn't a word in it which need have misled you, sir."

The baker waved his hand amicably.

"Sure, Toctor Tseweer, I toandt hef nutting to gomblain akinst teh vertes of tat letter. You voss mighty puttickly. Ovver, shtill, I hef sumpting to tell you vot ef you het a-knowdt udt pefore you writed tose vertes, alreatty, t'ey voot a little tifferendt pin."

"Well, sir, why don't you tell it?"

Reisen smiled. "Tat iss teh ectsectly vot I am coing to too. I yoost taught I'll trop in undt tell you, Toc—tor, tat I heffent het Mr. Richlun in my etsteplitchmendt a veek undtil I findte owdt tat he's a—berfect—tressure."

Doctor Sevier started half up from his chair, dropped into it again, wheeled half away, and back again with the blood surging into his face, and exclaimed:

"Why, what do you mean by such driveling nonsense, sir? You've given me a positive fright!" He frowned the blacker as the baker smiled from ear to ear.

"Vy, Toctor, I hope you ugscooce me! I yoost taught you voot like to herr udt. Undt Missis Reisen sayce, 'Reisen, you yoost co undt tell um. I taught udt voot pe blessant to you to know tatt you hett sendt me teh fynust pisness mayn I effer het apowdt me. Undt uff he iss onnust he iss a berfect tressure, undt uff he aint a berfect tressure,'" —he smiled anew and tendered his capacious hat to his listener,—"you yoost kin take tiss, Toctor, undt kip udt undt vare udt! Toctor, I vish you a merrah Chris'mus!"

XXXII.

BEES, WASPS, AND BUTTERFLIES.

THE merry day went by. The new year, 1858, set in. Everything gathered momentum. There was a panic and a crash. The brother-in-law of sister Jane—he whom Dr. Sevier met at that quiet dinner party—struck an impediment, stumbled, staggered, fell under the feet of the racers, and crawled away minus not money and credit only, but all his philosophy about helping the poor, maimed in spirit, his pride swollen with bruises, his heart and his speech soured beyond all sweetening.

Many were the wrecks. But over their débris, Mercury and Venus—the busy season and the gay season—ran lightly, hand in hand. Men getting money and women squandering it. Whole nights in the ball-room. Gold pouring in at the hopper and out at the spout—Carondelet street emptying like a yellow river into Canal street. Thousands for vanity; thousands for pride; thousands for influence and for station; thousands for hidden sins; a slender fraction for the wants of the body; a slenderer for the cravings of the soul. Lazarus paid to stay away from the gate. John the Baptist in raiment of broadcloth, a circlet of white linen about his neck, and his meat strawberries and ice-cream. The lower classes mentioned mincingly; awkward silences or visible wincings at allusions to death, and converse on eternal things banished as if it were the smell of cabbage. So looked the gay world, at least, to Dr. Sevier.

He saw more of it than had been his wont for many seasons. The two young lady cousins whom he had brought and installed in his home thirsted for that gorgeous, nocturnal moth life in which no thirst is truly slaked, and dragged him with them into the iridescent, gas-lighted spider-web of society.

"Now, you know you like it!" they said.

"A little of it, yes. But I don't see how you can like it, who virtually live in it and upon it. Why, I would as soon try to live upon cake and candy!"

"Well, we can live very nicely upon cake and candy," retorted they.

"Why, girls, it's no more life than spice is food. What lofty motive—what earnest, worthy object——"

But they drowned his homily in a carol, and ran away arm in arm to dress for another ball. One of them stopped in the door with an air of mock bravado:—

"What do we care for lofty motives or worthy objects!"

A smile escaped from him as she vanished. His condemnation was flavored with charity. "It's their mating season," he silently thought, and, not knowing he did it, sighed.

"There come Dr. Sevier and his two pretty cousins," was the ball-room whisper. "Beautiful girls—rich widower without children—great catch. *Passé*, how? Well, maybe so; not as much as he makes himself out, though." "*Passé*, yes," said a merciless belle to a blade of her own years; "a man of strong sense is *passé* at any age." Sister Jane's name was mentioned in the same connection, but that illusion quickly passed. The cousins denied indignantly that he had any matrimonial intention. Somebody dissipated the rumor by a syllogism: "A man hunting a second wife always looks like a fool; the Doctor doesn't look a bit like a fool ergo——"

He grew very weary of the giddy rout, standing in it like a rock in a whirlpool. He did rejoice in the Carnival, but only because it was the end.

"Pretty? yes, as pretty as a bonfire," he said. "I can't enjoy much fiddling while Rome is burning."

"But Rome isn't always burning," said the cousins.

"Yes, it is! Yes, it is!"

The wickeder of the two cousins breathed a penitential sigh, dropped her bare, jeweled arms out of her cloak, and said:

"Now tell us *once* more about Mary Richling." He had bored them to death with Mary.

Lent was a relief to all three. One day, as the Doctor was walking along the street, a large hand grasped his elbow and gently arrested his steps. He turned.

"Well, Reisen, is that you?"

The baker answered with his wide smile. "Yes, Toctor, tat iss me, sure. You titn't tink udt iss Mr. Richlun, tit you?"

"No. How is Richling?"

"Vell, Mr. Richlun kitten along so-o-o-so-o-o. He iss not ferra shtrong; ovver he vurks like a shteam-inchyine."

"I haven't seen him for many a day," said Dr. Sevier.

The baker distended his eyes, bent his enormous digestive apparatus forward, raised his eyebrows, and hung his arms free from his sides. "He toandt kit a minudt to shpare in teh tswendy-four hourss. Sumptimes he sayss, 'Mr. Reisen, I can't shtop to talk mit you.' Sindts Mr. Richlun pin py my etsteplitchmendt, I tell you teh troot, Toctor Tseweer, I am yoost meckin' monneh hayndt ofer fist!" He swung his chest forward again, drew in his lower regions, revolved his fists around each other for a moment, and then let them fall open at his sides, with the added assurance, "Now you kott teh ectsectly troot."

The Doctor started away, but the baker detained him by a touch:

"You toandt kott enna verte to sendt to Mr. Richlun, Toctor?"

"Yes. Tell him to come and pass an hour with me some evening in my library."

The German lifted his hand in delight.

"Vy, tot's yoost teh dting! Mr. Richlun alvayss pin sayin', 'I vish he aysk me come undt see um'; undt I sayss, 'You holdt shtill, yet, Mr. Richlun; teh next time I see um I make um aysk you. Vell, now, titn't I tunned udt?" He was happy.

"Well, ask him," said the Doctor, and got away.

"No fool is an utter fool," pondered the Doctor, as he went. Two friends had been kept long apart by the fear of each, lest he should seem to be setting up claims based on the past. It required a simpleton to bring them together.

XXXIII.

TOWARD THE ZENITH.

"RICHLING, I am glad to see you!"

Dr. Sevier had risen from his luxurious chair beside a table, the soft downward beams of whose lamp partly showed, and partly hid, the rich appointments of his library. He grasped Richling's hand, and with an extensive stride drew forward another chair on its smooth-running castors.

Then inquiries were exchanged as to the health of one and the other. The Doctor, with his professional eye, noticed, as the light fell full upon his visitor's buoyant face, how thin and pale he had grown. He rose again, and stepping beyond Richling with a remark, in part complimentary and in part critical, upon the balmy April evening, let down the sash of a window where the smell of honeysuckles was floating in.

"Have you heard from your wife lately?" he asked, as he resumed his seat.

"Yesterday," said Richling. "Yes, she's very well; been well ever since she left us. She always sends love to you."

"Hum," responded the physician. He fixed his eyes on the mantel and asked abstractedly, "How do you bear the separation?"

"Oh!" Richling laughed, "not very heroically. It's a great strain on a man's philosophy."

"Work is the only antidote," said the Doctor, not moving his eyes.

"Yes, so I find it," answered the other. "It's bearable enough while one is working like mad; but sooner or later one must sit down to meals, or lie down to rest, you know ——"

"Then it hurts," said the Doctor.

"It's a lively discipline," mused Richling.

"Do you think you learn anything by it?" asked the other, turning his eyes slowly upon him. "That's what it means, you notice."

"Yes, I do," replied Richling, smiling; "I learn the very thing I suppose you're thinking of—that separation isn't disruption, and that no pair of true lovers are quite fitted out for marriage until they can bear separation if they must."

"Yes," responded the physician; "if they can muster the good sense to see that, they'll not be so apt to marry prematurely. I needn't tell you I believe in marrying for love; but these needs-must marriages are so ineffably silly. You 'must' and you 'will' marry, and 'nobody shall hinder you!' And you do it! And in three or four or six months"— he drew in his long legs energetically from the hearth-pan—"*death* separates you!— death,

sometimes, resulting directly from the turn your haste has given to events! Now where is your 'must' and 'will'?" He stretched his legs out again, and laid his head on his cushioned chair-back.

"I have made a narrow escape," said Richling.

"I wasn't so fortunate," responded the Doctor, turning solemnly toward his young friend. "Richling, just seven months after I married Alice, I buried her. I'm not going into particulars — of course; but the sickness that carried her off was distinctly connected with the haste of our marriage. Your Bible, Richling, that you lay such store by, is right; we should want things as if we didn't want them. That isn't the quotation, exactly, but it's the idea. I swore I couldn't and wouldn't live without her; but, you see, this is the fifteenth year that I have had to do it."

"I should think it would have unmanned you for life," said Richling.

"It made a man of me! I've never felt young a day since, and yet I've never seemed to grow a day older. It brought me all at once to my full manhood. I have never consciously disputed God's arrangements since. The man who does is only a wayward child."

"It's true," said Richling, with an air of confession, "it's true"; and they fell into silence.

Presently, Richling looked around the room. His eyes brightened rapidly as he beheld the ranks and tiers of good books. He breathed an audible delight. The multitude of volumes rose in the old-fashioned way, in ornate cases of dark wood from floor to ceiling, on this hand, on that, before him, behind; some in gay covers — green, blue, crimson — with gilding and embossing; some in the sumptuous leathers of France, Russia, Morocco, Turkey; others in worn attire, battered and venerable, dingy but precious, the gray heads of the council.

The two men rose and moved about among those silent wits and philosophers, and, from the very embarrassment of the inner riches, fell to talking of letter-press and bindings, with maybe some effort on the part of each to seem the better acquainted with Caxton, the Elzevirs, and other like immortals. They easily passed to a competitive enumeration of the rare books they had seen or not seen here and there in other towns and countries. Richling admitted he had traveled, and the conversation turned upon noted buildings and famous old nooks in distant cities where both had been. So they moved slowly back to their chairs, and stood by them, still contemplating the books. But as they sank again into their seats, the one thought which had fastened itself in the minds of both found fresh expression.

Richling began, smilingly, as if the subject had not been dropped at all,—"I oughtn't to speak as if I didn't realize my good fortune, for I do."

"I believe you do," said the Doctor, reaching toward the fire-irons.

"Yes. Still, I lose patience with myself to find myself taking Mary's absence so hard."

"All hardships are comparative," said the Doctor.

"Certainly they are," replied Richling. "I lie sometimes and think of men who have been political prisoners, shut away from wife and children, with war raging outside and no news coming in."

"Think of the common poor," exclaimed Dr. Sevier — "the thousands of sailors' wives and soldiers' wives. Where does that thought carry you?"

"It carries me," responded the other, with a low laugh, "to where I'm always a little ashamed of myself."

"I didn't mean it to do that," said the Doctor; "I can imagine how you miss your wife. I miss her myself."

"Oh, but she's here on this earth. She's alive and well. Any burden is light when I think of that — pardon me, Doctor!"

"Go on, go on. Anything you please about her, Richling." The Doctor half sat, half lay in his chair, his eyes partly closed. "Go on," he repeated.

"I was only going to say that long before Mary went away, many a time when she and I were fighting starvation at close quarters, I have looked at her and said to myself, 'What if I were in Dr. Sevier's place?' and it gave me strength to rise up and go on."

"You were right."

"I know I was. I often wake now at night and turn and find the place by my side empty, and I can hardly keep from calling her aloud. It wrenches me. But before long, I think she's no such great distance away, since we're both on the same earth together; and by and by she'll be here at my side, and so it becomes easy to me once more." Richling, in the self-occupation of a lover, forgot what pains he might be inflicting. But the Doctor did not wince.

"Yes," said the physician, "of course, you wouldn't want the separation to be painless; and it promises a reward, you know."

"Ah!" exclaimed Richling, with an exultant smile and motion of the head, and then dropped his eyes in meditation. The Doctor looked at him steadily.

"Richling, you've gathered some terribly hard experiences. But hard experiences are often the foundation stones of a successful life. You can make them all profitable. You

can make them draw you along, so to speak. But you must hold them well in hand, as you would a dangerous team, you know,—coolly and alertly, firmly and patiently,—and never let the reins slack till you've driven through the last gate."

Richling replied, with a pleasant nod: "I believe I shall do it. Did you notice what I wrote you in my letter? I have got the notion strongly that the troubles we have gone through, Mary and I, were only our necessary preparation—not so necessary for her as for me——"

"No," said Dr. Sevier, and Richling continued, with a smile—

"To fit us for a long and useful life, and especially a life that will be full of kind and valuable services to the poor. If that isn't what they were sent for"—he dropped into a tone of reflection—"then I don't understand them."

"And suppose you don't understand," said the Doctor, with his cold, grim look.

"Oh!" rejoined Richling, in amiable protest; "but a man would like to understand."

"Like to—yes," replied the Doctor, "but be careful. The spirit that *must* understand is the spirit that can't trust." He paused. Presently he said, "Richling."

Richling answered by an inquiring glance.

"Take better care of your health," said the physician.

Richling smiled—a young man's answer—and rose to say good-night.

XXXIV.

TO SIGH, YET FEEL NO PAIN.

MRS. RILEY missed the Richlings, she said, more than tongue could tell. She had easily rented the rooms they left vacant; that was not the trouble. The new tenant was a sallow, gaunt, wind-dried seamstress of sixty, who paid her rent punctually, but who was—

"Mighty poor comp'ny to thim as 's been used to the upper tin, Mr. Ristofalo."

Still she was a protection. Mrs. Riley had not regarded this as a necessity in former days, but now, somehow, matters seemed different. This seamstress had, moreover, a son of eighteen years, principally skin and bone, who was hoping to be appointed assistant hostler at the fire-engine house of "Volunteer One," and who meantime hung about Mrs. Riley's dwelling and loved to relieve her of the care of little Mike. This also was something to be appreciated. Still there was a void.

"Well, Mr. Richlin'!" cried Mrs. Riley, as she opened her parlor door in response to a knock. "Well, I'll be switched! ha, ha! I didn't think it was you at all. Take a seat and sit down!"

It was good to see how she enjoyed the visit. Whenever she listened to Richling's words she rocked in her rocking-chair vigorously, and, when she spoke, stopped its motion and rested her elbows on its arms.

"And how *is* Mrs. Richlin'? And so she sent her love to me, did she, now? The blessed angel! Now, ye're not just a-makin' that up? No, I know ye wouldn't do sich a thing as that, Mr. Richlin'. Well, you must give her mine back again. I've nobody else on e'rth to give ud to, and never will have." She lifted her nose with amiable stateliness, as if to imply that Richling might not believe this, but that it was true, nevertheless.

"You may change your mind, Mrs. Riley, some day," returned Richling, a little archly.

"Ha, ha!" She tossed her head and laughed with good-natured scorn. "Nivvur a fear o' that, Mr. Richlin'!" Her brogue was apt to broaden when pleasure pulled down her dignity. "And if I did, it wuddent be for the likes of no I-talian Dago, if id's him ye're a-dthrivin' at—not intinding anny disrespect to your friend, Mr. Richlin', and indeed I don't deny he's a perfect gentleman.—But indeed, Mr. Richlin', I'm just after thinkin' that you and yer lady wouldn't have no self-respect for Kate Riley if she should be changing her name."

"Still you were thinking about it," said Richling, with a twinkle.

"Ah, ha, ha! Indeed I wasn', an' ye needn' be t'rowin' anny o' yer slyness on me. Ye know ye'd have no self-respect fur me. No; now ye know ye wuddent;—wud ye?"

"Why, Mrs. Riley, of course we would. Why—why not?" He stood in the doorway, about to take his leave. "You may be sure we'll always be glad of anything that will make you the happier." Mrs. Riley looked so grave that he checked his humor.

"But in the nixt life, Mr. Richlin', how about that?"

"There? I suppose we shall simply each love all in absolute perfection. We'll——"

"We'll never know the differ," interposed Mrs. Riley.

"That's it," said Richling, smiling again. "And so I say—and I've always said—if a person *feels* like marrying again, let him do it."

"Have ye, now? Well, ye're just that good, Mr. Richlin'."

"Yes," he responded, trying to be grave, "that's about my measure."

"Would *you* do it?"

"No, I wouldn't. I couldn't. But I should like—in good earnest, Mrs. Riley, I should like, now, the comfort of knowing that you

were not to pass all the rest of your days in widowhood."

"Ah! ged out, Mr. Richlin'!" She failed in her effort to laugh. "Ah! ye're sly!" She changed her attitude and drew a breath.

"No," said Richling, "no, honestly. I should feel that you deserved better at this world's hands than that, and that the world deserved better of you. I find two people don't make a world, Mrs. Riley, though often they think they do. They certainly don't when one is gone."

"Mr. Richlin'," exclaimed Mrs. Riley, drawing back and waving her hand sweetly, "stop yer flattery! Stop ud! Ah! ye're a-feelin' yer oats, Mr. Richlin'. An' ye're a-showin' 'em too, ye air! Why, I herod ye was lookin' terrible, and here ye're lookin' just splendud!"

"Who told you that?" asked Richling.

"Never mind! Never mind who he was —ha, ha, ha!" She checked herself suddenly. "Ah, me! It's a shame for the likes o' me to be behavin' that foolish!" She put on additional dignity. "I will always be the Widow Riley." Then relaxing again into sweetness: "Marridge is a lottery, Mr. Richlin'; indeed an' it is; and ye know mighty well that he ye're after jokin' me about is no more nor a fri'nd." She looked sweet enough for somebody to kiss.

"I don't know so certainly about that," said her visitor, stepping down upon the sidewalk and putting on his hat. "If I may judge by——" He paused and glanced at the widow.

"Ah, now, Mr. Richlin', na-na-now, Mr. Richlin', ye daurn't say ud! Ye daurn't!" She smiled and blushed and arched her neck and rose and sank upon herself with sweet delight.

"I say, if I judge by what he has said to me," insisted Richling.

Mrs. Riley glided down across the doorstep, and, with all the insinuation of her sex and nation, demanded:

"What'd he tell ye? Ah! he didn' tell ye nawthing! Ha, ha! there wasn' nawthing to tell!" But Richling slipped away.

Mrs. Riley shook her finger: "Ah, ye're a wicket joker, Mr. Richlin'. I didn't think that o' the likes of a gentleman like you, annyhow!" She shook her finger again as she withdrew into the house, smiling broadly all the way in to the cradle, where she kissed and kissed again her ruddy, chubby, sleeping boy.

Ristofalo came often. He was a man of simple words, and of few thoughts of the kind that were available in conversation; but his personal adventures had begun almost with infancy, and followed one another in close and strange succession over lands and seas ever since. He could, therefore, talk best about himself, though he talked modestly. "These things to hear would Desdemona seriously incline," and there came times when even a tear was not wanting to gem the poetry of the situation.

"And ye might have saved yerself from all that," was sometimes her note of sympathy. But when he asked how, she silently dried her eyes.

Sometimes his experiences had been intensely ludicrous, and Mrs. Riley would laugh until in pure self-oblivion she smote her thigh with her palm, or laid her hand so smartly against his shoulder as to tip him half off his seat.

"Ye didn't!"

"Yes."

"Ah! Get out wid ye, Raphael Ristofalo, — to be telling me that for the trooth!"

At one such time she was about to give him a second push, but he took the hand in his and quietly kept it to the end of his story.

He lingered late that evening, but at length took his hat from under his chair, rose, and extended his hand.

"Man alive!" she cried, "that's my *hand*, sur, I'd have ye to know. Begahn wid ye! Lookut heere! What's the reason ye make it so long atween yer visits, eh? Tell me that. Ah—ah—ye've no need fur to tell me, Mr. Ristofalo! Ah—now don't tell a lie!"

"Too busy. Come all time—wasn't too busy."

"Ha, ha! Yes, yes; ye're too busy. Of coorse ye're too busy. Oh, yes! ye *air* too busy—a-courtin' thim I-talian froot gerls around the Frinch Mairket. Ah! I'll bet two bits ye're a bouncer! Ah, don't tell me. I know ye, ye villain! Some o' thim's a-waitin' fur ye now, ha, ha! Go! And don't ye nivver come back heere anny more. D'ye mind?"

"Aw right." The Italian took her hand for the third time and held it, standing in his simple square way before her, and wearing his gentle smile as he looked her in the eye. "Good-bye, Kate."

Her eye quailed. Her hand pulled a little helplessly, and in meek voice she said:

"That's not right for you to do me that a-way, Mr. Ristofalo. I've got a handle to my name, sur."

She threw some gentle rebuke into her glance, and turned it upon him. He met it with that same amiable absence of emotion that was always in his look.

"Kate too short by itself?" he asked. "Aw right; make it Kate Ristofalo."

"No," said Mrs. Riley, averting and drooping her face.

"Take good care of you," said the Italian; "you and Mike. Always be kind. Good care."

Mrs. Riley turned with sudden fervor.

"Mr. Ristofalo," she exclaimed, lifting her free hand and touching her bosom with the points of her fingers, "ye don't know the hairt of a woman, surr! No-o-o, surr! It's *love* we wants! 'The hairt as has trooly loved nivvur furgits, but as trooly loves ahn to the tlose!'"

"Yes," said the Italian; "yes," nodding and ever smiling, "dass aw righ'."

But she:

"Ah! it's no use fur you to be a-talkin' an' a-pallaverin' to Kate Riley when ye don't be loving her, Mr. Ristofalo, an' ye know ye don't."

A tear glistened in her eye.

"Yes, love you," said the Italian; "course, love you."

He did not move a foot or change the expression of a feature.

"H-yes!" said the widow. "H-yes!" she panted. "H-yes, a little! A little, Mr. Ristofalo! But I want"—she pressed her hand hard upon her bosom, and raised her eyes aloft—"I want to be—h—h—h-adaured above all the e'rth!"

"Aw righ'," said Ristofalo; "yes—door above all you worth."

"Raphael Ristofalo," she said, "ye're a-deceivin' me! Ye came heere whin nobody axed ye,—an' that ye know is a fact, surr,—an' made yerself agree'ble to a poor, unsuspectin' widdah, an' [*tears*] rabbed me o' mie hairt, ye did; whin I nivver intinded to git married ag'in."

"Don't cry, Kate—Kate Ristofalo," quietly observed the Italian, getting an arm around her waist, and laying a hand on the farther cheek. "Kate Ristofalo."

"Shut!" she exclaimed, turning with playful fierceness, and proudly drawing back her head; "shut! Hah! It's Kate Ristofalo, is it? Ah, ye think so! Hah-h! It'll be ad least two weeks yet before the priest will be after giving you the right to call me that!"

And, in fact, an entire fortnight did pass before they were married.

XXXV.

WHAT NAME?

RICHLING, in Dr. Sevier's library one evening in early May, gave him great amusement by an account of the Ristofalo-Riley wedding. He had attended it only the night before. The Doctor had received an invitation, but had pleaded previous engagements.

"But I am glad you went," he said to Richling; "however, go on with your account."

"Oh, I was glad to go. And I'm certainly glad I went."

Richling proceeded with the recital. The Doctor smiled. It was very droll—the description of persons and costumes. Richling was quite another than his usual restrained self this evening. Oddly enough, too, for this was but his second visit; the confinement of his work was almost like an imprisonment, it was so constant. The Doctor had never seen him in just such a glow. He even mimicked the brogue of two or three Irish gentlemen, and the soft, outlandish swing in the English of one or two Sicilians. He did it all so well that when he gave an instance of some of the broad Hibernian repartee he had heard, the Doctor actually laughed audibly. One of his young lady cousins on some pretext opened a door and stole a glance within to see what could have produced a thing so extraordinary.

"Come in, Laura, come in. Tell Bess to come in." The Doctor introduced Richling with due ceremony. Richling could not, of course, after this accession of numbers, go on being funny. The mistake was trivial, but all saw it. Still the meeting was pleasant. The girls were very intelligent and vivacious. Richling found a certain refreshment in their graceful manners, like what we sometimes feel in catching the scent of some long-forgotten perfume. They had not been told all his history, but had heard enough to make them curious to see and speak to him. They were evidently pleased with him, and Dr. Sevier, observing this, betrayed an air that was much like triumph. But after awhile they went as they had come.

"Doctor," said Richling, smiling until Dr. Sevier wondered silently what possessed the fellow, "excuse me for bringing this here. But I find it so impossible to get to your office——" He moved nearer the Doctor's table and put his hand into his bosom.

"What's that?" asked the Doctor, frowning heavily. Richling smiled still broader than before.

"This is a statement," he said.

"Of what?"

"Of the various loans you have made me, with interest to date."

"Yes?" said the Doctor, frigidly.

"And here," persisted the happy man, straightening out a leg as he had done the first time they ever met, and drawing a roll of notes from his pocket, "is the total amount."

"Yes?" The Doctor regarded them with cold contempt. "That's all very pleasant for you, I suppose, Richling,—shows you're the right kind of man, I suppose, and so on. I know that already, however. Now just put all that back into your pocket, for the sight of it isn't pleasant. You certainly don't imagine I'm going to take it, do you?"

"You promised to take it when you lent it."

"Humph! Well, I didn't say when."

"As soon as I could pay it," said Richling.

"I don't remember," replied the Doctor, picking up a newspaper. "I release myself from that promise."

"I don't release you," persisted Richling; "neither does Mary."

The Doctor was quiet awhile before he answered. He crossed his knees, a moment after folded his arms, and presently said:

"Foolish pride, Richling."

"We know that," replied Richling; "we don't deny that that feeling creeps in. But we'd never do anything that's right if we waited for an unmixed motive, would we?"

"Then you think my motive — in refusing it — is mixed, probably."

"Ho-o-oh!" laughed Richling. The gladness within him would break through. "Why, Doctor, nothing could be more different. It doesn't seem to me as though you ever had a mixed motive."

The Doctor did not answer. He seemed to think the same thing.

"We know very well, Doctor, that if we should accept this kindness we might do it in a spirit of proper and commendable — a — humble-mindedness. But it isn't mere pride that makes us insist."

"No?" asked the Doctor, cruelly. "What is it else?"

"Why, I hardly know what to call it, except that it's a conviction that — well, that to pay is best; that it's the nearest to justice we can get, and that —" he spoke faster — "that it's simple duty to choose justice when we can and mercy when we must. There, I've hit it out!" He laughed again. "Don't you see, Doctor? Justice when we may — mercy when we must? It's your own principles!"

The Doctor looked straight at the mantelpiece as he asked:

"Where did you get that idea?"

"I don't know; partly from nowhere, and ——"

"Partly from Mary," interrupted the Doctor. He put out his long white palm. "It's all right. Give me the money." Richling counted it into his hand. He rolled it up and stuffed it into his portemonnaie.

"You like to part with your hard earnings, do you, Richling?"

"Earnings can't be hard," was the reply; "it's borrowings that are hard."

The Doctor assented.

"And of course," said Richling, "I enjoy paying old debts." He stood and leaned his head in his hand with his elbow on the mantel. "But even aside from that, I'm happy."

"I see you are!" remarked the physician, emphatically, catching the arms of his chair and drawing his feet closer in. "You've been smiling worse than a boy with a love-letter."

"I've been hoping you'd ask me what's the matter."

"Well, then, Richling, what is the matter?"

"Mary has a daughter."

"What!" cried the Doctor, springing up with a radiant face and grasping Richling's hand in both his own.

Richling laughed aloud, nodded, laughed again, and gave either eye a quick, energetic wipe with all his fingers.

"Doctor," he said, as the physician sank back into his chair, "we want to name ——" he hesitated, stood on one foot and leaned again against the shelf — "we want to call her by the name of — if we may ——"

The Doctor looked up as if with alarm, and John said, timidly, — "Alice?"

Dr. Sevier's eyes — what was the matter? His mouth quivered. He nodded, and whispered huskily:

"All right."

After a long pause, Richling expressed the opinion that he had better be going, and the Doctor did not indicate any difference of conviction. At the door the Doctor asked:

"If the fever should break out this summer, Richling, will you go away?"

"No."

XXXVI.

PESTILENCE.

On the twentieth of June, 1858, an incident occurred in New Orleans which challenged special attention from the medical profession. Before the month closed there was a second, similar to the first. The press did not give such matters to the public in those days; it would only make the public — the advertising public — angry. Times have changed since — faced clear about; but at that period Dr. Sevier, who hated a secret only less than a falsehood, was right in speaking as he did.

"Now you'll see," he said, pointing downward aslant, "the whole community stick its head in the sand!" He sent for Richling.

"I give you fair warning," he said. "It's coming."

"Don't cases occur sometimes in an isolated way without — anything further?" asked Richling with a promptness which showed he had already been considering the matter.

"Yes."

"And might not this ——"

"Richling, I give you fair warning."

"Have you sent your cousins away, Doctor?"

"They go to-morrow." After a silence the Doctor added: "I tell you now, because this is the time to decide what you will do. If you are not prepared to take all the risks and stay them through, you had better go at once."

"What proportion of those who are taken sick of it die?" asked Richling.

"The proportion varies in different seasons; say about one in seven or eight. But your chances would be hardly so good, for you're not strong, Richling, nor well either."

Richling stood and swung his hat against his knee. "I really don't see, Doctor, that I have any choice at all. I couldn't go to Mary—when she has but just come through a mother's pains and dangers—and say, 'I've thrown away seven good chances of life to run away from one bad one.' Why, to say nothing else, Reisen can't spare me." He smiled with boyish vanity.

"Oh! Richling, that's silly!"

"I—I know it," exclaimed the other, quickly; "I see it is. If he could spare me, of course he wouldn't be paying me a salary." But the Doctor silenced him by a gesture.

"The question is not whether he can spare you at all. It's simply, can you spare him?"

"Without violating any pledge, you mean," added Richling.

"Of course," assented the physician.

"Well, I can't spare him, Doctor. He has given me a hold on life, and no one chance in seven, or six, or five is going to shake me loose. Why, I tell you I couldn't look Mary in the face. She couldn't look me in the face."

"Have your own way," responded the Doctor. "There are some things in your favor. You frail fellows often pull through easier than the big, full-blooded ones."

"Oh, it's Mary's way too, I feel certain," retorted Richling, gayly, "and I venture to say——" he coughed and smiled again—"it's yours."

"I didn't say it wasn't," replied the unsmiling Doctor, reaching for a pen and writing a prescription. "Here; get that and take it according to direction. It's for that cold."

"If I should take the fever," said Richling, coming out of a reverie, "Mary will want to come to me."

"Well, she mustn't come a step!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"You'll forbid it, will you not, Doctor? Pledge me!"

"I do better, sir; I pledge myself."

So the July suns rose up and moved across the beautiful blue sky; the moon went through all her majestic changes; on thirty-one successive midnights the Star Bakery sent abroad its grateful odors of bread, and as the last night passed into the first twinkling hour of morning the month chronicled one hundred and thirty-one deaths from yellow fever. The city shuddered because it knew and because it did not know what was in store. People began to fly by hundreds and then by thousands. Many were overtaken and stricken down as they fled. Still men plied their vocations, children played in the streets, and the days came and went, fair, blue, tremulous with sunshine, or cool and gray and sweet with summer rain. How strange it was for nature to be so beautiful and so unmoved! By and by one could not look down a street on this hand or on that, but he saw a funeral. Doctors' gigs began to be hailed on the streets and to refuse to stop, and houses were pointed out that had just become the scenes of strange and harrowing episodes.

"Do you see that bakery—the 'Star Bakery'? Five funerals from that place—and another goes this afternoon."

Before this was said August had completed its record of eleven hundred deaths, and September had begun the long list that was to add twenty-two hundred more. Reisen had been the first one ill in the establishment. He had been losing friends—one every few days; and he thought it only plain duty, let fear or prudence say what they might, to visit them at their bedsides and follow them to their tombs. It was not only the outer man of Reisen, but the heart as well, that was elephantine. He had at length come home from one of these funerals with pains in his back and limbs, and the various familiar accompaniments.

"I feel right clumpsy," he said, as he lifted his great feet and lowered them into the mustard footbath.

"Doctor Sevier," said Richling, as he and the physician paused half way between the sick chambers of Reisen and his wife, "I hope you'll not think it fool-hardy for me to expose myself by nursing these people——"

"No," replied the veteran in a tone of indifference, and passed on; the tincture of self-approval that had "mixed" with Richling's motives went away to nothing.

Both Reisen and his wife recovered. But an apple-cheeked brother of the baker, still in the green cap and coat that he had come in from Germany, was struck from the first with that mortal terror which is so often an evil symptom of the disease, and died on the fifth day after his attack, in raging delirium. Ten of the workmen, bakers and others, followed him. Richling alone, of all in the establishment, while the sick lay scattered through the town on uncounted thousands of beds, and the month of October passed by, bringing death to eleven hundred more, escaped untouched of the scourge.

"I can't understand it," he said.

"Demand an immediate explanation," said Dr. Sevier, with somber irony.

How did others fare? Ristofalo had, time and again, sailed with the fever, nursed it, slept with it. It passed him by again. Little Mike took it, lay two or three days very still in his mother's strong arms, and recovered. Madame Ristofalo had had it in "fifty-three." She became a heroic nurse to many, and saved life after life among the poor.

The trials of those days enriched John Richling in the acquaintanceship and esteem of Sister Jane's little lisping rector. And, by the way, none of those with whom Dr. Sevier dined on that darkest night of Richling's life became victims. The rector had never encountered the disease before, but when Sister Jane and the banker, and the banker's family and friends, and thousands of others fled, he ran toward it, David-like, swordless and armorless. He and Richling were nearly of equal age. Three times, four times, and again, they met at dying beds. They became fond of each other.

Another brave nurse was Narcisse. Dr. Sevier, it is true, could not get rid of the conviction for years afterward that one victim would have lived had not Narcisse talked him to death. But in general, where there was some one near to prevent his telling all his discoveries and inventions, he did good service, and accompanied it with very chivalric emotions.

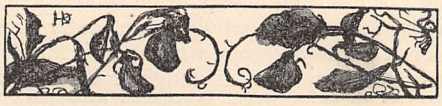
"Yesseh," he said, with a strutting attitude that somehow retained a sort of modesty, "I 'ad the gweatess success. Hah! a nuss is a nuss those time'. Only some time 'e's not. 'Tis accawding to the povvub—what is that povvub, now, ag'in?" The proverb did not answer his call, and he waved it away. "Yesseh, eve'ybody wanting me at once—couldn' supply the deman'."

Richling listened to him with new pleasure and rising esteem.

"You make me envy you," he exclaimed, honestly.

"Well, I s'pose you may say so, Mistoo 'Itchlin', faw I nevva nuss a sing-le one w'at din paid me ten dollahs a night. Of co'se! 'Consistently, thou awt a jew'l.' It's juz as the povvub says, 'All work an' no pay keep Jack a small boy.' An' yet," he hurriedly added, remembering his indebtedness to his auditor, "'tis aztonizhin' 'ow 'tis expensive to live. I haven' got a picayune of that money pwesently! I'm aztonizh' myseff!"

(To be continued.)



A MARRIAGE.

They stood together, he and she,
As tenderly as lovers may
Who know the breaking dawn will be
Their wedding day.

His flashing eyes told half his bliss;
But hers seemed full of silent prayer,
As if a mightier voice than his
Had named her there.

Behind the altar and the ring,
Behind the brimming cup love holds,
Her timid soul sought, wondering,
The future's folds.

His eyes were sweet; she looked beyond
Through waiting years of sun and rain.
His clasp was dear; she felt the bond
That might be pain!

Yet he all gladness, she half fear,
Gave kisses only of delight.
Love touched and brought them close and near
That happy night.

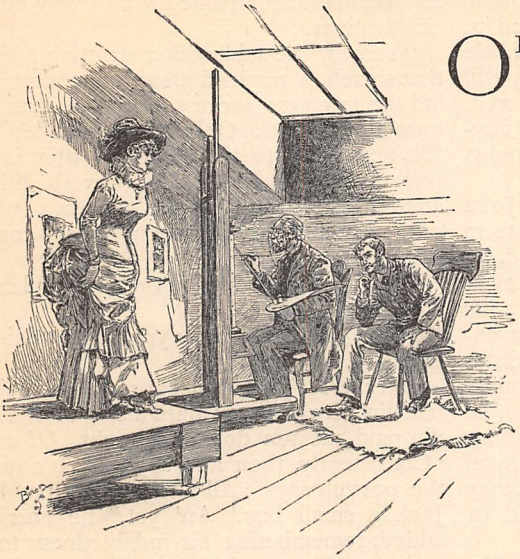
Long afterward he waked to doubt—
But she, with care-worn matron grace,
Shut patience in and passion out,
And held her place.

And never thought, nor word went wild—
Content if only she could see
His features in the sleeping child
Across her knee.

Her doubt had end where his begun;
She smiled, nor knew the bitter cost
At which his prison calm was won—
His freedom lost!

Mary Ainge De Vere.

ROSE MADDER.



OLD MADDER lived on the top floor of an artist rookery down in the Greenwich region,— near enough to the Tenth street Studio Building for him to say that he lived in an artistic quarter of the town; under the roof, as he was wont very reasonably to explain, because that was the only place in any house where a man could get a sky light. Catch him spoiling good painting by working by a side light, he would say.

There were a lot of other men who had studios in the building. Some of them were old fellows — old Cremnitz White and Robert Lake, for instance — who had been painting atrociously all their lives, and who all the while had sincerely believed themselves to be the greatest artists of the age, whom fate, and the public's bad taste, and all the malign forces at work in the world (but their own incapacity), had united to trample on. And with these there were some young fellows — Vandyke Brown, little Sap Green, Jaune d'Antimoine, McGilp, and two or three more — who had not worked long enough to prove very conclusively whether their work was bad intrinsically or bad only because they had yet a good deal to learn. All of these men snarled and snapped at each other more or less, and abused each other's work, and envied each other's (apparently) less bad fortune; and, on the whole, were pretty good friends.

Of them all, old Madder was the only one who had his family with him; and old Madder's family consisted solely and simply of his daughter Rose. In all Greenwich there was not a more charming little body than Rose Madder; probably it would be within bounds to say that there was not a more charming little body in all New York. She was twenty or thereabouts, and as plump as a little partridge, and as good-humored as the day was long. You must have seen her face — at least as good a copy of it as old Madder could make, which is not saying a great deal, to be sure — a dozen times in the last dozen years at the Academy exhibitions; for Madder was an N. A., and so was one of those whose "line" privileges make the Academy exhibitions so hopelessly exasperating. Rose began to do duty as a model before she was weaned ("Soldier's Widow and Orphaned Child," Rubens Madder, A. N. A., 1864), but the first really recognizable portrait of her that saw the light was "The Bread-winner" (1875), in which she figured in an apron, with rolled-up sleeves, making real bread at what a theatrical person would call a practicable table. Since then she had gone to the Academy regularly every year,— excepting that sad year when her mother died, and old Madder had not the heart to finish his "Dress-Making at Home," nor to do anything at all save mourn the loss that never could be repaired.

It was generally believed that the reason why Madder's pictures sold — for some of them did sell — was that Rose, even badly painted, was worth buying. All his friends wanted to borrow her, but Madder would never lend her: she was too valuable to him as stock-in-trade. And with the odd hundreds which dropped in from his pictures, with some other odd hundreds that he picked up by painting portraits,— things hard as stones, which he was wont to say, modestly, were good because he had caught completely the style of his old master, Sully,— he managed to pick up a living, and to keep the frame-maker from the door.

It was the prettiest sight in the world to see Rose posing for her father. She had seen too many pictures, and had heard too much picture-talk, not to know that her father's pictures were pretty bad. But she loved her father with all her heart, and she would have died cheerfully rather than let him for a single moment suspect that she did not truly

believe him to be the greatest artist that ever had lived. And Madder, while yet recognizing the fact that some few men had excelled him in art, found much solace for his soul in his daughter's unlimited admiration of his greatness. Therefore, when she posed for him, and with much gravity discussed with him how the pose would have been arranged by Rubens or Sir Joshua or some other of his acknowledged superiors, and all the while talked heartening talk to him, and gave him — with due deference to the interests of the pose — sweet looks of love out of her gentle blue eyes; when all this was going on, it was, I repeat, the prettiest sight in the world.

Vandyke Brown thought so, certainly; and that he might enjoy it freely, he made all manner of excuses for coming into Madder's studio while work was going on. The most unblushing of all these excuses — though the one that he found most useful — was that he wanted to study Madder's style. This was carrying mendacity to a very high pitch indeed, for until within the past year Brown had been accustomed to cite Madder's style as being a most shining example of all that was pernicious in the old school. Brown was a League man, of course, and held the Academy in an exceeding great contempt. Yet now, for hours at a stretch,— and when he had work of his own on hand that needed prompt attention,— he would sit by old Madder's easel and talk high art with him, and listen calmly to the utterance of old-time heresies fit to make your flesh creep, and hear for the hundredth time Madder draw the parallel between himself and poor old Ben Haydon, and, worst of all, watch old Madder placidly painting away in a fashion that sent cold creeps down his (Brown's) back, and made him long to take Madder by the shoulders and ram his head through the canvas. All this torment Vandyke Brown would undergo for no better reason than that Rose Madder was a dozen feet away on the platform, and by thus sitting by her father's side he had the joy of hearing her sweet voice and the greater joy of seeing her sweeter smiles.

What was still more unreasonable in Brown's conduct was his sturdy objection to sharing this mixed pleasure with anybody else. When little Sap Green came in, as he very often did, he would fume and fret, and make himself so disagreeable to the little man — who was a good enough little chap in his way, guilty of no other sin than that of painting most abominably — that Rose would have to intervene with all her tact and gentleness to prevent a regular outbreak. And it was still worse when the visitor was McGilp. Brown hated this sleek, slippery person most heartily. He hated his always-smooth, reddish-yellow hair; he hated the oily smoothness of his voice; he hated his silent, cat-like ways; and, most of all, he hated him for his insolence in venturing to love Rose.

Moreover, McGilp was Brown's rival in art. He was a League man too, and at the life-class his studies were the only ones which gave Brown any real uneasiness. Their styles were different, but there was very little choice in the quality of their work. And as each would have been the acknowledged first if the other had been out of the way, there was not much love lost between them. To do Brown justice, though, mere professional rivalry never would have set him at loggerheads with anybody; it was the other rivalry that made him hate McGilp — coupled with a profound conviction that in McGilp's composition there was a thoroughly bad streak that by rights should bar completely his pretensions to Rose's love.

An ugly piece of work had been done at the life-class in the past season, that never yet had received a satisfactory explanation. The pose was a strong one, and both Brown and McGilp had worked hard over it — with Brown ahead. On the morning of the last day of the pose Brown had found his study most ingeniously ruined. It was not painted out, but here and there over the whole of it bits had been touched-in that took out all its strength, and reduced it simply to the level of the commonplace. The study was spoiled, but so cleverly that even the men who had watched Brown at his work were inclined to believe — in accordance with the humane custom that makes all of us give a man in a tight place the benefit of every doubt that will make his place tighter — that they had overestimated its merits, and that the study had been weak from the start. Brown believed most thoroughly — though with no more material ground for his belief than the skill with which the changes had been made, and a vague remembrance of seeing McGilp still pottering over his work after the class broke up the day before — that McGilp was the man who had played this scurvy trick on him. He kept his suspicions to himself; but, since he held them, it is no great wonder that when McGilp was the intruder upon his lounging in old Madder's studio, Rose had her hands full in staving off a storm!

The fact of the matter was that Brown was desperately in love with Rose, and as yet was in a state of anything but pleasing uncertainty as to whether there was the least chance in the world that his love would be returned. What made his situation all the more uncomfortable was his profound conviction — at least in his lucid intervals — that

for him to fall in love with anybody was a most serious piece of folly. For all in the world that he had to live upon was the very doubtful — save that it certainly always was insufficient — income that he made by scrap-work for the illustrated papers, with now and then an extra lift when a sanguine dealer was weak enough to buy one of his little pictures. He had shown this much good sense, at least: he never yet had tried to paint a big one. He did believe, and he had some ground for believing, that after a while he might do work that would be worth something. In the mean time he sailed close to the wind, and had anything but an easy time of it.

But God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, down Greenwich way. In that modest region one may get a very filling breakfast for twenty cents, and for thirty cents a dinner; and Brown was a rare hand at making coffee wherewith to mitigate the severity of his early morning loaf of bread. And, on the whole, he did not find this hand-to-mouth sort of life especially uncomfortable. But he had wisdom enough to perceive that without something more assured in the way of a living, getting married was a risky undertaking. To be sure, he had "prospects." His uncle Mangan, who was a highly respected leather man down in the Swamp, had neither wife nor child; and Brown felt tolerably certain that some day or other a fair share of the profits of his uncle's leather business would be his. But Uncle Mangan was a tough, cheery, hearty old fellow, who very well might live to be a hundred; at which time his nephew would be five-and-seventy. The thought of an engagement of fifty years' duration, ending in a marriage at three-score years and fifteen, was rather appalling.

"Thees ees what you call rofe, very rofe, my friend, thees long time of waiting for the love," observed Jaune d'Antimoine, sympathizingly, when, as his custom was at short intervals, Brown had relieved his mind by confiding his hopes and expectations and doubts to his friend.

"Rough? I should rather think so! If you knew how rough it was, you'd wonder that I don't end it all by jumping into the river!"

"Ah! but you forget, my poor Brown. I also 'ave my rose for whom I long, my sweet Rose Carthame; I also am most 'opeless and most meeserable. And I am even more meeserable than you, for 'ave I not one wretched rival — that most execrable countryman of mine who calls 'imself the count — count! parbleu! he is no count — Siccatif de Courtray? I — I vill yet eat 'im alive, vig and all!"

It will be observed that Brown withheld from his friend his conviction that he also had a rival in McGilp. Brown did not like to admit this fact even to himself. To couple this man, even in his thoughts, with Rose, seemed to him nothing short of an outrageous insult. That Rose had any other feeling than that of toleration for McGilp he could not, he would not believe; but he knew that it was useless to close his eyes to the truth that McGilp was in love with Rose, and was bent upon winning her, and that McGilp was not the sort of man to abandon lightly anything that he had fully made up his mind to do. He was a rival; and in that he possessed force of character that begot persistency of purpose, he was a dangerous rival. So Brown was in a melancholy way over it all — trying to nerve himself to faith in his success in art; trying to hope that Rose, too, would have faith in him; trying not to fall into the habit of thinking what pleasant things might happen should his uncle Mangan suddenly be called into another and a better world.

"I SAY, old man, are you going in for the Philadelphia prizes?" asked little Sap Green as he tipped a lot of life-studies off a chair in Brown's studio, sat down on the chair, and blew such clouds of cigarette smoke that presently his face shone out through the mist like that of a spectacled cherub.

"I do wish to heaven, Green, that you wouldn't smoke those vile things in here. If smoking a pipe like a Christian makes you sick, then don't smoke anything."

"I am," Green continued. "Of course, I know that I don't stand a first chance, for there are several men who can paint better than I can. Somebody else will get the three thousand dollars, I suppose; but I don't see why I shouldn't get one of the medals. Even the bronze would be worth having. It does a fellow a heap of good in the catalogues, you know, to have a medal after his name."

"And you might wear it round your neck on a string. But I don't think that you need a bronze medal, Sap; you've enough of the article already, for all practical purposes."

"Don't joke about it, Brown. I'm quite serious. You see, I have an idea. Don't whistle that way, it's rude. You've been associating too much with the boys who hang around Jefferson Market. Yes, I have an idea that I think is bound to win. I'm going to do the 'Surrender at Yorktown.' You know I'm pretty good all around — figures, animals, landscape, and marine. The trouble is to get a subject, inside the conditions, that will bring them all in. 'Yorktown' is just the card. Figures of George and Cornwallis — or whoever the other fellow was — in foreground; staff in middle distance; group of

"ARE YOU GOING IN FOR THE PHILADELPHIA PRIZES?"

cavalry close up in front on right; French ships close up in front on left; lots of landscape, with tents and masses of troops in background. There you have it; and if that don't take a medal, it will be because the committee has not the sense to know a good picture when it has one under its nose."

"True," observed Brown, thoughtfully. "What a lucky thing it is for you, Sappy, that Trumbull didn't take out a copyright; or, if he did, that it has expired by limitation."

"Trumbull, indeed! It's just because Trumbull made such a mess of that subject that I want to show how it ought to be painted. Do you know, Brown, I think that this is the very end that old Temple has in view. He wants these grand subjects which were ruined in our fathers' and grandfathers' time to be taken up by the men of the new school and painted properly. But I do wish that the Philadelphia people had not made this absurd rule about size. What is a man to do with such a subject as the 'Surrender at Yorktown' on a beggarly eight-by-ten-foot canvas?"

"You can get an awful lot of paint on a canvas that big, Sap."

"You are a bear, Brown. When a man comes to you, really in earnest, to tell you of his aspirations and hopes, you answer him simply with low chaff. You haven't a scrap of the real artist feeling in your whole composition." And Sap Green flounced out of the studio, leaving Brown grinning at him.

But Brown was more in earnest than he had cared to own. He had been thinking very seriously about the Philadelphia prizes, and he had made up his mind to go in for them. He knew that he had no more chance than little Sap Green had for the great prize; but he also knew, just as Sap knew, that even the lowest of the three medals was worth very earnest striving after. In winning it there was honor to be gained and there was money to be made,— for there was not much doubt but that a medal picture would find a purchaser,— and honor and money were what he longed for just now with all his heart; for these were the means that would compass the end that he lived for — Rose.

And Brown also had an idea. It was not as big an idea, in square feet, as Sap's; but it possessed the advantages of having something of originality about it, and of being within the scope of his ability. He had the color study pretty well in shape already, and he believed that he had a good thing. It was a simple picture, and very much inside the eight-by-ten-foot limitation. The scene was a roadway in a dark wood, the foreground in deepest shadow. Out beneath the arching branches was seen a broad valley lighted up by the bright light of the rising sun, the sunbeams striking brilliantly upon the white tents of a camp. And seen under the bowering trees, but a little beyond them and in the full brightness of the morning light, was a single figure, brought into strong relief against the dark hills lying in shadow on the valley's farther side. The figure was that of a woman in Quaker dress — the soft brown and gray of her shawl and gown in tone with the deeper browns and grays of the foreground and of the misty valley beyond; a good high-light in the white kerchief folded across her breast. She was kneeling. Her shawl had fallen back, showing her beautiful head and face,— beautiful with the beauty not of youth, but of serene holiness,— on which the sun shone full. Her eyes, moist with tears, were full of a glad thankfulness, and through all the lines of the face and figure was an expression of great joy, humbled by devout gratitude to Him who had brought her safely to her journey's end, and so had given her the victory. The title, "Saving Washington's Camp at Whitemarsh," gave the key to the story: the woman was Lydia Darragh, who went out from Philadelphia, and gave the warning that enabled the Continental army to repulse the assault planned by Howe. And Brown was determined to work on this picture as he never had worked before.

Naturally, McGilp was not asleep in the Philadelphia competition; and he also had his mind set on winning a medal — and with it, Rose. His picture was more striking

than Brown's, but infinitely less pretentious than Sap Green's stupendous "Yorktown." It was called "Raising the Flag at Stony Point," and in its way it was an uncommonly good thing. The time, as in Brown's picture,

"HE TURNED BACK TO CARRY HER MARKET-BASKET."

was sunrise — the sunrise following the night of General Wayne's gallant assault. In the immediate front of the picture was water, tumbling in little waves which sparkled in the sunlight; and from this rose sharply the rocky bank, and sheer above the bank an angle of the fort. Standing on the parapet, in crisp relief against the green-blue sky, was "Mad Anthony" himself, in the act of running up the stars and stripes; while at his feet, hanging down red over the gray stones of the parapet, and throwing a rich crimson reflection down upon the broken water below, was the flag of the conquered foe. Over the whole picture was a flood of strong, clear light that emphasized the spirited action and elate pose of the single figure: it was a stirring story of a gallant fight crowned by a well-won victory. Except that the values of the lights and shades were about the same in both, McGilp's and Brown's pictures had absolutely nothing in common; and while Brown's had the advantage in earnestness and depth of poetic feeling, McGilp's, being bold and aggressive, was much more likely to hit the popular taste.

It was known presently among the artists that both men had entered in the Philadelphia race; but while McGilp made no secret of his "Stony Point," Brown absolutely refused to let his subject be known. He kept his door locked, and the few men whom he admitted now and then saw no more of his work than the curtain that hung over it jealously.

Not a word passed between Brown and McGilp as to what would be the result should either of them win a medal, but each man knew what the other was working for, and each felt that the other's success meant his own defeat. Not that Brown believed that McGilp ever could win Rose, for he loved Rose himself too much to fancy even for a moment that she could love McGilp under any circumstances; but he felt that unless there was enough good in himself to enable him to take one of the three medals, his career as an artist might as well come definitely to an end, and his love for Rose with it. McGilp, who was cool-headed enough to see in what direction Rose's inclinations were tending, believed that in his own success coupled with Brown's failure rested his only chance of having Rose so much as listen to him. Therefore both men went at their work with all their strength and put into it their whole hearts.

Now Brown was a good deal laughed at for making such a mystery about his picture; but he knew what he was about, and the laughing did not at all discomfit him. His purpose was a diplomatic one: that he might have a secret in common with Rose. He knew enough of the theory and practice of love-making to know that a bond of this sort counted for a good deal.

As soon as the picture was fairly in his head, he decided that Rose, and Rose alone, should know all about it. So, when he met her coming home from Jefferson Market one morning, he turned back to carry her market-basket and to tell her the secret that he intended should be his first parallel. And he made such quick work of it that the secret was in her keeping before they had passed the pretty little triangular park where Grove street and Christopher street slant into each other. Rose now never looks under the archway formed by the trees in the little park and the elm and willow on the sidewalk, that she does not fancy that she sees Lydia Darragh kneeling there, while Grove street and Christopher street beyond widen out into the tent-dotted valley of Whitemarsh.

Having told this secret, Brown had to steady himself sharply that he might not tell the other secret that lay on the very end of

his tongue — how all his hope of the prize really was hope of Rose herself. Possibly Rose had a feeling sense of what he was trying not to tell, for she talked so much about the picture that he had no chance to talk about anything else. And she was as sympathizing as even Brown — who wanted a good deal of sympathy — could desire.

After that Brown managed pretty often to meet Rose as she came from market; and Rose did not resent the persistent frequency of these purely chance encounters. She reasoned with herself that it must be a great comfort to him to have anybody to talk with about his work and hopes, and that for her to refuse to listen to him, since he had happened to make her his confidante, would be exceedingly ungracious, to say the least of it; which reasoning, if a trifle too general in its premises, certainly was sound in its conclusions. And by good generalship she always managed that his other secret should remain untold — though as the days went by she found this to be an increasingly difficult task, that constantly called for more vigorous defensive tactics. And what still further complicated matters was that Rose grew less and less disposed to use defensive tactics at all.

Brown put in honest work on his picture. He spent a couple of days in getting his studies on the border of the Whitemarsh valley; and he got up morning after morning at unconscionable hours, so as to be in the Park at sunrise to study effects of early morning light — and mighty puzzling he found them! Luckily, his sister, Verona, was the type that he needed for Lydia Darragh, and she posed for him with all the good-will in the world; and nobody knows what a deal of good-will is required in posing until he has tried it for a while.

Under Verona's protection, Rose saw the picture now and then, and so was able to talk about it considerately with Brown in the course of their walks. And these walks came to be a good deal prolonged; for Brown developed a notable tendency for taking the wrong turns when they were going home, so that when they thought they were in Grove street, they suddenly would find themselves drifting down on Abingdon Place. After all, though, these mistakes were not unnatural when you come to think what a desperately crooked region Greenwich is. That people should go astray in a part of the town so hopelessly topsy-turvy that in it Fourth street crosses Tenth street at right angles, need not be a matter for surprise. What was a little surprising, though, was that it did not occur to Rose that inasmuch as Verona now knew all about the picture, Brown no longer stood in very urgent need of herself as a confidante. But it certainly is a fact that this view of the situation never once crossed her mind.

McGilp's "Stony Point," meanwhile, was getting along pretty well, too. The man had a great deal of facility, and more than a fair allowance of talent; and he never had worked so hard as he was working now. Little Sap Green, who had a great fondness for knowing all that was going on, paid frequent visits to his studio and volunteered statements of the results of his observations to Brown:

"It's not as good as 'Yorktown,' of course, but it's a mighty good picture, Van. He's got in his lights and shades in a way that I don't believe I could improve on myself, and there's lots of tremendous color, and the figure is as strong as a house. He's booked for a medal as sure as I am; and I do hope, old man, that this thing of yours you're so dark about will get the third. Of course, you know, Brown, that I don't a bit like having to run my work against yours in this way. But I can't help it, you know; and I hope that if I win and you don't you wont have any ill-feeling about it. And, I say, Brown, what are you going to do about a frame? That wretch of a Purdy absolutely refuses to let me have one unless I pay cash down; and for a ten-by-eight he wants eighty dollars. He might as well ask me to pony up a thousand! I offered him a lien on the picture, and he had the indecency to say, that the security undoubtedly was big enough, but it wasn't marketable. Do you know, I'm half sorry I didn't paint 'Washington on his Death-bed' on a forty-by-sixty? I've got a forty-by-sixty frame on my 'Hector at the Gates of Troy,' and I might just as well have saved money by using it over again."

So the summer drifted along pleasantly, and Brown's picture daily came nearer to being what he wanted it to be. He knew, of course, that he never could realize his ideal, but he also knew that his picture was intrinsically good. It was a long way ahead of anything that he had ever done. Verona, who was not a bad judge of a picture, approved it; and, what was more to the purpose, so did Rose. By the end of August it practically was finished, leaving him a fortnight and more for that delicate operation known as "going all over it" — in the course of which many a capital picture is hopelessly spoiled.

Brown did not know, when he got up at four o'clock on the morning of the 28th of August to go out to the Park for a final study of the effects of early sunlight, that the most eventful day of his life had come; but it had. He was in such a hurry to get to the Park before the sun rose that he went without his coffee, contenting himself with munching a

"OLD CREMNITZ'S LONG GRAY BEARD WAS FAIRLY WAGGING WITH RIGHTEOUS RAGE."

bit of bread as he walked from the Fifth Avenue entrance along the shadowy paths in the fresh coolness of the early day. Therefore it came to pass that when his observations were ended — with the satisfactory result of showing him that the thing he was in doubt about was right — he was aroused to the fact that he was most prodigiously hungry. And being in a hopeful frame of mind, he decided promptly that he would spend the full value of a half-dollar in getting a good breakfast at the Hungaria before going home to his work. Not exactly a headlong extravagance this, yet having in it enough of extravagance to give to the breakfast an agreeable spice of adventure.

It was a good while after eight o'clock when he got home; but notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, he began the ascent of the stairs leisurely, and with the air of a man who, having breakfasted well, is contented with himself and all the world. But at the third step his movements suddenly were vastly accelerated. From one of the floors above him sounded a scream and a cry for help — and the voice crying for help was the voice of his Rose!

He went up the steps three at a time, hearing as he went yet more screams, and the sound of opening doors and of hurrying feet, which showed that everybody in the building was aroused. And when he got to the fourth floor he found that his own studio was the center of the commotion — and a pretty kettle of fish he found there! The easel, with Lydia Darragh upon it, was lying flat upon the floor, and in front of it — looking, as he has since told her, like a delightful, blue-eyed, enraged lioness defending her cubs — was Rose. She had her big pie-making apron on, and her sleeves were rolled up, and she had dabs of flour all over her (for the life of him he could not keep a grinning recollection of her father's horrible "Bread-winner" out of his mind), and in one of her beautiful plump arms was a red gash, and all her lovely arm was bloody, and there was blood upon her floury apron and on the floor. A little on one side was old Cremnitz White,—he was a

big old fellow, with lots of strength left in him,—with his hand twisted so tight in McGilp's collar that McGilp's sleek face was growing purple, and his eyes were protruding ominously; and old Cremnitz's long gray beard was fairly wagging with righteous rage. Madder was doing his best to make Cremnitz let go,—for the life was being choked out of McGilp rapidly,—and little Sap Green was dancing around the room in a perfect whirl of excitement, and saying at every step, "Oh, dear!" Three or four other men entered the room at Brown's heels, and stopped just inside the doorway in wonder of what the dickens it all could mean.

It was not a time for standing on ceremony. Brown had Rose in his arms in a moment.

"My darling! What has happened?"

And for answer Rose threw her arms around his neck (the coat with the blood-stain on the left shoulder he will cherish to his dying day), and laid her head down on his breast, and sobbed forth:

"He—the wicked villain! Oh! he's ruined it. But—but indeed I did my best to stop him. To think of poor, dear Lydia Darragh with her two lovely eyes poked out, and the rest of her all cut to pieces! Oh, the wretch! Please, *please* let Mr. White choke him, papa. But no matter if you have lost the medal, dear, you—you shall have *me* all the same. For I love you with all my heart, and I hate him, and I always have hated him. There!" (From which utterance, especially from that part of it relating to herself and the medals, the inference is a fair one that Verona Brown had chatterboxed away her brother's secret to Rose, so that for ever so long it had been no secret at all!)

"Now, sir! What have you got to say for yourself?" asked old Madder sternly. He had managed to drag Cremnitz off by this time, and McGilp stood in one corner of the room gasping and rubbing his throat with his hand. It was a month and more before he could swallow anything without a painful reminder of the exceeding boniness of Cremnitz's knuckles.

"Nothing that will do any good. I'm beaten, among you all, and that's the end of it. But I will say this, though: I didn't mean to cut Brown's picture when I came in here. I didn't mean to come in here at all. He went out in a hurry, I suppose, for as I came along the passage I found his door open. I knew that he had gone out, for he waked me up with his confounded noise, and I had heard him go down-stairs. So I knew that he couldn't stop me, and I came in to see his picture. When I found that it was better than mine—for it was better, a good deal better—I couldn't help what I did. I knew that if either of us got one of the Philadelphia medals, it would not be me; and I knew what that meant for both of us. You don't know what it would have meant, and I don't intend to tell you. I got into a rage over it all, and the first thing that I knew I had picked up his palette-knife, and had run it through the picture a dozen times. Then she came down-stairs, and saw me through the open door, and what I was doing, and came in and tried to stop me. I was nearly crazy, I suppose, for I fought with her, and somehow she got that cut in her arm. I don't imagine that any of you, even now, think that I cut her on purpose. Then White came in and grabbed me, and the rest of you after him, and you know what happened better than I do, for he came precious near to murdering me.

"And, now, what are you going to do with me? Take me round to the Jefferson Market Police Court and charge me with aggravated assault and battery? You can do it, if you want to. You are on top."

There was a rather awkward pause after this direct question. Certainly, the course that McGilp suggested was the proper one to take; but nobody, except Cremnitz White, wanted to take it. For bringing Rose into a police court, and her name into the newspapers, was not to be thought of. And so, when Rose—her father had washed her arm in Brown's basin, and had let Brown help him, and they were tying up the cut in clean paint-rags—said to let him go, everybody but Cremnitz felt relieved.

Half swaggering, half slinking, McGilp went out of the room; and enough decency remained in him to make him leave town forthwith. His unfinished "Stony Point" went with him. Presumably, he did not complete it, for when the Philadelphia exhibition opened it was not there. As he went down the stairs Cremnitz White looked reproachfully at Madder and exclaimed:

"Och, mein Gott, Madter! Fhy dit you shoost not let me shoke him and be done mit it? For him shoking woult haf peen most goot—most goot inteed!"

So "Saving Washington's Camp at Whitemarsh" never entered into the Philadelphia competition at all. It was not, to be sure, quite so badly cut up as Rose in her excitement had declared it to be; but it was so far gone that exhibiting it in public was not to be thought of. However, there was a private exhibition of it the next day in Brown's studio, that bore better fruit than if it had gone to Philadelphia, and had taken the three thousand dollar Temple prize.

The organizer of this exhibition was Verona, and the unit who attended it was Mr.

Mangan Brown. Verona, as has already been hinted, had rather a faculty for telling things; and immediately after the catastrophe had become known to her she set off valorously for the Swamp, sought out Uncle Mangan among his kips and hides, and told him precisely what had happened to his nephew, and begged him to come up and look at the picture with the wreck of which, seemingly, everything had been lost. Then she vigorously urged her brother to make Lydia Darragh as presentable as possible, with careful gumming of linen on the back, and with touches of paint on the ragged edges of cut canvas; and her urging was not wholly unsuccessful. The picture was a sad object still, but enough of its beauty and worth remained to convince even a very skeptical person that the man who had painted it had a right to make a profession of art. And Uncle Mangan, who until then had been as skeptical as he well could be in regard to his nephew's self-elected vocation, saw it and was convinced.

"I have always thought, Van, that you were a fool," said Uncle Mangan with a cheerful frankness and a most evident sincerity. "But now I think that the fool of the family has been quite a different person. So the big prize, the one that you didn't expect to get, is three thousand dollars? Well, you just *shall* get it, as soon as I can go down town and write the check. But you must paint the picture over again, for I want it. It's the most beautiful thing that I ever saw, by gad! And the directors of our bank last week voted five hundred dollars to have my portrait painted, to go with the set of presidents, and you shall do that too. And I always have wanted a portrait of your aunt Caledonia, the only sister I have in the world, and you shall do that. And my friend Gamboge said only the other day that he wanted some pictures for his new house, and you shall do those. And we want two or three pictures for the new room at the club, and you shall do one of them. And — and I'll make it my business, Van, to see that you have all the work you want as long as I live; and when I die you'll find that you can work or not, just as you please, my boy. And I'm proud of you, Van, for the way in which you've worked along all these years without a scrap of encouragement from those who ought to have encouraged you most. And I'm ashamed of myself for the way in which I've stood off like a regular priest and Levite from my own dead brother Cappagh's son.

"And now where's this little girl who fought and bled for you like such a regular heroine? For she will be a Brown, too, before long, and I want to give her the kiss that I have a right to give her; and that — God bless her! — she shall have with all my heart!"

"THAT I will be the best man of you, my dear Brown, you know well would be to me much joy. But perceive!" and Jaune d'Antimoine slowly turned himself about that the worst might be known of the many shabbinesses of his very ancient suit of clothes. "And these are beyond all the best that I do own een all the world, my Brown. What would you 'ave? For your wedding, een such clothings as these, I should be one eemense deesgrace; one — I do not know the English — one *épouvantail.* And een the leetle month that does pass before your wedding ees, what ees eet posseeble for me to do that such vast moneys as must be paid for new clothings shall be mine? No, my good friend, eet ees eemposseeble; though to say such does destroy my 'art!"

And in view of this very explicit and very reasonable statement of his inability to act in the premises, quite the most notable feature of the wedding was Jaune d'Antimoine's brilliant discharge of the functions of best man, in a resplendent suit of clothes that made him the delight of Rose Carthame's eyes, and the admiration of all Greenwich for many, many days.

The wedding was a quiet affair in St. Luke's Church, with a lunch in old Madder's studio afterward — at which Uncle Mangan made a speech that was all the better because he choked a good deal over it, and had to wipe his eyes with a big silk handkerchief two or three times, and that came to an end by his fairly breaking down. And Jaune d'Antimoine, clad in his garments of truly Oriental magnificence, gave the health of the bridemaids — Rose Carthame and Verona — in a most wonderful mingling of French and English; and Cremnitz White, not trusting himself in English at all, made a most eloquent and feeling speech in German, that nobody understood, and that was applauded rapturously; and old Madder made a speech in which he got miles away from the wedding into a disquisition upon the nobility and lastingness of Art that was edifying to listen to; and little Sap Green was the only person present who was thoroughly and persistently melancholy from first to last. There was good reason for Sap Green's melancholy. It was bad enough for him to lose Rose, but it was worse still to know that a blight had fallen upon his hopes of fame; for his "Yorktown" never went to Philadelphia, and his certainty of a medal was dashed utterly, for the sorry reason that he had been unable to pay for the eight-by-ten-foot frame!

Ivory Black.

[Begun in December.]

AN AVERAGE MAN.*

BY ROBERT GRANT,

Author of "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc.

XI.

LENT was come again. It was late this year,— so much so, in fact, that even the most exuberant of party-goers heard the Ash-Wednesday chimes with a sense of relief. The season had been very gay. Some people ascribed the number of festivities to the circumstance that every one felt well off. There were others who declared that, whereas last winter a large sprinkling of society was in mourning, this year nobody worth mentioning had died. At all events, the caterers, hackmen, florists, and reporters, who, it may be said, constitute the "supes" of the social stage, announced that there had been more going on than during any season in the course of their long professional experience.

Among those who listened to the harbingers of the holy period with satisfaction was Dorothy Crosby. To begin with, she was used up; and then, too, she felt low in her mind, and in need of leisure to collect her thoughts. She had received a vast amount of attention. People had discovered her talent for making herself agreeable, and she had suffered the usual penalty thereof. The winter had been, on the whole, even more delightful to her than the preceding one—more delightful, and yet different. The first had been attractive on the score of dazing novelty and the gradual, surprised discovery of her own powers; but her very familiarity with the ways of society had made the recent months seem peculiarly charming. She felt herself at home, and saw things with her eyes open, which was quite as entrancing an optical condition, in its way, as the prismatic vertigo that turns the head of the débutante. It was delightful to be invited to the most select and charming entertainments, to be sought for more dances than there were to bestow, to be the recipient of what Pauline Lawton called "floral tributes,"—to be conscious, in short, that people liked you. She had enjoyed it all intensely, and she had let herself go and be borne along by the impetus of the whirl. She had scarcely tried to think. There had been no time to think.

She sat at her desk this morning, however, with tear-stained eyes. She had been weeping much during the night; and now, as she pressed her little signet-ring with a stubborn emphasis upon the seal of the note she had just finished, she gave vent once more to a convulsive sob. Unhappy to relate, she had undergone a dreadful scene with her mother the evening before. Mrs. Crosby had heard, with a stony silence which sought relief at last in a stormy, watery rage, Dorothy's announcement that she had declined Ramsay Whiting's offer of marriage. The maternal plans had been sadly upset by this unexpected announcement. To be sure, Dorothy, if questioned, had always betrayed indifference regarding the young millionaire; but Mrs. Crosby had flattered herself that, when it came to the actual point, the girl would have too much sense to throw away such a brilliant chance. If there had been anything against Mr. Whiting, it would have been different; but here he was, an irreproachable *parti*,— kind, high-principled, and a gentleman, so every one said,— and evidently very much in love with Dorothy.

"I should not have said a word," Mrs. Crosby continued to argue, "were there any one else in the way. If you were in love with anybody else, Dorothy, I could understand your reason for refusing this young man; but, as it stands, your conduct is inexplicable. You did the same thing last summer in the case of Mr. Remington, whom you professed to like. Do you expect an angel to come down out of the sky for your especial benefit?"

"No, mamma," said Dorothy, too much overcome by the anguish of her emotions to realize that this last interrogatory scarcely required an answer.

"You certainly have given him encouragement lately," Mrs. Crosby went on to observe. "You have accepted his flowers and gone to walk with him repeatedly. I should think he would consider you had treated him very badly."

"Oh, mamma, how can you?" and the culprit burst into renewed sobs. "I never wore any of his flowers, and — and I declined several of his invitations to go to walk, on purpose — when I wanted to go."

The tears flowed apace. Despite her prot-

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estations, a lurking sense of guilt had already been embittering the natural discomfort one feels at being obliged to cause another pain; and these allusions on the part of her mother were like so many knife-thrusts. Struggle as she would, the dreadful truth stared her in the face that she had let things go on with but little concern as to the consequences. She had accepted Mr. Whiting's attentions smilingly, allowed him to send her costly roses, and promenaded with him in retired neighborhoods, without a momentary idea of ever marrying him. His devotion meant nothing beyond gallantry,—so she persuaded herself. A great many men did send flowers without serious intentions. Nor was it much consolation now to reflect that she had been so far on her guard as to assume a cold demeanor on several occasions when Mr. Whiting's manner had been especially intense. She had persuaded herself that such manifest signs as not wearing his flowers in her bosom, and limiting her walks with him to once a fortnight, were ample to show a discerning man —if, by any chance, he happened to be in earnest — that a successful issue to his suit was out of the question. How dreadfully it all made her feel now! She had simply been "whipping the devil round the stump." And then, too, she had told Mr. Whiting, in response to his avowal of love, that she had never supposed he could possibly be in earnest.

A night's reflection had not brought much relief. But despite her prostration, she had just completed an answer to an impassioned note from her admirer, found beside her breakfast plate, begging a reconsideration of her resolve, in which she had informed him, kindly but firmly, that under no circumstances whatever would it be possible for her to accept his offer. When she had sent the note her feelings got the better of her, and she broke down completely. Not, for a moment, that she regretted her decision. She had never wavered, either at the time of Mr. Whiting's declaration or subsequently. Still, her sensations were far from satisfactory. It was not altogether clear to her why she had refused him. She liked Mr. Whiting very much—very much indeed. But then she did not love him. No, that was certain; she did not love him the least bit in the world. Still, she did not love anybody. And the worst of it was, there seemed to be no chance of her growing to love anybody. She thought of what her mother had said about the angel. She must be very heartless and cold to be indifferent to so much devotion. Poor Mr. Whiting really seemed very fond of her. Of course she wouldn't be able to tell a soul. It would be hateful, having to keep it all to herself. Florence Lawton would guess in a minute what had happened from a cessation of his attentions; but honor required her to say nothing, even to her. Mr. Whiting would probably not speak to her again at parties for a long time, and she liked him *so* much. Mr. Remington, too, had been almost rude lately, —he was so offish. If he wished to avoid her, he was welcome to, for all she cared. He was not as nice as he used to be.

It was about eight months since that final interview at Bar Harbor with Mr. Remington. How miserable she had felt afterward! It had seemed as if there were a sort of void in her life that could not be filled. But at least she had experienced then no consciousness of blame. She had not unduly encouraged her first lover. That was all over now. Of course it was all over! She had told Mr. Remington at the time that anything stronger than friendship between them was an impossibility. She had seen but very little of him this winter. How fast the winter had slipped away! It had been delightful. Yet, looking back, there was something unsatisfactory in the reminiscence. No, she had enjoyed herself. It might have been unprofitable, but she could not regret the happiness she had known.

Still, in spite of her lack of time to reflect, her ideas had changed very much since a year ago. She was older, and the world no longer seemed the bright, poetic place it had been. She had become alive to its grimness and practicality. If any one had told her last winter that she would grow to be such a callous being, she would have ridiculed the notion. Existence was not easy for women. What a feeble, insignificant part, after all, those in her condition played in the struggle of life! How little opportunity they had of understanding its real workings! They were so hedged about by conventions, they could only catch a glimpse of that which actually took place in the world. They had to be dependent for information on what men saw fit to tell them; and were they not victims of delusion, in consequence? It was a tacit matter of honor with the other sex not to undeceive their credulity. Certain opinions and conditions of affairs were to be assumed as true in their presence, which every man believed to be false. Religion and babies are all they need to make them happy, and we will humor them in their innocent theories regarding life as it is; such was the attitude of husbands and fathers and brothers.

Whatever one might say, woman was undoubtedly the inferior of man in countless ways. In physique and intellectual qualities there was a wide divergence between them. There was a sort of pettiness about

her sex that was foreign to man. This proceeded from the nature of her occupations,—so she had heard said; but, whatever its origin, it existed. She was conscious of it herself. The feminine mind worked differently. Woman was barred by her very organism from the same processes of thought. She could discern in her own case how susceptible she was to the influence of imagination and the feelings, and how largely her reason was in subjection thereto.

Nature—how strange a thing this Nature was! There were those who argued that woman had come to be what she was to-day simply through an arbitrary division of labor, carried on through long centuries. The original differences between men and women had been comparatively slight, but these had been widened and intensified from age to age by the character of the occupations of the respective sexes. The inferiority of woman was mainly the result of the part she had played in an artificial social system, of the suppression and ill-usage to which she had been subjected in the past. Now that society had come to recognize its injustice, it was for the members of the so-called weaker sex to train those faculties that most needed development.

And yet, if one thought of rebellion, or a deviation from the beaten path, how repulsive the prospect was! She recoiled instinctively from all ideas of invading man's province, and assimilating what was masculine. All such endeavors seemed abhorrent to her very being. She could not but call to mind the unpleasing qualities of the female advocates of a change in the status of women with whom she was acquainted. If there was one thing in life she esteemed precious, it was the innate delicacy which caused her to shrink from what was rough and common. It seemed to her that external charm and loveliness were the complement of refinement of spirit, and that they should walk hand in hand. One could not exist in completeness without the other. Was there not a dependence between the graceful figure, the snow-white arm, and the soft tones of the voice, and nobility and purity of thought and desire? With the loss of finish and elegance would come a diminution in the quality of those exquisite aspirations which are peculiar to the feminine disposition. Inclined as she might be to cavil against Nature for having made the sphere of her sex so limited, she felt an intuitive hostility toward everything that would conduce to sully or impair her womanliness. Was it not better to be true to her native tendencies, and to fulfill the part she was fitted to play, even if it were a secondary one?

Her part! What was that part? It was indeed difficult to say. There appeared to be so little need of her in the world; or rather, perhaps, it was that the employments of her life were so petty. The small household cares, the unheroic round of social duties, even the studies that she sedulously pursued, were all lacking in inspiration. Her days (full enough, and still so empty) seemed to glide on without much profit to herself or anybody else. And yet it was all she could do,—all that there was for her to do. She intended during this Lenten season to visit more regularly the poor families who had been placed under her supervision by the charitable association with which she was connected. How far removed she was from these poor wretches! Was it possible that a just and omniscient God had given her so many comforts, and them so much suffering? How ungrateful she was for the blessings that had been bestowed upon her!

In her faith, at least, there was comfort. There she could find, there she *did* find, an answer to her questionings. It was God's will that she was fulfilling; and however humdrum or thorny the path, she would pursue it steadfastly and without repining. The transports of worship appealed to the sensibilities of her nature. The mysterious but precious yearnings that she felt for something upon which to expend the wealth of her being sought a focus in the religion of Christ. Her impulses toward tenderness and purity found comfort and quickening in the ecstasies of spiritual exaltation.

Under the influence of such feelings, she went much to church during this Lenten period. She liked to go best of all in the gray of the afternoon, when the recesses of the church which she attended grew dim in the waning light, and the last rays of the winter sun, struggling through the stained window, flickered on the chancel's pavement. Her spirit reached out in emotional desire to live more worthily, and she seemed to derive consolation and stimulus from this intimate communion with the unseen. The mystic philosophy of the mortification of self in the divine love, with its symbol of a deified Christ atoning for the sins of men, stirred her heart to a tender pathos.

And yet there were times when the mysteries of her creed caused her to doubt and question. Even in moments of ardent worship, it was rather the sense of blessedness — touching her spirit as with the brush of an angel's wing — that appealed to her, than any definite realization of evangelical doctrines. The meaning of much that she heard from the pulpit concerning the precise articles of orthodoxy seemed vague to her. She contented

herself at first with slurring over these perplexities as non-essentials of faith. Such a posture was, however, an impossibility for any length of time to an honest nature, and to Dorothy's keen mind the attainment of truth was indispensable to repose. It was her desire to escape the stricture so often passed upon her sex, of unreasoning fealty to superstition. Here, at least, she sympathized with the movement to cultivate the feminine intelligence. Women had ceased to be dolls and playthings. Society was ripe for their efforts to understand the serious problems of humanity. The influence of her sex in molding the character of the young ought to be borne in mind, and it was the duty of each one to seek to be able to grasp and criticise the newest thoughts concerning life. She had herself a keen interest in what the world was thinking about, and the taste for knowledge which she had cultivated at school had increased with her years. It was her principle to probe everything to the bottom, so far as she was able, in her desire for truth.

But still — despite a gradual shattering, in her eyes, of the conventional conception of a personal Deity — she scarcely faltered at heart concerning the responsibility of life and her sense of dependence on a higher power. Even in her most grievous moments of mystification regarding the doctrines of the Church creed, the belief that there was a divine purpose in human existence never deserted her. As she knelt at her bedside with clasped hands, looking up to meet the heavenly influence, the conviction that this life was not everything, and that there would be an answer to it somewhere, stirred her bosom with a strange potency. Nor did the argument of the skeptics, that this feeling was but the momentum of ancestral superstition, which in a few generations would wear away, seem to her worthy of an instant's consideration. There must be a purpose in all this vast, throbbing world. There must be some better response than annihilation to all the love and all the suffering of the centuries. It would be so unjust, so cruel, otherwise; and one who had seen her sweet, earnest face and glistening eyes at such a moment would have whispered an Amen to her faith.

It was under the influence of such reflections that Dorothy came, during the Lenten period and the spring which followed, to form a philosophy for herself, or rather to try to observe in her own case certain regulations that seemed to her of importance. Modern reading had filled her mind with a sense of the influence which so-called natural causes have upon the entire being. She had grown to see that the food we eat and the air we breathe affect materially the human structure, and that the movement of our thoughts is largely dependent upon the conditions of the body. The wonderful operation of the laws of heredity, as portrayed in the books of the day, had revealed to her how much the welfare of offspring is in the hands of parents. A desire to conform to the laws of Nature, and to resist those agencies which threaten health and vitality, began to be a part of her religious system.

Thus, life for Dorothy during these months and far into another year was deeply introspective, but uneventful. As she had anticipated, she never saw Ramsay Whiting. He had taken his dismissal as final, and according to rumor was striving to soothe the smart of his disappointment by political and agricultural activity. Arthur Remington called one spring afternoon when she was out, and on her birthday, a fortnight later, she received an anonymous basket of flowers, the label of which was addressed in his handwriting. When summer came, she went to Bar Harbor for a little while, but sought a tranquil shelter through August with some friends who had an aerie on the same coast out of the course of tourist travel. And October came once more without bringing further incident than a daily round of trivial duty and earnest introspection.

But it was otherwise with the young bride who lived not many blocks away. October found her just recovering from the effects of a confinement. She was so far convalescent as to be able to be down-stairs once more, and her father was dining with her for the first time since baby was born. He and Woodbury were smoking their cigars in the dining-room, and she was in the parlor waiting for them. Though still handsome, Isabel had altered in her appearance since marriage. The *embonpoint*, which but added a charm to her girlish proportions, had developed so as to give her cheeks and figure a trace of coarseness. She resembled Peter Idlewild more closely than ever. A newspaper lay on her lap, from which she had been trying to extract a little light on the political questions of the day, that absorbed her husband so keenly, for she hated to be ignorant of the things Woodbury was interested in; but she had given the task up in despair. He was a candidate for the Assembly again, and there were some who were opposed to his reëlection. It was all so perplexing, this discussion of platforms and parties. She could not understand what it meant; and from a recognition of her helplessness in this respect she had lapsed into reverie. Her complexion had not

quite regained its bloom, and the firm mouth wore an expression that almost suggested pain.

Why was it her husband did not care for her more? She loved him so deeply, so truly; and yet he—he was cold and indifferent. He was kind,—yes, he was kind; but kindness was a poor substitute for the affection she craved. She was certain of it,—he tolerated her, and that was all. He seemed to be drifting away from her. She had lost the power to interest him. He told her so little about himself. He was unwilling to share his thoughts with her. When she talked, and tried to express interest in what concerned him, and to understand his hopes and ambitions, he listened to her with an amused smile. "Don't bother your little head, my dear, about such matters," he would say. Bother her head? O Woodbury, Woodbury! If he could but know how much she loved him, and longed to be a help to him! She was foolish and ignorant. She was not fit to be a help to any one. He was right! How could she expect him to confide in one who was not able to appreciate his meaning? She had frittered away her girlhood and neglected her opportunities to learn, and now she was paying the penalty. The contrast between herself and many whom she saw about her was a keen and painful reality. She was, she could perceive, illiterate and lacking in breeding.

She caught a glimspe of herself in the glass. She was losing her beauty, too. She was becoming coarse and unlovely. Her hands were fat, and her wedding ring pressed so tightly that it had furrowed the flesh. She would be ugly soon, and he would cease to care for her altogether.

Bah! How absurd of her to take on in this way! Her nerves were weak. She was not strong yet, which made her imaginative and unreasonable. Was she not surrounded with everything to make her happy,— a beautiful house, delightful society, and the means to gratify her slightest desire? Woodbury was engrossed in his election, and that explained his absent-mindedness, his indifference. How glad she was he had got the nomination. She would apply herself to learn all about such things, and surprise him some day with her knowledge. The idea of her future proficiency caused her to smile in the midst of her tears, —which trickled down the faster, like a shower when the sun has burst through the clouds. She took out her handkerchief from her pocket, and, as she wiped her eyes, a tiny worsted sock dropped upon her lap. She picked it up and kissed it. Baby's! Dear little baby,—*his* baby! There, at least, she had a cause of happiness,—a treasure that she could love, and that would love her.

Hark! She heard steps. Her father and Woodbury had left the dining-room. They must not see that she had been crying. How childish she was! She hurried to the mirror, and rubbed vigorously her cheeks where the tear-stains glistened.

"Eh, Isabel?"

The banker was alone, and advanced rubbing his hands with an amused, sly expression. "They've come for him. There's a raft of them in the hall."

"Who've come, pa?"

"The boys—the strikers. I mean, there's a deputation from the voters of the district here to see Stoughton."

"What do they want of him?"

"To subscribe to a benevolent society, I guess," and the magnate chuckled.

"Well, he will, pa, wont he?"

"Can't tell, my dear. Your husband is a civil-service reformer, you know." The old man laughed scornfully.

Isabel had very indefinite ideas as to the precise functions of a civil-service reformer. She had seen the term in the papers, and always associated it, from the etymology, with some improvement in politics. But then her father, from his tone, evidently did not agree with Woodbury on the question. They always disagreed about politics. She wished it were not so.

"Do you think Woodbury will be elected, pa?"

"It's hard to tell, Isabel. You know I'm on the other side, and bound to think not. I'm a hunker Democrat, and Stoughton's a dyed-in-the-wool Republican." He glanced stealthily at the girl. It delighted him to tease her a little.

"I know, pa," she said, ruefully; "but you wont have to vote against him?"

"I never voted the Republican ticket in my life."

"Oh, well; once wouldn't make any difference. Besides, you want to have him elected, don't you?" She had drawn a footstool close to her father's chair, and sat with her blue eyes looking up at him beseechingly.

He smiled banteringly, and smoothed the golden hair with his hand.

"I wish I were a man!" she exclaimed, with a toss of her head. "I would go out and make people vote for him." She laughed; but a defiant light shone in her face that brought out more vividly the likeness to her parent.

"I believe you would, Isabel. That was my style," he added. "I stumped the State for Buchanan in '56." He paused a minute, in proud remembrance of his past exploits; then went on to narrate an incident of how

he had once circulated a ballot at the polls which was printed in such a way as to mislead people into thinking they were voting against his candidate.

As Mr. Idlewild reached the close of his anecdote, Stoughton entered the room with an absorbed expression. He was in evening dress; his hair was parted in the middle. His appearance was that of the refined and cultivated gentleman. His figure had filled out of late, and the contour of his cheeks perhaps suggested that he lived a little too well.

The banker looked up at his step. "Well, did you fix things all right?"

"How do you mean?"

"They wanted money, didn't they?"

"Yes, I believe so."

His son-in-law's laconic replies rather disconcerted Peter Idlewild. The old man sat smiling in sarcastic silence, with his hand resting on Isabel's head, now and again mechanically patting her hair. She looked inquiringly from the one to the other.

Stoughton advanced moodily to the fireplace, and stood with his back to the grate, leaning against the mantel. "They're a fine crowd!" he muttered presently, almost savagely. "They called themselves the Independent Ballot Boys, and declared they all wanted to vote for me, but would like to know my views on certain points. I said, 'Walk in, gentlemen,' and ordered Pierson to bring up some wine. There were seven of them, and they looked like some sort of mechanics. A little fellow, with a brown beard and ferret eyes, did the talking. He said he believed the chances were first-rate, and that the party would poll a big vote. He'd heard I was a good Republican, and was sound on all the leading questions. I replied that I thought I was, and told Pierson to pass round the champagne. 'Here's to Mr. Stoughton, boys,' piped the little man, 'and may he come out at the head of the poll!' They all drank their *fizz* contentedly, with the exception of one customer,— a big chap, with a frame like a blacksmith, who seemed uneasy until he got a tumbler from the sideboard, into which he poured the contents of his wine-glass."

"The horrid creature!" said Isabel.

"After they had finished, there was an awkward pause. They showed no disposition to move, and I didn't know exactly what to say. Several eyes were turned toward the spokesman, who coughed once or twice, as if at a loss how to proceed. 'We're poor men, Mr. Stoughton,' he said at last, with a meaning leer. As I pretended not to understand, he added, with more emphasis: 'We can't afford to vote for nothing. We thought, perhaps, sir, you'd feel disposed to contribute a trifle toward helping your friends; our sassiety's in need o' funds,' and he winked knowingly. 'You mean,' said I, 'that you want me to pay you for voting for me?' 'That's about the size of it, mister,' exclaimed the blacksmith; and with the words he emptied the rest of the bottle into his tumbler."

"The wretch!" exclaimed Isabel.

"Well?" said Peter Idlewild, as his son-in-law remained silent.

"Of course, I told them they'd mistaken their man, and that I would not contribute a cent for such a purpose. I said I believed in honest methods in politics, and that, though I should be glad to have their support, I must decline to pay money for votes. They listened to me in a sort of grim silence. 'We're very sorry that those are your views, Mr. Stoughton,' said the spokesman at last. I answered that I was very sorry, too, not to be able to accede to their demands. 'Well, I suppose there aint much use in our staying any longer.' As they filed out, I heard the blacksmith mutter, defiantly: 'That fixes you. The aristocrat as isn't willing to help an honest man to get a living wont have any vote of mine. Come on, boys.'"

The old man laughed. "I know the crowd. I caught a glimpse of them in the hall. That big fellow was Tim Leahy, one of the most notorious strikers in the district. You'd better have given them a couple of hundred dollars."

The young man replied that he did not consider it right. He was pledged to the reform cause.

"Well, I guess they'll find others who wont be so particular. An election's an election, and what'll your civil-service reform amount to if you don't come out ahead? I warrant Finchley wont let them go off empty-handed."

"I dare say."

"But you wouldn't have Woodbury do anything he considers wrong, pa?"

"Fudge!" said the banker. "You're cutting your own throat," he went on to say, addressing the young man. "You'll only have yourself to blame if they slaughter you at the polls. I was talking to Alderman Dunn yesterday, and he declared you needed every vote you could get in order to win. I tell you there's nothing lost by being smart in this world, and making the most of your opportunities."

After Mr. Idlewild was gone, Stoughton walked up and down the room with a preoccupied air for some minutes. He wheeled up an arm-chair to the hearth and, stretching his legs out on the fender, contemplated his pumps and dainty silk stockings.

"Woodbury?"

"Well?"

"I don't mind your smoking here."

There was another silence, and Isabel rose and changed her seat to one beside her husband. She put her arm about his neck, and pressed her cheek against his. "Arthur Remington was here this afternoon," she said presently. "He thinks baby is the image of pa."

"Humph!"

"Of course, dear, I'd rather have him look like you than anybody; but if it isn't to be you, I'm glad it's pa." She was still a moment. "I'm dreadfully sorry you are worried, Woodbury."

He knocked his pumps together irritably. Presently he freed himself from her embrace, with a restless twist of his shoulders, and sat up straight in his chair. "I believe I *will* smoke, Isabel"; and he took a cigar from his vest pocket, and proceeded to notch its end with an ingenious gilt bauble that dangled from his watch-chain.

"How cute!" she exclaimed. "I have never seen that before. Where did you get it?" And she leaned forward to examine the guillotine-like movement of the bit of jewelry.

"Gerald Pumystone gave it to me yesterday. It's the latest wrinkle from Paris."

He smoked in reflective silence, while the young wife sat leaning back, with her hands clasped behind her head, gazing at him.

"Do you suppose the men who were here to-night will really vote against you?"

Stoughton frowned slightly. He drew his cigar from between his teeth, and studied the lighted end. "I don't know, Isabel," he answered briefly.

Five minutes passed, and no word was spoken. A log of the wood fire broke with a sputter on the hearth. Isabel rose and said she was going to bed.

"Good-night, Woodbury!" She kneeled down beside his chair. He took her cheeks between his hands, and gazed into her face. "You look a little tired, dear, to-night. You must be careful of yourself. How does the new nurse work?"

The tears started to her eyes. "I wish—I wish, Woodbury, you would try to tell me a little more about yourself. I'm sure I could understand very soon." A drop fell upon her cheek, which she hastened to brush away. "I'm very foolish, I know; but I do love you so much!"

"Certainly, certainly, Isabel! I will tell you anything you desire." The young man stroked her hair affectionately. This outburst puzzled him. "Another week will see an end to this plaguy election, and then I shall have more time."

"I don't mean to bother you, Woodbury," she exclaimed piteously.

"Of course not! I know that, dear." He raised her from the floor, and kissed her kindly. "You are tired. Your nerves are not strong yet."

He led her to the staircase. She turned and looked at him, half timidly, as if to implore forgiveness; then, as their eyes met, she buried her face upon his breast. He clasped her in a close embrace.

"Ah, Woodbury!" she murmured, "you will always love me, wont you?"

"Always, Isabel." As she raised toward him her glistening lashes, he pressed two or three re-assuring kisses upon her brow. He watched her ascend the stairs, turning at the landing to smile at him once more ere she vanished. "Good-night, dear; sleep soundly!" he said.

Stoughton resumed his seat by the hearth, and sat long, gazing at the smoldering embers. His lips were tightly compressed, and there was a yearning, sorrowful look in his eyes. His thoughts were busy. Perchance pity was there for the wife he did not love, and remorse for the suffering of which he was the cause. Perchance also, in that wealth of affection she had betrayed for him, he caught a glimpse of the happiness once within his grasp, and thrown away forever. He too might have thrilled with such a passion, had he but been steadfast. He too might have felt for another a love as fervent as that squandered by this poor child upon him. But he had preferred the seen to the unseen, and sacrificed the eternal for that which was sure to perish. There are moments when even the glowing consciousness of material prosperity, and the carefully argued-out conviction that a comfortable egoism is the summit of philosophy, pale before the light of the captive spirit, still struggling to aspire, like the long, thin flame of a dying candle.

The expression of Woodbury Stoughton's face changed by degrees to a grave tranquillity. He sighed once or twice, then rose from his chair. He shook himself, and arranged his cravat in the mirror over the mantel-piece. "Half-past ten. Humph!" He built up the wood fire, and stood with his back to it, warming his legs. He was thinking again.

"I wonder," said he, presently, "if I hadn't better have given those fellows something?"

He sighed once more, and, choosing a volume from the table, composed himself to read. The book was a French novel — Feuillet's "L'Histoire d'une Parisienne" — which Mrs. Tom Fielding had informed him was excellent.

XII.

EASTER! The sun has risen bright and clear to greet the Christian festival, and now at high noon shines down with dancing light on the throng that fills the streets, returning home from the churches. Ever eager and restless, but with a lighter step than yesterday, as if the fresh hope welling up in the heart had given wings to their feet, the crowd pour along the pavements. Happy-looking maidens, gay with new bonnets and with blushing roses at their belts, trip past in the company of spick and span young men, neatly gloved, and conscious of their canes. Children flock by in merry prattle, for all the March wind that whirls about their curls at the street corners and threatens the pride of the lilies in their little hands. It is not spring yet; so, at least, bethinks the grandsire, buttoning against the chilly gust the overcoat he had let dangle open,—not averse, perhaps, to giving the rising generation a peep of the fancy waistcoat in vogue when the Battery was the terrace of fashion and Canal street marked the boundary of civilization. Here and there, amid the passers, the flowing veil that speaks of recent sorrow shrouds face and figure. Those wearing them, if alone, walk hurriedly, as if eager to escape the whisper of recognition; others, resting upon some protecting arm, move cumbrously and slow. In the windows of many a solemn mansion the *Lilium candidum* towers chaste and stately between the drawn-back shutters. *Manibus o date lilia plenis.* To-day is the anniversary of the hope of humanity.

Tripping with the rest down the steps of the small chapel where she is wont to worship, comes Dorothy Crosby, clasping her prayer-book and the snowy calla given her by one of her Sunday-school scholars. Her earnest face is still eloquent with the influences of the hour. Thrilled, yet thoughtful, she has heard the sweet and holy cadences of the service, and listened once more to that wondrous story upon which the Christian faith reposes. "*Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more, but ye see me.*"

A light hand touches her shoulder. She turns, and with an ecstatic "My dear!" beams upon Florence Lawton a radiant smile; then grasps and squeezes her fingers with mysterious rapture.

"I'm so glad, Florence," she whispers. "It was so nice of you to send me word."

"Isn't it exciting? I was just crazy to tell you at the Tremaines' last Thursday, but Mr. Lattimer hadn't told his relations, and he declared his great-aunt would alter her will if she heard of the engagement from any one but him. Don't speak of it until to-morrow, will you, Dorothy?"

"Of course not, dear."

"I'm so afraid it will get out to-day. I made Mr. Lattimer go to a different church this morning, on purpose to put people off the scent; but I'm sure it has leaked out. Old Miss Bell simpered at me all through the service, just as if she knew of it."

Miss Lawton, with a parting nod of enigmatic delight, whisked into her coupé.

"Good-morning, Miss Crosby."

The voice was Arthur Remington's. He stood smiling at her side, and asked if she were going to walk home.

"Yes, I believe so." Dorothy blushed a little, and glanced down at the bunch of red roses in her corsage. "I have not seen you for some weeks, Mr. Remington."

No. He had been busy, very busy. His time was taken up with politics, in addition to his practice. Had she read in the papers how much progress the reformers had been making?

"Oh, yes; I take a great interest in all that sort of thing now. I have become tremendously industrious this winter. I belong to a debating club! Only think, we discussed last week *the tendencies of modern civilization*, and decided that the women of the present day were superior, as a whole, to the men. What have you to say to that, Mr. Remington?"

"I dare say you're right. You see, the men have to work so hard to make money, it isn't altogether their fault."

They walked on in silence for a moment or two.

"It was very kind of you to send me these lovely flowers, Mr. Remington," she said softly.

"I'm glad you liked them."

He went on to say that the roses were very fine this year.

"These are exquisite. What a pity they must fade!" And she fingered for an instant one of the deep-red Jacqueminots.

"That is the fate of everything," he said, a little sententiously.

She was quiet a moment. "I don't believe, Mr. Remington, that anything in the world which is beautiful can really perish, do you? Things change, but I cannot think they die. That was interesting, what the clergyman said as to coal being merely bottled-up sunshine, and that no force is ever lost."

She was thinking of the words she had just heard at church. The preacher, as if in echo of the doubt concerning the supernatural agencies of the resurrection, which the young girl could not completely banish from her thoughts, had led his hearers to dwell on the immortality of good work in the world, rather than linger with the Savior at the tomb. His influence lived and would never die. "*Yet a*

little while, and the world seeth me no more, but ye see me."

"Yes." It was difficult to talk connectedly, owing to the constant passing and the bewilderment of recognizing their acquaintances. They proceeded down the avenue toward Dorothy's home in an absorption varied by occasional commonplace remarks. The thick-set man with the light-buff coat, who bowed, was Mr. Finchley, Woodbury Stoughton's colleague in the Legislature. Yes, he was the person who was said to have been so much in love with Miss Idlewild before her engagement.

"I went to see Mrs. Stoughton the other day," observed Miss Crosby. "She is stouter than she was, and less refined-looking, I thought. I found her reading the 'Congressional Record,' or 'Debates,' or whatever you call the journal in which the speeches made at Washington are printed. Wasn't it a funny idea? I suppose it's because her husband is so much interested in politics."

"There is some talk of sending Stoughton to Congress another year." Remington frowned slightly as he spoke, for his thoughts momentarily reverted to the stories he had heard lately regarding the attentions of his friend to Mrs. Fielding. Stoughton was said to be constantly at her house. He himself had noticed their deliberate isolation at parties, and had met them several times in the street, walking together.

"You will come in and take luncheon with us, I hope, Mr. Remington," said Dorothy, as they reached the house in Washington Square. The young man assented, and followed her up the flight of stone steps, with its old-fashioned iron railing, capped with brass. She led the way into the small parlor. "I shall leave you for a few minutes to your own devices," and she vanished with a pleasant smile.

Remington placed his hat on the table, and sat looking before him with his hands in his lap, the tips of the fingers of one resting against those of the other. He had made up his mind to ask Miss Crosby again to become his wife. The waverings and self-scrutiny of the past months had culminated, the evening before, in a conviction that he loved her dearly, and a resolve to tell her so once more. What might be her feelings regarding him he was at a loss to decide. She had married no one else at least, and he knew she was fond of him as a friend. She had indicated as much as that in various ways during the past year. Still he could not feel certain. Very possibly she did not care for anybody sufficiently to marry.

In his more youthful days, as has been said, before he understood himself, and when these maturer developments of character were as yet in embryo, the vague but entrancing ideal of an all-absorbing love had been constantly present to him. To realize this had been the dream of his early manhood. There had been a time when his sentiment for Miss Crosby approached that complete frenzy of feeling which makes everything in creation, save the personality in question, seem subsidiary and stale. Then, even before he had asked her to become his wife and she had refused him, the intensity of this instinct of pure nature had begun to wane under the materializing influences of daily life. How difficult it had become for him in the matter of his relation to the other sex, as in everything else, to retain his hold upon ideality! What was marriage, after all, but a convention? The choice of a wife should be governed by considerations of utility. Mutual esteem was a desirable prerequisite, and affection would follow later. The fervor of unreasoning, passionate love belonged to extreme youth, and was incompatible with the more sober mental processes of maturity.

This was the same old basis of argument that had presented itself so often to his mind in relation to everything in life. In the case of sentiment, as in all else, he had found himself between two conflicting fires. Here, too, he had wavered and vacillated, and only after protracted inward debate had come to distrust with his whole heart the specious philosophy of materialism.

He would be true to himself. He loved Dorothy with all his heart. She was his ideal of all that a woman should be. He was poor; but he had practice enough now to enable him to support a wife in a very simple way, and he was not going to renounce the hope of winning her he loved without one more effort. He knew that he should find in her sympathy and right-mindedness the greatest blessing life could give.

He sat in the little parlor, in that nervous yet deliberate state peculiar to one who has resolved upon a step that will affect his entire future. Now that he had definitely made up his own mind, the doubts as to what Miss Crosby's feelings might be harassed him disagreeably. Why did she not come? He arose and began to pace the room. He stopped before the mantel-piece, and examined the ornaments and photographs thereon, with which he was already familiar. His eye fell on a tintype of a group taken at Bar Harbor two summers ago. Miss Crosby was among the number. She wore a black fichu about her neck, and her Japanese sun-umbrella was jauntily carried over her shoulder. He was sitting at her feet. How desperate he was

about her then! Ramsay Whiting had seemed to him to have the inside track. That reminded him,—he had heard, the night before, a rumor that Lattimer was engaged to Florence Lawton. He wondered if it was true. Miss Crosby would be sure to know. Why didn't she come?

The door opened and Dorothy re-appeared. "You must excuse me, Mr. Remington, for keeping you so long. Mamma has a headache, and needed me."

Remington suggested that, as Mrs. Crosby was not feeling well, perhaps he had better take his departure. "I shall rely upon your sending me away if you don't want me," he continued, in response to her assurance that she was quite at liberty.

"Very well. I hope you carve," she added, with a laugh; "for I always depend on mamma to cut the cold chicken."

Remington stood leaning against the mantel-piece with the tintype still in his hand. She evidently felt, he reflected, that they were on an entirely friendly footing, or she would never have been privy to a *tête-à-tête* luncheon. "I used to carve a good deal at college," he answered. She wore one of his roses still; that was something.

He turned the tintype toward the light and scrutinized it. "Miss Plumber looks in this as if she had lost her last friend. What a funny girl she was! I believe, though, you didn't see very much of her," he said, looking up. "I was obliged to solace myself with her society for want of better. By the way, I hear Mr. Lattimer is engaged to Miss Florence Lawton."

"Oh, who told you?" and then, as the young man laughed gleefully at the success of his strategy, Dorothy gave utterance to several ejaculations deprecatory to herself for having let the cat out of the bag in such an unguarded way. "Oh!" she cried, "I am a perfect sieve. But it was base of you, Mr. Remington. I don't see how you could have been willing to deceive me. Of course I thought you knew all about it."

"Well, he's a lucky fellow."

"I think they are both lucky. Mr. Lattimer is a very nice man."

"Yes, he is. Lattimer is a good fellow." Remington spoke a little as if he were conscious of magnanimity. "You know him very well, I believe, Miss Crosby. I remember you saw a good deal of him that summer at Bar Harbor."

"Yes, we are quite intimate. He used to play the banjo beautifully. We had some amusing evenings together on the water. Let me see, that was nearly three years ago. How time flies!" She was pensive a moment. "I think luncheon is ready, Mr. Remington," she said presently.

Miss Crosby presided over the cups and saucers at the head of the table, but the cold chicken was placed so that the guest should not sit at the foot. The meal was a tranquil one. Remington, who was hungry, ate with relish; but Dorothy confined herself to a cup of tea and thin bread and butter.

"You eat nothing, Miss Crosby," said the young man.

"Oh, yes, I am doing very well."

"You had better let me give you a piece of chicken." He raised a tempting slice of the breast on the fork.

She shook her head resolutely, as if impatient of dictation from him.

"I hope Mrs. Crosby's headache is not serious," he said, after a spell of silence.

"Oh, no. Mamma has them every now and then. If you have finished, Mr. Remington, we will go into the other room."

Dorothy sat down on a lounge; and, after a preliminary saunter toward his favorite fireplace, he took his seat beside her. He picked up a photograph album from the table. "May I look at this?"

"Certainly."

"That is your father, I suppose?"

"Yes. He died when I was very young."

"It is an interesting face. You have his eyes and mouth."

"I am thought to be very like him. That is my mother's mother."

"Ah, this must be you! What a funny little tot! You could not have been more than five. And here is another ——"

"Don't look at that. Please give me the book. I didn't know that hateful thing was there. Oh, how unkind!"

"It isn't flattering exactly, but I like it." Remington had insisted upon examining the photograph which portrayed his sweetheart at the age of sixteen, with a school-girl braid down her back. "You know that anything which concerns you interests me, Miss Crosby."

The words were spoken in a quiet, serious tone. Upon the next page was a likeness of her in full ball-dress, evidently of recent date. He sat bending forward, with his eyes fixed upon it for some minutes.

"When was that taken?"

"Last winter. But you have looked at it enough, Mr. Remington. The subject doesn't interest me as a topic of conversation, and you are bound to make yourself agreeable. How are you getting on at the law?" Dorothy had leaned back in her corner of the sofa, and met his gaze with self-possession.

"I would rather talk about you than any-

thing else in the world." He paused an instant, fingering nervously the album which still lay open in his hands. He closed it, and placed it on the table. "Miss Crosby," he murmured, leaning toward her, "I told you once, nearly three years ago, that I loved you. I don't know that I can add anything to what I said then; but I have loved you ever since, and love you still."

"Yes?" She sat quietly, with her hands clasped in her lap, looking straight before her.

"Do you know," he said, grasping her hand impetuously, "that I think you are the sweetest, loveliest woman in the world? I want you to be my wife, and help me to make my life all it should be."

She did not withdraw her fingers. She remained perfectly still, without meeting his glance.

"I have not the power to say all I feel. My words sound so harsh and cold; but, Dorothy, Dorothy, — I love you."

He looked up imploringly into her face.

"I think you do love me, Mr. Remington," she said, with a sweet smile. "It is very nice to be loved."

He covered her hand with eager kisses. She withdrew it softly. "Indeed, Mr. Remington, I don't know what to say. I like you very much." And as she spoke, she fondly gazed down into his eyes,— then drooped her own.

"My darling!" His arm was about her waist, and he kissed her lips.

She freed herself gently from his embrace. "No, no, you must not do that! There are so many girls, Mr. Remington," she murmured, "who would make you happier than I should."

He went on to tell her, in words which, though unchosen, must have been sweet to her ear, how much he reverenced her character, and how good and pure and lovely she was, and how completely she fulfilled his ideal of what woman ought to be.

She shook her head. "That shows you know me very little, Mr. Remington."

"But you have consented, dearest, have you not?"

"Have I?" She gave a little laugh, the banter of which breathed a joyous self-surrender. She was silent. Her brown eyes sought the floor and her lip trembled. "Dear," she said at last, looking up,—and the noble light in her face, that he knew so well, was as a star of morning,— "you must be sure to love me with all your heart; for if you should cease to care for me, I think I should die."

. . . . .

It was evening, and the lovers sat alone in the dim fire-light of the library. Mrs. Crosby had left them together. The latter's headache had been put to flight by the news of the engagement, which was by no means repugnant to the maternal feelings. The good lady had indeed begun to be solicitous lest Dorothy might be so difficult to please that she would glide unwed into middle age. To be sure, she was not twenty-five yet; but to a mother who has her daughter on her mind, this seems a mature period. There was no objection to Mr. Remington. His family was entirely unexceptionable; and if he was not rich,— well, she had come to see that one cannot arrange matters beyond a certain point. If Dorothy fancied him, there was nothing to be said. She had always suspected how it would end; so she announced at dinner, despite the protestations of the blushing girl that she had never cared a straw until recently.

They sat without talking much; for, despite their happiness, it was difficult to realize their new relation. It was all so strange. The mind of each was busy with thought. In moments like these one sighs for a glimpse behind the veil of eternity. Who can wholly shut out the specters of time and change, old age and death, from the blissful vision of a perfect joy? The shrouded figure which waits for all stands at the end of the vista; and with the re-awakening to the reality of life come the old doubts and questionings. Does marriage mean aught but a comfortable compact for the sharing of houses and lands and tears and laughter in common? The ecstasy we feel is a delusion that will die away after a few weeks. Already we feel calm and collected; and even if she were to be taken from us to-morrow, would we die of grief?

"Was that true, what you said about not having cared for me at all until lately?" asked Remington, beseechingly.

"I don't know anything about it," she replied, with a coquettish laugh. "It seems to me that every idea I ever had is gone. I feel as if I could never put confidence in myself again. Don't you think," she said presently, "I've made a dreadful mistake?"

The young man pressed her hand tenderly.

"God grant that you may never have cause to regret it, Dorothy!"

There was a short silence. "I am sure I never shall," she murmured sweetly and firmly.

"Arthur," she said, after a moment,— and she pronounced his name as if the self-abandonment which its use implied still seemed a weakness,— "how strange it all is! I really know you so little! Do you remember," she asked, "the conversation we had three years ago, at Mrs. Idlewild's?" She went on to explain that they had talked of religion and

the purposes of life. "This is Easter, and I do not like to feel, dear, that we think differently regarding such things."

He did not reply for a while. "I was younger then, Dorothy, than I am to-day, and my ideas have changed somewhat. As you say, we are not perhaps wholly at one regarding the questions of which you speak. Yet who really knows more than another about the meaning of life? Who dares take it upon himself, in the face of the wondrous phenomena of this vast universe, to forecast the nature of the unseen? No one can tell what is to become of us after death; future existence is only a hope. But still, Dorothy, my darling," and he clasped her in his arms as he spoke, "whatever else is true or false, you and I are conscious that there is a power somewhere, transcending human thought, which draws our spirits upward. We know not what it is; we cannot grasp it; but it exists,—does it not, dear one?—and is a part of our being, though we at times deny it. Is it possible that the sole answer to this beautiful world, to all its joy and sorrow, its prayers and aspirations, is merely annihilation? Oh, it cannot be that this love which we have pledged to each other forever, the kisses of our lips, are but new toys for death to mock at. Nay, let us believe that we are more than puppets; let us have faith that the joy we feel to-day is given that we, through it, may learn to make our lives all that they should be. We know not what is to come; but this we know, that for you and me there can be no rest or happiness save in striving to conquer evil. For what is living well but strife and resistance? Is not human life a growth that thrives only through the conscious struggle of the spirit? And, my Dorothy, shall we not believe that the union of our souls, if we but love each other with all our hearts, will last forever?"

It may be that, even as he spoke, he was conscious of his old doubts and questionings,—even as one sees the fog-banks in summer, like light clouds, skirting the horizon's edge, and knows that they will gather with the twilight. But she, with a clinging tenderness, put her arms about his neck and, drawing his face down to hers, murmured, as she gazed up into his eyes: "O Arthur, my love, with such a faith I will follow you to the end of the world."

(To be continued.)

LORD'S DAY.

I THINK that all our days should be Lord's Days,
And sacred to His service. Do we need
Church-calling bells Godward our steps to lead?
Organs and choirs to stimulate our praise,
And well-read homilies our souls to raise
Above their week-long earthliness and greed?
Alas! what profit is it, if succeed
To one sweet day, employed in hallowed ways,
Six spent in worldliness and sloth and pride?
Dear Sabbath, pearl of price! that we should dare
To set thee in such tinsel for the wear
Of the Great King! How shall our work abide
When He shall come like a consuming fire,
And dross shall melt beneath His sacred ire?

Caroline A. Mason.

THE BAY OF ISLANDS, IN CALM AND STORM.

THE CRUISE OF THE ALICE MAY.—IV.

THREE days we were becalmed off the coast of Newfoundland, making scarcely any progress. The weather was too fine for those waters, and suggested that it might prove a weather-breeder preceding a storm, while we were yet distant from port on a perilous coast. At this time, and in fact through the entire voyage, we found the mornings and evenings cool, and often needed a fire in our stove to take off the chill. We stood in toward Bear Cove on the third morning, and a glimpse was revealed to us of the ranges which give such grandeur to the west coast of Newfoundland. A coast-range of mountains, reaching in places a height of three thousand feet, trends north and south. The abruptness of the slopes, and the savage character of the numerous ravines which intersect these mountains, add greatly to the formidable aspect they present from the sea. At Bear Cove these heights approach the water with a regularity resembling stupendous fortifications, opening here and there like mighty embrasures. They are almost as bare as if constructed of masonry, but their grim and forbidding effect is slightly modified by the variety of colors that beautify the rocky ledges of which they are composed. Nowhere did we discern, far as the eye could reach, the faintest sign of human or animal life, but over land and sea brooded solitude.

All day the dead calm continued. The slatting of the sails, the jerking of the booms, and the groaning of the timbers, the livelong hours as we tossed helplessly on the regular roll of the westerly swell, were most exasperating, especially also because the sea was gradually setting the schooner close in under the cliffs. In fact, we were so far in that we lost the influence of a light breeze from the eastward, which the highlands prevented from reaching our sails. We were almost in blue water, having passed off the bank which shoals the water in the center of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

After dinner we took soundings, and finding that the vessel had drifted into shallower water, the cod-lines were brought out and dropped over the side. The results were very gratifying. Scarcely had the first line reached bottom before a strong bite was felt. The heavy tug on the line indicated large fish, and two cod of unusual size were found attached to it. For several hours all hands were occupied drawing in cod. The fish caught that afternoon averaged a size more than common, and the after-deck was soon heaped up with a fine supply of fresh meat. Barrels were brought out from the fore-peak, and the fish were cleaned, salted, and barreled for future use, reserving a supply for present needs. A cod-fish purchased in the market is not to be compared, when cooked, with one just out of water.

As the day wore on, light puffs from the southward and eastward carried us slowly toward the entrance to the Bay of Islands, which we earnestly hoped to enter before another night should close in. South Head, part of Lark Mountain lying at the lower side of the port, now towered up sublimely, revealing the vast chasm which is hollowed out on its western or sea side. This chasm resembles a crater which has been depressed on one side, and gives a volcanic aspect to a coast which otherwise shows little trace of igneous action in its forms. A singular peak was also opened up in the interior fixed in the edge of a vertical precipice. It was difficult not to believe it a feudal tower of the dark ages.

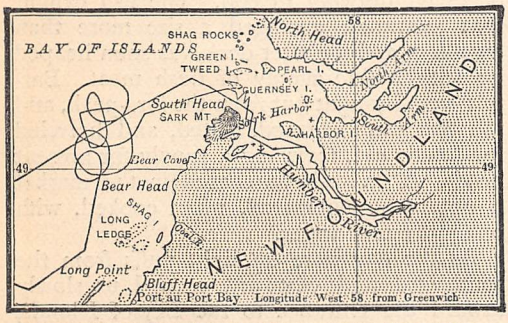
But the aspect of the weather was not encouraging; for the sky was becoming overcast, and a foreboding gloom accompanied by fog was gathering in the south. The mists dropped over the precipices like waterfalls, and the prospect of entering the Bay of Islands not only grew beautifully less, but just as we were able, as it were, to look in, there was every reason to apprehend that we should have to make an offing. A night of intense silence and gloom succeeded. Occasionally we heard the dull echo of the surf beating in the caves of South Head. Although the weather continued calm, it was a night when one prefers not to sleep too soundly. Lest we should drift on the rocks, we headed out to sea, but toward morning a southerly breeze sprang up.

"Head her in for the bay, Captain Welsh. We want to get in before the wind changes and blows us out to sea again."

But Captain Welsh was a "blue-water" man. He liked plenty of sea-room, and hesitated.

"Now's our chance, Captain. It'll be daylight before we are up with the entrance to the bay, and then we can see our way in. At any rate, we've got to get there to-day; we've fooled out here long enough. It's to-day or never. You'd better set the gaff-topsail and stay-sail, and make all we can before it comes on to blow."

With visible reluctance the Captain sung out: "Put your helm up! Here, Tom, slack



THE CRUISE OF THE "ALICE MAY" THROUGH THE BAY OF ISLANDS.

out the main-sheet! Bill, you go aloft and loose the top-sail!"

But there was no spirit in the breeze; it was capricious and inefficient, although it took us to within five miles of the entrance before it died away. The gray dawn now showed us a grim outlook. The cliffs were half hidden in driving clouds, and the sun seemed to take no interest in lighting up what promised to be a very dubious day. As the light increased we perceived a line of angry foam rapidly coming toward us dead ahead.

"There's where it's coming out," said the Captain, taking the wheel and keeping a sharp look-out. As the vessel payed off to meet the wind, it struck her with great violence, laying her almost on her beam ends. In came one sail after another in rapid succession, and the schooner was soon in fighting trim, battling with a furious north-easter. A short, violent sea swept often over the deck, and every timber quivered as the little craft jumped from billow to billow. The wind was accompanied by heavy sheets of rain, which at times completely shut out the land. Our only course was to keep hammering away at it, and do our best to beat into the bay, at least so long as it did not blow too hard to carry sail. The squalls off the highland were frequent and violent, although, following the instructions of the navigation guide-book, we took good care not to get too close under its lee.

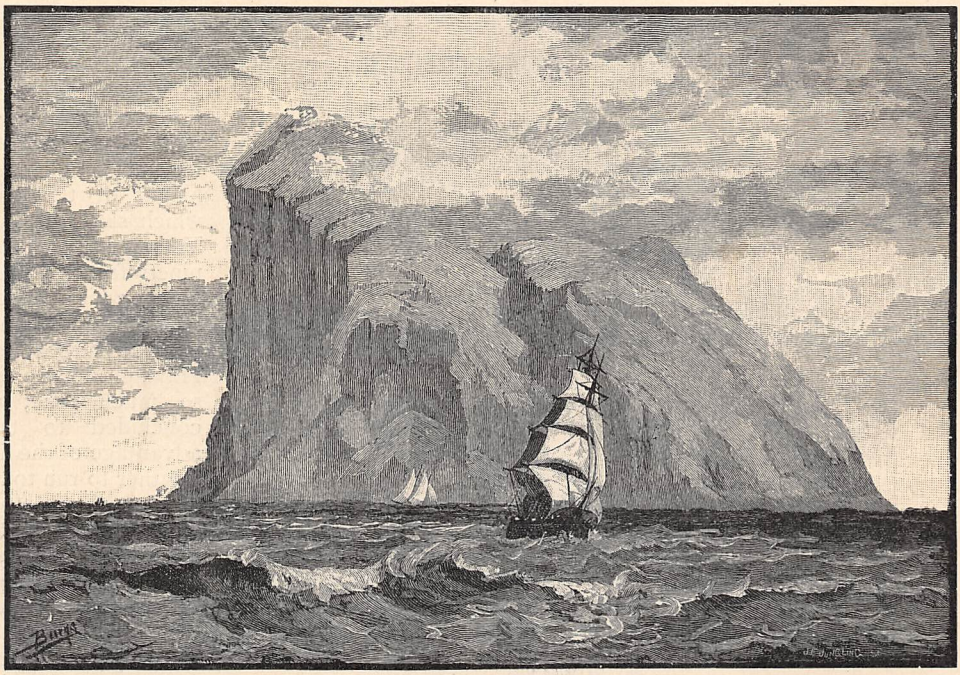
I never shall forget how Guernsey Island looked that morning as the little schooner ran under its tremendous cliffs and tacked. One thousand feet above us it towered, a vertical rock over which the mists drove like smoke. Although we were fully a mile from it, it fairly seemed but a stone's throw from the ship. This Gibraltar-like rock lies midway in the channel. Although it is two full miles from South Head, it was impossible to believe it. The cliffs on each side were so vast, it was only by timing the distance as we tacked from side to side that I could credit what the chart and dividers stated. But even after I was convinced that it was two long miles between the headlands, I could not realize it until I had seen the heights at all times of the day and in all states of the atmosphere.

After struggling at her task all the morning, the *Alice May* finally reached into the Bay of Islands and came abreast of Sark Harbor. The wind now capriciously died away, and she was in danger of losing all she had gained, owing to the rapid tide and current running out of the bay, when a sea-wind sprung up and wafted us where we could anchor, if necessary. The sun also came out; the clouds rolled away, and the magnificent scenery of the Bay of Islands lay around us. We felt more than repaid for the effort required to reach it. The coast scenery of the world offers few prospects more grand, more varied, more enchantingly beautiful than this. Certainly on the Atlantic coast of North America its equal is not to be found.

The Bay of Islands is about twelve miles square. Its entrance is guarded by Guernsey, Pearl, and Tweed Islands, which are all exceedingly lofty. Guernsey is also called Ouibol by the French. Opposite Guernsey is Sark Mountain; it is isolated and rises one thousand three hundred and six feet, terminating in what is called South Head. This was the scene of a remarkable incident some years ago. In a heated altercation the mate of a French ship killed the captain. A sort of drum-head court-martial held on deck condemned the wretch to die. But he was given his choice either to be swung from the yard-arm, or climb to the top of South Head and leap over the precipice. He chose the latter. With his arms pinioned, he was conducted to the brow of the fearful precipice, and when the word was given, boldly sprang into the air. His body never was found, having probably lodged in a cleft in the side of the cliff. Such a death seems to suggest that the doomed man was conscious of being not wholly in the wrong in the quarrel which thus resulted in the death of two men. No ordinary criminal could have deliberately accepted death in such a form.

Adjoining Sark Mountain is Sark Harbor, a deep, narrow, and most romantic cove, al-

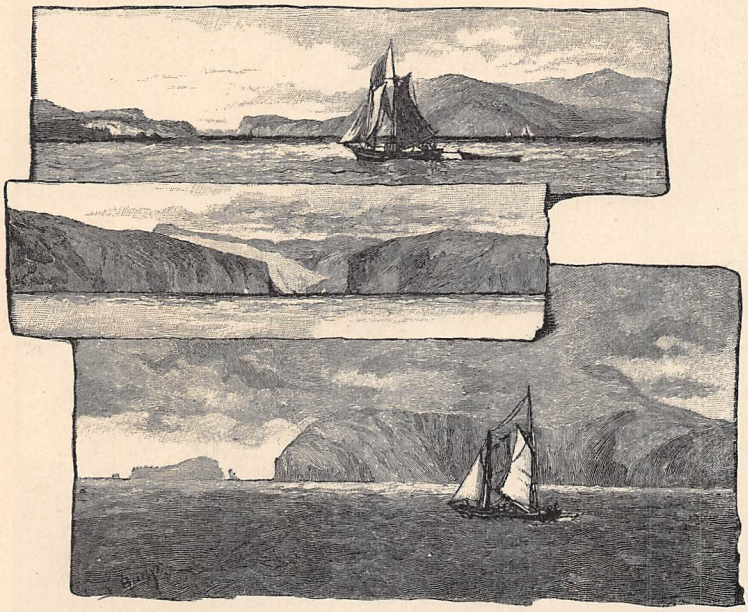
most inclosed by overhanging, densely wooded crags, offering safe anchorage, but liable to furious squalls. Eastward of this opens a lovely bay called York Harbor, protected by a low, wooded isle. Here are two or three huts occupied by miners, the first dwellings we had seen since we left the Magdalen Islands. This delicious sheet of water is dominated on the east by the sublime grandeur of Blomidon, which terminates one of the coast-ranges. Blomidon is two thousand and forty-three feet high, and is crowned with an overhanging rampart of rock, which abuts on a nearly vertical slope that plunges fifteen hundred feet. In one spot the crags take the form of an enormous eagle's claw, burying its talons in the side of the mountain. From the summit a water-fall slips over the edge of the cliff and dangles downward, like a flexible band of silver, until lost in the impenetrable forests which clothe the base of Blomidon. These forests form one of the most remarkable features of the Bay of Islands. The southern side of the bay is a mass of tangled woods, generally spruce, birch, and fir, interlocking their boughs, and intertwined by an almost impenetrable thicket. There are tracts in that solitude where the axe has never rung since the creation. Bear, deer, beaver, partridges, and hare abound in these woods. The hunters of the beaver assume the right to a certain region, and others venturing to hunt on this claim are liable to get into trouble. The flanking ranges of Blomidon are wild in form, presenting abrupt peaks springing out of the woods, and valleys bathed in delicate hues. Comparisons are considered odious, but I could not help comparing this part of the shores of the bay to the shores of the Clyde and the adjoining Trosachs.



GUERNSEY ISLAND.

Blomidon may almost be said to be a solid mass of copper. It abounds in that mineral. It is well known that copper ore has been exported from the northern coast of Newfoundland to the smelting furnaces of Swansea for many years past. But the explorations recently made at the Bay of Islands have shown that these shores are rich in undeveloped mineral wealth. Ore containing silver has been found in some quantity, and gold, it is stated; but of this the evidence is less satisfactory. The land at the foot of Blomidon has been marked out, and a company is now running shafts into the mountain and prospecting. A claim of three square miles may be obtained for six pounds, good for three years. But the Government of Newfoundland has a claim on two-thirds, or two miles of each claim. The Swansea Company is working the ore, or rather furnishing the capital to develop the veins. The time is not very distant when the world will awake to a consciousness of the mineral wealth and abundant timber resources of Newfoundland.

The southern side of the Bay of Islands is lined with lofty ranges of precipices, more bare than those already described, but rivaling them in beauty. Their stern and sterile character really enhances the loveliness of the tints in which an afternoon light suffuses them. They are clear-cut in outline, and rose-gray and tender purple in color. Frequently among the higher crags of these mountains of Newfoundland patches of snow, many acres in extent, were seen, although it was now the month of August. We were assured that this snow never leaves these spots, where it lies even in midsummer thirty to fifty feet deep at no greater altitude than fifteen hundred feet above the sea. The north shore is cleft by wonderful fiords, called the North and South Arms. The cliffs which inclose them rise perpendicularly from the water for many hundred feet.



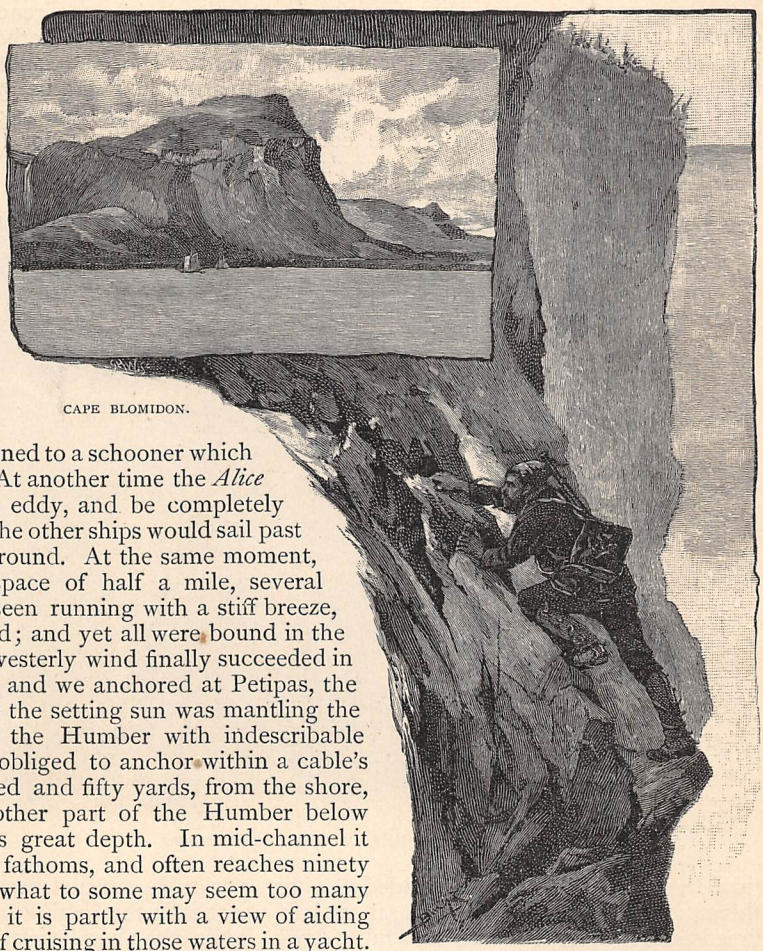
THE BAY OF ISLANDS.

About the center of the bay lies Harbor Island. We headed for it, proposing to find an anchorage there, the water elsewhere being generally of great depth. We found the wind baffling, and the schooner was repeatedly seized by swirling eddies, and driven back, even with a fresh breeze filling her sails. This was exceedingly perplexing, and drove Captain Welsh to his wits' ends. The full moon arose superbly while we were drifting in the channel between Harbor Island and Blomidon, and we finally anchored near Frenchman's Cove, at the foot of this sublime mountain. We seemed to be in a fabled region peopled by giants. The scenery we had seen during the day produced such impressions of grandeur and primeval solitude that I should not have been in the least surprised if gigantic cyclopean beings had waded out from the vast overhanging forests which draped the cliffs under which our little ship was anchored.

The following day opened calm and lovely. Far away, a number of schooners could be seen at the mouth of the Humber River. It was fortunate we saw them there, for it gave us an opportunity of gauging the height of the cliffs which skirt the bay. Vessels with masts ninety feet high were mere white specks against the cliffs when miles this side of them. Having already lost so much time, we concluded to take advantage of the fine weather to run to the southward, and stood again toward the mouth of the bay. But we had not gone far when vessels were seen running in, bringing with them a strong westerly wind and a high sea. A short trial with the rapidly rising waves proved that we should simply lose time in trying to beat out in so small a vessel. Therefore we put the helm up, and decided to run to the head of navigation on the Humber. It was a wild, exciting sail of some twenty miles, between lofty shores of novel and remarkable loveliness.

At the very entrance to the river we began to see houses and clearings, and realized that we were entering upon altogether a distinct phase of the attractions of the Bay of Islands. Clusters of houses, enlarging sometimes into hamlets, were frequent; and new houses were in process of construction in many places, indicating activity and a growing population. At Benoit's Cove and Beechy Cove, pretty chapels were seen, and a number of important dwellings. At the latter place Mr. Evans, the only American in the bay, has a trading and fishing establishment. But we were unable to give undivided attention to the beauty unfolded at each point we passed, for the schooner required careful watching. In company with several other schooners, we were running wing and wing before a very fresh and puffy wind. But in spite of the

force of the breeze, counter-flaws would come off the land with great suddenness, taking the sails all aback, and threatening to carry away the masts or capsize the vessel. In one of these flaws our mainsail jibed with such force as to carry away the boom guy-tackle and belaying pin. It is a wonder the head of the mast was not carried away, as happened to a schooner which was alongside of us. At another time the *Alice May* would strike an eddy, and be completely turned around, while the other ships would sail past her as if she were aground. At the same moment, perhaps within the space of half a mile, several schooners might be seen running with a stiff breeze, or tacking or becalmed; and yet all were bound in the same direction. The westerly wind finally succeeded in carrying all before it, and we anchored at Petipas, the head of navigation, as the setting sun was mantling the shores and gorge of the Humber with indescribable splendor. We were obliged to anchor within a cable's length, or one hundred and fifty yards, from the shore, as in almost every other part of the Humber below Petipas the water has great depth. In mid-channel it is rarely under sixty fathoms, and often reaches ninety fathoms. If we give what to some may seem too many topographical details, it is partly with a view of aiding those who may think of cruising in those waters in a yacht.

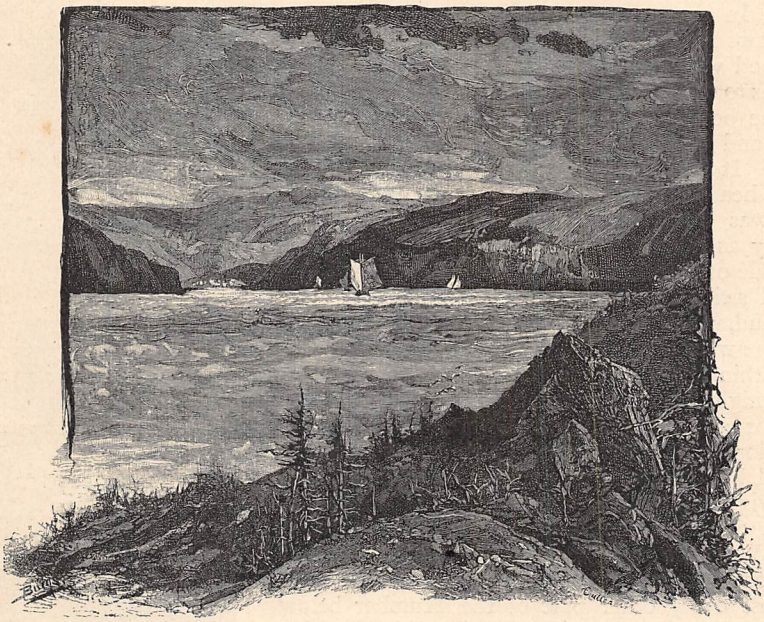


CAPE BLOMIDON.

PROSPECTING.

Petipas, pronounced Petipaw by the natives, is named after a Jersey islander who was the first important settler at the Bay of Islands. He started a fishing establishment, and opened a thriving trade. But he is now with "the majority," and since his death the family has become embarrassed, and the establishment is closed. There is no street in this little settlement. It consists of a simple aggregation of houses, perched here and there, wherever a foothold could be obtained among the rocky ledges which compose the precipitous hill on which the hamlet has found a lodgment. To reach these houses, one may land anywhere, and climb over rocks and fences, and scramble up and down rough goat-paths. One of the prettiest spots at Petipas is the old saw-mill, just at the water's edge, at the foot of a picturesque ravine, musical with the dashing of a merry trout-brook overgrown with sedge. Near to this, on the smoothest piece of land in the settlement, stands the Roman Catholic church, rejoicing in a new coat of paint and some stained glass. Near the church is the commodious mansion of Mr. Carter, at present the magnate of the place, who enjoys a monopoly of its business. A small place like Petipas always has its leading citizen, who acts the part of an uncrowned chief. His will is law; for by force of character he has succeeded in getting the business of the place mostly into his own hands, and the poor, who form by far the largest number in such a community, look to him for advances and supplies, which results, if he is shrewd, in placing them in his power. Mr. Carter is a typical example of this class of local despots, exactly fitted to rule among the desperate characters with whom he has to deal. His head is set on enormous shoulders with a short thick neck; a shaggy beard intensely black flows down to his waist, and his quick, keen, eagle eye carries terror to any so daring as openly to cross his will or question the unwritten code by which he reigns at Petipas and regulates its trade. Probably such rule is better than none in a place like this.

"Have you seen our police force?" inquired Mr. Carter one morning, when we were in his store. "No? Well, here it is!" and suiting the action to the word, he drew out a massive piece of tarred, three-inch rope, about four feet long, and brought it down on the counter with a resounding blow. "Oh, many's the time I've had to use that," he added, "when this store's been full of fishermen, sailors, half-breeds, and Indians, half drunk and full of devilitry. There was no authority to call in to keep the peace, and I've had to lay about with this bit of twine, and clear the room by hitting right and left! It isn't quite so bad as that now, you see, since the herring fishery failed; there are not so many fishermen about; our people, too, are getting to be a little more civilized. But this is a sort of a Botany Bay, you know, with little regular government, and where it wont do to ask too much about a man's antecedents."



UP THE RIVER HUMBER.

The western and southern coasts of Newfoundland are a constant source of entanglement between the English and the French government. The matter is sufficiently complicated, various treaties having failed to settle the question so that it can stay settled. As the matter now stands, it seems that the French have a right to put up fish-stages and temporary huts for summer use immediately by the water. But they cannot erect permanent dwellings, nor are they permitted to purchase land unless they become British citizens. French men-of-war may cruise on the coast and have stations, while no French courts of justice are allowed. On the other hand, the Government of Newfoundland has at last taken steps to assert its authority on the Humber. A fine residence has been erected at Benoit's Cove, opposite Petipas, for the judge; and when we were there, a member from that district was to be elected for the first time to represent it in the Legislature at St. John's. But while claiming legislative and judicial rights at the Bay of Islands, the English do not yet dare to give a title to land, and it is impossible for any one to acquire the fee-simple of even enough to build upon. The English Government can only say to the settler, "Turn squatter, and build wherever you like. So long as the French do not claim it for fishing purposes, it is yours; but we cannot sell outright land already liable to the claims of the French fishermen."

Such a condition of things has naturally made this a safe refuge for outlaws, and the population on the Humber is, therefore, such as one might expect under the circumstances. The herring fisheries and the lumber trade have, however, attracted hither a number of reputable and enterprising adventurers, who contrive that order shall come out of chaos, and the community is for the most part orderly. The people are English, Irish, French, and Indians. The latter are few in number and peaceable.

The herring fishery on the Humber was at one time very profitable. The fish were caught

FISHING OFF THE BAY OF ISLANDS.

mostly in nets let down through the ice in winter. It was not uncommon to see a hundred schooners, barks, and steamers lying off Petipas in the height of the season. Six years ago the herring suddenly left for parts unknown, and the prosperity of the place came to a stop. But a year ago the herring returned, and meantime a thriving lumber trade has sprung up, and the tide of prosperity again sets up the Humber.

Another source of income is also gradually coming to the worthy Humberites. Two miles above Petipas is the tremendous gorge of the Humber. Here the banks contract to a narrow channel, overhung on either hand, for a space of nine miles, by vertical precipices, between which the river dashes down roaring rapids. Although the current here is dangerous, it is safely passed by the long canoes of the Indian *coureurs des bois*. Beyond this the river widens again until it meets Deer Lake, a long, narrow sheet of water, thirty miles in length, lying in a flat country covered with forests. The river and lake abound with trout and salmon, and the forests fairly teem with game. Already gentlemen of leisure from Canada and Great Britain have begun to visit the Bay of Islands and the Humber for the purpose of hunting and fishing, and there is no question that this is destined to be ere long a favorite hunting-ground.

Directly opposite Petipas, a mile and a half across the river, lies the very pretty settlement called Benoit's Cove. It is situated on richer ground, is larger, and is peopled by a better class. Some very neat cottages are to be seen here, nestling amid clusters of shrubbery and birches. Here are two or three fishing establishments, the magistrate's residence, the telegraph-office, and an Episcopal church. Mr. Curling, the rector, is a gentleman of large fortune, who has built himself an extensive, many-gabled mansion. He is also a practical sailor, infected with a mania for the sea, and

has a yacht of forty tons which he constructed there, and in which he cruises in all weathers, having the reputation of being a sort of Flying Dutchman who defies the storms.

The settlers of the Humber must needs find means of entertainment at home, for they have but little communication with the rest of the world; their own island even is almost as far off as if it were the other side of the Atlantic. Until within ten years, only one white man had been known to cross the Island of Newfoundland; and to this day a large part of the interior is unknown. A telegraph wire now runs through the woods from Benoit's Cove to Hall's Bay, and a foot traveler, by following the road cut for the wire, can proceed from Deer Lake to Hall's Bay on the northern coast, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. In summer a steamer arrives from St. John's once a month by way of Cape Ray, or, as the natives call it, through the Channel. This is the only mail communication for that season. For the seven months of winter the mails are still more infrequent. About once every six weeks an Indian comes from Hall's Bay on snow-shoes and stops at Petipas. There he takes the mail-bags and carries them to Codroy in the channel, where he meets the steamer. The bags are carried on a sledge drawn by dogs, and from the time the carrier leaves Hall's Bay he sees houses only twice.

The second day after our arrival at Petipas it came on to rain and blow. Captain Andrews, the superintendent of the copper mines at Blomidon, a man of large experience and intelligence, visited our schooner and dined with us. As it was still raining, it was suggested after dinner that, donning waterproofs and sou'westers, we should cross to Benoit's Cove and see some of the traders. During the season when navigation is open, there is a class of traders who, hiring schooners or owning them, cruise among the out-of-the-way ports of Labrador and Newfoundland, exchanging pork, sugar, tea, tobacco, cotton cloth, sea-boots, and the like, for dried fish. They are a shrewd and enterprising class, accustomed to see a great deal of the rough side of life, and willing to run any risks for the sake of earning a few dollars. They might well be called nautical peddlers. Most of the schooners that sailed in our company up the Humber were traders. We ordered out the boat and crossed to Benoit's Cove, and were introduced by Captain Andrews to Captain Shelley, who invited us aboard of his schooner.

Stepping below, out of the drenching torrents of rain, we found ourselves among a crowd of traders and skippers seeking shelter in a noisome cuddy, old and dirty and paintless, piled with wares and reeking with the fragrance of bilge water, wet boots, bad rum, and bad tobacco. But although there were evidences that the one glass in the cuddy had been circulating pretty freely, washed out at each drink by the more fastidious with cold tea out of a rusty tea-kettle, yet no one appeared the worse for the liquor excepting Captain Shelley, who was full of talk. All were Irishmen, with one or two exceptions. Captain Shelley was himself a man gifted with genuine Hibernian wit, repartee, and unctuous eloquence; and, true Irishman that he was, he was deeply interested in politics. The subject then uppermost in his mind, as in that of most residents on the Humber at the time, was the approaching election of a representative for the insular Legislature. The conversation in that little cuddy was lively enough, eliciting much laughter, and some shrewd and serious argument. But Captain Shelley, ever on his feet, as if addressing an audience, was the hero of the hour; and the roar of thunder and the loud beating of the rain on deck only seemed to add to his eloquent vivacity. Among other remarks, alluding to the would-be gentry at St. John's, he said: "They bring up their sons to despise business; they educate them for lawyers, and they become mere two-penny-ha'penny button-tossers, without brains enough to last them till morning, be the night ever so short." Again he remarked: "I have no enemies, or at least, if I have, they don't live long."

The rain slackened toward sunset, and we returned to supper, when the Humber was all aglow with a magnificent burst of sunlight, and spanned by a perfect rainbow.

The captain of the *James Dwyer*, a schooner lying near to us, gave a dance that night in a vacant loft near the wharf. He wanted to ingratiate the people, and incline them to trade with him, and this was the means he wisely adopted. To him the expense was very trifling, while it produced a genuine sensation at Petipas, and put every one in the best of humor. I don't think that I could ever forget that dance. It left a very singular impression on my mind. The night was perfectly clear and serene. From the schooner we could hear the people picking their way down the rocks to the scene of festivity. Then the squeak of the fiddle floated over the water, and a steady beating sound began, heavy and regular as the drumming of a shuttle or the beating of flails. With it was perceptible a certain rhythm at intervals. What we heard was the heavy tramp of the dancers. Evidently, they were not chasing the hours with flying feet shod with Parisian pumps and

THE MAIL-CARRIER.

slippers. When this had lasted for several hours, we could stand it no longer, and decided to go on shore and see the dance ourselves. Part of our crew had already preceded us, and we found them excited with gin, and aiding to give the girls of Petipas royal sport.

On landing, we met the skipper of the trading schooner, himself both trader and captain, a tall, well-made person, six feet in his stockings, straight as a ruler, and combining in his manner and expression shrewdness and executive ability. His strong hand and his quick, decisive manner, showed the commander; while his somewhat refined features and clear, sharp, gray eye, indicated the man of business. "Walk up, gentlemen; walk up and make yourselves at home," he said, in a pleasant but authoritative tone, as he showed us into the building where the dance was going on, for he was both host and master of ceremonies. There was not a light visible to guide our steps as we stumbled across a high threshold out of the moonlight into a darkness that might be felt.

"Look out for your heads! turn to your right!" he called out, as he heard us tumbling over each other, groping for something to take hold of. Finally we hit on a ladder, and knew by the sound that it was leading us to the festal hall. Some one opened a door suddenly, and revealed the floor of a loft, on which we hastened to plant our feet.

Through a low door we entered a small, low-ceiled room, dimly lighted by two or three tallow dips, set on a barrel in bottles. The air was confusedly hazy with the dust beaten out of the floor and the rafters above by the tread of the dancers. Several score of people were crammed into a small compass, and care had been taken to keep doors and windows closed. For people so accustomed to exposure, they showed a wonderful dread of fresh air. The spectators, consisting of matrons, children, and old fishermen, were seated on a bench running round two sides

THE DANCE AT PETIPAS.

of the room. The music was supplied by an uncouth fiddler, who sat on the window-seat, with a violin to which he beat time, thumping his heels against the wall. The provisions for the entertainment consisted of some very bad gin, set out with glasses and hard-tack on the head of a barrel. In the center of the floor were half a dozen lads and as many lassies engaged in a dead-and-alive waltz, without any apparent beginning or end to it. They reminded me of a group of puppets arranged with wires, moving about as they did with the interest and gracefulness of so many wooden figures. It was one of the most amusing sights imaginable. There was no expression in their faces, but they hopped up and down with a steady tattoo on the floor. After this movement had lasted for some moments without any apparent change in the position of the human puppets, the fiddler sent his tune away up into a diabolical squeak. Responding to the crescendo, each swain fairly lifted his partner off her feet, whirled her about the room, and planted her squarely on the floor in another place, and the tattoo was resumed with a persistent fury for monotony, that continued until the next shriek of the fiddle-bow once more altered the position of the couples. This might have continued endlessly without the least variation, but there seemed to be knots in this rope. When these were reached the dance stopped, and a rush was made for the refreshments. In one of these interludes we made our escape.

"The young people seem to be enjoying themselves," said the host, as we emerged once more to the fresh air. "I hope you enjoyed yourselves, too. Wont you come aboard, gentlemen?"

Accepting his invitation, we scrambled into the cabin of his schooner, and were surprised to find what a fine vessel she was, how completely equipped and thoroughly stored with goods. The cabin was like a country store, the sides being lined with shelves, on which was piled a little of almost everything required by a rural and fishing population.

We straightened out our crew in the morning, by ordering them on shore to fill the water casks and bring off a sheep. After that they were sent to the windlass to heave up the anchor, and we made sail for St. Pierre. We had a dead beat against a strong breeze to South Head; but the day was superb, as if this noble bay wished to fix a favorable impression upon the memory of the voyagers who had come so far to see

it. Blomidon soared majestically above us, the monarch of that mountain land, crowned with a wreath of roseate clouds, and the surrounding isles were suffused with the glow of a peaceful sunset. The water of the Bay of Islands is as blue as that of the Mediterranean. In this case it cannot be due to a larger proportion of salt, which is the cause of the intense hues of the sea in warm climates, so it must be attributed to the great depth of the Newfoundland bay. As I gazed entranced on the lovely scene before me, I was able for the first time to realize, by the aid of the golden haze veiling the long slopes and tumbling steeps, the grandeur of the sierras which inclose the Bay of Islands. The silence was intensified by the silvery waterfalls dropping from crag to crag many hundred feet with an ethereal motion, and yet giving forth no echo or sound of their dashing, so distant were they from our ship. But to the eye they appeared to be only a few brief furlongs away. The full moon loomed above the mountain-tops, solemn and glorious; and in that weird stillness, and touched by an awesome feeling creeping over us, as if we were alone in all the mysterious vastness of an unknown and unexplored region, our little schooner, seeming puny as a cork-boat, was fanned past the Titanic cliffs which form the gateway of the bay. It was two in the morning. All slept save the watch and the writer. No sound was heard except now and then the low sighing of a passing gust through the sails, or the long, low, far-away boom of the surf rolling into the caves of the implacable cliffs, and reverberating with muffled thunder down that iron-bound coast.

But sentiment was soon forced to yield to reality, for we were becalmed on a lee shore, and were rapidly drifting toward it with the heaving of the swell. After exhausting every device in vain, we were happily saved from the doom which drew nearer every moment by a light breeze off the land. The following day was of that nondescript character which infuriates the mariner to the last degree. Baffling winds and calms, thunder-squalls, and the prospect of another night in the vicinity of this coast, terminated in a sunset of more than usual magnificence, with a wild burst of rain hurrying over a leaden sea, attended by several rainbows and masses of cumuli rolling up sublime over the Bay of Islands. I never knew the sign of the rainbow to fail at sea. It is the infallible prognosticator of bad weather when seen at morning; while the most cautious mariner may pace the night-watches in hope and dream sweetly of his home when the bow of promise arches opposite to the setting sun. The mercury now rose rapidly, and by midnight a fresh north-easter set in. This was exactly the wind we needed. At breakfast-time every heart on board was exhilarated. We had reason to rejoice, for the little schooner was bounding ahead wing and wing on the rising sea, with half a gale dead aft, and "Ho, for St. Pierre!" was again the cry.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

"IN AFTER DAYS."

In after days, when grasses high
O'ertop the tomb where I shall lie,
  Though well or ill the world adjust
  My slender claim to honored dust,
I shall not question nor reply.

I shall not see the morning sky,
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh,
I shall be mute, as all men must,—
  In after days!

And yet, now living, fain were I
That some one then should testify,
  Saying — *He held his pen in trust*
  To Art, not serving shame or lust.
Will none? · · Then let my memory die
  In after days!

Austin Dobson.

THE WOMEN OF THE BEE-HIVE.

It is now more than forty years since there appeared one day, in a village in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, a weary, dusty traveler. He was unknown. He had no money, neither had he a winning address to recommend himself withal. Everything about his attire, speech, behavior, betokened obscurity and lowliness of condition.

It was a Mormon elder, come to preach in that conservative, comfortable-minded village the strange doctrines of the Latter-Day Saints; to set up in face of four orthodox New England meeting-houses the astounding claim of one Joseph Smith as a divinely inspired prophet and teacher, of authority equal to that of Jesus Christ.

Looking at this incident purely from an outside standpoint, regarding the bare facts as above stated, there is nothing to be wondered at in the next stage of events in that village, of which the mildest statement that could be truthfully made would be that the village was ablaze with indignation. That the outraged Baptists, Methodists, and Congregationalists did not fall on the man and stone him out of town was not because they did not hold him deserving of such treatment, but because to administer it would have been shocking to their nerves, to their habit of quiet, and to all the respectable traditions of the place.

The elder had great difficulty in finding a room where he might speak in public. At last he received permission to hold forth in an upper chamber in a house of by no means the best repute. To this service the people were invited by means of written notices, posted in conspicuous places, and torn down by angry hands almost as soon as put up.

The village had all the religion it wanted, and its religion was of the right kind, too. No room for new-fangled doctrines there—above all, for the accursed blasphemies of the Mormons.

One of the richest and most influential citizens in the town at this time was a man whom (because this story is a true one, and therefore cannot give real names) I will call Wilson. He was not a religious man in any sense of the word. His life had always been a moral one, and he was associated with the Baptist denomination; but he made no professions of any belief in Christian doctrines, or any concern as to what was called in those days "the welfare of the soul."

He must have been a wag in his way, for, seeing the notice of the Mormon elder's preaching, he resolved to invite the Baptist minister to go with him to hear what the man had to say. He sent his little son, a lad of twelve, over to the minister's house, to carry the invitation. The boy, unsuspicious, was shown into the minister's study, and delivered his message.

"Father says he's going down to hear the Mormon elder speak to-night, and he wants to know if you wont come along with us."

The minister was sitting at his writing-table, with a big book open before him; his spectacles were well down on his nose: looking over them at the child, he thundered out in an angry tone:

"What!"

The little fellow, trembling (for in New England a half century ago ministers were bigger men than they are to-day), repeated the message. That boy is now a man, not far from sixty years old, but he remembers as distinctly as if it were yesterday the look and the voice with which the resentful clergyman, bringing down his fist with a sledge-hammer blow on his book, cried:

"Tell your father I'd as soon go to hear the devil speak!"

The boy took to his heels and never stopped till he was in the presence of his father, who roared with laughter on hearing the reply, and was probably no whit surprised at the result of his joke.

"Well, you and I will go, Phil," he said. "I guess 'twont hurt us." But the boy went with fear and misgiving, thinking that the minister would not have used such terrible language without reason.

At the end of his discourse the elder, looking appealingly toward the handful of persons that had listened to him, said:

"My brethren, I am traveling to preach the gospel, as the apostles of old did, without scrip and without purse. I have no money. Will any one of you give me shelter for the night?"

Not a man spoke or stirred. After a moment Squire Wilson stepped out into the aisle and said, with a look of scorn at his inhospitable fellow townsmen:

"My house is at your service, sir. To such accommodations as I can offer you are welcome."

It was the largest and best house in the town; and it was no niggardly hospitality that the Squire extended; for in the morning

he took the poorly clad preacher down to a store, fitted him out with an entire new suit of clothes, and sent him on his way, warmed as well as fed. All the elder's efforts to converse on religious topics, however, or on the doctrines of the Mormon Church, he repelled good-naturedly, saying:

"No, no, friend. I can't stand any of that. I'm a man of the world. I don't believe in any of your religions. They're all pretty much alike. One's as good as another. I've got no use for any of them."

To his friends' remonstrances with him for having entertained a Mormon, the Squire replied:

"Good heavens! would you have had the man lie in the street? I was ashamed. And I don't see any harm in his doctrines: they seem to me about as good as the general run. The man's a good man himself. I'll answer for that, if I know one when I see him, and I think I do."

In a few months the elder came back, and preached again—this time to a larger and more interested audience. Again he passed the night at Squire Wilson's house, and again tried in vain to induce the Squire to listen to personal conversation on religious matters.

A third time he returned. This time, on taking leave of his generous host, he placed in his hands a Mormon tract, called "A Warning Voice," and asked him to promise to read it. "Oh, yes, I'll read it," laughed the Squire; "I'll read anything."

Little he knew what destinies lay in his lightly given promise. Something in the words of that tract smote him like a javelin-thrust. There is nothing in all the secret organic processes of nature subtler, or surer, than the secret, subtle, sure springing to life of a spiritual seed falling in a soil to which it has affinity. No one can predict, no one can explain the occurrence. The highest and most complex formulas in the mathematics of chemistry are children's A B C's beside the dimly understood and never-to-be-formulated laws, forever working in our human souls, evolving out of certain kinds of faith certain sorts of doubt; out of wide unbelief, narrow superstition; making us, spite of ourselves, adhere to-day, depart to-morrow, cling, reject, love, hate, all in destined successions, of which the more we think we know, the more we prove that we are ignorant.

If there was a man in all Massachusetts of whom it would have been safe to say that he could never become a Mormon, it was Squire Wilson.

Yet, in a few days after the reading of that tract, he was closeted alone, with his Bible spread open before him, comparing its teachings with the Mormon doctrines, and coming slowly, reluctantly, almost with anguish of resistance, to compliance with the faith of the Latter-Day Saints.

The struggle lasted three days. During this time no one but his son was allowed to enter the room. Phil was an only child, and, his mother having been dead for years, he had become his father's companion in an intimacy very rare between father and son.

Near the close of the third day, Squire Wilson looked up and said, with tears rolling down his cheeks:

"My God! Phil, it's all true! It's all true! I must follow it. But it will cost me every friend I have, and every dollar I've got in the world."

The memory of this moment is vivid in Phil's mind to-day. He had never before seen his father weep. He felt the tears drop hot and fast on his own hands, as his father in his excitement grasped them tightly in both of his, and wrung them hard. No wonder that the boy became, then and there, the passionate believer in all that his father believed, the enthusiastic helper in all that his father now wished to do.

The next scene stamped on the lad's memory was one between his father, his grandfather, and his favorite uncle. The uncle was a Baptist preacher, settled in a neighboring town; the grandfather, now very aged, had also been a Baptist preacher, and lived with this son. Hearing the dreadful rumor of Squire Wilson's conversion to Mormonism, they came over to reason with him. Phil was present at the interview. It lasted many hours. The heart-broken old man tried entreaty, argument, invective, all to no purpose. The convert was immovable. It seemed to Phil, listening with his boyish heart all aflame in the new excitement, that his father's positions were unassailable, that his reasoning ought to convince the world. At last, when the unhappy trio separated, Phil heard his grandfather say, hotly:

"I hope my eyes may never rest on your face again. You are my son no longer!"

And his uncle said similar words, even more emphatic:

"I'll never own you for a brother! Never dare to cross the threshold of my house!"

And they strode away with angry and anguished faces.

An uplifting sense of martyrdom swelled in Phil's breast. He felt himself bound to the new religion with a bond tenfold stronger than before. Holding tight to his father's hand, he stood in the doorway of the home so soon to be abandoned forever, and watched his uncle and grandfather in silence till they were out of sight. Then turning, he said:

"You have me still, father."

"Yes, my son," his father replied, "and we shall have them with us, too, before long." The prediction was fulfilled to the letter. Only a few years later the three who had parted thus bitterly were reunited in the city of Nauvoo, all equally convinced of, and equally enthusiastic in upholding, the Mormon faith. And one of the clearest and ablest books the Mormons have, perhaps the very best presentation of their peculiar doctrines that has ever been made, was written by this very Baptist clergyman who had thus forbidden his brother ever to cross the threshold of his home so long as he held to the Mormon belief.

This brief family history is but one out of thousands. It is by such processes as this that Mormonism has come to exist; it is upon foundations such as these that it rests, strong and confident, to-day.

With its surface history, its incredible beginnings in the brain of an illiterate plow-boy, its astounding spread and quick centralization as a power, its hostile reception in every place where it tried to get permanent foothold, driven out of State after State, its leaders murdered by mobs—with all these surface facts of its history, the world is familiar—so familiar, in fact, that from that very familiarity have come about, as happens in so many other things, an ignorance and indifference in regard to the significance, importance, and true nature of the movement. This indifference is partly born of the self-conceit of the age. Our nineteenth century is wonderfully set up in its own esteem, wonderfully elate at its progress, its inventions, its general understanding of all things, spiritual as well as material. Most persons would laugh or be superciliously scornful at the suggestion that anything like the crusades, for instance, could be successfully set going now, especially among English-speaking people. Indeed, a crusade to recover the holy sepulcher into the keeping of Christians would seem far less foolish, would require far less abnegation of individual rights of opinion, one would think, and far less inferiority to the present standards of intelligence and information, than to believe in Joseph Smith and become a Latter-Day Saint. But here within the last fifty years, in the very din of the march of our progress, thousands and thousands of men and women, of fair intelligence and moderate education, middle-class men and women from every English-speaking country, Old England and New England alike, Liverpool and Boston, Birmingham and Lowell, have fallen out of the ranks, turned their backs on homes, friends, fortunes, everything they had hitherto believed in or prized, to seek salvation in the Latter-Day Zion. It is a stupendous fanaticism, anachronistic almost, when one considers its setting and surrounding in point of time.

Reading to-day Joseph Smith's narrative of how there appeared at his bedside an angel in a white robe, with a countenance "truly like lightning," who told him to go to Manchester, Ontario county, New York, and find there, under a stone that could be easily pried up with a lever, gold plates, fourteen hundred years buried, on which was engraved, in Egyptian, Assyriac, Chaldaic, and Arabic characters, the whole of the Book of Mormon; how there were also in this sepulcher an oval-shaped stone called the Seer stone, and an instrument like a pair of spectacles, but larger, two clear stones set in a rim, called the Urim and Thummin, by the application of which to the Egyptian, Chaldaic, Assyriac, and Arabic characters, they were at once turned into plain English, and thus read, and word for word written down; how after this was done, the angel carried the gold plates away again;—one is simply stupefied with wonder that the tale ever obtained credence. The appended certificates of eleven men, to the effect that during the possession of these plates by Joseph Smith they saw and handled them, only add to the amazement, and cast discredit on the story. In fact, the more one reads the Book of Mormon, and the attempts to prove its divine origin and supernatural transmission, the more inexplicable seem the results which have followed its promulgation. The more puzzling, also, becomes the question of its origin. Much has been written to prove that the greater part of it was the work of a Reverend Mr. Spaulding, a man curious in Indian lore, who in the early part of this century wrote quaint stories; and, among others, one in which he set forth a supposititious history of the wanderings of the Lost Tribes, and their final appearance on the North American continent. The manuscript of this book was said to have fallen into the hands of one of Joseph Smith's comrades, and to have been the basis of the Book of Mormon. But the chain of evidence to show this is not complete; and after all, it matters very little, to any present view of the Latter-Day Saints as a people, or of their history as a great religious movement, what the Book of Mormon really was, or where it came from. What the Mormons were brought to accept it for is the main fact of importance; and of this over one hundred thousand people in Utah Territory to-day are witness.

The book was first published in 1830. On

the 6th of April in that year the church was organized. It consisted of six members. Before the end of the year branches of the church had been organized in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and several places in New York, and the following had grown from six to over one thousand.

During the next three years hundreds of ministers, ordained by the boy Joseph Smith, were sent out in all directions through the country, and branches of the church were organized in most of the States of the Union.

In 1836 a temple was built and dedicated in Kirtland, Ohio, and the ecclesiastical organization of the order was completed. Twelve apostles, and quorums of high priests, elders, councilors, bishops, and ministers, all in graded successions, with specifically defined responsibilities and obligations, knit the people together, and made them, as it were, a unit in spirit, purpose, action.

This was a remarkable scheme to have been devised, and successfully carried out, by a man only thirty years old, without education, without money, and without influence except such as emanated from his own personality.

In 1838 persecutions began, and nearly ten thousand Mormons were driven out by violence from the State of Missouri.

Nevertheless, in the two following years, more converts joined the movement than had joined up to the time of the beginning of the Missouri persecution. In 1840 the quorum of the Twelve Apostles visited England, gathered great numbers into the church, and published there the Book of Mormon and several other works, among which was a periodical called the "Millennial Star," which in ten years had reached a circulation of eighteen thousand copies weekly.

The next centralization made by the prophet, as he called himself,— claiming to have been, by the actual laying on of hands of visible angels, ordained to the "High Priesthood after the order of Melchisedec, to hold the keys of the Kingdom of God, the dispensation of the fullness of times,"—was in Illinois. The history of the city of Nauvoo, of the building there of the great temple, one hundred and twenty-eight feet long by eighty-eight feet wide; the organization of the famous Nauvoo Legion of armed men; the conflicts between the Nauvoo authorities and the authorities of the Illinois State Government; the riots; the murder of Joseph Smith and his brother by a mob; and the final expulsion of the entire Mormon population from Illinois, are matters within the memory of many living. It is a shameful record, for which Illinois should blush to her latest day.

Even the worst and wickedest of men, the lowest criminals that earth ever saw, should be safe from such outrages as were perpetrated in Nauvoo.

The effect of all this persecution on the Mormon people was simply to make them tenfold more Mormon than before; to add to their already fanatical enthusiasm the unquenchable fire of the martyr-spirit. Religious persecutors never realize how much more their methods build up than overthrow. Delusions, which let alone would die out, thrive and spread the instant men attack them with bigoted fury. No rallying cry for masses has ever been found, comparable to the watchwords of martyrdom. A man will think twice about inconveniencing himself, and hesitate to make himself poor, for his religion; but show him that he may have to lay down his life for it, that another man stands ready to slay him for adhering to it, and he is instantly aflame with readiness to do battle, not so much for the religion as for his right to believe in it if he chooses.

It was on the 6th of April, 1841, that the corner-stone of the great temple was laid in Nauvoo. In less than eight years Nauvoo was deserted, and its entire Mormon population, some twenty thousand people, driven out at the point of the bayonet, their leader murdered, their property confiscated. The history of the Mormon emigration from Illinois to Utah, between 1846 and 1849, is one of almost incredible hardships and sufferings. The road was literally marked by graves. There are many women alive in Utah to-day who can tell the story of that emigration: women who, weak from hunger, walked the greater part of the way, carrying their infants in their arms, or drawing aged parents in small hand-carts.

The narrative has never been fully written out. There is not in all the world's history anything fully its parallel. It will be a surprise to most persons to learn that up to this time polygamy was not one of the avowed Mormon doctrines; in fact, rumors charging the sect with polygamous practices had been met by unqualified denials and formal assertions that the church inculcated no such doctrine. On what, then, was all this persecution based? It is not, at first, easy to discover. Neither the statements of the Mormons nor those of their enemies fully explain it.

Theologically, the Mormon doctrines seem to be almost identical with those of the orthodox Christian churches. To these are added a belief in baptism for the dead, and in the efficacy of the laying on of the elders' hands and of anointing with oil—both founded on a literal interpretation of the Christian Scrip-

tures, which they heartily embrace, and avow as a rule of faith and conduct; holding in equal reverence with them, however, what they believe to be God's latest revelations, through Joseph Smith and his successors in the priesthood.

The Baptist clergyman, alluded to in the opening of this paper as a brother of Squire Wilson, wrote after his conversion to Mormonism a series of letters in which is to be found a clear statement of the Mormon theology. These letters were originally written to a brother minister in the Baptist church, who had been greatly distressed by his friend's change of belief.

He says:

"You ask me to give an account of the faith which I have embraced.

"I believe that Jesus Christ is God, co-eternal with God the Father, and that such as have the knowledge of the Gospel and believe upon him will be saved; and such as believe not will be damned. I believe the Old and New Testaments to be the Word of God. I believe that every person should be born, not only of the Spirit, but also of the water, in order to enter into the kingdom of God. There are three that bear witness on earth, as there are three that bear record in heaven: the Spirit, the water, and the blood bear concurrent testimony to one obedience on earth; for the want of any one or all of these witnesses on earth, in our favor, there will be no registry of our perfect acceptance in heaven. Hence the baptism for the dead. . . . I believe in the resurrection of the dead, the righteous to life eternal, and the wicked to shame and everlasting contempt. I believe that repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ are elementary and cardinal truths of the Gospel. . . . I believe that every church in gospel order has a priesthood consisting of prophets, apostles, elders, etc., and that the knowledge and power of a priesthood, ordained of God as the ancient priesthood was, is indispensably necessary to the prosperity of the church. I do not believe that the canon of sacred Scripture was closed with the revelation of John; but believe that wherever God has a true church, there He makes frequent revelations of his will. . . . I define priesthood to be that order of authoritative intelligences by which God regulates, controls, enlightens, blesses or curses, saves or condemns all beings. To it, under God, all things are subservient in righteousness, whether in heaven, earth, or hell. God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is at the head of all genuine priesthood. But as it is His will that all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father, Jesus now stands accredited as the Apostle and High Priest of our profession. Subordinate priests in the same apostolic order of the Son of God are such as He has put in His church. . . . The priesthood exhibits a regular gradation of knowledge and authority, from Jesus, the great High Priest in Heaven, to the lowest description of ordination in the church below."

These were at the outset the salient points of the Creed of the Latter-Day Saints. It would not seem that there could be in them any just ground of offense to those who accept the Christian Bible as literally inspired.

Their belief in the existence of revelations from God in the present age, and in the direct inspiration of their leaders, has been called blasphemous by some of their opponents. But it would be difficult to say anything on this head which would not have been equally applicable, in the time of Christ and of the prophets, to all who, in that day and generation, believed on them. There is, therefore, no logic in the accusation; but it is one likely to appear well founded to those who feel that there is direct insult to Christ's teachings and dispensation in the idea of God's having supplemented them by any others. even indorsing and amplifying them.

But there was under the hue and cry of blasphemy, and apparent zeal to protect the things of God, a concealed and much more powerful anxiety to protect the things of Cæsar. Mormon populations were unmanageable factors in political affairs. The Mormon vote was sure to be a unit. The centralized, systematized power of Mormon organizations was of necessity a dangerous element in a state.

"Whatever orders of civil government, or order of domestic compact, or order of business transaction, or order of religious worship, or rule of commercial transaction, may contravene the established order of priesthood, the same must bow to the requisition of the inspired priesthood of God, and God acknowledges no other power with approbation," says the converted Baptist clergyman already quoted from; and there are other definitions and laws to be found in Mormon books no less subversive of civil authority than this.

Given such a principle as this, with banded communities of religious fanatics ready to act on it, wherever it might lead, whatever it might involve, and it would be only necessary to add to the formula the presence of leaders wicked in design and unscrupulous in method, to have as complete a magazine of deadly mischief as the most revolutionary could desire.

Just here was, no doubt, the real animus of the persecution of the Mormons. While seeming to strike at the Mormon's liberty of conscience, the thing it really struck at, feared, and hated, was his lack of liberty of action. It was a new shape of an old hatred — the hatred of alliance between Church and State. The Mormon's specious device of calling it all "church" did not avail him.

Lumping all a man's acts, all the transactions of daily life, all the interchanges and obligations of commercial and financial intercourse, all customs of society and relations of human beings under the head of religion, and then leaving to the authoritative decision of the priests of that religion the perpetual and minute regulation of each and every such act,

transaction, interchange, obligation, custom, and relation, was an ingenious scheme, with not a loop-hole left in it. If it worked at all, it covered the ground. This has been the great secret of the success of the Mormon movement.

On page 429 of a Mormon book called "Doctrine and Covenants" is to be found the record of a "Revelation," purporting to have been given to Joseph Smith at Nauvoo, January 19th, 1841. It is the revelation commanding the building of the Nauvoo temple. In it are many passages such as these:

"Behold, verily I say unto you, let my servant George Miller, and my servant Lyman Wight, and my servant John Snider, and my servant Peter Haws, organize themselves and appoint one of them to be a president over their quorum for the purpose of building that house."

"And they shall form a constitution whereby they may receive stock for the building of that house."

"And they shall not receive less than fifty dollars for a share of stock in that house, and they shall be permitted to receive fifteen thousand dollars from any one man for stock in that house."

"And if any pay stock into their hands, it shall be for stock in that house, for himself and for his generation after him, from generation to generation, so long as he and his heirs shall hold that stock, and do not sell or convey the stock away out of their hands, by their own free will and act, if you do my will, saith the Lord."

"Therefore I say unto you concerning my servant Vinson Knight, if he will do my will, let him put stock into that house for himself, and for his generation after him, from generation to generation.

"If my servant Sidney will do my will, let him not remove his family into the eastern lands, but let him change their habitation even as I have said.

"Behold, it is not my will that he shall seek to find safety and refuge out of the city which I have appointed unto you, even the city of Nauvoo. Verily I say unto you, even now, if he will hearken unto my voice, it shall be well with him. Even so. Amen."

"And again, verily I say unto you, if my servant Robert D. Foster will obey my voice, let him build a house for my servant Joseph, according to the contract he has made with him. . . .

"And let him repent of all his folly, and clothe himself with charity, and cease to do evil, and lay aside all his hard speeches.

"And pay stock also into the hands of the quorum of the Nauvoo House for himself and for his generation after him."

After several paragraphs, ordaining one "servant William" as a preacher, counselor, etc., come these extraordinary statements:

"That whoever he blesses shall be blessed, and whoever he curses shall be cursed; that whatsoever he shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever he shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

"And these signs shall follow him: he shall heal the sick, he shall cast out devils, and shall be delivered from those who would administer unto him deadly poison.

"And he shall be led in paths where the poisonous serpent cannot lay hold upon his heel, and he shall mount up in the imagination of his thoughts as upon eagles' wings:

"And what if I will that he should raise the dead, let him not withhold his voice.

"Therefore let my servant William cry aloud and spare not, with joy and rejoicing, and with hosannas to him that sitteth upon the throne forever and ever, saith the Lord your God."

Another of Joseph Smith's revelations, contained in the same book, is of interest as indicating the financial methods by which the Church of the Latter-Day Saints has attained its present wealth. This revelation is said to have been given in answer to the question, "O Lord, show unto thy servants how much thou requirest of the properties of the people for a tithing."

"Verily, thus saith the Lord, I require all their surplus property to be put into the hands of the Bishop of Zion, for the building of my house and for the laying of the foundation of Zion, and for the priesthood, and for the debts of presidency of my church.

"And this shall be the beginning of the tithing of my people.

"And after that, those who have thus been tithed shall pay one-tenth of all their interest annually, and this shall be a standing law unto them forever, for my holy priesthood, saith the Lord.

"Verily I say unto you, it shall come to pass that all those who gather unto the land of Zion shall be tithed of their surplus properties, and shall observe this law, or they shall not be found worthy to abide among you."

This revelation was received July 8th, 1838, at Far West, Missouri.

The more closely one examines these avowed methods by which the Mormon leaders, having first created an absolutism of ecclesiastical power, proceeded to secularize it, the more difficult it is to believe in the sincerity of their apparent religious fanaticism. But whatever be believed or disbelieved in regard to the leaders, there can be no manner of doubt that the masses of the people, the rank and file, were and are passionate fanatics.

Will anything else, anything less, explain the momentum of the movement? The psychological phenomenon of thousands of men believing in, and submitting to the rule of, such revelations as those above quoted? Of such a system being able to exist in this "latter day," side by side with the steam-engine, the telegraph, and the electric light? It is well-nigh incredible, even in face of all the facts. But the facts are patent, and cannot be evaded. There is in the Territory of Utah to-day a people, over a hundred thousand in number, held together by this bond: the strongest bond that the strongest passions of human nature can knit. In each individual man, moreover, if he be sincere in the faith, the highest virtues he possesses all ally themselves to this bond. The more honest, industrious, simple-minded, and upright a man is,

the better Mormon will he be, if he be Mormon at all. How these old-fashioned virtues thrive on a diet of fanatical religion, the prosperous farms of Utah give proof. The Mormon gospel is a gospel of labor. Industry and simplicity of living are its strongest precepts. The Bee-hive is its formally adopted emblem; and in its earlier days almost equally recognized badges were the calico gown and sun-bonnet of the women.

It is upon the women that the brunt of the Mormon movement has fallen; the brunt of the obloquy; the brunt of the suffering. The privations and woes they endured in the old conflicts and emigrations were bitter enough; but they must be as the light dust in the balance in comparison with what they have endured since. A true understanding of the conscientious, religious Mormon woman's position and belief would work a revolution in the general sentiment of the outside world toward her.

The doctrine of polygamy, or, as the Mormons prefer to call it, plural marriage, or the patriarchal order of marriage, was not openly avowed until 1852. The revelation establishing it is said to have been given to Joseph Smith July 12th, 1843.* It is called "The revelation on the eternity of the marriage covenant, including plurality of wives," and is an extraordinary document. The doctrine met with great opposition from both men and women. Many left the church in consequence of it; and to this day there are occasional defections based solely on disbelief in the doctrine, or dislike of its practical workings.

The doctrine, to be completely studied, must be considered both from the man's point of view and the woman's, the two being, for many reasons, not identical. But it is the woman's view of it, her belief and position in regard to it, which are most misrepresented and misunderstood by the world. If the truth were known, there would be few persons in whose minds would be any sentiment except profound pity for the Mormon woman—pity, moreover, intensified by admiration. There has never been a class or sect of women since the world began who have endured for religion's sake a tithe of what has been, and is, and forever must be, endured by the women of the Mormon Church. It has become customary to hold them as disreputable women, light and loose, unfit to associate with the virtuous, undeserving of any esteem. Never was a greater injustice committed.

This has been partly due, however, to a mistake many enthusiastic Mormon women have themselves committed, in trying to uphold the plural marriage system—perhaps even to fortify their own powers of endurance of it—by declaring that they were happy in it; by not admitting that it entailed suffering—a pathetic and bootless deceit! The most intelligent among them now make no such pretense.

Said one of them to me: "I implored my own daughters, and I do the same to all young women over whom I have influence, 'Do not marry into polygamy, never think for one moment of marrying into polygamy, unless you are sure that religion is more to you than all else in this world. Nothing else can enable a woman to endure the torture of it, or to live up to the precepts of the church.

"One of my daughters, especially, I wept and prayed over, to keep her out of it. I feared that it was beyond the power of grace to so modify her natural temperament as to make the life endurable to her.

"Of course, it is nothing but selfishness in us which makes this torture. And if we were wholly Christians and good Mormons, we should rise above that selfishness, and never have any jealousy or pain; but it is born in all of us, and there is no getting free from it.

"We know that we are committing sin every time we have an unkind feeling toward anybody,—how much more toward our husbands' other wives, who ought to be just like sisters to us! We are no good Mormons if we do not live on kind and friendly terms with them; but anybody that says it isn't a terrible suffering doesn't know Mormon women—nor human nature either, I should think. There are very few who are fit to live in polygamy!"

This is a woman born in New England, led into the Mormon Church by the conversion of her own mother; married at seventeen to a Mormon bishop—one of six wives then; after the death of this bishop, married again to another prominent church official—this time, also, one of six wives; she is a competent witness on all points relative to the position and belief of the Mormon woman.

She is now the editor of a newspaper published in Salt Lake, called the "Woman's Exponent," advocating woman's suffrage, as well as the doctrines of the Mormon Church. She is a woman of education and refinement; a finely organized person, with the emotional

* This date is two years previous to a formal denial of the doctrine given by the Church in 1845, in these words: "Inasmuch as this Church of Christ has been reproached with the crimes of fornication and polygamy, we declare that we believe that one man should have but one wife, and one woman but one husband; except in case of death, when either is at liberty to marry again."

and religious traits largely developed. For forty years she has been an earnest and devout Mormon woman — wife and mother. There are thousands like her in earnestness and devotion to the faith, though few, perhaps, who are her equals intellectually.

The two doctrines which most help the Mormon woman to endure the suffering of living in "plural marriage" are the doctrines of preëxistence and of the eternal continuance of the patriarchal order. The mere revelation from Joseph Smith, to the effect that polygamy was to be permitted and was praiseworthy and desirable, would never, alone, have brought the Mormon women to hearty acceptance of the institution.

They are taught, and most unquestioningly believe, that the universe is full of spirits waiting, and waiting impatiently, to be born on this earth. These spirits have already passed through one stage of discipline and probation, and are to enter upon a second one here. The Rev. Edward Beecher once published a book setting forth a similar doctrine. The Mormon doctrine goes farther than Dr. Beecher's, inasmuch as it teaches that these spirits may select of their own free will where and how they will be born into their earthly probation; and that they are, one and all, anxious to be born in the Mormon Church, as the one true Zion, where alone are to be found safety and salvation. They also believe that the time is limited during which these spirits can avail themselves of this privilege of being born into Zion. They look for the return of Jesus Christ to the earth before long, and for the establishment then of the millennial dispensation, after which no more of the spirits can be reborn and reclaimed. Hence the obligation resting upon every faithful Mormon woman to bring into the world, in the course of her life, as many children as possible. Not only does she thus contribute to the building up and strengthening of the true church, but she rescues souls already existing and in danger of eternal death. It is easy to sneer at this doctrine as inconceivable rubbish; and, in truth, it must be admitted that it is hard to conceive of an educated mind receiving it; but it is no more absurd or unprovable than hundreds of kindred speculations and notions which have been devised, preached, and passionately believed in times past. Neither has the absurdity or non-absurdity, falsity or truth of the belief, anything to do with our judgment of its believers.

The Mormon women hold this belief as the most sacred and inspiring of their consolations; and, however sure we may feel that it is silly, we cannot call it selfish or ignoble. On the contrary, it is unselfish and lofty in its aim.

The second doctrine, of the permanence of the patriarchal order, must also be inspiring and elevating. To those accepting the patriarchal order upon earth, it could not fail to be a comfort to know that the emoluments, dignities, and benefits of that order were to be eternal. And so they are taught that the wider a man's family circuit, so to speak, is here, the greater will be his power and influence for good in the millennial and heavenly dispensations. In this scheme, as in that of secularizing ecclesiastical power, interweaving finance and revelation, the Mormon leaders have shown great ingenuity. Given the enthusiastic believer, the scheme has not a loop-hole; it covers the ground.

Brilliant and vivid in the devout Mormon woman's mind is the picture of the future Zion, the redeemed of all nations gathered into it, the earth purified and made fit for holy habitation, and the families of the Latter-Day Saints, each in its own fullness and entirety, centering around its patriarchal head, the man continuing through all eternity in perfect blessedness, power, and influence. Add to these two briefly outlined beliefs the implicit faith in Joseph Smith's revelation ordaining polygamy, and we have the triple secret of the Mormon woman's acceptance and endurance of a system which does violence to her every natural instinct, and turns her life into a daily martyrdom too terrible to describe, or even to dwell upon in fancy. The more one reflects on it, the more astonishing it appears that the institution can have survived so long; the more incredible is it that there are women ready to-day to endure, for its sake and for love of the men who have led them into it, all that the ancient martyrs endured for their religions.

The passage of the Edmunds Anti-Polygamy Bill, disfranchising all persons living in polygamy, and making the practice of it a penitentiary offense, has, so far as can be at present judged, only kindled new flames of self-sacrifice in the hearts of Mormon women.

There was in the penitentiary in Salt Lake City last spring a young woman with her infant. She was put there for refusing to tell the name of the father of her child. She was kept there three months, still refusing. She declared that if the United States authorities kept her there till she died, she would never tell. No doubt she would have kept her word. The authorities set her free, and she has returned to her home in southern Utah, with the babe, to which will never be given a father's name so long as the Edmunds bill stands in force.

This sort of spirit in Mormon women was not reckoned on, probably, by those who thought that polygamy could be greatly affected by legislation. To a woman honestly and fanatically believing that her marital relation with a man had been ordained of God — was not only in the direct line of her service to God, but the most acceptable offering she could make to Him — a little more or less obloquy in the outside world would be a small matter. It is entirely within the power of the Mormon women to turn any anti-polygamy bill into a farce, if they choose, by precisely the course of conduct pursued by the young woman above described. There would not be penitentiaries enough to hold them, nor funds to feed them at the United States' expense; and it is not easy to see what further device the baffled authorities would employ.

The passage of the Edmunds bill, in spite of the grave question as to its constitutionality, may have been a wise step,* as an expression of the general sentiment of the country in regard to polygamy, an expression which the leaders of the Mormon people, the determiners of the future policy of the Church, will be foolish to ignore.

They may evade the operation of this particular bill; they may even get it rescinded. There are a thousand ways and means to such ends. Legislative enactments are creatures of circumstance and opportunity, and in political weather, to-day gives small inkling of to-morrow.

But true signs of the times no wise leaders will disregard. The Mormon people, as a people, are too upright, industrious, and moral, have worked too long and well, and achieved too splendid a success, to have their future again imperiled by being brought into active hostility with the majority of their fellow-countrymen. It will be a cruel thing if the church authorities permit it. That it is in the power of the church authorities to prevent it goes without saying. The same power that instituted the odious and abhorrent polygamy can do away with it as no longer suited to the age, or advancing the best interests of the church. If Joseph Smith has now any direct means of communicating with his followers, and has their best interests at heart, he will speedily advise them to that effect by a strenuous revelation.

There are still to be seen, here and there in the outskirts of Salt Lake City, the remains of an *adobe* wall, by which the original founders of the city intended to inclose it and keep it forever separated and safe from the rest of the world. The wall was never finished. The bits of it still standing have sunk and crumbled away, under rains and winds, till they bear no semblance whatever to a wall; are merely weed-grown, shapeless mounds of earth, soon to disappear forever. These seemed to me profoundly significant of the sure and certain crumbling away of the spiritual walls by which those same leaders expected forever to surround the consciences and the lives of the Mormon people.

* Judge Jeremiah Black pronounced the bill "a direct and flat violation of the constitution." His long argument before the Committee on the Judiciary, setting forth the points in which the bill conflicted with fundamental constitutional law, is the strongest weapon ever put into the hands of the Mormon leaders.

H. H.

ONE WAY OF LOVE.

I CANNOT measure for thee, drop by drop,
Thy draught of love, my hands, dear, tremble so;
Behold the chalice, how the bright drops glow!
And still I pour, although thou bid'st me stop,
Till the rich wine mounts to the goblet's top,
And the dry earth receives the overflow.
Too generous am I? Ah, say not so!
Love that doth count its gifts is a weak prop
Whereon to stay a weary human heart.
Yes, draw me closer, love. Perchance I may,
Clasped in thine arms, forget the dreaded day
When thou, my love, my soul, my life's best part,
In cold satiety wilt turn thee round,
And dash the poor cup broken to the ground.

Eliza Calvert Hall.

ON THE TRAINING OF PARENTS.

FORTY or fifty years ago, when the middle-aged and old people of the present day were children or young people, the parent occupied a position in the family so entirely different from that in which we find him to-day, that the subject of his training was not perhaps of sufficient importance to receive attention from those engaged in the promotion of education. The training of the child by the parent, both as a necessary element in the formation of its character and as a preparation for its education in the schools, was then considered the only branch of family instruction and discipline to which the thought and the assistance of workers in social reform should be given.

But now that there has been such a change, especially in the United States, in the constitution of the family, when the child has taken into its own hands that authority which was once the prerogative of the parent, it is time that we should recognize the altered condition of things, and give to the children of the present day that assistance and counsel in the government and judicious training of their parents which was once so freely offered to the latter when their offspring held a subordinate position in the family and household.

Since this radical change in the organization of the family a great responsibility has fallen upon the child; it finds itself in a position far more difficult than that previously held by the parent. It has upon its hands not a young and tender being, with mind unformed and disposition capable, in ordinary cases, of being easily molded and directed, but two persons with minds and dispositions matured, and often set and hardened, whose currents of thought run in such well-worn channels, and whose judgments are so biased and prejudiced in favor of this or that line of conduct, that the labor and annoyance of their proper training is frequently evaded, and the parents are remanded to the position of providers of necessaries, without any effort on the part of the child to assist them to adapt themselves to their new condition.

Not only has the child of the present day the obvious difficulties of its position to contend with, but it has no traditions to fall back upon for counsel and support. The condition of family affairs under consideration did not exist to any considerable extent before the middle of the present century, and there are no available records of the government of the parent by the child. Neither can it look to other parts of the world for examples of successful filial administration. Nowhere but in our own country can this state of things be said to prevail. It is necessary, therefore, that those who are able to do so should step forward in aid of the child as they formerly aided the parent, and see to it, as far as possible, that the latter receives the training which will enable him properly to perform the duties of the novel position which he has been called upon to fill. It is an injustice to millions of our citizens that the literature of the country contains nothing on this subject.

Whether it be done properly or improperly, the training of which we speak generally begins about the fifth or sixth year of parentage, although in cases where there happens to be but one trainer it often begins much earlier; but in these first years of filial rule the discipline is necessarily irregular and spasmodic, and it is not until the fourteenth or fifteenth year of his parental life that a man is generally enabled to understand what is expected of him by his offspring, and what line of conduct he must pursue in order to meet its views. It is, therefore, to the young people who have lived beyond their first decade that the great work of parent-training really belongs, and it is to them that we should offer our suggestions and advice.

It should be considered that this revolution in the government of the family was not one of force. The father and the mother were not hurled from their position and authority by the superior power of the child, but these positions have been willingly abdicated by the former, and promptly and unhesitatingly accepted by the latter. To the child then belongs none of the rights of the conqueror. Its subjects have voluntarily placed themselves under its rule, and by this act they have acquired a right to consideration and kindly sympathy which should never be forgotten by their youthful preceptors and directors. In his present position the parent has not only much to learn, but much to unlearn; and while the child is endeavoring to indicate to him the path in which he should walk, it should remember that the feet of father or mother are often entirely unaccustomed to the peculiar pedestrianism now imposed upon them, and that allowance should be made for the frequent slips, and trips, and even falls, which may happen to them. There is but little

doubt that severity is too frequently used in the education of parents. More is expected of them than should be expected of any class of people whose duties and obligations have never been systematically defined and codified. The parent who may be most anxious to fulfill the wishes of his offspring, and conduct himself in such manner as will meet the entire approval of the child, must often grope in the dark. It is, therefore, not only necessary to the peace and tranquillity of the family that his duties should be defined as clearly as possible, but this assistance is due to him as a mark of that filial affection which should not be permitted entirely to die out, simply because the parent has voluntarily assumed a position of inferiority and subjection. It is obvious, then, that it is the duty of the child to find out what it really wants, and then to make these wants clear and distinct to the parents. How many instances there are of fathers and mothers who spend hours, days, and even longer periods, in endeavoring to discover what it is that will satisfy the cravings of their child, and give them that position in its esteem which they are so desirous to hold. This is asking too much of the parent, and there are few whose mental vigor will long hold out when they are subjected, not only to the performance of onerous duties, but to the anxiety and vexation consequent upon the difficult task of discovering what those duties are.

Among the most forcible reasons why the rule of the child over the parent should be tempered by kind consideration, is the high degree of respect and deference now paid to the wants and opinions of children. In this regard they have absolutely nothing to complain of. The parent lives for the benefit of the child. In many cases the prosperity and happiness of the latter appears to be the sole reason for the existence of the former. How necessary is it, then, that persons occupying the position of parents in the prevalent organization of the family should not be left to exhaust themselves in undirected efforts, but that the development of their ability and power to properly perform the duties of the father and mother of the new era should be made the subject of the earnest thought and attention of the child.

It is difficult for those whose youth elapsed before the revolution in the family, and who therefore never enjoyed opportunities of exercising the faculties necessary in the government of parents, to give suitable advice and suggestion to those now engaged in this great work; but the following remarks are offered in the belief that they will receive due consideration from those to whom they are addressed.

There can be no doubt that it is of prime importance in the training of a parent by the child that the matter should be taken in hand as early as possible. He or she who begins to feel the restrictions of filial control, in the first years of parental life, will be much less difficult to manage as time goes on than one who has not been made aware, until he has been a parent for perhaps ten or twelve years, that he is expected to shape his conduct in accordance with the wishes of his offspring. In such cases, habits of self-consideration, and even those of obtrusive self-assertion, are easily acquired by the parent, and are very difficult to break up. The child then encounters obstacles and discouragements which would not have existed had the discipline been begun when the mind of a parent was in a pliant and moldable condition. Instances have occurred when, on account of the intractable nature of father or mother, the education intended by the child has been entirely abandoned, and the parents allowed to take matters into their own hands, and govern the family as it used to be done before the new system came into vogue. But it will nearly always be found to be the case, in such instances, that the ideas of the parent concerning his rights and prerogatives in the family have been allowed to grow and take root to an extent entirely incompatible with easy removal.

The neglect of early opportunities of assuming control by the child who first enables a married couple to call themselves parents, is not only often detrimental to its own chances of holding the domestic reins, but it also trammels to a great extent the action of succeeding children. But no youngster, no matter how many brothers and sisters may have preceded it, or to what extent these may have allowed the parents to have their own way, need ever despair of assuming the control which the others have allowed to elude their grasp. It is not at all uncommon for the youngest child of a large family to be able to step to the front, and show to the others how a parent may be guided and regulated by the exercise of firm will and determined action.

If, as we have suggested, parental training is begun early enough, the child will find its task an easy one, and little advice will be needed by it; but in the case of delayed action there is one point that should be kept in mind, and that is that sudden and violent measures should, as far as possible, be avoided. In times gone by it used to be the custom of many parents, when offended by a child, to administer a box to the culprit's ear. An un-

expected incident of this kind was apt to cause a sudden and tremendous change in the mental action of the young person boxed. His views of life, his recollections of the past, his aspirations for the future, his ideas of nature, of art, of the pursuit of happiness, were all merged and blended into one overwhelming sensation. For the moment he knew nothing on earth but the fact that he had been boxed. From this point the comprehension of his own status among created things, his understanding of surrounding circumstances, and of cosmic entities in general, had to begin anew. Whether he continued to be the same boy as before, or, diverging one way or the other, became a better or a worse one, was a result not to be predetermined by any known process. Now, it is not to be supposed that any ordinary child will undertake to box the ears of an ordinary parent, for the result in such a case might interfere with the whole course of training then in progress; but there is a mental box, quite as sudden in its action, and as astounding in its effect upon the boxee, as an actual physical blow, and it is no uncommon thing for a child to administer such a form of correction. But the practice is now as dangerous as it used to be, and as uncertain of good result, and it is earnestly urged upon the youth of the age to abolish it altogether. If a parent cannot be turned from the error of his ways by any other means than by a shock of this kind, it would be better, if the thing be possible, to give him into the charge of some children other than his own, and let them see what they can do with him.

We do not propose to liken a human parent to an animal so unintelligent as a horse, but there are times when a child would find it to his advantage, and to that of his progenitor, to treat the latter in the same manner as a sensible and considerate man treats a nervous horse. An animal of this kind, when he sees by the roadside an obtrusive object with which he is not acquainted, is apt to imagine it a direful and ferocious creature, such as used to pounce upon his prehistoric ancestors, and to refuse to approach its dangerous vicinity. Thereupon the man in charge of the horse, if he be a person of the character mentioned above, does not whip or spur the frightened animal until he rushes madly past the terrifying illusion, but, quieting him by gentle word and action, leads him up to the object, and shows him that it is not a savage beast, eager for horseflesh, but an empty barrel, and that the fierce eye that he believed to be glaring upon him is nothing but the handle of a shovel protruding above the top. Then the horse, if there is any good in him, will be content to walk by that barrel; and the next time he sees it will be likely to pass it with perhaps but a hasty glance or two to see that its nature has not changed; and, in time, he will learn that barrels, and other things that he may not have noticed before, are not ravenous, and so become a better, because a wiser, horse. We know well that there are parents who, plodding along as quietly as any son or daughter could desire, will suddenly stop short at the sight of something thoroughly understood and not at all disapproved of by his offspring, but which to him appears as objectionable and dangerous as the empty barrel to the high-strung horse. Now, let not the youngster apply the mental lash, and urge that startled and reluctant parent forward. Better far if it take him figuratively, by the bridle, and make him understand that that which appeared to him a vision of mental or physical ruin to a young person, or a frightful obstacle in the way of rational progress, is nothing but a pleasant form of intellectual recreation, which all persons ought to like very much, or to which, at least, they should have no objections. How many such phantasms will arise before a parent, and how necessary is it for a child, if it wish to carry on without disturbance its work of training, to get that parent into the habit of thinking that these things are really nothing but phantasms!

When it becomes necessary to punish a parent, no child should forget the importance of tempering severity with mercy. The methods in use in the by-gone times, when the present condition of things was reversed, were generally of a physical nature, such as castigation, partial starvation, and restrictions in the pursuit of happiness; but those now inflicted by the children, acting upon the mental nature of the parents, are so severe and hard to bear that they should be used but sparingly. Not only is there danger that by undue severity an immediate progenitor may be permanently injured, and rendered of little value to himself and others, but there is sometimes a reaction, violent and sudden, and a family is forced to gaze upon the fearful spectacle of a parent at bay!

The tendency of a great portion of the youth who have taken the governing power into their own hands is to make but little use of it, and to allow their parents to go their own way, while they go upon theirs. Such neglect, however, cannot but be prejudicial to the permanency and force of the child-power. While the young person is pursuing a course entirely satisfactory to himself, doing what he likes, and leaving undone what he does not like, the unnoticed parent may be

concocting schemes of domestic management entirely incompatible with the desires and plans of his offspring, and quietly building up obstacles which will be very difficult to overthrow when the latter shall have observed their existence. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but it is also the price of supremacy. To keep one's self above another, it is necessary to be careful to keep that other down. The practice of some fathers and mothers of coming frequently to the front, when their presence there is least expected or desired, must have been noticed by many children who had supposed their parents so thoroughly trained that they would not think of such a thing as causing trouble and annoyance to those above them. A parent is human, and cannot be depended upon to preserve always the same line of action; and the children who are accustomed to see their fathers and mothers perfectly obedient, docile, and inoffensive, must not expect that satisfactory conduct to continue if they are allowed to discover that a guiding and controlling hand is not always upon them. There are parents, of course, who never desire to rise, even temporarily, from the inferior positions which at the earliest possible period they have assumed in their families. Such persons are perfectly safe; and when a child perceives by careful observation that a parent belongs to this class, it may without fear relax much of the watchfulness and discipline necessary in most families, and content itself with merely indicating the path that it is desirable the elder person should pursue. Such parents are invaluable boons to an ambitious, energetic, and masterful child; and if there were more of them the anxieties, the perplexities, and the difficulties of the child-power among us would be greatly ameliorated.

Even when parents may be considered to be conducting themselves properly, and to need no increase of vigilant control, it is often well for the child to enter into their pursuits, to see what they are doing, and, if it should seem best, to help them do it. Of course, the parents are expected to promote and maintain the material interests of the family, and as their labor, beyond that necessary for present necessities, is generally undertaken for the future benefit of the child, it is but fair that the latter should have something to say about this labor. In the majority of cases, however, the parent may in this respect safely be let alone. The more he gives himself up to the amassing of a competency or a fortune, the less will he be likely to interfere with the purposes and actions of his children.

One of the most important results in the training under consideration is its influence upon the trainer. When a child has reduced its parents to a condition of docile obedience, and sees them day by day, and year by year, pursuing a path of cheerful subservience, it can scarcely fail to appreciate what will be expected of it when it shall itself have become a parent. Such observation, if accompanied by accordant reflection, cannot fail to make easier the rule of the coming child; and, in conclusion, we would say to the children of the present day: Train up a parent in the way he should go, and when you are old you will know how to go that way yourself.

Frank R. Stockton.

THE REPROACH.

With my silence thou dost task me,
Why I sing no more dost ask me:
"Once," thou say'st, "in lavish fashion
Love poured out his lyric passion;
When I ope'd my door, upon it
I was sure to find a sonnet;
Blossoms took I, white or rosy,—
There'd be verse within the posy;
If I rode, or read, or slumbered,
I was mightily benumbered;
  If I frowned, dear love, on thee —
  Straight, behold, an elegy!
Has some beauty, then, outshone me,
Since thou mak'st no rhymes upon me?"

Ah! thou little needest telling
That this heart is ne'er rebelling;—
After one proud, short endeavor
It was lost,— and lost forever.
But, though I'm thy slave and poet,
What's the need I still should show it?
Shall I sing my songs thrice over
To so well-besung a lover?
Nay, I'm too serenely quiet
For the pulses' rhyming riot,
  Of my frenzy now I'm cured,
  Of thy constancy assured;
Song is pain, and perfect pleasure
Gloats in silence o'er its treasure.

Edmund Gosse.

TRADES-UNIONISM IN ENGLAND.

THE social revolution which is in progress in every country of Europe has reached a point at which it is seriously alarming the upper classes. They are, no doubt, easily panic-stricken, but it is impossible to deny that they have good grounds in these days for anxiety. Occasional outbreaks of vivid flame — at Paris or Cartagena, in Russia or Ireland — come as warnings of what is smoldering everywhere below the surface of society, and not so very far below the surface. "Magnificence side by side with misery; altars blazing with jewels amidst homes unfit for human beings; luxury, enjoyment, and fine clothes, hustled by want, and care, and rags," have been a common enough sight since man first gathered in great cities; but the contrast has probably never yet been so marked, or so vividly felt, as in these later days. The enormous strides which material civilization is making only add to the trouble. Steam, electricity, the cheap press, have been doing their leveling work throughout Christendom. By these and other means, the "party of discontent" — as that vast majority of every people which must live from hand to mouth has been somewhat unfairly called — has been educated, until its members are not only able to feel the misery and hopelessness of their own condition and prospects under the existing competitive organization of society, but to act with great and constantly increasing power for the overthrow or modification of that organization. It cannot be too clearly understood that the great unrest of our time, though taking different names, — coöperation, communism, socialism, nihilism, — and having different superficial characteristics in England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, springs really from the same root, and looks to the same goal. That root is the hopelessness of the conditions of life for the great majority under the prevailing industrial and commercial systems, which tend more and more to the accumulation of all surplus wealth in the hands of one small class. That aim is so to alter the organization of society as to bring all this surplus wealth, and the enjoyment, leisure, culture which go with it, within reach of the excluded majority. And, widely as the methods differ by which this aim is sought to be attained in different countries, there is one characteristic which may be noted in all of them: association of one kind or another is the lever by which the "party of discontent" are trying to move the world. They have learned practically the truth of the old fable of the bundle of sticks, and know by experience that unless united they are powerless. And so the free right of association has been the watch-word of the labor movement all over Europe; and it may be safely taken as a general rule that the danger to the upper classes and to existing institutions, or the revolution now in progress in each nation, varies in proportion as that right has been recognized.

It is this master fact which gives character and its deepest interest to the social revolution in the midst of which we are living, and which, but for the progress of association in many different forms, would present so dreary and menacing an outlook. But hope comes in through this window. The more carefully we watch the rise of the democratic tide, the more clearly does the Industrial Association stand out as the channel into which the waters of the flood may safely flow for the healing of the nations, and into which they will surely flow in increasing volume if allowed to follow their natural course. Whatever danger the advancing wave may seem to threaten to existing institutions, arises from attempts to block the channel.

The people's credit-banks of Schultze-Delitsch in Germany and Italy, and such associations as those established by MM. Leclair and Godin in France, are at once the best answer to the alarms of the well-to-do classes, and the best antidote to the teachings of Karl Marx and the extreme Communists. And if the attempt to confiscate the possessions of the rich, and to make the State the sole proprietor of wealth and employer of labor, is to be averted, it will be by the multiplication and free growth of such institutions, the members of which will be found the most efficient champions of all the legitimate rights as well of property as of labor.

It is, then, by studying the position which association amongst the working class has attained in each country, that we can best judge not only of the condition of individuals of that class, but of the prospects of the nation to which they belong. In England, with which alone we are concerned here, the prospect is, on the whole, full of hope, for the right of association has been freely acknowledged by the legislature, and the law-abiding

temper of the people has led them to exercise that right freely without abusing it. How far this has been done already, and with what results, we will endeavor to show so far as our limits will allow.

Before coming to the associations to which our attention must be mainly directed, namely, the trades-unions and coöperative societies,—the proper outgrowth of the new revolutionary era,—we must look for a moment at the root out of which these later organizations have sprung. This is the ordinary Friendly Society, which has been the school in which the English working class has been learning self-government for generations in a quiet, plodding, humdrum, and (till recently) shiftless fashion. There is scarcely a hamlet in which the Friendly Society has not struck root, generally in the first instance, in the form of a small local society living from hand to mouth, and too often expiring periodically in consequence of the inadequacy of the contributions to insure the promised benefits, or of the unwillingness of young men to join, or of the constant temptation to divide the accumulated fund.

Of late years, however, friendly societies have assumed a new and more permanent and healthy form. The tendency to federation has done its work in one direction, and the constant pressure from the Registrar in another. The scattered clubs and lodges have been grouped in county societies, or have been affiliated to one of the great orders of Odd-Fellows, Foresters, or Druids. These orders, to their great credit, and at much expense, have submitted the whole of their rates of contributions and payments—their incomings and outgoings—to actuaries named or approved by the Registrar, and have adopted tables thus certified as sufficient to secure the payment of all sums insured. So that this great effort of the English poor for self-help by mutual insurance may be looked on as sound, and likely to hold its own for the present, even though it may be gradually superseded by and absorbed in other forms of association more suited to the conditions and requirements of the new time. The returns of the Registrar show that in 1880 the number of members in England and Wales of friendly societies making returns was 4,650,754, and that their accumulated funds stood at £12,741,191. In Scotland and Ireland, where the Friendly Society has struck much less firm root, the number of members scarcely exceeds 600,000, and the accumulated funds £800,000.

It is in this school, then, that the English working class has been trained, and has learned that habit of combination which is so rapidly changing the political and social outlook, and stands out as the most serious problem with which statesmen and politicians have to reckon. The old Friendly Society accepted the order of things which it found in existence. It said to the poor man: "You are liable to sickness and accident; you must get old, you must die; against all these ills to which flesh is heir you ought to make the best provision you can, and this method of mutual insurance which we offer is the best open to you." The new forms of combination to which we must now turn, though no doubt the legitimate offspring of the old Friendly Society, take very different ground. So far from accepting the established order, they are in direct protest against it. They may be divided into two great groups, the trades-unions and the coöperative societies. The former occupy, indeed, the old ground of the ordinary Friendly Society, that of mutual insurance; but they do not stop where the Friendly Society stopped; their main object being, so far as insurance is concerned, not to provide payments and allowances to the sick, or the aged, or the families of deceased members, but to maintain those of their body who are out of work, and by this means to bring pressure to bear on employers for the regulation of wages and of the arrangement and management of factories and workshops. It is this weapon which has enabled them to fight the battle of labor, and to win the position they now hold, which friend and foe alike admit to be one of very great and constantly increasing influence.

Trades-unionism, in its present highly organized form, is the product of the last thirty years. Up to 1849–50 there was scarcely any coherence between societies in the same trade. They had ceased to be absolutely illegal since the repeal of the Combination Laws in 1825, but remained outside the protection of the law as regarded their funds, and were scattered up and down the country, each holding its own as well as it could in its own locality. In these years the first steps toward federation were taken, the engineers and machinists being the leaders in the movement. Their efforts were successful, and their union, known as the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, had scarcely been organized a year before they were in collision with their employers on the vexed questions, over-time and piece-work. The men had old standing grievances on both subjects, and were eager to test the power of their new organization (which seemed to them irresistible) to give them a voice in settling such questions. But the battle-ground was not judiciously chosen, and the army was not disciplined. The re-

sult was a serious defeat. After a lock-out of four months, and the expenditure of the whole of the accumulated funds of the Amalgamated Society, the employers opened their works again, and the men went back on the old terms. Had the Amalgamated Society broken up, as was confidently expected at the time, the labor movement might have been thrown back for a quarter of a century, and the danger was great. A considerable minority of the members were thoroughly beaten and discouraged. The policy of amalgamation was seriously attacked by the employers for the moment, united under the pressure of a new danger, and but for the ability and firmness of purpose of the officers and council, the federation might have dissolved. As it was, the defeat proved better than a victory. It was the turning-point in the history of the Amalgamated Society, which rapidly recovered its losses, and at the end of two years was stronger than ever. From that time it has steadily increased, until it numbers upward of forty-five thousand members, and has branches in all the great colonies and in the United States. It has never had a second pitched battle with the employers, but has to be reckoned with on all questions affecting production and the conditions of labor. The example of the engineers was soon followed by the other leading industries, and the scattered societies of carpenters and joiners, iron-workers, miners, masons, printers, tailors, shoemakers, and, lastly, agricultural laborers and railway servants, went into union with more or less success. In most cases, the precedent of 1851 was followed only too faithfully; and one after another of the amalgamated societies, in the early days of their union, tried their strength against their employers in strikes or lock-outs, which spread through large districts and disturbed great industries. The conflict had clearly entered on a new phase. The press echoed the alarm of the employers, and denounced these combinations in unmeasured terms. The trade of the country would be ruined by these great unions of the working classes, controlled by irresponsible councils whose authority was blindly obeyed, and which were composed of men whose profession was agitation, and whose living depended upon fostering disputes. Capital, withdrawn from production at home, would seek other countries where employers could do what they pleased with their own, free from all interference. The fears of society were tersely and forcibly summed up by the present Lord Sherbrooke in one of his House of Commons speeches against the Reform Bill of Lord Russell's government, in 1866, when he urged that the same machinery which was already brought into play in connection with strikes would be applied by the working classes to political purposes. "Once give the men votes, and that machinery is ready to launch those votes in one compact mass on the institutions and property of the country." Notwithstanding these protests, in the next year the act was passed by a Tory government which gave almost every trades-unionist in the kingdom a vote. A dissolution followed, but "the institutions and property of the country" remained unassailed. In the new Parliament, notwithstanding the vast increase of the electorate, there was no direct representation of the unions; but their growing influence had made itself felt in the most legitimate manner. Legislation on the labor question became an imperative necessity. Upon the report of a royal commission, which sat for eighteen months and instituted the most searching inquiries into the action of the unions throughout the kingdom, an act was passed which gave them a definite legal position. A second commission sat in 1874, mainly for the purpose of dealing with the law of conspiracy as applicable to combinations of workmen, which still bore unfairly (so the unions contended) on their organizations. This question was also dealt with in the next session of Parliament; and, although the unions failed to obtain the entire exemption which they claimed, the terms of the settlement were such as to satisfy all but extreme partisans. They are now distinctly recognized as legal bodies, and can, if they please, register under the Friendly Societies acts, and obtain protection for their funds and the right of prosecuting and defending actions in their corporate capacity.

Their progress outside Parliament has been equally remarkable. Its most noteworthy feature has been the institution of yearly congresses, to which every trades-union in the kingdom is free to send delegates, and at which all questions bearing on the condition of labor are discussed from the workman's point of view.

The first of these was held in 1867, when the appointment of the Royal Commission, and the pending inquiry, brought home to their leaders the necessity for a closer alliance and united action. These congresses have been held annually ever since, and year by year have grown in numbers, and have shown greater capacity for dealing with public questions. At first they were employed upon the amendments in the law directly affecting themselves; but, as these have been settled, the scope of their action has steadily widened; and, though still nominally abstaining from all party politics, they consider, discuss, and endeavor to influence legislation on all

questions directly or remotely bearing on the interests of labor. This congress is represented by a Parliamentary committee elected at the yearly meetings, but sitting permanently, whose duty it is to watch legislation and the action of the Government, to keep in communication with and advise the unions, and in case of need to summon delegates or act in the name of the united body. The position which the united trades have thus won for themselves will be best appreciated by looking in some detail at the proceedings of the Congress which was held in London during the week commencing on the 12th of September, 1881.

The number of delegates was 157, representing 122 societies and trade councils, with an aggregate membership of 463,899, a considerable advance on any previous congress. It is not, however, on this account that any special interest attaches to the congress of 1881. A steady increase in the numbers of the societies in union may be looked for year by year, the attraction of the union having become too strong to be resisted by smaller bodies, now that all the amalgamated societies have given in their adhesion. But no previous congress has obtained the same recognition either in the press or from the constituted authorities; nor has any one had to deal with questions so delicate and difficult as were solved successfully by the assembled delegates in September, 1881.

As regards recognition, the associated trades-unionists have at last been formally acknowledged as the representatives of the skilled labor of the United Kingdom.

In former years the congress has been looked upon, as a rule, with no friendly eye by mayors and corporations. Nor can this be wondered at, seeing that municipal government in England remains still almost exclusively in the hands of employers of labor. There are probably not a dozen corporations in the United Kingdom which number a workingman amongst their members; and in London, where the corporation has been strong enough to resist reform, none but a wealthy man can hope to become even a Common Councilman, much less to don the furred gown of an alderman, and so to become entitled in his turn to fill the civic chair, and to taste for twelve months the sweets of being a lord and a privy councilor. It results, as a natural consequence of this plutocratic constitution, that in no town in the kingdom is class prejudice, and the stolid power of resistance to new ideas, more ripe than in the metropolis.

It may be looked on, therefore, as a significant sign of the times that the late Lord Mayor should have invited the delegates of the Trades-Union Congress to an entertainment at the Mansion House, and the proceedings in the Egyptian Hall on that evening are not a little curious to students of the labor question. The chief magistrate of the greatest commercial and manufacturing city in the world welcomed the delegates as the rank and file of the great industries of the country. He went on to say that he looked on it as an important part of his duty to recognize the position they held in relation to the trade of England, and hoped his invitation might convince them of his desire to see strengthened the bonds which should unite employer and employed. In reading the reports of their proceedings during the week, he learned that the business which called them annually together was that they might act as interpreters of the wishes and aspirations of the industrial classes whom they represented, and serve as a conductor between the legislature and the working masses of whose peculiar wrongs and grievances legislators might be ignorant, so that all unequal laws affecting the interests of labor might be removed by legal means. Such demands were only fair and reasonable, and every statesman admitted their claim to equal laws to be for the interest of the whole nation. He was glad to admit that their work had not only benefited trades-unions, but the whole of the working class. The work of our miners, seamen, factory workers, had been made safer and more tolerable by recent acts of Parliament, some of which had been initiated and all supported by them. In reviewing the past, they had every reason to be satisfied with their history and success. They had proved to the working people of the United Kingdom that, with justice on their side and judicious counselors at their back, all wrongs could be righted by the use of moderation and patient but persistent labor. This would apply not only to legislation, but to the relations between capital and labor, which should be of the most intimate kind; and he looked forward to the improvement of those relations in the interests of trade, and therefore of the nation. And then, after congratulating them on the conduct of their secretary, Mr. Broadhurst, as their representative in the House of Commons, where he had discharged his duties with an ability and faithfulness which had earned the respect and esteem of all parties, his lordship concluded by saying that he had had during his mayoralty to receive the representatives of all classes of the community, but that there were none whom he had been more glad to welcome than his guests of the evening.

To whom replied, shortly and gravely, Mr. Coulson, delegate from the Bricklayers' Union and president of the congress, thanking the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress for their hospitality, and hoping that their deliberations as trades-unionists might benefit not only their own order, but the whole nation. The president was followed by Mr. Broadhurst, M. P., secretary of the Parliamentary Committee, and delegate of the Masons' Operative Society of England and Wales, who ventured to congratulate the Lord Mayor on his recognition of the value of trades-unions as initiators of legislation, and on the example he was setting to the chief magistrates of other great towns, from whom the congress had received scant courtesy, and who, if they would inquire for themselves, instead of accepting second-hand evidence, would find that trades-unionists, while determined to have their rights, were never unreasonable or desirous of infringing on the rights of others. Such, in condensed form, was what passed on this occasion, surely as noteworthy a one as any royal, military, or other reception which has taken place in that center of civic magnificence for many years.

But the action taken by the assembled delegates, in a matter vitally affecting the constitution and character of their organization, gives a yet more special significance to the Congress of 1881.

The necessity for such action arose as follows: The depression of all branches of industry in the last few years had revived the hopes of those who have never frankly accepted free-trade principles. This party, though not numerous, as the result has proved, are rich and energetic, and spared neither expense nor trouble in using the bad times for their own purposes. It would have been useless to attack in front under the banner of "Protection to native industry," as in England no public men with characters to lose could have been found to lead such a forlorn hope. But a flank movement, it seemed, might have some chance of success; so the plausible cry for "fair trade" was raised, and an association formed to promote the new policy and press it on candidates and constituencies. A certain amount of success, more superficial than real, rewarded these efforts. The "fair trade" cry was raised at several by-elections, and the refusal to treat the question as one of practical politics was supposed to have injured more than one candidate. Here and there, too, there were signs that the work-people in the depressed trades were inclined to listen to the voice of the protectionist charmer; or, at any rate, so said persons who assumed to speak for them. The theory that those who are combined to keep up wages and improve the conditions of labor cannot be genuine free-traders was maintained with much plausible reasoning in middle-class newspapers. In fact, the time seemed ripe for an effort to bring the trades-unions into the Fair-Trade camp; and the association saw the opportunity for making it at the yearly congress, and set about the business with considerable skill.

The congress was called for Monday the 11th of September; so a Fair-Trade conference was announced for the Friday and Saturday of the previous week. To this conference certain trades-unionists from Bristol, Glasgow, Birmingham, and other towns, were invited, who were known as fair-traders, the association agreeing to pay their expenses to London and give them 15s. a day, upon condition that they should afterward attend the Trades-Union Congress, and should raise there the question of foreign export bounties, and otherwise promote the Fair-Trade cause. The persons so invited accordingly offered their gratuitous services to the trades-unions or trades councils to which they belonged; and several of those bodies, in their anxiety to save expense, fell into the trap, and appointed them as delegates to the congress. In other cases, the appointments were not formally made; but the usual credentials were given by the secretary or other officer of the society, on his own authority.

A compact body of Fair-Traders was thus introduced into the Trades-Union Congress. The attempt to use their organization for party purposes had been made before, but never with such ingenuity, nor on so large a scale. Rumors of what had been done were rife, and it was felt that the matter was of grave importance and must be promptly dealt with, and it was referred to the Standing Orders Committee to report upon. The rule had always been that delegates should be formally elected, and their expenses paid by the societies which sent them, but this rule had not been strictly enforced. A note from the secretary of a society naming a delegate had been allowed to pass as sufficient credentials, and the inquiry as to the payment of expenses had been somewhat lax. The Standing Orders Committee, after careful inquiry, on the second day advised Congress to declare that no one should be eligible as a delegate whose expenses were not borne by the society sending him. This was passed at once by a large majority; and on the third day the committee presented their report, recommending that, in future, all delegates' credentials should be signed by at least two officers of the appointing society, and instancing by name several persons who had failed to es-

tablish their right to sit in the present Congress, their expenses not having been paid by the societies they professed to represent.

Upon this report the question of the expulsion of the named delegates was raised in the most direct manner, in spite of the doubts and warnings of not a few timid or over-cautious persons, who feared that such a course might lead to serious trouble, possibly to the break-up of the Union. Were not the Fair-Traders a strong body, with much to say for their views? Could the congress risk drawing the reins so tightly, after having been lax for so many years? The rumor of their divisions had already leaked out; would not a public struggle over the expulsion of these men rejoice all their enemies and create a scandal of the most serious character? Timid counsels, however, did not prevail, and half measures were put resolutely aside. The case of each named delegate was brought up in turn, and a motion made that he be not allowed to sit in this congress. In each case the delegate himself and his friends were heard; and in every case, the facts found by the Standing Orders Committee remaining unshaken, the motion was carried by heavy majorities. This action was confirmed by resolutions framed with a view to guard all future congresses against outside influences. Contrary to expectation, there has been no secession, or even protest, from any society belonging to the organization. The tone of a special report recently issued by the Parliamentary Committee shows how serious the danger had been in the opinion of those most competent to judge. A glance at the subjects which were brought before the congress will show how rapidly the ideas of trades-unionists are growing as to what are "working-class questions." Thus the report and resolutions of the Congress of 1881 deal not only with proposed legislation on the inspection of factories and workshops, the liability of employers for accidents, and the hours of labor, but with the extension of the suffrage, the patent laws, the codification of the criminal law, the land laws, national defense, imprisonment for debt, labor representation in Parliament, and foreign export bounties. Here, then, we get the best evidence that the old line of abstention from politics has been abandoned. Indeed, in his opening address, the chairman formally noted this change. "Two things," he says, "are quite clear: first, that, while we do well to avoid party politics, and to guard ourselves carefully against party influences, especially such as come from the ruling classes, at the same time the hard and fast line we endeavored formally to draw between political and trade questions has been broken down, and cannot be maintained; and, secondly, that we cannot stand aloof from the interests of our brethren of other countries." And again: "There should be the firmest alliance between the workmen of different countries, for their enemies are the same, and union is strength between workmen of different countries as between workmen of different trades. . . . We are engaged in the same great struggle for our full share in the social and political life of our time."

In short, the first part of Lord Sherbrooke's sinister prophecy has come true; and "the same machinery which is brought into play in connection with strikes is being applied to political purposes." It remains to be seen whether, now that their position is assured and their aims are defined, the second part of that prophecy will also be fulfilled, — whether the machinery of the unions will be "launched in one compact mass on the institutions and property of the country." It is useless to deny that the problem is an awkward one, in England as elsewhere. "Given the condition," as Lord Derby has put it, "that nearly all political power is virtually in one class,— as under our system of household suffrage it is, whenever that class chooses to take it,—and that nearly all surplus wealth which men desire is in the hands of another class, how long will you be able to prevent an explosion?" Let us look it in the face so far as the trades-unions are concerned, endeavoring fairly to measure what they have done already, and to infer, so far as materials serve, what may be expected of them in the future:

First, as to trades' disputes. It was confidently expected that these would grow in numbers and intensity as the unions spread over larger areas and perfected their organization; and at one time the expectation seemed likely to be fulfilled. We have already noted that one after another of the trades, as their societies were amalgamated, followed the example of the engineers, and tried a fall with their employers. But of late years, the number of these great strikes has notably diminished; and every year the chances of such lamentable contests seem likely to decrease. For in many of the great staple industries, permanent courts of arbitration and conciliation have been formed, composed of employers and workmen in equal numbers, before which all disputes are brought in the first instance. The decisions of these tribunals are not, indeed, absolutely binding; but as a rule, they have been accepted, and loyally acted upon by both sides. The example has spread in trades where no such courts have been established, so that, when a dispute arises, there is almost always an effort, and generally

a successful one, to refer the matter in dispute to arbitration. Moreover, several of the most powerful unions in the kingdom have made a rule, that in no case shall aid be given to any local branch engaged in a strike, unless it can be proved that, before going out, a *bona fide* offer of arbitration has been made to the employer. It is beyond question that this remarkable change has been effected in consequence and not in spite of the more perfect organization of the societies and the establishment of the union represented by the annual congress and the Parliamentary Committee. And this has been the work of the leaders,—partisans no doubt, or they would never have been elected; but men who have as a rule signally disproved the accusations so persistently made against them as "paid agitators." "Paid" they are, no doubt; but there is not one of the secretaries who draws the salary of a good clerk; and the allowances to committeemen for attendances scarcely cover necessary expenses. "Agitators" they are, too, in a sense, as it is their special function to watch and protect the interests of their members, which involves frequent controversies with employers and appeals to their own members. But the serious responsibility which is thrown on them has had, in the vast majority of cases, the effect of sobering and steadying even extreme partisans; and it may be safely affirmed that, in nine cases out of ten, strikes are most rare in the best organized trades, and that the central council is far more cautious and peaceably inclined than local councils, and local councils than the workmen in any given establishment. So far, then, the increase in power of the unions has made their action less aggressive. There seems at present no reason to doubt that this will continue to be the case.

Secondly, as to wages. Whether the action of the trades-unions has had any effect in raising these is a question still warmly disputed. The orthodox economists have maintained, and have apparently persuaded the general public, that it is impossible. Nevertheless, whether it be *post hoc* or *propter hoc*, the fact remains that in England the standard of wages has gone up in all trades of late years, and to that extent the employers' share in profits has been reduced, and that of their workmen increased. The struggle for a greater share of these profits is, of course, one of the main objects of the unions, and brings them into direct antagonism with employers; but it is satisfactory, at any rate, to note that much of the old blindness and bitterness has disappeared. The voluntary courts of arbitration and conciliation may be credited with this result. In them, the union representatives get a real knowledge of the difficulties and fluctuations of trade, and come into personal relations with employers, by which both sides learn to make allowances. Disputes as to the rate of wages can never cease until the development of association has made the interests of employer and employed identical. When that time comes, trades-unions will disappear. Meantime, they have done this signal service, that the conflict is now, on the workman's side, maintained by an organized force and not by bands of guerrillas.

Thirdly, as to the quality and quantity of work. Complaints on these points have become general of late, and the deterioration has been generally attributed to the influence of the unions. It is said that they are the cause that less work is done in a given time than formerly; that the work that is done is of inferior quality; that the best workmen are brought down by their rules to an equality with the worst, and that both are demoralized. There is some truth in these complaints, as the unions themselves admit in the defense which they put forth in their report for 1881. It runs:

> "We fear that this (speculative building) is not the only branch of the trade of the country in which durability has been sacrificed to cheapness. This scamping of work and cheating of purchasers is not the fault of the artisan; it is his misfortune. We know by experience that the properly trained and highly skilled workman is the first to suffer. When circumstances press him into this circle of competition, he has to undergo a second apprenticeship to acquire this sleight-of-hand system. During this period he earns less than the initiated; and when good fortune brings him back to his original class of work, he has again the labor, however short, of renewing his former habits. We could wish to see the end of this spurious class of work, but the prospect of such a desirable change is not immediate. There are employers who would not hesitate to destroy the reputation of a trade, or, for that matter, of a nation, for the sake of rapid and increased profits, and then charge the wrong upon those whom they have demoralized in their demand for cheap production."

It is a melancholy "confession and avoidance." The employers must, no doubt, share the blame with their workmen; but these cannot shift it from their own shoulders. They are powerful enough now to insist, if they choose to do so, that no unionist shall work in shops where such practices prevail. Moreover, much of the scamping and dawdling complained of is that of men in establishments of good repute, where the employers desire that the work should be done in the best manner and the shortest time. That the unions have not made common cause with such employers in the past is a weak point in their case. It may fairly be hoped that the renewed interest in thoroughly good work of all kinds may influence these powerful bodies.

The fact that they denounce scamping as "a crime" in a recent report is a good sign; but if their action stops there, it will be of little use. What is wanted is that the prejudice against manual labor, which has undoubtedly grown of late among our artisans, should be rooted out, and the pride in fine work encouraged; and that not only "scamping," but wasting time which is paid for, should be marked as disgraceful by the public opinion of the handicraftsmen of England. The trades-unions could effect this if they set about it in earnest, and at present they are probably the only agency through which it could be effected.

Fourthly, the moderation with which the political power of the unions has been used hitherto, is best illustrated by the fact that it is only recently that any public officer has been appointed on their application. In the spring of 1881 the Parliamentary Committee waited on the Home Secretary to suggest that inspectorships under the Factory and Workshops acts were posts which skilled workmen were well qualified to fill. Sir William Harcourt at once met them half-way, and offered the first vacancy in his gift to Mr. Broadhurst, their secretary and M. P. for Stoke-on-Trent. On his declining, Mr. J. D. Prior, the secretary to the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, accepted the post, for which no one doubts his entire fitness. In fifteen years, one sub-inspectorship of factories stands out as the result of the attacks of the unions on the institutions of the country, though it must be admitted that they look forward to "a larger share in the civil administration, which will assuredly fall to the lot of those who succeed us, even should we not live to see it." In such modest phrase they celebrate the first appointment of one of their number to a humble post in the civil service. On the other hand, they have managed to send two representatives to the House of Commons,—Mr. Burt, president of the Miners' National Union, and Mr. Broadhurst, secretary of the Parliamentary Committee,—both of whom, by their moderation and good sense, by their firmness in presenting the views of their own class and their readiness to consider those of opponents, have won the respect of the House and the country.

So far, then, the institutions or property of the country have no reason to distrust the growing power of the trades-unions. The social democracy of England, as represented by them,—and, to a considerable extent, they are its genuine representatives,—although solicited again and again by zealous propagandists from the Continent, have steadily refused to adopt the ideas of German State Socialists or French Communists. They have made no claim that the State shall interfere with private property, or with the organization of labor. They do not ask that it shall become the sole owner of land, the sole capitalist, the universal employer. They believe that the claims of labor can be fairly met, and the condition of the working classes made what it ought to be, by the working out of the traditional policy of trades-unionism on the old lines.

But is it possible for those who are not trades-unionists to share this belief? Surely not. The fact is, that they do not even pretend to solve the great industrial problem. As long as the present system lasts, employers and workmen must remain rivals; and so long it is well that each side should be thoroughly organized, as thereby the chances of open collision are minimized, and when a battle does come the laws of war are better observed. The unions, it is true, encourage arbitration; but even if arbitration were universally to prevail, the antagonism would be only dormant, not extinguished. At best, it can only result in establishing a temporary truce on reasonable terms, when disarmament and final peace is what is needed. And this is the truth which has been firmly grasped by the Coöperators, who form the other great branch of the industrial movement in England. They maintain that the rival interests must be reconciled, and that they can be reconciled and are being reconciled by their methods. How far they are justified in these hopes, and what progress they have made toward realizing them, we hope to examine in a future number.

Thomas Hughes.

ONE SEA-SIDE GRAVE.

UNMINDFUL of the roses,
  Unmindful of the thorn,
A reaper tired reposes
  Among his gathered corn:
  So might I, till the morn!

Cold as the cold Decembers,
  Past as the days that set,
While only one remembers
  And all the rest forget,—
  But one remembers yet.

Christina G. Rossetti.

CHIEF JOSEPH, THE NEZ-PERCÉ.

CHIEF JOSEPH, or "Young Joseph," as it became the habit to call him during his father's life-time, fought for that which the white man calls patriotism when it has been crowned with success. He and the survivors of his band are now exiles in the Indian Territory. He has appealed to the authorities at Washington, claiming that by the terms of his surrender, as he understood them, they were to be allowed to return to Idaho, and to settle on the Nez-Percé Reservation.* This reservation lies at the bottom of the trouble with Joseph's people. They prided themselves on having received Lewis and Clarke, Bonneville, Fremont, and other white men, with the hand of friendship, and on never having falsified their early promises. Up to the time of Joseph's outbreak, though Nez-Percés had been killed by white men, only one white man had fallen by the hand of a *Chu-lé-pa-lu*, the slayer being *Sa-poon-mas*, of Big Thunder's band.

Joseph's father joined the other independent chiefs of the tribe in a formal treaty concluded in the Walla-Walla Valley on June 11, 1855, but which was not ratified until 1859. By this treaty, the Indians gave up all claim to the country excepting certain specified tracts. Old Joseph and *Appush-wa-hite* (Looking-glass) entered into the contract with great reluctance, and only on the express stipulation that the Wallowa and Imnaha Valleys should be guaranteed them as their especial district. Soon the white man wanted these valleys, and in 1863, a supplementary treaty was made (ratified 1867), taking those valleys away from Old Joseph. But he would have nothing to do with this second treaty, he and his band becoming known as the non-treaty Nez-Percés. He said: "I have kept my faith; let the whites keep theirs." A majority of the other chiefs, however, agreed to the new allotment, for their particular interests were not injured; and the commissioners for the United States claimed that Joseph was bound by a majority of his peers. False as was the whole theory of treating with the Indians, the inevitable evil results could have been softened only by good faith on both sides. The faith pledged to Joseph in 1855, when the country was a wilderness, could not now be kept in its spirit, and through that loop-hole the commissioners sought escape. But no matter how consistent their action may have seemed to them, to the Indians it was false and absurd. With them, as with all warlike, nomadic peoples, the decision of a majority is not regarded as binding the minority; this principle is unknown. In their institutions, the autonomy of the individual is so complete that a chief approaches absolutism only in proportion to his personal strength of character, and the strongest never dreams of such an attempt at power, but acts upon the will of his people expressed in council; and if there be but one man who dissents, his right to depart from the action of the others is unquestioned.† So Old Joseph would not leave his valleys, and there he died and was buried, and *Im-mut-tu-ya-lat-lat* (Thunder Rolling in the Mountains), or "Young Joseph," took his place. On the same principle, "Young Joseph," since his confinement in the Indian Territory, points out that to his mind the essential thing about a contract, namely, "the agreement of the minds," was wanting in this supplementary treaty. His parable in effect is as follows: "A man comes to me, and says, 'Joseph, I like your horses, and I want to buy them.' I say I do not want to sell them. Then he goes to my neighbor and says, 'Joseph has some good horses, but he will not sell them,' and my neighbor says, 'Pay me and you may have them.' And he does so, and then comes to me, and says, 'Joseph, I have bought your horses.'"

He first came into notice as chief during the Modoc troubles of 1873. His band became very restless and defiant. A commission was ordered, and on its recommendation the Wallowa was set aside for Joseph's exclusive use by an executive order of June, 1873. But this valley was so beautiful and fertile that two years later the order was revoked. Joseph, however, resisted intrusions into his territory; and in 1876 one of his Indians was killed by a white man, in a quarrel over some stock. This led General Howard, the commander of the military department, to ask for another commission to "settle the whole matter, before war is even thought of." This commission recommended that if the principle of decision by majorities should be held to apply, Joseph ought to be required to go upon the reservation. Thereupon, at the request of the Interior Department, General Howard was directed to occupy the Wallowa Valley with troops,

* [Thirty-two women and children and one man have since been allowed to return to Idaho.—ED.]

† The character of the tribal Germans as presented by Cæsar and Tacitus is in many respects in interesting parallelism with that of the native North Americans.

and, if necessary, to drive Joseph upon the reservation. Indian runners were sent out to inform the "non-treaties" of the decision against them. They refused to hearken to such messages, and prepared to defend themselves.

Joseph would not believe that his case had been truthfully presented, and yet not determined in his favor. He hastened to the agent at Umatilla, and declared that the interpreter at Lapwai could not have spoken the truth to the mixed commission. He begged for another interview. Two councils were held, one at Umatilla, and one at Walla-Walla, in neither of which Joseph appeared, but sent his brother Ollicut (killed in the last fight) to represent him. A general council was called to meet at Lapwai. Joseph and all the non-treaty bands were to be present. For several days the motley hordes poured in from the mountains. There were men, women, and children, with troops of horses, and all the picturesque paraphernalia of the camp.

They came singing the monotonous chants of the wilderness, with gaudy blankets flaunting in the wind or girded at the loins. The horses were daubed with color and plumed with eagle feathers. As they galloped and curveted, the fantastic head-dresses, crests, and flowing locks of their riders, the red leggings or bare brown legs, arms, and breasts, the eagle-feather and bear-claw trimmings, made a highly colored and animated picture.

On May 3d, the first day of the council, Joseph spoke of the importance of the subjects to be discussed, and asked for delay till all could be present, and for plenty of time for deliberation. He was told that White Bird would be waited for if he wished it. Here an old *tooat* (priest) stood up and said to the interpreter: "For the sake of the children and the children's children of both whites and Indians, tell the truth!" The orders of the Government were interpreted to the Indians, and they were told that the department commander and the Indian agent were there to hear all they had to say, no matter how long it might take; but that the Indians must comprehend at the outset that the views of the Government would be enforced.

On the second day White Bird was present, and the debate became so hot and so hostile that Joseph suddenly asked for an adjournment. The next day the council opened more calmly, but finally *Too-hul-hul-suit*, whose anger had forced Joseph to seek the adjournment the day before, said plainly: "The others may do as they like. *I* will *not* go on the reservation." For this he was arrested and confined. Thereafter Joseph and White Bird managed the council smoothly. They either agreed or seemed to agree to everything, and promised to be on the reservation by June 14. At their request *Too-hul-hul-suit* was released. On June 14, 1877, the non-treaty bands began their horrible murders of men, women, and children. The small band which began the work swept over the Camas Prairie and Salmon River country, falling upon the unsuspicious dwellers in the lonely cabins, firing the houses, and throwing the living into the flames. Soon after his capture, while he was a prisoner in a little tent on the bank of the Missouri, Joseph said to the writer: "I intended to go on the reservation. I knew nothing of these murders. Had I been at home, they would not have happened; but I was away on the other side of the Salmon River, killing some beef for my wife, who was sick, and I was called back by messengers telling me what the young men had done. Then I knew I must lead them in fight, for the whites would not believe my story." Nevertheless, the story may be true. About a year after this talk with Joseph, an Indian in Idaho told me that after the last council with General Howard, at Lapwai, the allied bands of non-treaties met in a rocky cañon near the Salmon River, and argued peace and war for ten days; that Joseph urged peace, and the others war, even taunting him with cowardice; that on the last day two young men whose fathers had been killed by the whites took three companions and committed the first murders.

News of the outrages was received at Fort Lapwai, the nearest military post, not far from Lewiston, June 15, and by eight o'clock in the evening the garrison, consisting of two companies of cavalry, was on the march. By dawn of the next day they entered White Bird Cañon, a basaltic-walled, rough-ridged defile leading from the table-land of Camas Prairie to the Salmon River, six miles distant. Into this cañon the troops marched, accompanied by some citizen volunteers. The Nez-Percé record had been one of such unbroken peacefulness toward white men, that no one knew what sort of antagonists they would prove. Our advance was met four miles from the entrance to the cañon by nearly the entire hostile force—some three hundred warriors. Leaving their women and children and non-combatants—in all about seven hundred souls—in the camp behind them, they advanced, throwing out a line of mounted skirmishers which deployed and maneuvered in fine order. They came on yelling, under cover of a herd of horses driven ahead of them, and by military skill and savage adroitness combined, they soon turned our flank and poured in a deadly fire. The citizen volunteers, who had

been given the key position to hold, broke and fled, panic-stricken.

This demoralized the soldiers, and the sad affair was only saved from being a rout and total massacre by the coolness of the few who preserved military order and thereby escaped alive. The Nez-Percés returned to their camp completely victorious, and probably suffered very slight loss. During the heat of this fight Joseph's wife gave birth to a daughter. At his surrender this was the only child left to him, his other daughter, a girl about ten years of age, having been cut off from camp, and lost during the *mêlée* of the final engagement.

After this fight or "massacre" at White Bird Creek, the Indians had the country to themselves. The whites fled to Idaho City, and hurriedly constructed a stockade; and the hostiles gathered into the mountain glens most of the horses of the region, and pillaged the settlements and slaughtered the cattle. General Howard concentrated all the troops of his department as quickly as possible, and, putting himself at their head, moved on the hostiles. These abandoned their lair in the White Bird Cañon, and crossed the Salmon River into the heart of the Craig Mountains just as the troops reached the river-bank. Now began a doubling chase in this rugged country. Joseph, with his great herds of horses and ranch cattle, which he killed as he needed them, chose the nearly inaccessible paths; and the incessant rain, the slippery or rocky steeps, all combined to foil the breathless efforts of his pursuers. Returning to the Camas Prairie in a wide sweep through the mountains, Joseph penned up two companies of cavalry in a stockade, and cut off and killed Lt. Rains and ten men who had been sent out to reconnoiter.

Encouraged by this continued success, which he hoped would draw malcontents to him from the neighboring reservation, Joseph went into camp on the North Fork of the Clearwater, and here, by redoubled exertions, the troops overtook him on the morning of July 11. It was a test case—all the hostiles under Joseph against all the soldiers under General Howard. The Indians, naturally a brave tribe, now flushed by success and rendered desperate by their lot, seemed not unwilling to try the issue. Leaving their picturesque camp and cone-like teepees protected by the broad mountain stream, they crossed over to meet us, and, swarming out of the river-bottom, occupied the rocks and fir-crowned heights of the ravines transverse to the main valley, leaving the troops only the alternative to deploy as skirmishers, and throw themselves flat on the sunburnt grass of the open. Joseph promptly took the initiative, and tried the favorite and hitherto successful tactics of working around our flanks and getting in the rear; but in this he was checked each time, and our line finally developed into a crescent with the baggage and hospital at the rear and center. Nothing could be bolder or more aggressive than the conduct of these Indians. Twice this day they massed under shelter, and, leaving their war-horses in the timber, charged our line so savagely that they were only repelled by as fierce a counter-charge, the two lines advancing rapidly till they almost met; and when the Indians turned they did so only to regain cover. Their fire was deadly, the proportion of wounded to killed being but two to one. A large number of the casualties occurred in the short time before each man had protected himself by earth thrown up with his trowel bayonet. At one point of the line, one man, raising his head too high, was shot through the brain; another soldier, lying on his back and trying to get the last few drops of warm water from his canteen, was robbed of the water by a bullet taking off the canteen's neck while it was at his lips. An officer, holding up his arm, was shot through the wrist; another, jumping to his feet for an instant, fell with a bullet through the breast. So all day long under the hot July sun, without water and without food, our men crawled about in the parched grass, shooting and being shot. The wounded were carried back to an awning where the surgeons were at work; the dead were left where they fell. All day long the Indians fought hard for the mastery. Among the rocks and scrubby pines their brown naked bodies were seen flying from shelter to shelter. Their yells were incessant as they cheered each other on or signaled a successful shot.

Joseph, White Bird, and *Too-hul-hul-suit*, all seemed to be in command, but—and as one of Joseph's band told the writer—Joseph was after this fight called "the war-chief." He was everywhere along the line; running from point to point, he directed the flanking movements and the charges. It was his long fierce calls which sometimes we heard loudly in front of us, and sometimes faintly resounding from the distant rocks. As darkness covered us, the rifles grew silent, till only an occasional shot indicated each side's watchfulness.

The packers and non-combatants had been set cooking, and during the evening a sort of pancake and plenty of ammunition were distributed to each man. A spring in a ravine was secured, but one man sent to fill canteens never returned, and it was found that the enemy were in possession of it. Next day, however, the spring was retaken. All through

the night, from the vast Indian camp in the river-bottom, rose the wail of the death-song and the dull drumming of the *tooats*. The dirge of the widows drifted to us through the summer night—now plaintive and faint, now suddenly bursting into shrieks, as if their very heart-strings had snapped. But mingling with these unpleasant sounds came the rapid movement of the scalp-chant, *hum, hum, hum*, hurrying to the climax of fierce war-whoops.

With the dawn the stray popping of rifles grew more and more rapid, till as the sun shot up into the sky both sides were hard at work again. Joseph, unlike his men, did not strip off his clothes for battle, as is the Indian custom, but wore his shirt, breech-clout, and moccasins; and though (as I was told by one of his men) he was wholly reckless of himself in directing the various fights, he did not receive a wound.

On this second day, the Indians being more determined, if possible, than on the day before, and our side having received reënforcements, General Howard, at two o'clock in the afternoon, ordered a charge upon their position. Colonel Marcus Miller led the attack, which was desperately resisted. Some of the Indians made no effort to retreat, and were killed in their rifle-pits. But this ended the fight. They fled across the river, hastily gathered the women and children who had not been sent off the night before, and throwing on pack-animals such effects as they could secure in their haste, they were soon seen speckling the distant hills, as they streamed away to Kamiah ferry and the Lo Lo trail.

Much of their camp was taken standing, the packs and robes lying about, and the meat cooking at the fire. Evidently, the enemy had not anticipated defeat. We followed them to Kamiah ferry, which they destroyed, and disputed the river, while they robbed their kinsmen, the Kamiah Indians, and collected their herds in a mountain glade. At this place Joseph sent in a flag of truce; some of the wounded and some young braves came in, but he did not. The writer was told long afterward, by an Indian of that region, that Joseph wished to surrender rather than leave the country or bring further misery on his people, but that, in council, he was overruled by the older chiefs, *Ap-push-wa-hite* (Looking-glass), White Bird, and *Too-hul-hul-suit;* and Joseph would not desert the common cause. According to this informant, Joseph's last appeal was to call a council in the dale, and passionately condemn the proposed retreat from Idaho. "What are we fighting for?" he asked. "Is it for our lives? No. It is for this land where the bones of our fathers are buried. I do not want to take my women among strangers. I do not want to die in a strange land. Some of you tried to say, once, that I was afraid of the whites. Stay here with me now, and you shall have plenty of fighting. We will put our women behind us in these mountains, and die on our own land fighting for them. I would rather do that than run I know not where."

But, the retreat being decided on, he led this caravan, two thousand horses and more, women, children, old men, and old women, the wounded, palsied, and blind, by a seemingly impassable trail, interlaced with fallen trees, through the ruggedest mountains, to the Bitter Root Valley, where (a fact unprecedented in Indian warfare) he made a treaty of forbearance with the inhabitants, passing by settlements containing banks and stores, and near farms rich with stock, but taking nothing and hurting no one. So he pushed on; he crossed the Rocky Mountains twice, the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers, and was within one day's march of Canada when he was taken. Not knowing that General Gibbon had been summoned by telegraph to intercept him, Joseph, after leaving Bitter Root Valley, encamped to rest awhile on the banks of Big Hole Creek, in the valley of the Big Hole, situated in Montana.

After making a reconnoissance and finding (with slight loss) that the Indians had a rear guard holding the narrow Lo Lo trail, we hurried to reach the Bitter Root Valley by the Mullan road; but Joseph made a demonstration in the shape of a raid on Kamiah, and such were the reports and the popular feeling that General Howard abandoned the Millan road and returned to push in on the Lo Lo trail. For ten days we toiled along this pathway. The marching hour was sunrise, the camping hour sunset. Often the hillsides were so steep that we could not sleep comfortably without digging out a bed. Each cavalryman had been required to start with ten pounds of grain for his horse, but several times horses and patient pack-mules were tied up at night without a mouthful of any kind of fodder. Meanwhile, General Gibbon had hurried down from Fort Shaw, and, finding that he was three days too late to head off Joseph, pressed on his trail over the Rockies toward the Big Hole. On August 6 we were still locked in the mountains, but were encamped in a beautiful glen, where, for the first time, there was good grazing. Hot springs gave delightful baths, and a cold brook furnished trout for supper. Every one, down to the most stoical mule in the pack-train, felt cheered. Soon a courier from

General Gibbon arrived in hot haste, informing us of his intentions and whereabouts. A sergeant was sent with similar information to General Gibbon; and before daylight next morning we were harder at work than ever, trying to overtake Gibbon before he should strike the Indians. For three days we pushed on with no word from our courier. Then (August 10) General Howard, with an aide-de-camp and twenty Indian scouts and twenty cavalrymen, commanded by Lieutenant Bacon, made a forced march ahead of his command to join Gibbon. The latter had discovered Joseph's camp in the bottom-land of the head-waters of the Big Hole. This bottom-land was covered with thickets of willow bushes, and was full of treacherous bogs. Jutting into it from the western side were the timber-covered knolls and promontories of the Rocky Mountain foot-hills, while away to the east rolled the open Big Hole prairie. At dawn General Gibbon made his attack; and though he had less than one-third the force of the enemy, so complete was the surprise that with almost any other Indians there would have been a rout. The soldiers poured into the camp, firing into the teepees,* and, in the gray light, shooting indiscriminately everything that moved. Naked warriors with only their rifles and cartridge-belts ran into the willows and to the prairie knolls overlooking the camp, and instantly from these positions of vantage opened a telling fire. Women and children, roused from sleep, ran away screaming with terror, or, surrounded by enemies, begged by signs for mercy. (It is needless to say that no women or children were intentionally killed.) Some few women armed themselves in desperation, but most of them fled or hid under the overhanging banks of the creek or in the bushes.

The yells of the soldiers, the wild war-whoops of the Indians, the screams of the terrified women and children, the rattle of rifle shots, shouts of command, the cursing of the maddened soldiers already firing the nearest teepees, contributed to the horrors of the battle, which was made more terrible by the presence of mothers and babies in the blue rifle smoke that made the dawn more dim. Joseph soon had his men strongly posted on the commanding positions, and their destructive fire stopped further firing of the camp, and drove the soldiers to one of the timbered knolls. General Gibbon's horse was killed, and he himself was shot through the thigh; but he kept command, and, sitting propped against a tree, directed the construction of some rifle-pits and log fortifications.

Stung by the attack, but more (as Joseph afterward explained) by the loss of their women and children, the Indians took the offensive most savagely. They fired the long grass and timber, but a fortunate change of the wind saved the wooded knoll. They wormed through the grass to within forty or fifty feet of the rifle-pits. They climbed to the tree-tops. One of them was so securely perched behind a dead log that he killed four men in one rifle-pit before he himself was picked off, and then his naked yellow body fell so close to the fortification that his friends did not venture to recover it. This night, after burying the dead, Joseph sent his women and impedimenta under escort by way of the Lemhi country, where they again made a treaty of forbearance with the settlers. All the next day the fight continued, but about midnight the last of the warriors withdrew and hastened after the main body.

General Howard with his small party bivouacked this same night about twelve miles from Gibbon's position, being unable to proceed because of the darkness. At twilight he had captured some citizen stragglers from Gibbon's wagon camp, who told a dismal tale of utter annihilation. General Howard was too experienced in deserters' stories to credit all this, but nevertheless he caused camp fires to be built as if his whole command was at hand, and with the earliest dawn was sweeping along at a gallop to give the aid of his fifty rifles to Gibbon. Some naked and mutilated bodies of our people were passed, a howitzer wheel was found by the trail, and the wagon camp was found silent and deserted; so it was with forebodings that we rode on, to be cheered, however, as we turned the point of a hill and came suddenly upon Gibbon's camp, and were received with hearty hurrahs. The commander himself was dressing his wound, and directing the soldiers in the care of their comrades; for no medical officer was with this command, and about one-half of them were killed or wounded.

Joseph had turned north-eastward toward the National Park of the Yellowstone, and his rear-guard had crossed the Corinne stage-road a few hours before General Howard's command reached the same point. This was a great disappointment, as we had every reason to believe that this time we would intercept him. The next night we encamped in a prairie dotted with clumps of cottonwood trees and camas meadows.† That night, just before dawn, our sleeping camp was startled into half-bewildered consciousness by a rattling fire of rifles, accompanied with the *zee-zip* of

* The conical skin tents.

† *Camas* is a tuber which forms a staple article of food with the Indians.

bullets through the air and through tent canvas, and by unearthly war-whoops. It was a back hit from Joseph. Our men, still half stupid with sleep, groped about for shoes and cartridge-belts and swore at the mislaid articles; but each one knew his drill, and as fast as he equipped himself he crawled away from the dangerous white tents, formed on the line, and began replying to the enemy. The mule-herd, successfully stampeded, was flying in a terror momentarily increased by the naked Indians yelling demoniacally at its heels, while Indians in front were shaking the bells stolen from the necks of the lead-animals. These Indians had crawled in among the herd during the night, and cut the hobbles and taken off the bells. Our cavalry were at the picket line trying to saddle, and at the same time to control, their frightened horses, while the Indians who had remained behind were doing their best to stampede and add to the disappearing mule-herd. Our own Indian scouts, naked and lithe and silent, glided through the bushes and from rock to rock. The dawn showed the mule-herd far away over the prairie, disappearing toward the hills. The cavalry was already in hot pursuit, and overtook and recaptured the herd, but only for a moment; for Joseph had so calculated his plans that at this point our troops ran into an ambush of the whole Indian force, and could not pay any attention to the herd, the most of which Joseph finally secured. The foot troops then moved to the support of the cavalry, and the engagement became general, and was only ended at about two o'clock in the afternoon by the withdrawal of the Indians. We then returned to our camp, and made a reduction and rearrangement of baggage to suit the crippled pack-train. Joseph said after his surrender that about forty of his youngest men had made all the noise and firing of the first attack. The herd being stampeded, all joined in at the rear, and hurried to where he was waiting to receive them and cover their retreat. He said that that night he was camped about twenty miles from us, and had been watching us all day, and at sunset or a little later had started the stampeding party on their dangerous expedition. He said further that he was tired of always finding General Howard close behind him, and wanted to "set him afoot," but that he was very much disappointed in finding the cavalry horses picketed that night, for he would rather have had the horses than the mules, and expected to get them both; for said he, "You didn't picket your horses other nights, so I didn't expect it this time."

The loss of pack-animals, and the destitution and sickness among the men, compelled a halt of three days, during which time Joseph reached the Lower Geyser Basin of the National Park, and captured some tourists. His young men first came upon them and shot the men. A Mr. Oldham was shot through both cheeks, but we found him wandering through the woods. Mr. Taft also escaped. A Mr. Cowan was shot from his horse, and again shot through the head while his wife held him in her arms. He was left by the roadside supposed to be dead, but the wife and her sister were not harmed, and after being held in Joseph's camp for some time were released. White Bird took them out of camp, showed them their ponies, and said, "Go. That is the way. Do not stop to water your horses. Hurry! hurry!" Both he and Joseph feared they would be waylaid by the young warriors. Mr. Cowan was found by us in a dying condition, but strange to say recovered; and he and his wife were eventually restored to each other. A miner named Snively also escaped to us from the hostile camp. He said he was well treated, and that Joseph used him as guide, for he was wandering in these mysterious regions without any exact knowledge of the country. The time he thus lost enabled us to take a shorter line and press closely on him. General Sturgis and the Seventh Cavalry, fresh in the field, were ahead of Joseph; and again we confidently expected to hold him in the mountains, from which there was but one pass in the direction Joseph was going, and another toward the Stinking Water. But every attempt to communicate with Sturgis was, as we afterward found, unsuccessful. The bodies were found of every courier sent out, of every miner or white man caught in the mountains; for at this juncture the Indians spared nobody. Joseph made a feint toward the Stinking Water pass, and having got General Sturgis moving in that direction, he slipped out under cover of the hills, by way of Clarke's Fork, and crossed the Yellowstone toward the Musselshell basin. He had led his whole people much over a thousand miles through the ruggedest wilderness of the continent, and now he again paused to rest at Rocky Cañon. But Sturgis, reënforced by General Howard's freshest cavalry, overtook him here, and again he started the caravan of women, children, and old men, under escort, while he and the warriors held their position and protected the retreat. Thus he made a running fight of two days, extending one hundred and fifty miles to the lakes near the Musselshell. Here he distanced all pursuit, and was never again overtaken until he had crossed the Missouri, nearly completing a retreat of almost two thousand miles, and

was within thirty or forty miles of the British line, and not much farther from the vast hostile camp of Sitting Bull. During this march every vicissitude of climate had been felt: the cold, drenching rains of early spring, and the heat of summer, the autumn extremes of temperature, when the midday in the mountains was very hot, and at night water froze an inch thick in the buckets. The men who pursued Joseph through his entire course were mostly foot troops. They were necessarily reduced to the most meager supplies, and found the country ahead of them swept clean by the hostile tribe.

On September 12, General Howard sent word to General Miles that Joseph had foiled all attempts to stop him, and earnestly requested him to make every effort to intercept the Indians. This dispatch was received by General Miles September 17, and the next day he began the march which resulted in Joseph's capture. Joseph, who did not know of any other available troops in the field, and was watching only Generals Howard and Sturgis, was encamped along Eagle Creek. The country around was all bare, rolling, grass prairie, at this time covered with a light fall of snow. The camp lay in the sheltering hollows — the lowest, and therefore for fighting purposes the worst situation. A blinding snow-storm shielded General Miles's approach on the morning of September 30, till he was almost upon them. Instantly, on discovering the advance, the Indians seized the crests of the knolls immediately surrounding their camp, and the cavalry charge was successfully repulsed. Every officer or non-commissioned officer who wore a badge of rank was killed or wounded, save one. Joseph and his elder daughter were on the other side of the creek, among the horse-herd, when the first charge was made. Calling to the girl to follow, he dashed across and joined his men, taking command; but his daughter and many others were cut off by the cavalry charge, which captured and drove off the herd. These people fled to the distant hills; some were murdered by the Sioux; some probably perished from the severe weather; but Joseph's daughter was restored to him some six months afterward. The troops held most of the higher crests commanding the camp. The Indians with wonderful labor and ingenuity literally honeycombed a portion of the site of their camp, and other more advantageous transverse gulches, with subterranean dwelling-places, communicating galleries, etc. Their dead horses were utilized as fortifications and as food. Here they held their own, refusing all offers of surrender, and saying in effect: If you want us, come and take us. Joseph visited General Miles under flag of truce, but at that time would not surrender. His people held Lieutenant Jerome as a hostage till Joseph was returned to them. Had he not lost the herd that moved his motley horde, it is more than probable that Joseph would have made another of his successful fights in retreat. On October 4 General Howard, with two aides, two friendly Nez-Percés (both of whom had daughters in the hostile camp), and an interpreter, arrived in Miles's camp while the firing was still going on. The two old Nez-Percés, "George" and "Captain John," rode into Joseph's camp next day. They told him General Howard was there, with promises of good treatment; that his whole command was only two or three days behind him. With tears in their eyes they begged Joseph to surrender. Joseph asked if he would be allowed to return to Idaho. He was told that he would, unless higher authority ordered otherwise.

Then old "Captain John" brought this reply (and his lips quivered and his eyes filled with tears as he delivered the words of his chief):

"Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before — I have it in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking-glass is dead. *Too-hul-hul-suit* is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men, now, who say 'yes' or 'no' [that is, vote in council]. He who led on the young men [Joseph's brother, Ollicut] is dead. It is cold, and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people — some of them — have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are — perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children, and to see how many of them I can find; may be I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun *now* stands, I will fight no more forever!"

It was nearly sunset when Joseph came to deliver himself up. He rode from his camp in the little hollow. His hands were clasped over the pommel of his saddle, and his rifle lay across his knees; his head was bowed down. Pressing around him walked five of his warriors; their faces were upturned and earnest as they murmured to him; but he looked neither to the right nor the left, yet seemed to listen intently. So the little group came slowly up the hill to where General Howard, with an aide-de-camp, and General Miles waited to receive the surrender. As he neared them, Joseph sat erect in the saddle, then gracefully and with dignity he

swung himself down from his horse, and with an impulsive gesture threw his arm to its full length, and offered his rifle to General Howard. The latter motioned him toward General Miles, who received the token of submission.

Those present shook hands with Joseph, whose worn and anxious face lighted with a sad smile as silently he took each offered hand. Then, turning away, he walked to the tent provided for him.

His scalp-lock was tied with otter fur. The rest of his hair hung in a thick plait on each side of his head. He wore buckskin leggings and a gray woolen shawl, through which were the marks of four or five bullets received in this last conflict. His forehead and wrist were also scratched by bullets. White Bird, the only other surviving chief, would not surrender, but with his immediate family passed between the lines that night and went to British Columbia. As has already been explained, Joseph could not have controlled this, even if he had known of it. In surrendering he could really act only for those willing to follow him.

On the second day after the surrender the prisoners were disposed of according to the terms of the following letter, the final result being that they were taken to Fort Leavenworth, where many died of malarious fever, and the others removed to the Indian Territory, where they now are:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE COLUMBIA. IN THE FIELD. BATTLE-FIELD OF EAGLE CREEK, NEAR BEARPAW MOUNTAIN, MONTANA. October 7, 1877.

"COLONEL NELSON A. MILES, FIFTH INFANTRY, COMMANDING DISTRICT OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

"COLONEL: On account of the cost of transportation of the Nez-Percé prisoners to the Pacific coast, I deem it best to retain them all at some place within your district, where they can be kept under military control till next spring. Then, unless you receive instructions from higher authority, you are hereby directed to have them sent, under proper guard, to my department, where I will take charge of them and carry out the instructions I have already received.

. . . . . .

"O. O. HOWARD,
"Brigadier-General, commanding Department."

Joseph at this time must have been about thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old. He is tall, straight, and handsome, with a mouth and chin not unlike that of Napoleon I. He was, in council, at first probably not so influential as White Bird and the group of chiefs that sustained him, but from first to last he was preëminently their "war-chief." Such was the testimony of his followers after his surrender, and such seems to be the evidence of the campaign itself.

C. E. S. Wood.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Military Morality.

READERS of Mr. Spencer's books on sociology are familiar with his doctrine that society is slowly emerging out of militarism into industrialism. It may be doubted whether any "essentially militant" types of society have ever been known; a society in which war was the sole occupation could scarcely be called society, neither could it subsist. It may be hard to enforce upon all individuals the Scripture law, "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat;" but it is certain that some must work or none can eat. Doubtless, however, there was a time when the males among our ancestors did little else but fight, and the warriors were fed by the labors of their women. From this "essentially militant" society the evolution of the more peaceful and beneficent forms of social life goes on very gradually; the arts and methods and maxims of peace steadily propagate their kind, seeding the thought and life of the race. But much that belongs to that old régime still persists and crops out in unexpected places; it is evident that many a day will pass before militarism will be extirpated, and the millennial harvests cover the whole earth.

Industrialism itself, if we may appropriate Mr. Spencer's word, is still infected with militarism. The political economy which undertakes to expound the relations of capital and labor assumes and justifies a state of conflict between the interests of the employer and the interests of the workman. The two classes are expected to struggle for the profits of production — the laborers to get it if they have the power, and the capitalists to keep it if they can. No violent methods are approved by economists; but it is assumed that unmitigated competition is the only sound theory of distribution; and the idea is that the interests of both classes will be promoted when each class disregards the welfare of the other, and pushes strenuously its own exclusive claims. In short, it is assumed that, although in some remote and transcendental sense the interests of capitalists and laborers are identical, yet in their habitual behavior they must regard each other as antagonists, and that each party must seize as much as it can, and yield no more than it must, of the goods for the possession of which they are contending. This may fairly be regarded as a survival of militarism in political economy. It is certainly an open question whether a more pacific theory would not bear better fruit.

In politics the militant maxims still hold almost undisputed sway. But a fraction of the members of either party is able to conceive of the other party in

any other light that that of an enemy. All the phrases of the caucus and the stump involve this conception. The average Republican thinks that the principal object to be secured by political action is the defeat and destruction of the Democratic party; and the average Democrat heartily reciprocates this sentiment. Each will admit that some good men may be found in the other party; but each will contend that the party to which he does not belong is the foe of the State. Out of this persistent notion grow many of the evils of our political contests. Politics is war, and "everything is fair in war." Artifices and stratagems of all kinds are freely resorted to with little sense of dishonor. Misrepresentation and falsehood are part of the game of war, and they are employed without compunction in politics. Any statement, no matter how partial or unfair, that will hurt the enemy, is freely made by organs and advocates. What is even worse, each party constantly endeavors to trick the other into the adoption of measures and the taking of positions that are known to be detrimental to the State. Each party is glad to have the other make gross blunders, and pursue hurtful and vicious policies, even though the public may suffer greatly in consequence. "The worse they behave," says the partisan, "the better we shall like it, for then we can turn them out of office all the sooner." It is not merely the political leaders who talk in this tone; the same sentiment is often heard from intelligent and reputable men, who have no political ambitions. When each party wishes that the State may be harmed rather than served by every act of the other, when each party rejoices in the injury done to the State by the other because of the advantage that may thus accrue to itself, it is evident that we have militarism enough, and more than enough, in politics.

Something of this spirit survives even in the dominions of the Prince of Peace. It is hard for the separate sects to refrain from treating one another as rivals, if not as enemies. The militant temper often exhibits itself in the relations of churches. But chiefly is this habit of mind displayed in the discussions of fundamental truth. Very few of those who esteem themselves called to defend the faith are capable of regarding questioners or critics in any other character than that of foes. The very title "defender of the faith" involves the military conception. It is assumed by the great body of believers that all men are either assailants or defenders of the doctrines held by themselves; that all discussion of religious truth partakes of the nature of warfare. Those who do not agree with them are enemies to be overcome, not friends to be counseled with and aided in their investigations. Accordingly, the maxims and habits of warfare are continually employed in theological discussions. They are often styled polemics, and justly. A modern champion in the arena announces it as one of his chief aims to discover "strategic" positions in theological debate. The word itself uncovers a great evil. "The strategic" is matter of too great concern. The question of holding positions now occupied, or of gaining an advantage over the critics who assail them, is with many far more important than the question, What is truth? In the current discussion respecting the Bible, for example, there are many who seem to have resolved stubbornly to dispute the ground with the critics, inch by inch, rather than candidly to investigate the subject, and frankly to accept what is clearly proven. This polemical temper is not the right temper for learners or for teachers; and Christianity is suffering continual losses from the prevalence of a militant theology.

It is too much to hope that this spirit will soon be exorcised. The theory of Hobbes that a state of war is the natural state of man rests on a great array of facts drawn from history and observation. Yet it is evident that peace is better than war, and there is reason for hoping that the warlike maxims and conceptions may at length give place to those of peace. It will be a great gain to industry when the employer and the laborer cease to regard each other as antagonists, and come to think and speak of each other as partners and co-workers; our politics will be speedily civilized when the welfare of the State rather than triumph over the opposing party becomes the mainspring of political action; and the kingdom of heaven will come, when militant theologians are ready to sheathe their swords, and to sit down and reason together as friendly seekers after truth.

Wanted: A Party of Progress.

THE great political need of this country at the present time would seem to be a party of progress, a party that would pursue a policy of reform from love of reform itself, and not merely in obedience to popular clamor. Reforms of various kinds are now urgently needed, and they can be properly dealt with only by a party earnestly devoted to the work. We want our system of taxation reformed, we want the reform of the civil service completed, and many other matters of more or less importance will demand treatment in the near future. Nor is it for the near future alone that such a party is needed, but for as long a time as American society continues to progress.

The progress of society does not depend exclusively nor even mainly either on political agencies or partisan agencies; yet it cannot continue for an indefinite period without a concomitant progress in politics. With the lapse of time, abuses grow up that require to be removed, old institutions grow obsolete, and new laws are perpetually required to meet the exigencies of advancing civilization; and unless these wants are supplied, the progress of society will be impeded.

This being the case, the need of a party of progress is obvious, for no other can be depended on to do the work required. A party whose leaders take no interest in reforms, and will not take a step in advance until driven by public opinion to do so, is wholly inadequate to the work; yet this is the only kind of party we have in the country now. The Republican party held the right position on the slavery question, and did a great work for progress in setting the bondmen free; but since the slavery issue passed away, the party leaders have rarely taken up important reforms except when public opinion has compelled them to do so. As for the Democrats, they have for many years been avowedly a conservative party, and only a radical change of policy on their part can convert them into a party of progress.

The people, however, are determined on having certain reforms effected, and they will not much longer endure a policy of inaction from both their national

parties. The American people are determined on a career of progress. Already their material progress has been wonderful, and intellectual and moral progress will not be long delayed. They demand, therefore, a progressive policy on the part of their rulers, and the party that will pursue such a policy is the party that will rule the country in the future. Politicians, then, would do well to give heed to this fact. It is of slight importance, comparatively, which party wins the election next autumn; but it is a question of no little interest what party will take its stand in the path of progress in the years to come. If party leaders are wise, therefore, they will look beyond the present year and the conditions of immediate success, and will adopt a policy that will bring their party into harmony with the progressive tendencies of the people, and make it a potent agency in promoting the national destiny.

But after we have said this, we are inclined to add that the present condition of affairs has its compensations, and that there are, moreover, indications that the old political order may be to some extent passing away. Perhaps, after all, even political reforms may be accomplished in the future in America without the identical partisan methods which heretofore have generally been thought necessary. There are many reforms to be made in the system of government, and in our national and State legislation, which can be, perhaps, quite as well accomplished by those intelligent on these subjects inside the various established parties. This way of doing things is now in great favor, and may be more and more useful, perhaps even necessary, as our population increases and extends, especially in a country covering such an enormous area as ours, and with such varying exigencies and social interests. At any rate, while we are waiting for the great reform party of the future, each citizen can be his own party of reform, and "make himself felt" not only individually, but by acting in concert with others who are with him interested in special reforms.

The Dorsheimer Copyright Bill.

We trust that before this reaches the eyes of our readers Congress will have removed the stain of literary piracy from our national honor, by the passage of Mr. Dorsheimer's excellent International Copyright Bill. It would be curious to imagine on what grounds Members or Senators can longer resist the petitions on this subject of the writing classes of the country, which at various times *for forty-seven years* have protested against the iniquitous disregard of the rights of intellectual property. If these classes are not to have weight in our legislation, especially on a moral and non-partisan question, it is difficult to see the use of education. Here is a measure, the principles of which have been advocated in the past by Clay, Webster, Everett, John Quincy Adams, Rufus Choate, and Charles Sumner, and by every American author of note, and are now being urged upon Congress by the entire guild of authors, some six hundred in number, known as the American Copyright League, including the presidents and members of faculty of Harvard and Johns Hopkins Universities, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Williams, Dartmouth, and other colleges in all parts of the country, by the body of the daily and weekly press, and by the leading clergymen and ministers of different denominations; and advocated, mark! almost with unanimity, *as a measure of justice.* These principles, moreover, have the indorsement of the Administration, as expressed in the wise and statesmanlike letter of the Secretary of State to the Executive Committee of the League. They are cordially indorsed by most of the leading publishers, and it is announced will not be opposed by the others; while even of the piratical reprinters the two most prominent have announced their conviction that the bill is a desirable one. Against this array of advocates are the other "pirates" and a few theorists who are playing into their hands. And the civilized world, which for half a century has pointed the finger of scorn at us for this tolerance of wrong-doing, is looking on with little expectation of an honest issue of the contest.

As we write, the opponents have raised as a cover for their greed the cry that the bill will make books dear, as if it were a function of Congress to keep commodities cheap (in this case, by authorizing theft), and not, first of all, to establish justice. One of the opponents of the bill has much to say of the unwillingness of the public to give themselves the "luxury of doing justice," if English books are to be made dearer, as he exaggeratingly assumes they will be made, by the bill. We think too well of the American people to assume that they deem justice a luxury, and not a necessity. Said Daniel Webster in his oration on Judge Story, in 1845, "Justice, sir, is the great interest of man on earth." Many friends of the reform, disheartened by hope deferred, will not believe that it is likely of accomplishment even now; but we cannot imagine that any body of Americans will deny such a righteous and widespread demand by the best classes of our citizens, merely on the ground that justice may cost something. Justice always costs. Indeed, if it cost nothing to be just, then the honest man were no better than the rogue. It is because the interests of national honor and morality, which are largely in the special keeping of Congress, are paramount to business interests (or in this case to *assumed* business interests) that the list of names of those who vote for the Dorsheimer Bill, as it has been reported to the House of Representatives, will be a roll of honor forever.

OPEN LETTERS.

Three Years' Experience in Managing a Tenement-House.*

ABOUT four years ago my attention was called by chance to the neglected condition of a large tenement-house in one of the poorer wards of Boston, and in November, 1879, a friend agreed to take with me a lease of the building for one year, at a rental of one thousand dollars, in order to see whether by careful management and constant supervision we could improve the character of its occupants, and at the same time secure a sufficient pecuniary return for the time and money invested in the enterprise. We were encouraged to believe that such results were possible by the previous experience of Octavia Hill and Mrs. Miles, who — the one in London and the other in New York — have demonstrated clearly that a very effectual means of helping the poor is by establishing a definite relation with them, such as is secured by the positions of landlord and tenant.

The house in which our experiment has been tried successfully for more than three years contains in all twenty-seven tenements, fourteen of which were occupied when it came into our possession. Although originally called a "model building," it had fallen greatly out of repair, and its moral character had degenerated in proportion to its decay. When we first examined the property, with a view to hiring it, we were told that the house had a bad name, and was half empty, because of the desperate character of some of its occupants. Certainly the foul sinks, dirty entries, and ill-kept stairs bore evidence of great neglect.

Our landlord generously agreed to paint the house and to make the necessary repairs, among which were included a means of lighting and ventilating the sinks, and of devoting one room on each landing to the construction of suitable wood-closets for the tenants, who had previously been obliged to keep their fuel in the cellar of the building. The torn and moldy paper in the entries was also replaced by a fresh coat of plastering, which from year to year we are able to renew by whitewashing, thus giving to the house a clean and cheerful appearance.

Under these favorable circumstances we began our first year of work, and we were very successful. The building is in a central locality, and is open to the air on three sides, to which advantages was largely due the fact that the rooms were soon let, and in most instances to worthy families. Though very curious in regard to our motive in taking the house, our tenants manifested no unwillingness to have new and untrained landladies in place of their former rent-collector, and I can remember no instance of any lack of courtesy in welcoming us to their homes on rent-day.

Our printed rules in regard to the daily sweeping of the stairs and entries and the care of the sinks were rigorously enforced, until after a time the fact that it was a common benefit seemed to dawn upon the tenants, and the necessity for daily supervision in these matters diminished.

The punctual payment of rent was insisted upon, except in cases of sickness or great distress, when it was our experience that a little delay was keenly appreciated, and resulted in no ultimate loss to us.

Habitual drunkenness we never tolerated; but when it was possible by threats or expostulations to make some impression on the general character of the offender, we had patience with occasional transgressions, believing that such leniency, when not carried too far, was productive of good results.

Some of the reforms which we instituted were very acceptable to the tenants — noticeably the custom of giving a receipt for rent received. One woman told me she had paid rent in the building for eleven years, and had never had any receipt to show for it.

The tenants also learned in time to appreciate the advantage of having the street-door locked at night, each tenant being supplied with a pass-key. It had been no unusual occurrence for men and women to sleep in the entries; and, although at first both lock and door were frequently broken, the greater privacy and safety secured to the tenants by the rule of locking the door at ten o'clock gradually brought about the result that they themselves became responsible for the regular performance of this duty.

It was our custom to visit either the former home or the employer of any person who applied to us for rooms; and we found that the invariable rule, "references required," saved us much trouble and expense by excluding the more degraded class of tenants.

At the close of the first year there was a balance on hand of $111.67. During the year $1,257.05 had been collected. Of this only $10.50 had been spent for repairs, as the house was already in good order; $61.45 had been paid out for scrubbing and general care of the house and drains; and the water, gas, and other bills amounted to $73.43. The rent paid for the building was $1,000. The balance, therefore, amounted to eleven per cent. on the rent we had to pay, or six per cent. after allowing for the cost of a paid agent, an expense which we were saved because we preferred to collect the rents ourselves.

We also considered it important to keep another sort of balance-sheet, where we estimated the loss we had sustained because of the advantages we offered to our tenants over and above those they could have obtained elsewhere. It was one of our rules, in order to prevent overcrowding (which is one of the great evils of the tenement-house system), to allow a family to hire a second tenement for very much less rent than they paid for the first one. If for the first tenement of two rooms they paid $1.25, we gave them the second tenement for seventy-five cents additional. Our loss, as compared to the actual rental of these rooms at their full value, was in the first year $145.99; but we considered it very necessary, from the outset, to inculcate ideas of cleanliness and decency by encouraging families to occupy a number of rooms.

* (Read at a general conference of the Associated Charities of Boston, Nov. 23d, 1883.)

As a premium on prompt payment, we also allowed ten cents weekly to be deducted from the usual rental if the rent was prepaid. This rule has worked admirably. The amount deducted being the same for all, the proportion was larger and the gain more important for the poorer tenants than for the richer ones; and though it involved to us a loss of $27.90 in the year, we considered it a desirable stimulus to thrift and industry. We have often heard the remark, "I wish I could get ahead again; that ten cents a week helps me a good deal."

Through rooms that were unlet we lost $186.

For the greater convenience of those who are interested in the financial result of the experiment, I will call attention to the comparative statement of the three years' receipts and expenses, which want of space obliges me to give without detail at the close of this report. The various fluctuations which will be observed are due to the inevitable changes which take place from year to year. For a number of months in 1882 we were obliged to employ a paid agent, and there have been incidental expenses of painting and plastering or whitening. It will be seen, however, that notwithstanding the low rates at which we leased the rooms, our profit has always been over eleven per cent. on the rent we had to pay (or six per cent. after allowance for an agent), and this, too, in a building which we do not own, but are under the necessity of hiring.

Of the surplus which we have had yearly, a portion has been reserved as a fund for any unforeseen emergency, and a small amount has been expended for the benefit of the tenants. During the second winter we gave the children a stereopticon exhibition; the following year we distributed blankets among the various families; and last Christmas a pitcher, bowl, and washstand were supplied to each household. Recently we have changed or renewed the papers in many of the rooms, but only on condition that the tenants themselves should first clean and prepare the walls. We have never found that these efforts to increase their comfort tended to pauperize the tenants.

We have had occasion in these three years to raise the rent twice, but as the advance in each instance was only twenty-five cents weekly on a tenement of two rooms, the measure was accepted cheerfully, and recognized as just, in view of the improvement in the times.

I have endeavored to set forth our financial position, in order to show that such an undertaking as this need not involve a loss to its managers; but there is a far more important side to any such work, and of this I cannot speak too earnestly.

A tenement-house need not be a den of disease and iniquity. Our house has been very healthy during the years of our tenancy, and we have been fortunate in securing a respectable class of tenants, although the prices asked for our rooms are almost the lowest in the city.

We have had time in our three years of experience to see the slow but steady improvement in some of our tenants, and noticeably in the general tone and character of the house. Just as we have seen that from the weekly scrubbing of the entries, on which we have insisted, and for which we have paid, it has come about that almost every tenement is voluntarily cleaned and scrubbed on Saturday, so we have seen that a certain degree of improvement is manifest in the homes and manners of the tenants.

Of course there are many instances where this is not the case, because of the unavoidable changes which take place. In any large tenement-house, which is intended to meet the needs of the poorest classes, the population must of necessity be somewhat floating, and so less subject to improvement than if it were more permanent; but, on the whole, the result has been very encouraging. There are at present eighty-three souls in our building; and of the nineteen families which compose that number, only five have been with us since the time that we first took the house.

We have seen that in dealing with the poor there is nothing which is so important as to help them to preserve their self-respect, and this is a delicate and difficult task. We have had to stand by and see many a desperate struggle with poverty, many an instance of such self-denial as is unknown in a richer class; and yet no lesson has been so impressed upon us as that the best way to help these people is to allow them to help themselves. Those tenants who receive outside assistance for which they do not give a fair equivalent in labor, are almost invariably the most difficult class with which we have to deal.

We have seen a young woman rise from a position where she could not afford to buy meat at eight cents a pound, to a point where she can command by her honest labor ten dollars a week; and we have watched a workman who was literally in the depths of poverty struggle for, and obtain in time, a modest competence which enabled him to remove his family from the city; but only once have I infringed our rule and given a dollar in charity. Their independence and self-respect are worth more than food or home to these people, and surely any one who interferes with their right to provide for themselves assumes a grave responsibility.

There are, however, other ways in which they can be helped. There are many matters about which they are glad to have kindly and disinterested advice, and they often ask it with a frankness which goes far to prove that their feeling toward us is a friendly one.

Then there are the sick to be cared for, perhaps a child to be taken to the dispensary or hospital, or a young girl to be placed in a safe and desirable situation; or work is to be found, or we are asked to speak a good word for a deserving mechanic. Occasionally we have been able to secure prompt payment for some one of our people whose employer withheld the hard-earned wages, although such cases are rare. In short, there are various ways in which we can help our tenants, and we always find them grateful for such assistance.

It is not my intention to present too bright a side of a picture where we all know there is a reverse. There are many trials and discouragements to be met with in any such work. How can it be otherwise when the evils of ignorance and superstition, and most of all intemperance, are so active in the world?

All I claim is, that it is of much value for men and women of the better educated classes to know something of, and do something for, their less fortunate brethren.

If the rich, who can afford to own tenement-houses,

would give a little more of their attention to the poor who would be glad to be their tenants, better results would certainly follow than where the management of the homes of the poor is left to landlords who are but little higher in position, and occasionally even more steeped in ignorance, than the tenants themselves. That tenement-houses are an evil, none will deny; that they are in most large cities a necessary evil, we are all obliged to admit. What I wish to urge is, that those who are willing to help the poor would do so by being to them kind and equitable landlords, thus establishing a relationship in which there should be a common interest and a mutual sympathy. To any one who wishes to undertake such work I would say:

Choose a central locality; let no one become your tenant whose previous history you have not investigated; make a few strict rules and adhere to them closely; and you are sure of success, if your heart is in your work.

Of course, experience is of service; but so far as our own individual work is concerned, we feel that the greatest value of the experiment is, that it may induce others to come forward to profit by its success, and in this hope we have presented the report of what has been done.

Alice N. Lincoln.

BOSTON, May, 1883.

	Receipts.	*Repairs.*	*Care of house.*	*Sundries.*
1879–80	$1257.05	$10.50	$ 61.45	$ 73.43
1880–81	1422.05	59.17	87.54	117.87
1881–82	1441.77	40.00	118.60	166.89

	Rent.	*Total of expenses.*	*Balance on hand.*
1879–80	$1000.00	$1145.38	$111.67
1880–81	1000.00	1264.58	157.47
1881–82	1000.00	1325.49	116.28

	Loss by allowance on extra rooms.	*Loss by prepayment.*	*Loss by rooms unlet.*
1879–80	$145.99	$27.90	$186.00
1880–81	159.20	29.70	70.75
1881–82	133.45	31.50	47.50

Since the above was written a second tenement-house has been taken in the same neighborhood, and has been managed substantially in the same way for nine months with gradually increasing prosperity and success.

Though hired by the Boston Co-operative Building Company, this building has been under the same control and subject to the same rules as the one to which the article refers; and it is gratifying to find that an experience of even three or four years has been of much service in undertaking a second enterprise of the same nature.

That "Hurricane Reform."

Among the "Open Letters" in the December CENTURY, I have read with great interest the article of my friend Dr. Washington Gladden entitled "Hurricane Reform." I happen to be one of the three hundred and twenty thousand in Ohio who do not agree with him on that subject; and, feeling that it is a matter of grave importance to this State, I beg the privilege of a friendly reply.

1. The first point of Dr. Gladden's argument against constitutional prohibition is that it would "forestall public sentiment and prevent the free expression of the popular will in legislation." Now, if this means that it would prevent free popular discussion on this subject, preparatory to legislation, I fail to see any force in the language. For example, we have had for thirty years a constitutional provision forbidding license. Does Dr. Gladden intend to say that such provision has prevented the free expression of the popular will on that subject? If I mistake not, there has always been, and especially for the last ten months, the freest possible expression of the popular will in regard to license. Why should it not be so if the Constitution should forbid the existence of the liquor traffic itself? The truth is that the free expression of the popular will, preparatory to legislation, never has been and never can be prevented by anything in the Constitution.

If the above language means simply that the Legislature would be "shut up to one method," and not at liberty to try any other experiment, it is pertinent to ask, in the first place, how long, and to what extent? The Constitution is not the laws of the Medes and Persians. It can be changed whenever the popular will sees fit, and the Legislature chooses to submit a proposition for that purpose. In the second place, the Legislature would always have the utmost room for the play of ingenuity in perfecting legislation for the execution of the organic law. And it could hardly damage the Ohio Legislature to be shut up for a season to this one method, now that it has tried license for fifty years, and regulation without license for thirty more, and has ignominiously failed in both either to reduce or to mitigate the evils of the liquor traffic. Our fathers, in deciding to have a Constitution at all, seemed to think it important to have some things settled long enough to fairly test their efficiency. Indeed, the great advantage of constitutional over statutory prohibition is that it would, so far as law is concerned, lift this, the greatest moral question of the age, above the fluctuations incident to party scrambling for office and power. It may seem to the people of this State that, after three-quarters of a century of legislative trifling with this infinite evil, a few years of something else would be a blessing.

2. The second point of Dr. Gladden's argument is that prohibition would not work if secured. "It could not be enforced." This is a prophecy which has been repeated by many good men, together with the whole liquor fraternity, for many years in this State. On what is it based? What does it mean, to say that, among a certain class of citizens, constitutional law "cannot be enforced"? It means that the liquor fraternity are *law-breakers*, that they will not be governed by righteous laws. It means rebellion. Dr. Gladden knows that the average saloon-keeper in Ohio is a law-breaker, not simply as an individual, but by organized conspiracy against all law that tends to restrain his business. This admission is just as fatal against regulation as against prohibition.

Has it come to this, then, that the law-abiding majority of Ohio must succumb to the law-breaking minority? Is anarchy to be our rule for the future? I submit that, if law cannot be enforced among such men, that is a reason for striking at the existence of the traffic itself by constitutional enactment, rather than for playing at legislation any longer with professional criminals. To say that public sentiment will not sustain prohibition even if it were carried, means one of two things: either that it would be carried by a minority, which is impossible, or that it would not be sustained by the public sentiment of the law-breakers, which is not to be expected. It seems to be for-

gotten that whenever a majority of voters put prohibition in the Constitution, it will have the public sentiment at its back.

3. In the article under discussion, the remarkable assertion is made that, in Ohio, "the long era of free rum is the natural fruit of a constitutional provision forbidding license." I beg to call my friend's attention to the fact that he quite overlooks the history of the liquor traffic in this State. He seems to imagine that the no-license clause has been in the Constitution from the birth of the State, and that free rum has arisen from that circumstance. What are the facts? Ohio had the license system from 1802 to 1851. Did those forty-nine years of license abolish or diminish or even check the evils of intemperance? Did the liquor traffic dwindle and die under that treatment? The reverse is the fact. It grew to such enormous proportions that the people rose up in alarm and demanded the prohibition of license. The "popular will" has been expressed on that subject, and cannot be now turned back. It was during that long era that rum became free. For thirty-two years, now, we have had regulation without license. Has the evil been abated? No man will assert that it has. No; the fifty years of license gave the liquor traffic its legal standing, and the thirty years of regulation, not daring to touch the evil itself, has only attempted to mitigate its appalling results, and has failed even in that. And yet Dr. Gladden informs us that "free rum in Ohio is the natural result of a constitutional provision forbidding license." I venture the assertion that rum always will be "free" till a new thing happens in Ohio: till the whole weight of organic law is thrown, not against its consequences, but against the existence of the evil itself. When the heel of Government is put squarely down on the head of the viper, instead of the tail, we may begin to hope. When a sovereign State by its fundamental law prohibits and exhausts its power to enforce the prohibition of a great, organized, aggressive, defiant public evil, it has reached the ultimatum in both legislation and morals. If it fails then, it can at least die with a clear conscience.

4. Dr. Gladden's chief hope is in the tax-law. For one, I have no objection to taxing the liquor men of Ohio. I would as soon tax the business to death as prohibit it to death, if that were possible. But granting all that may be claimed for the Scott law, it is a poor, half-way measure, which does not appreciably reduce the evil against which it is aimed. While it recognizes and practically authorizes the traffic, its one redeeming feature—the local-option clause—is now well known to be an absolute failure. No man can truthfully assert that license and tax laws have ever really abolished the evil or even materially abated the evils of the liquor traffic in any State of this Union. On the other hand, prohibition has, until recently, been tried on a large scale only in one State; and there, on Dr. Gladden's own admission, it has been a success.

5. But a fifth point in this argument is that, under prohibition, "The distilleries would be all running and the breweries all closed." "Whisky would take the place of beer as the popular beverage." "Therefore, legislation having that tendency would certainly be ill-advised." This conclusion is certainly true, but what about the premise? Is it true? Does anybody, apart from Dr. Gladden, believe that a constitutional law forbidding the manufacture and sale of all intoxicants as a beverage would keep all the distilleries running? Has anybody ever discovered such an anomaly? Are the distilleries all running in the State of Maine? How many are there, and where? Scotland is referred to. Was there ever in Scotland any "ill-advised" prohibitory law, such as we advocate here, which gave rise to the exclusive use of whisky? There were restrictions placed upon ale which may have had that tendency to some extent, but any parallelism between that case and ours is difficult to see.

6. The last objection that Dr. Gladden advances is one which seems to have a good show of fairness. "It would destroy the larger part of the capital now invested in the manufacture of spirituous and fermented liquors" (which looks a little as if Dr. Gladden did not really expect "all the distilleries to be running"). John Bright is quoted on this point to the effect that "if a trade is permitted by law, that trade has a right to be defended by law." A sentiment which no one will question; a sentiment, too, which suggests the madness of permitting by law what we do not wish to defend by law. I would commend this utterance to all the friends of license. But Dr. Gladden claims that, after allowing men for a long period of time to invest their capital in a certain kind of property without censure of law, it would be unjust to extinguish that property by law without some compensation. I agree with Dr. Gladden on this principle. It may be the duty of the State to compensate the brewers and distillers. The State could better afford to do that than to build asylums for inebriates, *provided* these men will absolutely abandon the business. There is one difficulty even with that. Nearly every man engaged in the liquor business, distiller, brewer, and saloonist, both in theory and in fact, is a conspirator against the laws of Ohio. When men stand in that relation to the laws of their country, a plea for indemnity does not come with very good grace. Dr. Gladden should remember that prohibition is sought, if at all, as a protection from a crime against society.

There is on foot just now in this State a benevolent movement for a State asylum for inebriates; each inmate is to be received after due conviction before a magistrate or a county court as a confirmed drunkard, and hence as a criminal; and to be put to penal service till cured. I should favor such an institution, provided the other class of criminals whom Governor Foster calls rebels against the laws, and who help to make the drunkards, could be received on similar terms. That might possibly help to solve the problem of State compensation for the loss of property.

On the whole, I recognize the argument of Dr. Gladden as able and adroit; but he does not seem to me adequately to grasp the moral aspects of the case. He seems to believe in license, but does not say whether it is morally right to legalize an essentially bad business. He advocates taxation, but does not tell whether taxing a saloon "disinfects it so that it will not produce pauperism and crime." He does not touch the question whether the payment of a tax lessens the vice of putting the bottle to our neighbor's lips, or whether it mitigates the doom of the drunkard and the woe of his family. He does not inform us whether, in the sight of God, law-makers, charged with the government of

moral beings and the welfare of the State, have done their whole duty when they have simply levied a tax upon law-breakers who are daily inflicting upon society an immeasurable wrong.

Dr. Gladden's suspicion that he would be called a "rummy" or a "wine-bibber" for uttering his sentiments on this subject, it is to be hoped, is not well founded. He is too well known as an earnest, active preacher of God's Word, to be liable to any such epithets. But many will regret that he, who is so forward in all good works in other directions, should take a position twenty-five years behind the wave of Christian progress in this.

James Brand.

OBERLIN, OHIO.

Comment.

MR. BRAND has placed me under great obligation by the courtesy of his reply. It is, so far as I know, the first answer from a prohibitionist to the arguments which I have lately ventured to print, that has not contained more or less of personal abuse or mean insinuation. To meet a gentleman in this field of controversy is really a very great pleasure. Let me speak, as briefly as I can, to the points which my friend has raised.

1. By the expression of the popular will, of course, I meant legislation, and not discussion. Popular opinion or prejudice may be expressed in talk; the popular will is expressed by legislation. A prohibitory amendment to the Constitution is intended to prevent the people from passing any other kind of laws respecting the liquor traffic except prohibitory laws. So long as this amendment should remain a part of the Constitution, the Legislature would be shut up to the alternatives of prohibition or free rum. It is true, as Mr. Brand says, that the Constitution might be re-amended; but it is a difficult matter to secure an amendment to the Constitution of Ohio; it takes time, in any case; and the real reason for desiring a constitutional amendment is that it would, so long as it existed, forbid the Legislature to pass a tax-law, or a local-option law, or a high-license law. It is an attempt to control future action. Now, this is precisely one of those subjects about which laws that do not express the *present* opinion of the people are seen to be futile and mischievous. The people of Ohio might have had prohibition this year if they had elected a Legislature that would enact a prohibitory law. And if the law had been successful in controlling or lessening drunkenness, and had commended itself to the people of Ohio, they certainly might have elected a Legislature two years hence that would have refused to repeal the law. If at that time the law had proved a failure, then it ought to be repealed. Any law, on a subject like this, that cannot steadily and continuously justify its own existence, ought not to be continued in existence. The prohibitory amendment is an attempt to obstruct the removal from the statute-book of a law which may have lost its hold on the convictions of the community — to perpetuate a dead letter. The argument for such an amendment reduces to this: "We can crowd the people up to the enactment of prohibition this year, but we fear that those who will vote two years from this time could not be trusted to maintain prohibition, so we will do what we can to put it beyond their power to repeal it." The whole movement springs either from distrust of the people or distrust of the efficacy of the law, or both. If the law will do what is claimed for it, the people will know it; and if they care about having drunkenness suppressed, they will see to it that a Legislature is chosen every two years that will sustain and strengthen the law by which it is suppressed. If they do not care enough about prohibition to choose continuously such a Legislature, then they do not care enough about it to enforce a prohibitory law; for it takes a much stronger moral sentiment to enforce a law like this than to enact it. It is simply because it is found that the people cannot be kept up to the sticking point on this question that this amendment is proposed. It is a device of feebleness and faithlessness. It is an attempt to entail a moral rule upon future voters whose convictions we are not able to trust; to preserve upon the statute-books a law respecting conduct, behind which there is no adequate moral sentiment.

It is not only a device of feebleness and faithlessness; it is a device of foolishness. The notion that constitutional prohibition is going to "settle" this question, or lift it out of politics, is chimerical and quixotic. Any Legislature may repeal a prohibitory law, no matter how stringent the Constitution may be, and may adjourn without passing any new law, leaving the traffic in liquor wholly free. No constitutional amendment can compel legislative action. The whole subject rests, so far as any positive action is concerned, with the Legislature, and there it will rest. It cannot be taken out of politics by a constitutional amendment, any more than the malaria can be taken out of the atmosphere by constitutional amendment. The attempt to settle it once for all, and have it out of the way, is like the scheme of "getting religion" once for all. This fight with intemperance is not a three months' campaign, nor even a thirty years' war; it will not be fought out for many generations, and any resort to shifty expedients or factitious advantages is folly. It ought to be kept steadily before the people, and made a vital issue in every political campaign.

2. I think that Mr. Brand does not get the point of the argument that a prohibitory law, in the present state of moral sentiment in Ohio, could not be enforced. To say this, he says, is to say that "the liquor fraternity are law-breakers." By the "liquor fraternity" he means the liquor-sellers. But if liquor-sellers are law-breakers, liquor-buyers are their accomplices. If it is a crime to sell liquor, the buyer is *particeps criminis*. It cannot be morally wrong to sell liquor unless it is morally wrong to buy it. Mr. Brand will pardon me for saying that he, and all those who stand with him, utterly "fail to grasp the moral aspects of this case," when they put the whole weight of their legal condemnation on the sellers of liquor, and none on the buyers. They always indignantly deny that they seek to make it a crime to buy liquor; they only wish to make it a crime to sell it! Now, I think that the sellers and the buyers stand together under the same condemnation. The traffic originates with the demand of the buyer, though it is doubtless increased considerably, as every business is, by the supply which the seller furnishes. How large, then, is that "certain class of citizens" which resists the

enforcement of prohibitory laws? Mr. Brand argues as though it consisted merely of the sellers and manufacturers of liquor. That is the amazing assumption on which prohibitionists always rest. The truth is that this class of citizens includes all the buyers and drinkers of liquor, as well as the sellers. That is to say, it includes nearly if not quite half of all the voters in this State. I have lived here long enough to be able to affirm with confidence that a moiety of the voters here drink intoxicating liquors more or less habitually, and think that they have a perfect right to do it. I do not believe that so many as half of the voters are consistent total abstainers. If this is so, then the attempt to enforce a law which makes the liquor traffic criminal, is an attempt of one-half of a community to make the other half criminals, or the accomplices of criminals; and this is a legislative absurdity. It never yet has been done anywhere, and it never will be done. So long as the practices and sentiments of the people of Ohio respecting the use of these articles remain what they now are, a prohibitory law in large portions of the State would be a dead letter; and this not merely because the liquor-sellers would resist it, but because the liquor-sellers would be solidly supported in their resistance by the great army of liquor-buyers.

3-4. I have no time here to go into the history of liquor legislation in Ohio; but I have heard it said by intelligent temperance men a hundred times since I came to this State, that the anti-license amendment, which was supposed to be a temperance measure, has resulted in making the traffic practically free; and that it has had the effect to prevent legislation by which the traffic might have been restricted. Two or three statements that follow seem to me conspicuously inaccurate. The Scott law has reduced the number of saloons by more than three thousand. I should call that an "appreciable" result. Its local-option clause is not known to me to be an absolute failure. I know several communities where it is in full force. To say that license or tax laws have not materially abated the evils of the liquor traffic in any State of the Union, is to fly in the face of facts. And it is equally hazardous to assert that prohibition has, until recently, been tried on a large scale only in one State; it was faithfully and thoroughly tried in Massachusetts.

5. How could a law against "the manufacture and sale of liquors *as beverages*" be enforced against distilleries? Suppose the distiller asserts that he is manufacturing this liquor for use in the arts; who can disprove his assertion? It is possible that laws might be framed which should make such a constitutional provision effective against manufacturers; but it has always seemed to me that such a qualified provision would be easily evaded. To prove that a distiller making high-wines was manufacturing them *to be used as a beverage*, would be somewhat difficult.

6. I am glad to see that Mr. Brand feels the force of the considerations urged against a sweeping confiscation of property. I am sure that he will feel it all the more strongly when he considers that the traffic which is a "crime against society," and which prohibition seeks to prevent, has sprung from the demand of a large portion of the community, and that the attempt to make the liquor-sellers responsible for the whole of it is a monstrous injustice. I am well aware, however, that in the persons of these liquor-sellers we have an organized and powerful body of men, with whom we shall be called to wage a long and fierce battle; and I am for this reason all the more anxious that in our controversy with them we shall never put ourselves in the wrong, nor take a single step in which they may charge us with encroaching on their rights.

As to Mr. Brand's concluding queries, I can only answer that while, as a teacher of ethics, I hold up before individuals an ideal rule of morality, I never expect while I live to secure conformity to the ideal of morality in the legislation of Ohio. Any law, though framed by angels, that the people did not want and would not enforce, would not be a good law for the people. Legislation on moral questions must follow, and not try to force, public opinion. Divorce for slight causes is an "essentially bad business," but it was wisely "licensed" by divine authority. The intentional slaying of an innocent man is an "essentially bad business," but it was "licensed" under the same authority, with good reason and with good results. Questions as to whether this is morally right are respectfully referred to Moses, who wrote the decalogue as an ideal rule of morality, but who adjusted his laws to the moral condition of the people. I am not, however, in favor of license in Ohio, since I believe that taxation, combined with local option, is a more practicable method. Mr. Brand will pardon me for saying, in conclusion, that, while I recognize his purpose as the highest, he seems to me fatally to miss the moral aspects of this case. His notion appears to be that the chief agency for securing the great reform which he seeks to promote is law — that is, force; that the first thing to do is to get the law passed, if it be only by a bare majority, and then work up public opinion to its support. The whole prohibitory movement, as at present managed, puts physical force at the front, and sends the moral forces to the rear. This is fatal error. The whole community must be stirred, from the top to the bottom, by a genuine, profound, mighty moral enthusiasm on this subject before anything will be accomplished by means of sweeping legislation. This is not guess-work. About some things I am not at all confident, but I do know something about the moral order of this universe; and I know that it can be depended on, and that it has got to be observed. I know that the cause comes before the effect; the blossom before the fruit; the spring before the summer; the lightning before the thunder; and I know, just as well, that any attempt to control by means of stringent law the social life of a community, before a thorough preparation was made in the convictions and the personal habits of that community for the changes introduced, would be a reversal of the divine order, and that it would end in a miserable failure.

Washington Gladden.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

"Prohibition in Kansas."—A Reply.

[The following is one of many letters of similar import received from responsible persons claiming acquaintance with the subject. —EDITOR.]

A CORRESPONDENT in Abilene undertakes to enlighten the readers of THE CENTURY in regard to the workings of prohibition in Kansas. His state-

ments are so wide of the truth as to awaken doubt whether he has ever been outside of that "town of some four thousand inhabitants." He assures us it is "one of the most thriving, intelligent, and *moral* communities in the State;" yet coolly adds, "We have six open saloons and one wholesale liquor house run in open defiance of the law, and there is no attempt on the part of the authorities or citizens to close them." Most people would raise the question, "What kind of morals have they in Abilene, anyhow?" It surely cannot boast of a *very high* standard of morality, that openly defies the laws of the State, and tramples the Constitution under foot! Let me give the proof.

But when he affirms that "a similar condition of affairs exists *in all parts* of the State," he maligns and defames our noble commonwealth. And when he adds, "Instead of getting better, the condition of things is growing worse," he states what is exactly the reverse of the truth!

Proof: Six months ago there were open saloons in Topeka, Lawrence, Emporia, Newton, Wichita, and many other cities, where you will not find one to-day. More saloons have been closed in the last three months than during any similar period since the law first went into effect. It is true there was a reaction after the election of Governor Glick. The liquor-sellers imagined it was a victory over prohibition, and grew bold and defiant. But they "reckoned without their host," just as your correspondent has done. He claims that "the amendment does not owe its existence to a strong, healthy public sentiment, but to the carelessness of easy-going, experiment-loving citizens." Perhaps he can tell us how it happened that the whole Republican ticket, nominated on a strong prohibition platform, was elected, with the single exception of its candidate for Governor, by twenty-five to thirty thousand majority; and why the Legislature — a majority of whom were chosen at the same time — *refused* by a large majority to *resubmit* that amendment to the people! The fact is, the great body of the people of Kansas are more strongly in favor of the amendment to-day than they have ever been. The Atchison "Champion," one of the most influential papers in the State, and *not* a champion of prohibition, said recently, "There are scores of prohibitionists now where there was one two years ago." It says there is a growing respect for law, and disgust and alarm at the utter disregard by liquor-dealers of any restriction of the traffic. A Law-and-Order League has been organized in that city, officered by some of its leading business men, who declare that they can no longer bear the disgrace which the lawlessness of these men is bringing upon their city. Prosecutions have been commenced, and forty-five saloon-keepers indicted. The Atchison "Globe," a strong anti-prohibition paper, said recently, "A sense of duty compels us to remark that, notwithstanding our earnest opposition, the cause of prohibition *is gaining ground every day*."

No one who reads the reports of the success that has attended efforts to enforce the law, in all parts of the State save in a few cities, like Leavenworth, Atchison, and Abilene, can doubt the truth of the above statements. Prosecutions are more frequent, and convictions usually follow. In Douglas County thirteen offenders were tried in the District Court last year, and every one convicted. In the justices' courts there were five convictions and two disagreements. At the last term of court sixteen saloon-keepers pleaded guilty on forty counts, and were fined $4200 and costs, and closed out because it didn't pay! The Secretary of the State Temperance Union reports that of four hundred and sixty cases tried in district courts, there have been three hundred and fifty-one convictions — or seven-ninths of the cases; in justices' courts, five hundred and twelve cases and three hundred and seventy-eight convictions, or three-fourths of the whole. The aggregate fines imposed exceed $100,000 beside the costs, while eighty-one liquor-sellers have been sentenced to imprisonment for periods aggregating eleven years, five months, and nineteen days. There are to-day *more than fifty counties* in which there is not an open saloon; and of the three hundred reported in the remainder, one hundred and sixty are in the city of Leavenworth. In fact, take out a half-dozen places, and saloons are few and far between. Even in these excepted localities, public sentiment is steadily growing and crystallizing in favor of obedience to law, and it will not be very long before men engaged in defying it will find that "it is hard to kick against the pricks." If "prohibition in Kansas is a screaming farce" — as your correspondent affirms — we say, "All right! *Let it scream!*" We are very well satisfied to listen to such music. The only screaming that comes to our ears is the mournful cry of the convicted saloon-keeper, as he puts up his shutters and hangs crape on his door, beside the label "To Rent!" Prohibition was never so strong, its friends were never so hopeful, nor was Kansas ever so prosperous, as to-day. If your correspondent wants "high license," and more liberty, he had better emigrate to Missouri or Illinois. We have done with such foolishness in Kansas.

A. M. Richardson.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

William M. Baker.

THERE has been a good deal of surprise among that inner circle of readers who appreciated William M. Baker's work at its real value that his death created so little public interest. It seems to me that there were several reasons for this popular neglect of a man of power so abnormal and peculiar.

From a singular combination of circumstances, Mr. Baker stood more alone, probably, than any American author since Hawthorne. He was outside of all literary cliques; he had no following of influential friends, of sect or party, and hence had none of that professional backing and advertising which counts for so much with the public. Hawthorne might have remained "the obscurest man of letters in America" if Mr. Fields had not found him out and advertised him. In Baker's case the herdsmen did not signal, and the herd did not follow. He was Southern by birth, temperament, and sympathy, but he sided with the North from principle. Neither section, therefore, adopted or pushed him into success as a favorite son. He grappled the dangerous problems of thought with a courage bolder than that of any agnostic, yet liberal thinkers did not count him one of themselves because he was a Presbyterian clergyman, while Presbyterians could not boast of him as a representative sectary. He was too profoundly Christian to be the exponent of any narrower creed.

He had thus the advantage of nobody's beliefs or prejudices to urge him into popularity. He built on no man's land, but preëmpted his claim on the broad ground of humanity. What he built there I believe the American people will know and measure more accurately, now that he is dead. Posterity is a slow-witted judge, but inexorably just.

William Baker was of an eminent Georgian family; his youth was passed in Virginia, and the most of his middle age in the then wildernesses of the Southwest. He came of a race of preachers, or, in the significant old word, gospelers — earnest men, who, like Jacob, wrestled with God for the truth. He was born into the pulpit, so to speak; and, probably, if he had been asked at the last what work he had done in the world, he would have named only that of a Presbyterian minister. His novels were written rather as side issues to his life-labor; they were thrown off with feverish haste, their inequality showing how wholly they were the growth of the mood of the moment. He seemed to be as unconscious that the writing of them was his real power and vocation in the world as a child is of the beating heart or warm blood which nature has given it. If he had been less unconscious, if he had been a more skillful and careful artisan, he would have ranked among the foremost of living novelists. As it is, his readers complain that his books are deficient in plot. They are rather a collection of startling portraits of powerful, strong-featured characters, such as are common in the States. The oily politician, the clergyman whose nature is higher than his petty sectarian creed, the statesman slowly sinking into a drunken sot, the educated half-breed, at war with God, man, and himself — there they are, live men, whom we meet face to face, and love or hate ever after. They are not sketched in with countless, slow, patient touches, but photographed upon the page with a single electric flash. Baker himself saw with keen distinctness the naked souls of these men and women, and then dragged them out before us. He troubled himself but little as to what outer circumstances befell them. He brings you before Ross Urwoldt, with his red skin, his atheist's brain, and his weak woman's heart, and shows him to you. But it matters nothing to him what clothes Ross Urwoldt wears, or whether he loses his money or marries the woman he loves. All that interests the ordinary reader he treats with superb indifference, and he tells you very little of such gossip. Hence, the story as a mere story is a failure, the public grumble, and the author is unpopular.

But there is a peculiar indefinable power in these fragmentary sketches which sets them apart from any other American fiction. There is, too, a virility, an unsparing truth in them that sometimes, as we read, suddenly stops the breath and clogs the heart, as if too bold a hand had been laid upon our own secret of life.

William Baker may have been a careless worker; he may have lacked, as an artist, that shrewd cleverness that knows how to please the public taste; but no one can question his claim to that rare intangible quality which, for want of a better name, we call genius.

His principal books are: a life of his father, "The Virginians in Texas," "Inside," "The New Timothy," "Mose Evans," "His Majesty Myself," "A Year Worth Living," and "Blessed St. Certainty." Besides these were innumerable short stories and studies which have never been collected. He held his pen until almost the last hour of life. During the earlier part of last year, while slowly dying, inch by inch, from the torture of a terrible disease, he wrote "The Blessed Ghost" and two books just published: "Thirlmore," pronounced by some to be the best novel that he wrote, and "The Ten Theophanies," a cry of faith out of the very shadow of death. "If ever a poor fellow put his whole heart into a thing, I have done it into this book," he wrote to a friend.

Of his private life I shall say nothing. The public have a right to nothing of a man but the work which he gives them. Only this, in justice to him. There was a singular contrast between his own character and that of his genius. One could hardly believe that the man who exposed shame with such pitiless scorn, who had dragged to the daylight some of the strongest natures and most brutal passions that sway our American life, could be this most gentle of high-bred gentlemen — pure, sensitive, and tender as a woman; impulsive, gay, and whimsical as any of the children whom he loved so much. There was something which reminded us of Hawthorne in his commanding presence, and in a certain old-fashioned, shy, stately courtesy, which even in his most cordial moments held him aloof. There was in both men, too, the same incompetency to understand business oddly joined to an airy arch shrewdness.

The trait in which William Baker's character and his creative power were as one, was his abnormal sympathy with nature. He did not describe trees, rocks, or sea; he did not look at them as an artist; he lived in them, with them. There are no word-pictures in his books, but the sun shines in them and the rain falls.

"A man," he says, somewhere, "must not climb a mountain now and then to say, 'How beautiful!' He must lose and forget himself in things. He must fly with the birds, blow with the winds. When you see buffalo grazing upon the slopes, you must have in your mouth the flavor and sweetness of their mesquite-grass. Many a time I have been simply another horse out on the prairie beside the one I rode."

After he had been shut up by months of merciless pain in a square brick house of a square brick Philadelphia block, he asked to be carried, if possible, to some place where he "could lie down for a while on the grass in real woods." But it was not possible.

So strong was this trait in his character, that when the word that he was dead came to us in the country last September, it seemed at the first moment selfish for us to sit in the yellowing harvest-fields, with the sun shining and the friendly trees crowding close, while he, blind and deaf, lay under the clay. But that was only the first foolish impulse. He is still alive to all who knew him. The Master whom he loved so faithfully knows what things he has need of. I am sure that, wherever he is, he can lie in the grass now, while the sun shines and the trees give him welcome. It seems to me after all that God could give no better rest than that after the long struggle of living, to him or to any of us.

Rebecca Harding Davis.

Recent American Novels.

"THE BREAD-WINNERS."*

THIS story did not lack comment, more or less impassioned, during the course of its publication in THE CENTURY, and its characteristics will probably have been canvassed still more thoroughly before these pages meet the eye of the reader. From the first it was noticeable that the criticism it received concerned the morality of the story, and even the morality of the writer, rather than the art of either; and, on the whole, we do not see why this was not well enough. It was, we think, a wholesome way of regarding the performance, and, even in those who most disliked it, implied a sense of conscience and of thinking in the book, however warped, however mistaken. It was a better way of looking at it than a mere survey of its literary qualities would have been, and it marked an advance in popular criticism. The newspapers did not inquire so much whether this or that character was well drawn, this or that incident or situation vividly reported, as whether the writer, dealing forcibly with some living interests of our civilization, meant one thing or another by what he was doing; though they did not fail to touch upon its literature at the same time. The discussion evolved an interesting fact, which we recommend to all intending novelists, that among us at least the novelist is hereafter to be held to account as a public teacher; that he must expect to be taken seriously, and must do his work with the fear of a community before his eyes which will be jealous of his ethical soundness, if nothing else. What did the author of "The Bread-winners" mean by making his rich and well-to-do people happy, and leaving all the suffering to the poor? Does he believe that it is wrong for the starving laborer and operative to strike? Are his sympathies with the rich against the poor? Does he think workingmen are all vicious? Does he mean that it was right for Captain Farnham to kiss Maud Matchin when she had offered herself to him in marriage and dropped herself into his arms, unless he meant to marry her? Was he at all better than she if he could do such a thing? Was it nice of Mrs. Belding to tell her daughter of this incident? Ought Alice Belding to have accepted him after such a thing as that?

Some of these voices — which still agitate the air — are unmistakably soprano and contralto; some, for which we have less respect, are falsetto. We do not know whether it would be possible, or whether it would be profitable, to answer them conclusively. At any rate, we shall not attempt it; but we would like to call attention to the very important fact that the author of "The Bread-winners" shows no strong antipathy to strikers till they begin to burn and rob and propose to kill; and we will ask the abstract sympathizer to recall his own sensations in regard to the great railroad strike in 1877, after the riots began. In our own mind there is no question that any laborer, or any multiple of him, not being content with his hire, has the right to leave his work; and we should have been well content to see the strike of the telegraphers succeed, and not ill pleased to see those who thought them paid enough put to live awhile on their wages. But if the striking telegraphers, like the striking railroad men, had begun to threaten life and destroy property, we should have wanted the troops called out against them. We cannot see that the author of "The Bread-winners" has gone beyond this point in his treatment of the question of strikes.

We cannot see, either, that he has in any sort a prejudice against the workingman as a workingman. We are all workingmen in America, or the sons of workingmen, and few of us are willing to hear them traduced; but, for our own part, they do not seem to us preëminent for wisdom or goodness, and we cannot perceive that they derive any virtue whatever from being workingmen. If they were lawyers, doctors, or clergymen, they would be equally respectable, and not more so. They are certainly better than the idle rich, as they are better than the idle poor — the two classes which we have chiefly, if not solely, to dread; and it is the idle poor whom our author does not like, whom he finds mischievous, as other writers of romance have long found the idle rich. It is the Offitts and the Botts and the Bowersoxes whom he detests, not the Matchins, nor even the Sleenys. These are treated with respect, and Sleeny, at least in the end, is rather more lavishly rewarded than any of the millionaires, if his luck in escaping the gallows is not more than neutralized by the gift of Miss Maud Matchin as a wife. But there is no doubt the author meant well by him; and we think there is no doubt that he means well by all honest, hard-working people. He has not made them very brilliant, for still "the hand of little employment hath the nicer sense"; he has not heaped them with worldly prosperity, and it must be owned that Divine Providence has done no better by them. Let us be just before we are generous, even to the workingman. Let us recognize his admirable qualities in full measure; but let us not make a fetich of him, impeccable, immaculate, infallible. We suspect that in portraying a certain group of people as he has done, the author of "The Bread-winners" meant no more nor less than to tell the truth about them; and if he has not flattered the likeness of his workingmen, he has done the cause of labor and the cause of art both a service. Workingmen are in no bad way among us. They have to practice self-denial and to work hard, but both of these things used to be thought good for human nature. When they will not work, they are as bad as club men and ladies of fashion, and perhaps more dangerous. It is quite time we were invited to consider some of them in fiction as we saw some of them in fact during the great railroad strike.

When we come to the question whether Captain Farnham ought to have kissed Maud Matchin, or turned from her with loathing, we confess that we feel the delicacy of the point. Being civilians, we will venture to say that we fear it was quite in character for an ex-army man to kiss her, and so far the author was right. Whether it was in character for a perfect gentleman to do so, we cannot decide; something must be conceded to human nature and a sense of the girl's impudence, even in a perfect gentleman. But, having dodged this point, we feel all the more courage to deal with another, namely, whether he was not quite as bad as she. We think not, for reasons which his accusers seem to forget. Miss Matchin did not offer herself to him because she loved him, but be-

* The Bread-Winners. A Social Study. New York: Harper & Bros.

cause she loved his wealth and splendor, and wished to enjoy them; and, though she was careful to tell him that she would only be his wife, it is not clear to our minds that if she could have been equally secure of his wealth and splendor in another way, there was anything in her character to make her refuse. He did behave with forbearance and real kindness to that foolish and sordid spirit; he did use her with magnanimity and do what he could to help her, though she had forfeited all claim upon his respect. He may not have been a perfect gentleman, but he was certainly a very good sort of man, in spite of that questionable kiss.

We might wish to have Miss Matchin other than she was for her own sake; but if she were different, she would not be so useful nor so interesting. She is the great invention, the great discovery, of the book; and she is another vivid and successful study of American girlhood, such as it seems to be largely the ambition of our novelists to make. She is thoroughly alive, caught by an instantaneous process, in which she almost visibly breathes and pulsates. One has a sense of her personal presence throughout, though it is in the introductory passages that we realize most distinctly her mental and spiritual qualities, and the wonderful degree in which she is characterized by American conditions — by the novels of the public library, by the ambitious and inadequate training of the high school, by the unbounded freedom of our social life. These conditions did not produce her; with other girls they are the agencies of inestimable good. But, given the nature of Miss Maud Matchin, we see the effect upon her at every point. We can see the effect, also, of the daily newspaper and of the display of Algonquin Avenue, with its histories in brick and stone of swift, and recent, and immeasurable riches. The girl's poetry is money, her romantic dream is to marry a millionaire. She has as solid and sheer a contempt for the girl who dreams of an old-fashioned hero and love in a cottage as she has for her hard-working father and mother. There are no influences in her home to counteract the influences from without. She grows up a beautiful, egotistic, rapacious, unscrupulous fool. But take the novels and the high school away, and she would still have been some kind of fool. The art of the author consists in having painted her as she exists through them. The novelist can do no more. He shows us this creature, who is both type and character, and fitly leaves the moralist to say what shall be done about her. Probably nothing can be done about her at once; but if she is definitely ascertained as a fact of our civilization, it is a desirable step in self-knowledge for us.

At the end the author's strong hand seems to falter a little in the treatment of Miss Matchin. We read of her "rosy and happy face" when the man she has driven to murder is acquitted, and the chief weakness of the book here betrays itself. Something should have been done to show that those people had entered hand in hand into their hell, and that thenceforth there could be no hope for them.

There are some admirable passages of casual or subordinate interest in the book, and a great many figures drawn with a force that leaves a permanent impression. The episode of Maud's canvass for the place in the public library, and her triumph through the "freeze-out" that leaves Pennybaker "kickin' like a Texas steer"; the behavior of the rascal mayor during the strike; all the politicians' parlance; the struggle of Alice Belding with herself after her good-natured but not very wise mother has told her of Maud's offer to Farnham; her feeling that this has somehow stained or "spoiled" him; — these are traits vigorously or delicately treated, that may be set against an account of less interesting handling of some society pictures. The scenes of the riot and the attack on Farnham's house are stirringly done; that of the murderous attack on Farnham by Offitt less so; and it appears to us rather precipitate in Alice to fall asleep as soon as she hears that her lover is not fatally hurt. But these are very minor points. Generally speaking, we think the author has done what he meant to do. We believe that he has been faithful to his observation of facts. If the result is not flattering, or even pleasing, that is not his fault, and neither his art nor his morality is to blame for it.

W.

MISS HOWARD'S "GUENN." *

MISS HOWARD'S new story of "Guenn" is remarkably good reading; and it is a notable novel, inasmuch as it suggests a question to be answered by her next book: whether or not the class of novelists to which Miss Woolson belongs is to receive a brilliant recruit through the round, ripe art of Miss Howard? If "Guenn" were a story dealing with American life and manners as boldly, as strongly, as imaginatively as it does with the simple, passionate natures of Breton fisher-folk — the setting of the story being as picturesquely observed, and the workings of the conflicting characters being as genuinely felt — then Miss Howard, on the score of "Guenn" alone, would be entitled to a place near, if not with, American novelists of the first rank. It is true that Hamor, the artist-hero of "Guenn," is sufficiently American in his clever, self-sufficient, practical, selfish, ambitious way. But "Guenn" belongs distinctively to the "local color" class of novels, of which much has been said in connection with the camera-like talents of Mr. Crawford; and, as such, "Guenn" is "international" literature, and its author an unbiased cosmopolite, so far as a New England woman may be supposed capable of moral and mental neutrality as an observer of foreign life. But compared with Mr. Crawford's studies in local color, "Guenn" is more natural, more wholesome, more evenly brilliant in style, quite as absorbing, more dramatic, more mature in thought and sympathy, and far more important as history of the human heart and manners. Mr. Crawford has shown wider amplitude of ideas and of color, but he has exhibited neither the reserve nor the sustained fidelity and power of Miss Howard's tragic story.

When a powerful imaginative study of a foreign locality, like this Breton fishing village of Plouvenac, is set before a people of different notions and habits, the effect on the reader's mind is essentially that of romance, no matter how real the study might appear to the people who served as the subject. For this reason, while Miss Howard captivates us with her story of the waywardness of pretty Guenn Rodellec, the daughter of the brutal Breton fisherman; with Guenn's determi-

* Guenn: A Wave on the Breton Coast. By Blanche Willis Howard. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

nation not to pose for the American artist; with her submission; with her gradual absorption in Hamor's scheme of painting with her assistance as model, a picture which shall be the talk of the *Salon;* with the growth of an attachment without reciprocal foundation, so natural and so strong that when the slender chords break at Hamor's apparently deceitful departure, the poor dazed girl flies to swift destruction; — while Miss Howard captivates us, we have said, by this vivid, character-acting tragedy, we are not quite sure, after all, that we have not been juggled with; that we have not been hoodwinked with romance instead of real life.

On strictly American ground, therefore, "Guenn" serves to show us that important steps toward the "great American novel" might be expected of Miss Howard if she were as good a student of American life as of that of Brittany. But her first little book, "One Summer," though a slight sketch, is of more importance to American literature than "Guenn," which is far more the successor of "One Summer" in point of growth than is her second book, "Aunt Serena." No reader of that amateurishly clever but rather tame pastel picture of American girls abroad would have suspected Miss Howard of having the ability to write in the vigorous, flexible style of "Guenn," or to conceive such a dramatic combination of fresh characters and novel circumstances. Nannic, the demoniac cripple brother of Guenn, is sketched in with perfect art. Thymert, the young priest of the Lannions, which are adjacent islands, whose life is wrecked by the death of Guenn, is almost a heroic figure; but his existence is more real, perhaps, to the Protestant mind than a devout Roman Catholic would be willing to grant. And as for the incidents, the striking picture of village life which opens the story, the chatter of the gossips at the river on washing-day, the festival of the Pardon at Nevin, Guenn's rescue of Hamor and of "their" picture from the plot of her father and her disappointed suitor, and, above all, her bewildered and fatal effort, on learning of Hamor's departure, to reach Thymert's island in a sail-boat under full canvas, in a gale, are scenes which the most desultory novel-reader could not pass over slightingly, or, having read, could not forget.

C. C. B.

MR. LATHROP'S "NEWPORT." *

"NEWPORT" is Mr. Lathrop's third novel, and an advance from "In the Distance" and "An Echo of Passion," his first two stories, which were rich in observation and in the "properties," so to speak, of novel writing. But they were deficient in literary repose, in story-telling charm, in dramatic clearness and cohesion; and the former betrayed an awkwardness of method that was more like a mental characteristic than a curable attack of inexperience. While both of them commanded a certain respect, they awakened doubts as to their author's call to write novels, which may account for the degree of indifference attending the serial publication of "Newport" in the pages of the "Atlantic." One would suppose that so clever a study as "Newport," of summer life at the most charming and most fashionable of American watering-places, would give a fillip to society talk, and command its share of printed comment and gossip. Perhaps there is weariness of curiosity among us in regard to a novel without plot, which deals with the fatigued, self-conscious, and butterfly types of a summer capital of fashion. But certainly the medium of publication was favorable to making the impression we have mentioned. Yet the serial form was undoubtedly against it, because "Newport" is a story of such nearness in point of date (as if it were a correspondent's relation of the happenings of yesterday), and of such realistic, and in a certain sense, commonplace quality, that you must take a good deal of it at once to appreciate the breadth of its motive.

In other words, it is a book to be read at a sitting; but not to be lightly forgotten. It seems to lack serious purpose beyond the apparent aim to photograph the most obvious and superficial side of Newport life. Undoubtedly its trivial, pleasure-loving characters are drawn to the life, but not one of them is actuated by other than commonplace motives, even the hero, Oliphant, being a young widower who, you are made to feel, deserves well of life only on account of a sort of negative manliness and generosity, handicapped by the recollections of an unhappy marriage, by a neutral ambition, and by narrow sympathies. He behaves well as friend and as acquaintance; he receives his jilting by the deliberate young widow coquette with rather fine self-possession and indignation; he recoils with weakness of character on a slight expression from Octavia Griffin of repentance for her cruelty; and he dies like a hero in the steamboat collision, after giving up his piece of drift-wood to a woman with a babe. And really there is no good reason in the book why he should have been saved. His disappearance is a calamity to nobody except Josephine Hobart, who was every way more worthy of him than the widow, and who, after his death, finds little difficulty in consoling herself with the commonplace youth she had previously rejected. While Oliphant and his environment are described with noteworthy truthfulness to modern life, we should prefer to find working through such a story a little more of the saving elements of conviction and moral tendency.

However, "Newport" is worthy of commendation to novel-readers because it abounds in wit; because it has grace and quality of style; because it discovers numerous types of character, like the gossipy old beau, the trifling wife, the selfish jilt, the unprincipled speculator, the spurious Englishman, the unaffected though rather fatuous genuine Englishman (and others too numerous to mention, and we might add too numerous almost for the author to handle effectively) — types which are drawn with considerable distinctness. One chapter, describing the death of little Effie, shows depth of feeling and literary power.

C.

MISS LITCHFIELD'S "ONLY AN INCIDENT." *

"ONLY an Incident" is a young writer's first novelette, and if we do not misread its promise, we have in Miss Grace Denio Litchfield another American writer

* Newport. By George Parsons Lathrop. Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Only an Incident. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

who, with experience and criticism, is likely to become one of those to whom the public may look for faithful and entertaining interpretations of character. This little study of New England village life is in most respects admirable, and its defects do not impair the reader's confidence in the ability of its author to produce noteworthy work. Considering also her story of "One Chapter," in the December CENTURY, her work exhibits piquancy and buoyancy of narrative, a fine touch of comedy, an admirable sense of proportion in moral values and in construction, and withal a high-bred literary accent. Where the present volume comes short, one is inclined to say that it is a defect of mood rather than of power; and where it is satisfactory, one has a keen sense of personality. The contrast of the self-contained, ill-mannered New York woman, Gerald Vernor, with her love of animals and her dislike of children, with the confiding, humble, and devoted nature of Phebe Lane, of whom nothing is expected but service, is thoroughly indicated — more thoroughly, perhaps, than are the sources of the rector's love for Gerald, which supplants his attachment to Phebe. The bantering and wholly confident attitude of De Forest toward the petulance of Miss Vernor, to whom he is paying languid suit, is excellently in character. Despite an occasional excess of satire in the drawing of one or two scenes, the whole good-natured, gossiping village is presented as background, with an agreeable effect of *ensemble*. Minor personages are remembered by the reader with distinctness, though with a distinctness beyond the interest they excite in the progress of the story. Indeed, when we have finished the tale we wonder why we were not more moved in the recital. Perhaps it is that sometimes we feel the actuality rather than the reality of the story. The vessel on which the reader has embarked sometimes drifts so near the shore of fact, that the grating of the keel reminds us where we are when we are looking seaward, with all the feelings of mid-ocean. Miss Litchfield will do well to trust more to herself and less to her material, and to beware of cleverness.

R. U. J.

Does Prussia Love War?

I HAVE read Helen Zimmern's biographical essay on "Moltke," and while I trust that a certain statement of the writer, which I will quote, is due to a habit of off-hand generalization rather than to an absolute ignorance of the subject, yet this statement is so gravely unjust as to justify me in asking you for the privilege of calling attention to it.

We are told: "Neither in America nor England — countries that are rapidly outgrowing *the love of war for war's own sake*, in which respectively an Emerson and a Herbert Spencer have preached that this sentiment is one allied to barbarous times — is it possible fully to conceive that, at our very doors, in this latter nineteenth century, there exists a people strangely like the ancient Israelites — educated, yet combative, advanced in many directions of thought, yet left far behind in one of the most essentially civilizing. In Germany the army is the darling of the nation." etc., etc.

I have passed the better part of a quarter of a century in Germany, and another in this country; I was born and educated in the very heart of Prussia; I served in the Prussian army, in obedience to the law, and can claim that I know its people, not only as they were twenty-five years ago, but, from visits made not long ago, as they are now; and I can truly say that, though I have met thousands of Prussians of all classes, professors, students, artisans, merchants, etc., etc., I have, professional soldiers excepted, never met a Prussian whose ideas of war were essentially different from those entertained by men like Herbert Spencer or Emerson. I distinctly claim that a personal acquaintance in various portions of Prussia, and a study of the papers of the day, newspapers, reviews, magazines, as well as of the most representative books published in Prussia, justify me in asserting that there is nowhere a more peaceful people than the people of Prussia. Spencer and Emerson, as far as their estimate of war is concerned, can be matched by hundreds of the best Prussian and German authors, and they reflect the feeling of the people at large. That Prussia has an excellent army is true; and that the people are willing to make every sacrifice for its being kept in an excellent condition is also true. Prussia or Germany was taught by bitter experience that her neighbors "loved war for its own sake." Was it a fault that she was able to strike such vigorous blows when France forced her to fight? Or ought she never to have tried to effect unity for Germany, only that France might not take it ill?

There are some publications in Prussia, as there are elsewhere, which treat of war. Perhaps no country with such a record has a smaller proportion of such works than Prussia. The works of peace are so prominent in Prussia, that there is no country in the world that has not been taught by Prussia in some striking way or other. Take the subjects of railroads, the telegraph, the postal service: in all these, and many others, Prussia ranks first.

But to praise one's own country is, like praising one's wife, a species of vanity. Let it suffice to state here, that if there is a people that loves war for its own sake, it is not the people of Prussia. I do not say it is the people of France, or, for that matter, of England. I know the people everywhere are essentially peaceful; but if one may judge from actual facts, it would seem that France with some five hundred thousand more of available soldiers than Germany, and Great Britain with her formidable navy and her constant complications (or interferences) in various quarters of the globe, might be a fitter subject to be charged with "a love for war," than Prussia, which has fought for the unity of Germany without interfering with the internal affairs of other nations.

Very respectfully,

C. A. Eggert.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

"National Aid to Education."—A Reply.

IN the March number of this magazine Mr. J. B. Peterson discussed the above subject in both its phases — its constitutionality and its expediency. It is not the object of the present writer to notice the former, as it is a question upon which individual opinion is of little value, and which can be argued effectively only before the Supreme Court. Its expediency only comes before the tribunal of the people. It is

sufficient to say that while to many minds of judicial acumen there is no doubt about the constitutionality of such a law as the representatives of the nation have under consideration, the first and main problem to be solved is its advisability. To this we come.

The first objection urged is that the nation as such would have no oversight of the funds thus devoted for educational purposes. This is not a new objection, and may be met by asking why she should have. National machinery, to accomplish the purposes intended, would either be no better than that used by the States, or it would be very costly, and thus partly defeat its object. Besides, to be valuable, the funds ought to be made supplementary to the State funds, and could not well be made so except through the State machinery, which disburses its funds with more economy than any other department of government.

The second objection, that such a donation would put a premium on ignorance, is difficult to understand. How a State could encourage ignorance by getting a fund to remove that ignorance is a puzzle to the present writer, as the fund could only be used in removing that ignorance on which it is alleged to be offering a premium. The argument is self-destructive.

To the idea that the distribution of the fund ought rather to be proportionate to the present liberality of the States in supplying an efficient system, and not to illiteracy, it may be said that it is not the object of the bill to reward any State, but to supply a need seriously felt in our body-politic,— to lessen illiteracy, which, wherever done, accrues to the good of all. With universal suffrage (and it is useless to talk of any other kind) it becomes us to watch that cancer, illiteracy. Only an intelligent people can remain a free people. An ignorant man with a vote in his hand is like a child with a firebrand. It remains, therefore, to ask if there is any section which stands in need of this help and has a right to ask it. I reply in the affirmative. That section is the South, where illiteracy prevails to an alarming (but we trust lessening) extent.

Let a few facts be stated. The South is poor. The war dealt harshly with her. It stripped her of three-fifths of her net capital at one stroke (a good stroke, be it granted). The remaining two-fifths decreased in value fifty per cent. Lands were devastated and depreciated; barns and fences were out of repair; heavy personal debts were hanging over her citizens like Damocles' sword; her public school funds were all gone, or, where in a few instances they had been guarded with religious care, soon to be squandered by reconstruction governments; there was an illiterate generation, and a letterless race to be educated. Yet she put her shoulder to the wheel, dividing her school fund equitably between the races, one of them non-tax-paying to a great extent. She has been too poor; she is too poor; the burden is too heavy, and her cry for help has been heard. Will it be heeded? Should the burden of educating the colored man be thrown wholly on the South? Certainly not; else he must be left to grapple with a darkness that is only a less abject slavery than the former. It is not a matter of reward or charity that the South and the negro ask; it is a claim founded in justice.

The school systems of the South are as good on paper as any others. They need money to make them successful. Her people pay a larger tax in proportion to income than those of any other section. Yet the amount is inadequate. Will the Government give us that assistance which we have a right to expect from her overflowing treasury? Or will she, noting the direction from which the cry comes, close her ears to the appeal? Will not the whole nation help to bear this burden of educating the colored man? Assuredly it is her duty. Not a duty only, but a necessity,— a necessity that lifts its head above constitutions,— nay, threatens them, if not heard.

The question of a limited suffrage, even if desirable, being out of the question, let us educate the voters till the necessity of a limitation be removed.

OAK RIDGE, N. C. *J. Allen Holt.*

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Ballade of Neglected Merit.

I HAVE scribbled in verse and in prose,
I have painted "arrangements in greens,"
And my name is familiar to those
Who take in the high class magazines;
I compose; I've invented machines;
I have written an "Essay on Rhyme";
For my county I played, in my teens,
But — I am not in "Men of the Time!"

I have lived, as a chief, with the Crows;
I have "interviewed" Princes and Queens;
I have climbed the Caucasian snows;
I abstain, like the ancients, from beans,—
I've a guess what Pythagoras means,
When he says that to eat them's a crime,—
I have lectured upon the Essenes,
But — I am not in "Men of the Time!"

I've a fancy as morbid as Poe's,
I can tell what is meant by "Shebeens,"
I have breasted the river that flows
Through the land of the wild Gadarenes;
I can gossip with Burton on *skenes*,
I can imitate Irving (the Mime),
And my sketches are quainter than Kean's,
But — I am not in "Men of the Time!"

ENVOY.

So the tower of mine eminence leans
Like the Pisan, and mud is its lime;
I'm acquainted with Dukes and with Deans,
But — I am not in "Men of the Time!"

Andrew Lang.

Ballade of Ballades.

TO AUSTIN DOBSON.

FROM the sunny climes of France,
Flying to the west,
Came a flock of birds by chance,
There to sing and rest:
Of some secrets deep in quest,—
Justice for their wrongs,—
Seeking one to shield their breast,
One to write their songs.

Melodies of old romance,
Joy and gentle jest,
Notes that made the dull heart dance
With a merry zest; —
Maids in matchless beauty drest,
Youths in happy throngs;—
These they sang to tempt and test
One to write their songs.

In old London's wide expanse
Built each feathered guest,—
Man's small pleasure to enhance,
Singing him to rest,—
Came, and tenderly confessed,
Perched on leafy prongs,
Life were sweet if they possessed
One to write their songs.

ENVOY.

Austin, it was you they blest:
Fame to you belongs!
Time has proven you're the best
One to write their songs!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

"The Morning After."

I HEARD a rustle in the hall
Where erst we stood 'mid waning tapers;
She met me in her breakfast shawl,
Her crimps all twisted in curl-papers.
The night before she looked a queen
In satin sheen aud fluffy laces,
But now just where the rouge had been
Her powder-puff had left its traces.

Beneath the blazing chandelier
I felt so shy and she so wary;
My brain reeled with a sudden fear
That she might prove a lissome fairy
And vanish in a golden dream
On gauzy wings, if zephyrs wooed her,
Away from aught that she might deem
The hateful bane of gross intruder.

Alas! a tantalizing shade,
A cheat, she was, a vain delusion!
Is beauty ever thus to fade?
My mind had reached this sad conclusion.
"O face of nature, always true,"
The poet sang who never chaffed her;
But, lovely women, ye are few
Whose faces lure "the morning after."

Harold Van Santvoord.

The First Needle.

"HAVE you heard the new invention, my dears,
That a man has invented?" said she.
"It's a stick with an eye
Through which you can tie
A thread so long, it acts like a thong,
And the men have such fun,
To see the thing run!
A firm strong thread, through that eye at the head,
Is pulled over the edges most craftily,
And makes a beautiful seam to see!"

"What, instead of those wearisome thorns, my dear,
Those wearisome thorns?" cried they.
"The seam we pin
Driving them in,
But where are they by the end of the day,
With dancing, and jumping, and leaps by the sea?
For wintry weather
They wont hold together,
Seal-skins and bear-skins all dropping round
Off from our shoulders down to the ground.
The thorns, the tiresome thorns, will prick,
But none of them ever consented to stick!
Oh, wont the men let us this new thing use?
If we mend their clothes they can't refuse.
Ah, to sew up a seam for them to see—
What a treat, a delightful treat, 'twill be!"

"Yes, a nice thing, too, for the babies, my dears,—
But alas, there is but one!" cried she.
"I saw them passing it round, and then
They said it was fit for only men!
What woman would know
How to make the thing go?
There was not a man so foolish to dream
That any woman could sew up a seam!"

Oh, then there was babbling and scrabbling, my dears!
"At least they might let us do that!" cried they.
"Let them shout and fight
And kill bears all night;
We'll leave them their spears and hatchets of stone
If they'll give us this thing for our very own.
It will be like a joy above all we could scheme,
To sit up all night and sew such a seam."

"Beware! take care!" cried an aged old crone,
"Take care what you promise," said she.
"At first 'twill be fun,
But, in the long run,
You'll wish you had let the thing be.
Through this stick with an eye
I look and espy
That for ages and ages you'll sit and you'll sew,
And longer and longer the seams will grow,
And you'll wish you never had asked to sew.
But naught that I say
Can keep back the day,
For the men will return to their hunting and rowing,
And leave to the women forever the sewing."

Ah, what are the words of an aged crone?
For all have left her muttering alone;
And the needle and thread that they got with such pains
They forever must keep as dagger and chains.

Lucretia P. Hale.

A Tracer for J*** B********.

(MAY, 1882.)

I.

DEAR ENGLISH COUSINS: We have lost—
And crave your help to find him—
A farmer-poet, ocean-tossed,
With no address behind him.

Yes, though of song he write no stave,
We yet will call him poet:
His lines, as wave with following wave,
Make rhythm and never know it.

His pages grow rare fruits of thought,
Rare fruits of toil his furrows;
His name? Why hide it when you've caught
The rhyme I seek?—John Burroughs.

I doubt if in the London round
His eager feet will linger,
Till English greensward they have found,
With many a hedge-row singer,

And rare May mornings, fit to be
The best of God's creation,
With showers of lark-songs pouring free
On earth divine libation.

Or he'll compare, in lulls of rain,
Your thrushes with our cat-bird,
And quiz the lads in every lane
For news of this or that bird.

Him leaners over Stratford gates
Shall mark, by Avon strolling.
"A poacher?" Ay, but on estates
Not near their vision rolling.

When long on Shakspere he has thought,
His course, like a carrier-pigeon's,
He'll hold toward some Wordsworthian spot,
To pay his next allegiance.

His "next"—ah! rather say his *first*,
Since friend is more than sovereign;
Of poets be the truth rehearsed:
To reign is not to govern.

To him the moor shall not be lone,
Nor any footstep idle
Where Nature hoards each lingering tone
Of the human voice of Rydal.

By poets led, he will not grope,
But be, from Kent to Cumberland,
At home as on his Hudson slope
Or Rip Van Winkle's slumberland.

II.

How shall you know him?—by what word,
What shibboleth, what mole-ridge?—
Him, who will find an English bird
Just by a line of Coleridge?

Of outward mark the quickest test
Is that he wears the shading
That sober Autumn loves the best—
Soft gray through iron fading.

Tinged, too, are beard and hair; and keen
His eye, but warm and witty;
A rustic strength is in his mien,
Made mild by love and pity.

A man of grave, of jolly moods,
That with the world has kept tune—
You'd call him Druid in the woods,
And in the billows Neptune.

Another sign that will not fail:
Where'er he chance to tarry,—
In copse, or glen, or velvet vale,
Or where the streamlets marry,

Or on the peaks whose shadows spread
O'er Grasmere's level reaches—
You'll note shy shakings of his head
Before his Saxon speeches.

III.

Ah me! by how poor facts and few
A stranger may detect us,
While friends may never find the clew,
Though keenly they inspect us.

Of things that make the *man*—alack!
I've hardly even hinted;
We speak of them—behind his back,
But here?—this might be printed.

Still . . . he'd not know the portrait his—
His modesty so blinds him—
But no! . . . to learn what Burroughs *is*
Shall be his fee who finds him.

R. U. J.

A Letter to John Burroughs,

ON THE BUILDING OF THE CHIMNEY.

I.

MY chimney is builded
On a hill by the sea,
At the edge of a wood
That the sunset has gilded
Since time was begun
And the earth first was done:
For mine and for me,
And for you, John Burroughs,
My friend old and good,
At the edge of a wood,
On a hill by the sea,
My chimney is builded.

II.

My chimney gives forth
All its heat to the north,
While its right arm it reaches
Toward the meadows and beaches,
And its left it extends
To its pine-tree friends.
All its heat to the north
My chimney gives forth.

III.

My chimney is builded
Of red and gray granite;
Of great split bowlders
Are its thighs and its shoulders;
Its mouth—try to span it.

'Tis a nine-foot block,
The shelf that hangs over
The stout hearth-rock.
Then the lines they upswell
Like a huge church-bell,

Or a bellying sail
In a stiff south gale
When the ship rolls well
With a blue sky above her.

IV.

My chimney — come view it;
And I'll tell you, John Burroughs,
What is built into it:
First the derrick's shrill creak,
That perturbed the still air
With a cry of despair;
The lone traveler who passed
At the falling of the night
And saw not its mast
Stood still with affright
At a sudden strange sound —
Hark! a woman's wild shriek,
Or the baying of a hound?
Then the stone-hammer's clink
And the drill's sharp tinkle,
And bird-songs that sprinkle
Their notes through the wood
(With pine-odors scented),
On their swift way to drink
At the spring cold and good
That bubbles 'neath the stone
Where the red chieftain tented
In the days that are gone.

Yes — 'twixt granite and mortar
Many songs, long or shorter,
Are imprisoned, I repeat.
And when red leaves shall fall,
Coming home, all in herds,
From the air to the earth,—
When I have my heart's desire,
And we sit by the hearth
In the glow of the fire,
You and I, John of Birds,
We shall hear as they call
From the gray granite wall,—
You shall name one and all.

There's the crow's caw-cawing
From the pine-tree's height,
And the cat-bird's sawing,
The hissing of the adder
That climbed this rocky ladder,
And the song of Bob White;
The robin's loud clatter,
The chipmunk's chatter,
And the mellow-voiced bell
That the cuckoo strikes well:
Yes, betwixt the stones and in
There is built a merry din.

But not all bright and gay
Are the songs we shall hear;
For as day turns to gray
Comes a voice low and clear —
Whip-poor-will sounds his wail
Over hill, over dale,
Till the soul fills with fright.
'Tis the bird that was heard
On the fields drenched with blood
By the dark southern flood
When they died in the night.

V.

But you cannot split granite,
Howsoever you may plan it,
Without bringing blood —
(There's a drop of mine there
On that block four-square).
Certain oaths, I'm aware,
Sudden, hot, and not good,
(May Heaven cleanse the guilt!)
In these stone walls are built —
With the wind through the pine-wood blowing,
The creak of tree on tree,
Child-laughter, and the lowing
Of the homeward-driven cattle,
The sounds of gay birds singing,
Of steel on granite ringing,
The memory of battle,
And tales of the roaring sea.

VI.

For my chimney was builded
By a Plymouth County sailor,
An old North Sea whaler.
In the warm noon spell
'Twas good to hear him tell
Of the great September blow
A dozen years ago:
How, at dawn of the day,
The wind began to play
Till it cut the waves flat
Like the brim of your hat.
There was no sea about,
But it blew straight out
Till the ship lurched over;
But 'twas quick to recover,
When, all of a stroke,
The hurricane it broke —
Great heavens! how it roared,
And how the rain poured;
The thirty-fathom chain
Dragged out all in vain.
"What next?" the captain cried
To the mate by his side.
Then Bill Ryder he replied:
"Fetch the axe — no delay —
Cut the mast quick away;
If you want to save the ship
Let the mainmast rip!"
But another said, "Wait!"
And they did — till too late.
On her beam-ends she blew,
In the sea half the crew —
Struggling back through the wrack,
There to cling day and night.
Not a sail heaves in sight;
And, the worst, one in thirst
(Knows no better, the poor lad)
Drinks salt water and goes mad.

Eighty hours wrecked and tossed,
Five good sailors drowned and lost,
And the rest brought to shore;
— Some to sail as before;
"Not Bill Ryder, if he starves
Building chimneys, building wharves!"

VII.

Now this was the manner
Of the building of the chimney.
('Tis a good old-timer,
As all the world will own.)
Old man Vail cut the stone;
Bill Ryder was the builder;
Stanford White was the planner,
And the owner and rhymer
Is

Richard Watson Gilder.

ROBERT RICHARD RANDALL, FOUNDER OF SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

DRAWN BY KENYON COX FROM THE STATUE BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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A FRENCH-AMERICAN SEA-PORT.

THE CRUISE OF THE "ALICE MAY."—V.

BORNE by the Newfoundland breeze which roused us from apathy the second morning after leaving the Bay of Islands, we cherished hopes of seeing St. Pierre by night of the morrow. (See Map, page 169.)

Cape Anguille appeared in sight about noon, and we were abreast of Codroy at sunset, with the lights of St. Paul's Island bearing about west on the starboard beam. This island lies in the strait between Cape North and Cape Ray, and, were it not for the powerful twin light-houses which warn away the mariner, would be a most dangerous foe to ships, owing to its precipitous cliffs. The current of the St. Lawrence runs on the west side with great velocity, and, in fact, is a serious obstacle to vessels coming on this coast from the south and east. I remember once being in a bark which attempted to make Sydney in a gale of wind. Before we could get into port the violence of the north-wester forced us to heave the ship to on the port tack. This was toward night, and by daybreak she had drifted with the current out of sight of land, eighty miles to leeward. We thought of touching at Codroy, where the scenery is said to rival that of the Bay of Islands, although on a less extensive scale; but the heavy sea, together with the fair wind bearing us toward St. Pierre, led us to keep on our course. Cape Ray was passed in the first watch. It is a bold headland, many hundred feet high, like all this remarkable coast. A pyramid island projects beyond it, crested by the star-like gleam of a friendly light-house. All the following day we carried the wind with us until night, and to stimulate the wakefulness of the crew we offered a prize to the one who first sighted the light of St. Pierre. The dangers attending approach to these islands, especially the fog liable to appear there at any moment, made it exceedingly desirable to get into port before a change of wind. But no one was destined to win the prize; for when morning dawned, the islands were discerned still so distant that the light-house could not be seen. The fact was that the wind failed us just when we most needed it. But, although it was calm, an enormous swell from the south-west set in, indicating a storm blowing in that quarter and liable to reach us, bringing with it the dreaded fog that would oblige us to put out to sea again. To make matters worse, a light wind carried us actually within two miles of the passage between Miquelon and St. Pierre. At night-fall we were becalmed, unable to get in or make an offing. The glass was falling, and the little vessel was rolling her scuppers under, entirely helpless. A sublime thunder-squall struck the schooner in the first watch. The lightning resembled rockets shooting from the horizon to the zenith, and the thunder rolled over the surface of the sea like the balls that Rip Van Winkle heard in the Catskill Mountains. A sharp wind out of the south-east and a fog of the most opaque character followed; and we were, therefore, in a condition to consider any change as preferable to the existing order of things. We lay off and on all night, entertained by the roar of the surf on the ledges which skirt the islands. We tacked at daylight with an ugly reef just under the bow, and the steam fog-horns of the two islands moaning through the dripping mist. The light-house and fog-horn of Miquelon have been long an absolute necessity; for on the long low bar between Great and Little Miquelon

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many a good ship has laid her bones. Two steamers were wrecked there last year.

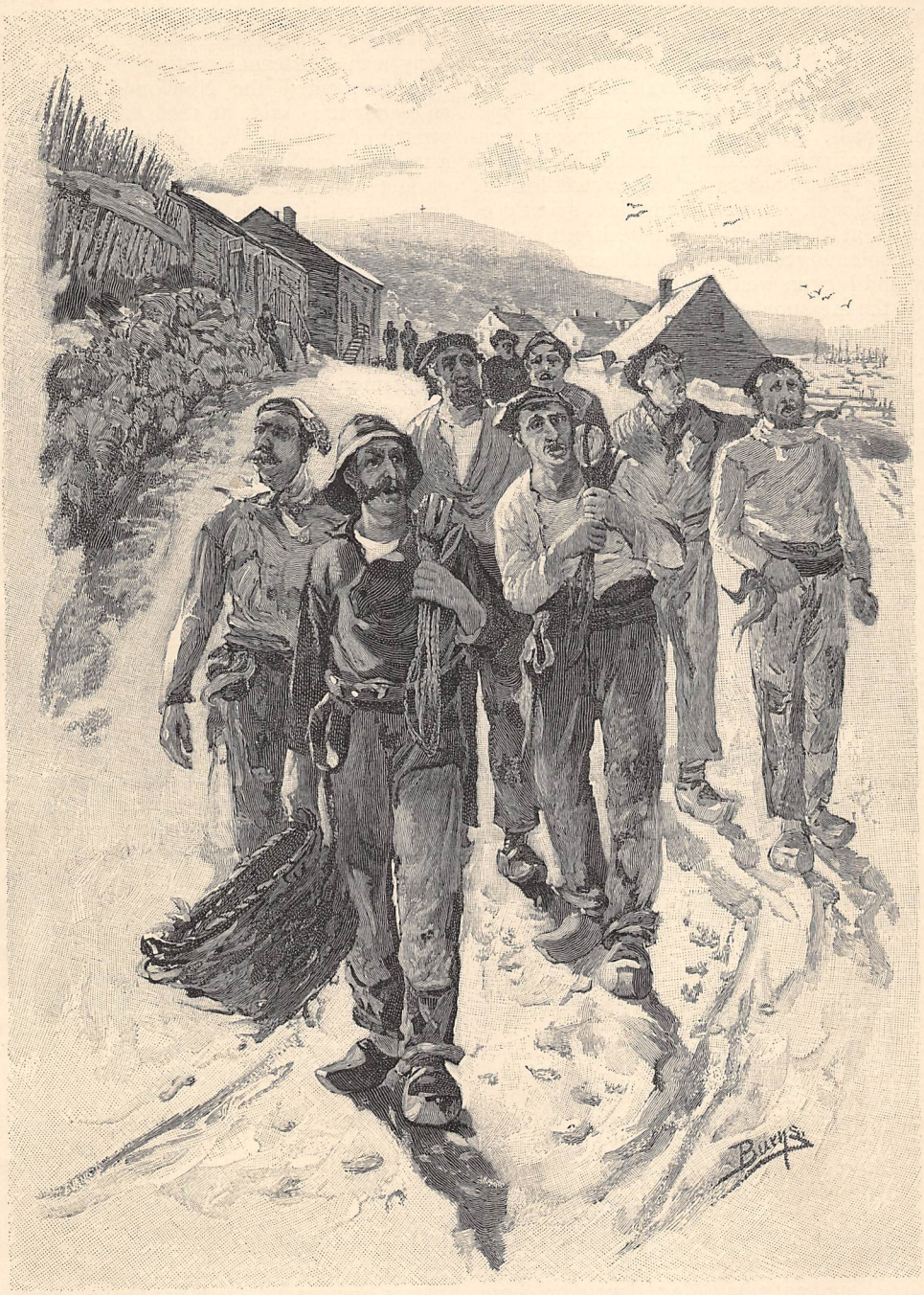
"It's no use talking," said our old skipper; "we can't dodge around here among them ledges. I've got to look out for the ship and the lives on board. You may want to risk trying the passage; but if this fog don't lift soon, we'll have to stick the schooner out to sea. This aint no place to be fooling with fogs and reefs." He said this in a tone and with an energy of manner which indicated that the lion in him was aroused, and would not be trifled with. We, on the other hand, were as strongly determined on keeping close in, feeling our way by the lead and the sound of the fog-whistles, and watching for the first break in the fog to work the ship to an anchorage.

At this critical moment, when a conflict of authority seemed imminent, we were all standing on the bow peering into the fog, and trying to discover something. The roar of the surf was near at hand, and the skipper was about to give the word to put up the helm, when the fog suddenly parted. Directly over our heads loomed the red cliffs of Miquelon, glowing with the morning sunshine.

"Down with your helm, hard down!" cried Captain Welsh; and the little schooner shot up into the wind, with a foam-whitened reef close alongside, and fell off on the other tack. The wind now shifted several points, and the fog reluctantly "scoffed" away, giving us a clear passage with a strong northeast breeze, which enabled us to work up the channel, past the grand rock called Colombier, which lies off the northern end of St. Pierre. On the opposite side, on Miquelon, is a remarkable natural arch bathed by the sea, which merits more reputation than it enjoys.

On passing Colombier we discovered a scene of maritime activity scarcely equaled on this side of the Atlantic. The transition was somewhat sudden, because St. Pierre is a sterile rock, three to four miles long and six hundred feet high, with ragged outline, and offering scarce a sign of life on its sea-side, which bristles with picturesque but inhospitable crags. But the port and roads present altogether a different appearance, and, in fact, an animation scarce equaled by any other sea-port in the world. We gained a hint of what we were to see when a pilot lugger darted around Colombier and glided close to us, showing a crew in blouses and tufted French sea-caps. She was exactly like the pilot luggers of Bordeaux, and nowhere else in America is such a craft to be found. And yet when we at last opened the roads of St. Pierre, we were completely surprised by the scene which lay before us. I had but to close my eyes and open them, and I seemed to be once more in Europe, entering some busy port on the coast of the Mediterranean. The illusion was complete. On our right towered some tremendous cliffs, and a picturesque columnar beacon arose in the foreground. On the opposite

A STREET IN ST. PIERRE.



A FISHING GANG AT ST. PIERRE.

side lay a group of rocky islets, crested by forts bristling with useless cannon, and succeeded by the fishing village of Isle aux Chiens, in the center of which stood a great church and the customary cross. At the lower end of the roads toward which we were heading, the roofs of St. Pierre clambered in a dense cluster up the steep hill-side, smitten by the splendor of the sun's departing glory. Across the water stole the sweet music of the

cathedral bell calling to vespers. But still more surprising was the activity and bustle apparent all over the port. Only at the wharves of Liverpool or New York can crowds of shipping be seen gathered in such dense masses of masts interlocked by ropes and yards. Although it was Sunday evening, this hardly seemed to make the slightest difference at St. Pierre; ships were loading and unloading, and the musical singing of sailors at their work could be heard far and near softening the creaking of blocks. Schooners and luggers were creeping lazily into port, with the measured stroke of sweeps as in olden time, and women could be seen fishing or rowing, their babies clustered in the stern of the boat, with their fists in their mouths, just as in Brittany. The only sign to show that it was Sunday evening was the measured toll of the bells from the churches, and the melody of accordions or flutes from boats filled with laughing girls and their lovers gliding away into the shades of twilight, which gradually drew its veil over the scene as our cable rattled in the port of St. Pierre.

As soon as our sails were furled and the schooner made snug for the night, the crew demanded leave to go on shore. But previous experience with them had warned us to keep a strict watch on their movements; and much to their irritation, therefore, we gave decisive orders that the boat should not be lowered into the water that night. We also forbade any one coming on board. The latter order remained in force during our whole stay at St. Pierre; otherwise we should have been overrun with *canaille*, who would have demoralized the crew, and perhaps have run them off to other vessels.

Ships for the most part anchor in what is called the roads, between St. Pierre and Isle aux Chiens, which is as snug a harbor as could be desired in most winds. But in north-east storms the roads are greatly exposed, and then the inner harbor is completely packed with vessels. This little port is entirely land-locked, and is provided with docks and wharves. But the low depth of water excludes vessels drawing more than thirteen feet.

On the following morning the officer of the port came on board in French uniform, and, after extracting a fee, gave us a permit to land or sail free from further charges. We then ordered our boat alongside and went on shore. A nearer approach to the town, instead of dispelling, rather heightened, the impression that we must be in some sea-port of the old world, which had been drifted across the Atlantic, away from its moorings, and planted here.

St. Pierre and its adjacent islands of Miquelon, or Langlade, and Isle aux Chiens, form the last bit of territory in North America on which France has retained her grasp. Tradition states that these islands were known early in the thirteenth century to the Basques, who frequented the Newfoundland Banks, engaged, it is said, at that early period in pursuit of cod-fish. We do not see how such a tradition could have arisen unless founded on fact; and yet historians do not seem to have given it much attention. It was not until 1604 that a fishing settlement was begun at St. Pierre. In 1713 the colony numbered three thousand souls, and had become a very important fishing port. In that very year St. Pierre was ceded to Great Britain, together with Newfoundland, the French being merely allowed permission to dry their fish on the adjacent shores. But when the victory of Wolfe resulted in the loss of Canada to France, she was once more awarded this little group of isles lying off Fortune Bay, to serve as a depot for her fishermen. The French now gave themselves in earnest to developing the cod-fisheries, determined, apparently, that what they had lost in land should be made up by the sea. In twelve years the average exportation of fish amounted to six thousand quintals, giving employment to over two hundred smacks, sailed by eight thousand seamen. The English recaptured the isles in 1778, destroyed all the stages and store-houses, and forced the inhabitants to go into exile. The peace of Versailles restored St. Pierre to France in 1783, and the fugitives returned to the island at the royal expense. The fisheries now became more prosperous than ever, when the war of '93 once more brought the English fleets to St. Pierre. Again the inhabitants were forced to fly. By the peace of Amiens, in 1802, France regained possession of this singularly evanescent possession, and lost it the following year, when the town was destroyed. In 1816 St. Pierre and Miquelon were finally re-ceded to France, in whose power they have ever since remained.

Moved by a wise policy, the Government aided the unfortunate merchants and fishermen, and offered a subsidy on the vessels employed in the fisheries. The results have amply justified the outlay. St. Pierre is now in all probability the most important fishing port in the world. The population, it is true, is comparatively insignificant, numbering 5,440 for the three islands, of which 4,804 are resident at the port of St. Pierre. But of these, only 783 are foreigners, and all are more or less dependent on the fisheries, while the number of sailors sometimes congregated at St. Pierre raises the population for the time to over ten thousand. But it is in the

GOVERNMENT HOUSES AND TOWN PUMPS AT ST. PIERRE.

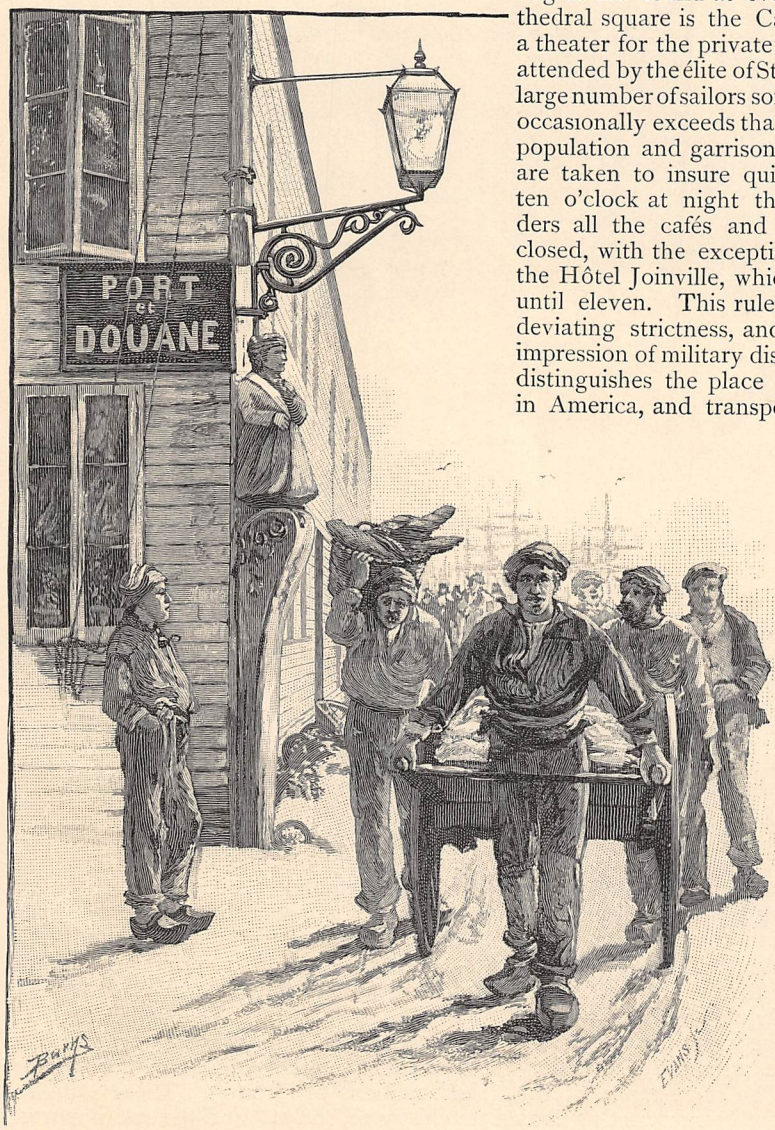
shipping that we learn of the importance of St. Pierre. In 1881 the number of entries at the port reached 2,615, while the clearances were 2,590, representing a total of 254,190 tons. Even taking into consideration the fact that many of these vessels entered more than once, yet it indicates great bustle and activity for so small a place, more especially as the season lasts only for six months.

There is another feature attending this movement in shipping which it would also be difficult to parallel in any other important port at the present time. There is a small tug owned at St. Pierre; two steamers also touch there bi-monthly from Halifax and St. Johns. But, with these exceptions, it is exceedingly rare to see anything but sailing-ships at St. Pierre. The appearance of the port conveys almost the illusion that one has returned to the age before steam, while the wholly foreign and old-time aspect is strengthened by the curious and picturesque yawls, luggers, top-sail schooners and full-rigged brigs which swarm in the harbor. The tri-color and gay burgees are also seen on all sides, giving color to the scene. This is indeed a place for the marine artist to visit. By far the greater part of these vessels are French. Many of them are employed, of course, in catching the fish. But the remarkable fact remains that the greater part of the fishermen come from Normandy and the south of France in spring, and return thither for the winter. The values represented by the exports of St. Pierre in 1882 reached the large figure of 20,883,624 francs. The total commerce was nearly 40,000,000 francs (eight millions of dollars). These data relate chiefly to cod-fish and the salt imported for preserving it. All the salt used by the

French fish-stations elsewhere on the coast of Newfoundland is first brought to St. Pierre, and thence re-shipped. Ample, massive quays of masonry have been constructed, and everything about the harbor indicates that paternal policy which in France supervises the commercial interests of the country.

Perceiving that we could best see the various aspects of life at St. Pierre by spending a few days on shore, we decided to take rooms at the Pension Hacala. As only one room could be obtained there, one of our party lodged at the Hôtel Joinville. These establishments are exactly the counterparts of such houses in France. The former furnished an excellent *table d'hôte* with wines; the latter afforded meals on reasonable terms *à la carte*. The beds were precisely the beds of Havre or Bordeaux, with red canopies and dense coverlets of down. We were lighted to bed with the brass candlestick familiar to all who have been in France. Always during the day the café of the hotel was noisy with the talk of ruddy Gascons or pale, blue-eyed Normans, playing checkers and quaffing absinthe, cognac, or *café noir*, or chaffing with Jeanne, the piquante waiter-girl. Every type of the French race was to be seen in this thriving little town.

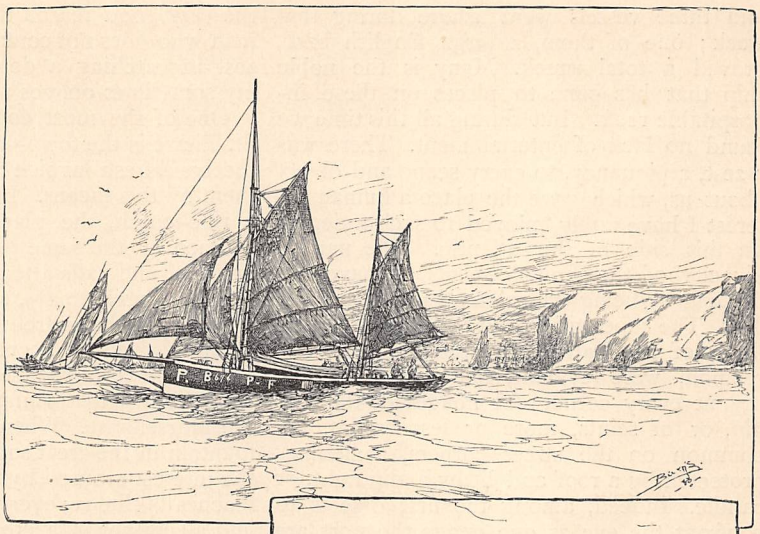
The cafés and cabarets of high and low degree are found at every turn. On the Cathedral square is the Casino, which includes a theater for the private theatricals acted and attended by the élite of St. Pierre. Owing to the large number of sailors sometimes in port, which occasionally exceeds that of the entire resident population and garrison, unusual precautions are taken to insure quiet and security. At ten o'clock at night the roll of a drum orders all the cafés and public houses to be closed, with the exception of the Casino and the Hôtel Joinville, which may be kept open until eleven. This rule is enforced with undeviating strictness, and helps to convey an impression of military discipline, which at once distinguishes the place from any other town in America, and transports the imagination back to Europe. A small garrison occupies barracks at the terminus of the principal street.



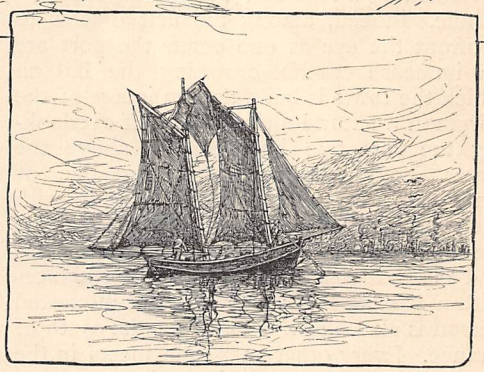
A STREET CORNER.

This little colony of scarce five thousand souls has all the machinery of a large government, and seems as if it were made to put under a glass case, as a complete and portable epitome of civil and military organization. With the exception of the governor, who is appointed by the home government, the colony of St. Pierre is left to take care of itself. The governor, who is the Count of St. Phalle, occupies a commodious and

picturesque residence facing a terrace, and approached from the *place* by a double stair-way, flanked by the lodges of the porter and the guard. The Count is assisted by an elective council. The judiciary is elaborately arranged and conveniently lodged in an elegant stone court-house. It includes a chief-justice and all the various grades common in French administration of justice. There is also an insular department of marine affairs, a marine court, departments of war and finance with separate buildings, a board of health, a department of religion and one of public instruction, a chamber of commerce, besides, of course, a careful system of pilotage, a bureau of charities, a superintendent of roads, and the like. The fact is, that the system of government is so complete, while the population is so small, that every prominent citizen has an office, and some actually serve in several official capacities. This is, indeed, the paradise of office-seekers. Furthermore, not to be behind the mother country, this tight little isle actually boasts of owning as citizens not less than eight chevaliers of the Legion of Honor.

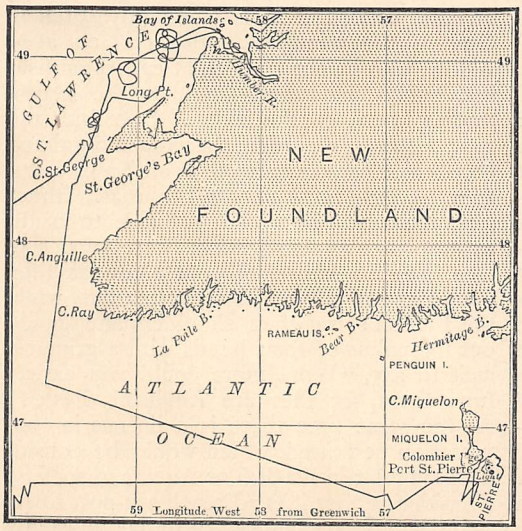


A SKETCH OFF ST. PIERRE.



A ST. PIERRE FISHING BOAT.

The day after our arrival we found out that St. Pierre may be considered famous for something besides its fisheries, that is, its fog. I am inclined to think that this is the central depot where this article is stored for the rest of the world. We remained at St. Pierre eight days, and during seven days a fog as opaque as the walls of Babylon enveloped the harbor and the hills. At rare intervals it would roll off the hills and give a view of the town; but for seven unbroken days the light-house and the harbor were concealed, and it required great care to row about the port and discover one's own ship. For seven long days the steam fog-horn never ceased blowing its shrill warning once a minute. While that horn blew we knew, whatever the time of day or night, that St. Pierre was an isolated islet shut out from approach, and the sensation produced by the thought was peculiar, and different from anything I had previously experienced. The town, strange to say, seemed to be quite free from fog during all this interval. In thick weather the approach to the islands is hazardous,



MAP OF THE CRUISE FROM THE BAY OF ISLANDS TO ST. PIERRE.

and three vessels went ashore during that week; one of them, a large English bark, proved a total wreck. Many is the noble ship that has gone to pieces on these inhospitable reefs. But during all this time we found no lack of entertainment. There was a zest, a piquancy, to every scene and object about us, which gave the place a human interest I have rarely enjoyed to such a degree on this side of the Atlantic. The natural vivacity of the French seems to have lost nothing by being transplanted to these bleak isles. The superstition and the intense worldliness of the Latin, tempered by streaks of religion, were evident, one might literally say, at every corner; for images of the Virgin, or of saints, more or less quaint, are common on the street corners, sometimes protected by a roof and lit by a dip light, or candle. Indeed, among the first objects to confront the eye as one enters the port are an immense crucifix crowning the hill on which the town is built, and an image of the Virgin in a natural niche in the cliff overlooking the port, two hundred feet above the water. Pretty maidens, reminding one of Languedoc, trip to the street-fountain with their water-jars, and cross themselves one moment as they pass the image of a saint, and the next instant exchange merry glances with a passing lover. Perhaps that interested person is clad like a peasant in the south of France. Every other man one meets in the streets wears the French blouse, heavy sabots, and a blue beretta. The latter is a felt cap peculiar to the peasants of Béarn. Perhaps, too, this blouse-wearing lout is driving a cart drawn by oxen yoked with the immense carved and tasseled yoke employed in the south of Europe. When you see this creaking wain laden with barrels of wine approaching, drawn in this wise and guided by the aforesaid slouching figure past the image of a saint, you say involuntarily to yourself: "Is there not some mistake about this? I thought I was in America, but surely I must be in Biscay." The Gallic love of dogs is also prominent at St. Pierre. The number of dogs actually licensed is out of all proportion to the population. They appear at every corner, and even the peddler's cart is drawn by dogs. Many of them are of the Newfoundland breed—large, handsome, and dignified, as who should say, "Before the French came we were lords of this island." A fight of Newfoundland dogs is of daily occurrence on the quay, and is characterized by a massiveness truly colossal. I saw nine of these noble fellows engaged one day in a general battle. A crowd collected at once; but no one seemed inclined to interfere, for the very good reason that there is scarcely a man who does not confess to himself a certain zest in watching a dog-fight, a feeling society sometimes obliges us to conceal.

One of the most common street sights of St. Pierre is the town-crier. Does a merchant receive a fresh invoice of goods, he advertises them by this means. Is there to be a fête, or a rifle-match, the place and date are proclaimed by the same personage. He wears a uniform, and calls attention to his proclamation by a preliminary, soul-stirring fanfare of a bugle. As he marches from street to street he is followed by a crowd of boys filing behind him, and keeping step like soldiers, while they sing "Enfants de la Patrie!" or the Marseillaise. When he reaches the bronze fountain in the great square facing the harbor, the interest aroused by the approaching bugle reaches its climax; every one stops in his work, and all gather in a crowd to learn the news. This is indeed a lively spot, where merchants with wise heads discuss trade; where the idlers about town stroll with their dogs; where the ships unload their cargoes; and where the ladies promenade at evening. One of the most characteristic features of St. Pierre well illustrates the French love for the beautiful. There is scarcely a tree on the island, and but little grass, the vegetation being confined to moss on the hills, and minute vegetable gardens in the city. But as one walks through the little town he hardly feels the barrenness of nature, for every window glows with the splendor of house plants in full bloom, generally geraniums of vivid hues. It matters not how humble the dwelling, its windows are radiant with scarlet, and orange, and emerald.

Society at St. Pierre is by no means dull; on the contrary, it is eminently French. One of the wealthiest citizens is an aged widow, who in her own right carries on fishing, builds ships, and conducts the largest trading-house on the island. One finds the same restraint regarding the women obtaining here which is so common in all Latin countries. A lady must not walk abroad without a companion. She would be liable to insult, or suspicion at least, if she were to do so. The English ladies, of course, do as they please about this as in other matters, while the French shrug their shoulders and spread out the palms of their hands with a grimace, as if to say, "What more could you expect from them, for they are English? Peste!" At the same time there is a license in conversation permitted, which would be considered singular in English or American society. Considering that it is a French sea-port town, St. Pierre seems, however, to be unusually correct in its morals.

These peculiar ideas regarding the conduct of women were strikingly illustrated by a trifling incident at the Hôtel Joinville. The maid of the inn was a charming young girl, who attracted much attention and flattery by her piquant manner. It was considered almost a matter of course that the men who frequented the café would chaff her with questionable jokes, and put their arms around her waist. But when the landlady heard that my companion was taking a sketch of her, she hustled the girl out of the room in high dudgeon.

"Oh, but, madame, why not let me finish the sketch, now it is begun?"

"No, never, monsieur. What would become of her if it were known that a gentleman had taken her likeness away with him to New York? It would never do; *je vous assure qu'il est impossible!*"

The people are mostly devoted to business, which they follow with that extreme thrift peculiar to the French. But there is much intelligence among them. The education of the girls is quite satisfactorily promoted by a nuns' school, which has considerable repute in the maritime provinces. I was surprised to find it resorted to by English girls from Nova Scotia. Until recently, the French have shown much jealousy regarding the intrusion of foreigners into the business of St. Pierre; but this prejudice is less strong than it was. There is, however, little social intercourse between the French residents and the English, who now form a colony of several hundred, with a chapel of their own. They preserve all their national traits with emphasis. With true British fervor they engage in athletic sports, such as rowing and swimming,—in which the French take not the slightest interest,—and have festivals, picnics, balls, and a rink by themselves. Many of the English at St. Pierre are connected with the management of this, and of the French Atlantic cable which lands at that island. It is a little singular that, although the cable is owned chiefly by French capitalists, it is operated entirely by English electricians. The director at St. Pierre is Mr. Walter Betts, a man of fine scientific attainments. We were indebted to him and the other gentlemen of the telegraph commission for many kind courtesies. Our party was also very kindly entertained by another prominent English citizen, Mr. Wecker, the United States consular agent. Never did we find the time hanging heavily on our hands. There is a charm in the isolation of a small island which

THE CATHEDRAL.

is most delightful, at least for a while. One of the most interesting spots at St. Pierre is the *place* on the quay, already alluded to, and the center of which is adorned by a *jet d'eau* issuing from a bronze fountain. The handsomest fountain in the city is, however, the square bronze structure in front of the cathedral. This structure, by the way, although one of the few buildings of St. Pierre constructed of wood, is possessed of some architectural merit.

FISHING FOR SQUID.

The establishments for the drying and preservation of fish, which are of such importance here, are fortunately on the outskirts of the town, and in no wise obtrusive. It cannot be by any possibility affirmed that there is anything æsthetic about the drying of fish; but as offering a study of human nature, it is not without its advantages.

One of the sights of St. Pierre is the fishing for squid. These fish, it may not be generally known, belong to the species called the cuttle-fish, or octopus, although, of course, very much smaller. During the latter part of the season, the cod-fish can be caught only with squid. He is an aristocratic fish, is the cod; for he has decided tastes of his own, and lives up to them. He knows his ultimate destiny, but proposes that it shall be accomplished in his own way. He is resigned to being caught; but it must be with squid at one time, and with hake at another. Now, there is a fish with a character to him! For the convenience of the fish trade, the squid very accommodatingly consent to make the waters of St. Pierre their resort, and the number caught in the harbor during the season is enormous. They are all taken by hand, and they collect in such dense masses that if one but drop a jig surrounded with sharp points, it is sure to catch something, as long as there are any squid there. Men, women, and children collect in boats wherever a school of squid has settled. The scene is of the liveliest. Sometimes fifty boats, large and small, may be seen in a solid cluster, with several hundred persons flinging the squid into the boats as fast as they can lower the jig, and vociferating at the top of their lungs. This will continue for several hours, till a moment comes when every one becomes aware that the squid are satisfied with their share of the sport, and have taken French leave. One by one the boats detach themselves from the group, and wander aimlessly about the harbor, searching for the lost squid. Finally, a solitary boat is discovered attached by a line to a vessel and slyly drawing up squid. Immediately the word goes around the harbor, and from all quarters the boats are seen shooting with the utmost earnestness toward this quarter, and in a moment, as it were, a crowd has again collected. The squid bring half a cent apiece, and form one of the most important sources of revenue at St. Pierre.

CURING FISH AT ST. PIERRE.

The Sunday before we sailed a great annual shooting-match was held on the hills above the town. Owing to the density of the fog, the sport was somewhat impaired; but the occasion brought together a good crowd after the morning mass. The following day the fog cleared away, and we seized the opportunity to slip out of the port before it should close in thick again. Our crew were getting restless, also, and needed some occupation to keep them out of mischief. Two of them had already succeeded in getting themselves drunk on bad wine, and, after trying their best to stab the by-standers, were compelled to pass the night in the guard-house.

But before taking our leave of St. Pierre we were treated to an amusing incident. There was staying at the Pension Hacala a Canadian of unlimited loquacity and assurance, who made the landlady believe that while ostensibly we were pleasure-seekers, newspaper

THE TOWN CRIER.

men, and artists we were really Americans of leisure and money, who thought no more of five-dollar gold pieces than a Frenchman does of a *sou*.

"Now, if you follow my advice," he said, "you'll make a round penny out of them, and you'll see they wont even notice it!"

The advice fell into willing ears. We said nothing, but waited to see the result when the time for settling arrived. Madame was an absurdly long while figuring on the bill. Besides swelling the usual items far in excess of the customary charges, Madame Hacala actually had the assurance to charge full board and lodging for the member of our party who had lodged at the Hôtel Joinville.

"How's this, madame? I haven't stayed at your house; I've only dined here two or three times. What's the meaning of this item?"

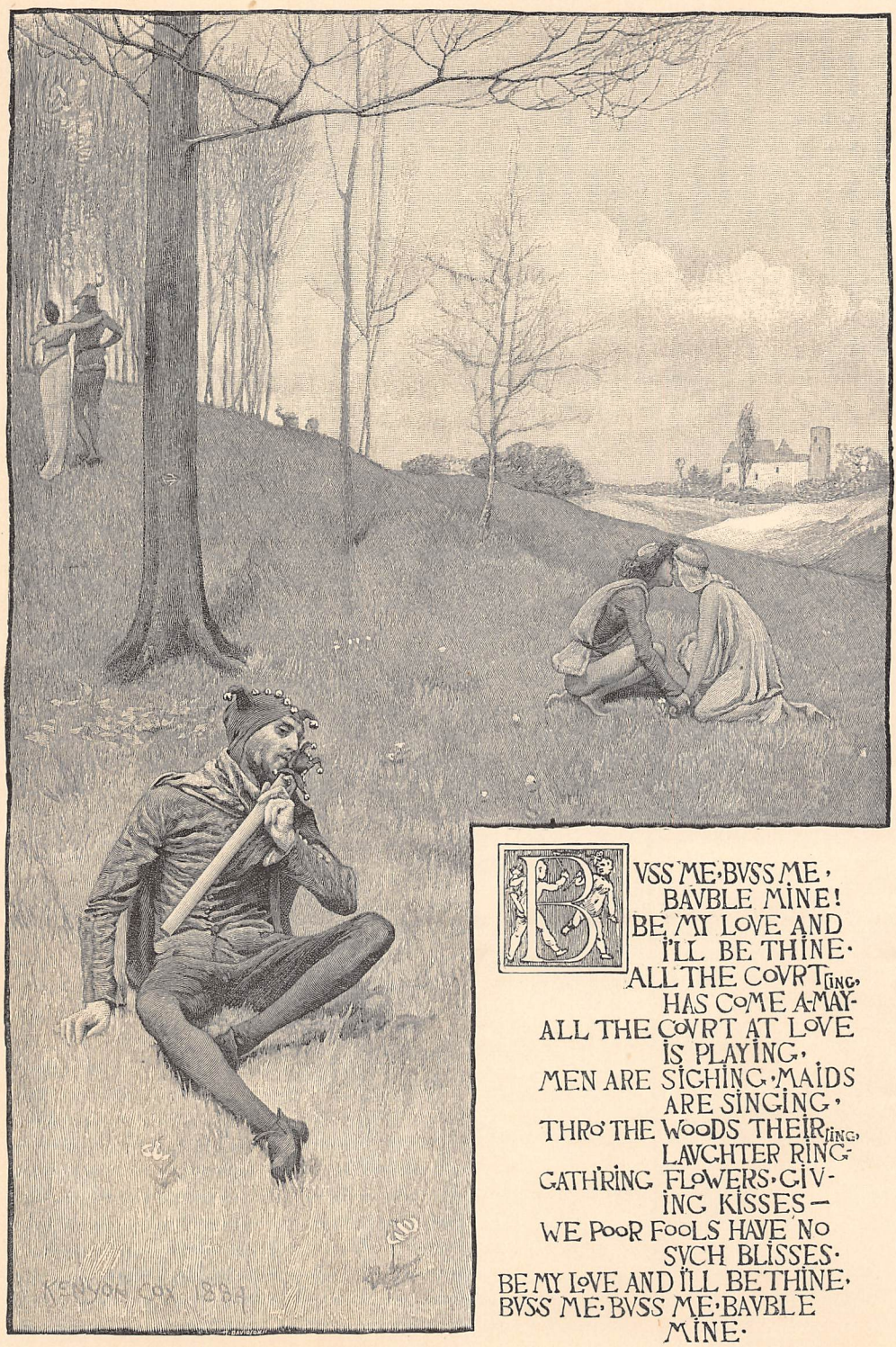
"It is true you did not stay here; but you engaged a room, and you must therefore pay for it."

"But I did not occupy the room, as it was already occupied. I only engaged it in case it should be vacant on a certain day; but it has not been vacated. No; we shall not pay that charge, madame. Permit me to say it is an outrage and a swindle."

"Then monsieur does not intend to pay his hotel bill?" she said, shrugging her shoulders and making a sickly grimace in reply.

After some palaver the widow was forced to recede from some of her charges, which would not bear scrutiny.

The sun shone out brightly over the crags of St. Pierre as our little schooner drifted out to sea through the northern entrance. It had been blowing a gale of wind for two or three days, and we encountered a high swell. Captain Welsh had been very reluctant to leave, and was full of forebodings when a dark night closed us in with a light head wind. With his usual caution, he steered for a good offing; and at daybreak we were well to the southward of our course, but heading for Sydney with a heavy wind.



BUSS ME·BUSS ME·
BAUBLE MINE!
BE MY LOVE AND
I'LL BE THINE·
ALL THE COURTING
HAS COME A-MAY·
ALL THE COURT AT LOVE
IS PLAYING·
MEN ARE SIGHING·MAIDS
ARE SINGING·
THRO' THE WOODS THEIRING
LAUGHTER RING·
GATHRING FLOWERS·GIV-
ING KISSES—
WE POOR FOOLS HAVE NO
SUCH BLISSES·
BE MY LOVE AND I'LL BE THINE·
BUSS ME·BUSS ME·BAUBLE
MINE·

[Begun in December.]

AN AVERAGE MAN.*

BY ROBERT GRANT,

Author of "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc.

XIII.

WOODBURY STOUGHTON sat in his office,—or rather offices, as he had exchanged the humble quarters he used to occupy for a set of rooms in a fine new building belonging to his father-in-law. He was now extremely well-to-do on his own account. His relationship to the magnate had been naturally the means of connecting him with various profitable enterprises,—to say nothing of the law business of half a dozen large corporations, obtained through the same influence. He was, for instance, a director in the Selma & Peatville Air-line Railway,—a Southern road, generally supposed, until recently, to be on the verge of bankruptcy. Its stock had been kicking about on the market for about fourteen dollars a share, and at this figure a controlling interest in the property had been acquired by a syndicate, of which Peter Idlewild was the "king-pin." The financial world awoke one morning to the discovery that the so-called worthless road had become an indispensable feeder to a high-priced trunk-line, and that its stock was valued at somewhere in the eighties. Stoughton's individual profit in the transaction was two hundred thousand dollars, plus a fee of five thousand for legal services.

His air of well-fed prosperity had grown upon him. He was not too portly to appear spruce, and yet his figure had acquired much of the solid proportions of middle age. Around the ears his dark brown hair was very slightly streaked with silver-gray, a circumstance that was the occasion of amusement to himself and his friends.

It was early in October, and he had just returned from Newport, where his establishment had been one of the glories of the season. His career of two years in the Legislature had been a conspicuous one; though there was some diversity of opinion as to the sincerity of his attitude in regard to the question of political reform, of which, prior to election, he had announced himself the champion. There were reports current that he had secretly worked against certain bills calculated to upset the evil practices in vogue, alleging, when questioned regarding his indifference to the cause, that it would be quite impossible to carry out such measures in practice. They were admirable in theory, he said; but examination had convinced him of their lack of feasibility. He had, however, on several occasions, put himself on record as a supporter of the best legislation, being, in fact, the originator of a bill aimed at the directors of an institution notorious for its ill-treatment of the paupers there installed; and he was one of the most earnest advocates of the impeachment of Surrogate Baldwin, an official of the opposite party, who had been detected in peculations of the public funds. A leading Republican newspaper spoke of him as "a rising young man, well fitted to take a prominent place in the councils of the nation." "Mr. Woodbury Stoughton," wrote an evening contemporary, "whose philippic against laxity of morals in public life appears elsewhere in our columns, is the son-in-law of Honorable Peter Idlewild, the well-known Wall street banker and millionaire. Mr. Stoughton is a fine-appearing man, in the neighborhood of thirty, with a commanding presence and impressive fluency of speech. He was educated at Harvard, and, after enjoying the advantages of foreign travel, apprenticed himself to the law. There is much consolation for those apprehensive concerning the future of American politics to note the accession to the ranks of our legislators of one so well qualified for the duties of office. The voters of the district could scarcely do a wiser thing than send Mr. Stoughton as their representative to Congress a year hence. His speech in the Assembly yesterday was straight from the shoulder." Such eulogy, relieved by the abuse of certain party organs on the Democratic side, had given Stoughton considerable prestige among his social acquaintances. It was common to hear him spoken of as "that young Stoughton who is behaving so well at Albany." Young ladies who affected politics would ask their admirers if Mr. Woodbury Stoughton had not been doing splendidly. There were those, to be sure, as has been said, who were by no means so enthusiastic on his account. In fact, it was an open

* Copyright, 1883, by Robert Grant.

secret that Ramsay Whiting and the Civil Service Association regarded him askance.

Stoughton's lukewarm attitude in the matter of the reform measures previously alluded to had done much to antagonize this element; but he had damaged himself still further in their eyes by the course he pursued, in the latter part of the session, in regard to the Leadbitter Water-meter Company Bill. The affair in question was a job that certain persons were trying to engineer through the Assembly, of which the purpose was to give an iniquitous charter to a corporation controlling the patents of one Charles Leadbitter. The bulk of the stock of this concern was held by some of the leading Republican politicians, who announced their intention to ruin the future of such representatives of the party as should oppose the passage of the bill; which, though harmless enough on its face, had been discovered by the Democratic lawyers to conceal the germ of several large fortunes, to be realized at the expense of the community. The latent possibilities of the scheme, as laid bare by this minority report of the committee, were taken up by the hostile press throughout the State. Public sentiment became aroused, and petitions were circulated urging the Assembly members of both parties to vote against the granting of the charter. A committee of the Civil Service Reform Association waited upon Stoughton, and represented to him the dangerous character of the proposed legislation. He promised that he would do what he could. He agreed with the remonstrants, of course, as to the importance of defeating the bill; but he said that, what with bribes offered for Democratic votes, and the powerful personal influence of the politicians interested, the chances of success seemed slight to him. Nevertheless it was noised abroad that Mr. Woodbury Stoughton would speak against the bill. So great was the opposition developed that the friends of the measure found it advisable to call in the aid of the party managers. One morning, a few days before the debate, the Honorable Cornelius French made his appearance at Albany; and thereafter a remarkable change came over the temper of the lobby. There was much talk to be heard about the importance of harmony, and the need of keeping a solid front against the enemy. Certain men were reported to have been whipped into line. It began to be whispered that neutrality was all that was required of those unwilling to cast their votes in favor of the bill. When the appointed day arrived, the obnoxious charter passed the House by a good majority. The speeches made against it seemed to hang fire for the most part,—the only really effective bit of oratory coming from Eugene Finchley, who saw fit to draw upon his head the maledictions of his party by denouncing the bill, in a carefully prepared argument, as "one of the most gigantic frauds ever brought before the Legislature of this State." As for Stoughton, he was not present. A sudden telegram had demanded his attendance in New York upon important business, an incident upon which the Democratic press did not fail to advert with abundant satire. It was not many weeks later that an item appeared in the leading newspapers to the effect that Mr. Woodbury Stoughton was certain to receive the party nomination for Congress in the autumn, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the Honorable Hugh Collamore, "who finds his duties as the treasurer of the Leadbitter Water-meter Company inconsistent with the demands of public life."

The result had justified the prophecy. It was now some ten days since Stoughton had been nominated. The convention for the purpose had been harmonious and enthusiastic. It was considered a shrewd choice on the part of the managers, for the reason that, while the record of the young man would attract the disaffected, he was sufficiently in sympathy with the party to bring out the popular vote. This, at least, had been the logic of that political sphinx Corny French, and others who did not disguise their anxiety concerning the issue of this year's fight throughout the State and country. They were quite aware that their party had indisputably failed to keep the pledges made a year ago, and the rumblings audible in the political atmosphere were ominous of disaster. The well-known faculty which the Democratic party possessed of upsetting its own cart, just when victory seemed assured, was, however, to be borne in mind. The Honorable Hugh Collamore announced to a select audience of chiefs, in a summing up of the situation, that he had "seen sicker children live." If all the nominations to be made were as unexceptionable as that of his successor, defeat might still be averted. It was considered that this district was assured, at any rate.

The wisest plans of politicians, as well as those of other people, are liable to disappointment. Within the last forty-eight hours a bomb-shell had been cast into the party fold, by the nomination, at a large gathering of Independent voters, of Eugene Finchley as the standard-bearer of the reform element in the Congressional contest, and his subsequent indorsement by the Democrats. The movement was entirely unsuspected by Stoughton, who had been confident of the support of the Independent following. He

had been aware of the hostility of Ramsay Whiting and a few others, but had supposed himself "solid" with the faction as a whole. The news caused him much annoyance, for it put a new face on the situation. It would require desperate efforts to overcome the combination arrayed against him, especially as he had taken the stand that he would not use money in improper ways during the canvass. He could not see what he had done to merit the distrust of the Whiting party, which had been openly expressed at the meeting. His name had been mentioned with eulogy by several speakers, and his friends—for he had his partisans there, and even now need not despair of obtaining a portion of the Independent vote upon election-day—had worked strenuously in his behalf; but a caustic, clear exposition of his course in the Assembly, presented by Ramsay Whiting and confirmed by others of equal weight, had resulted in his rejection by the convention of Independents. Finchley, too, of all men! He had supposed that the broker's previous fondness for manipulation at caucuses would stand in his way; but, then, there was no denying that his colleague had been winning golden opinions of late, from the soundness of his views on important questions. Finchley had grown rich also, and promised to become a power down town. It was clear to him now that he had acted with vast indiscretion regarding the Water-meter Bill; it was the resolute position taken by Finchley in that affair which had obtained the latter the nomination. Whether Finchley's conduct had been sincere or not, there was no doubt that as a political move it was clever. He had wondered at his colleague's change of base, and had even flattered himself that the other was overdoing the reform business; but the result showed the inaccuracy of his own calculation.

As he sat in his private office this morning, reflecting on the complications caused by this move of the enemy, the door opened, and a clerk inquired if he would see Mr. Dunn.

"Certainly! Show him in."

It was now some days since the action of the Reform Convention, but the Democrats had made their nomination only the evening before. Mr. Dunn was in charge of the Stoughton "boom." The young man had decided to rely upon the long experience of this politician in the management of his canvass.

"Good-morning, Mr. Alderman."

The visitor advanced with outstretched hand, his head on one side, and much of the solemn condolence of manner that one adopts toward a friend who has suffered bereavement.

"Well, Dunn, they rather went for me last night," continued Stoughton, with a laugh. "That makes a strong combination."

The fugleman assented by a nod of his head. He took a chair, and passed his hand thoughtfully over his seamy chin. "It's a bad business," he said, with a caressing whisper that suggested the vicinity of the corpse. "I didn't suppose those chaps would be shrewd enough to take up Finchley. There's one thing about it, though,—the old-line Democrats are madder than blazes. I was talking with Clint Pilcher this morning, and he says that he'd rather vote the Republican ticket out-and-out, than a bastard one like this."

"We must try to work that up."

"'Sh! 'We're not dead yet,' as the fox said when he left his tail in the trap. But it's got to be business this time. We can't afford to fool round any." There was a stealthy gleam in Mr. Dunn's eyes.

"No, of course not. I was thinking it wouldn't be a bad plan to send out a circular, calling the attention of the Democratic voters of the district to Finchley's early record. A pretty Democrat he is!"

The alderman edged his chair a little closer to the young man's desk. "This isn't going to be a fight where circulars'll do any good. I wouldn't give two cents for all the votes you will gain in that way. Look at here. I've had some experience in this sort of thing. I'm no chicken, Mr. Stoughton, as you'll perhaps allow. We've got to have votes to win; and if we don't get them, the other side will."

Mr. Dunn paused, and looked at the other inquiringly. He was evidently satisfied that he had made his meaning sufficiently clear.

But Stoughton did not rise to the occasion. He replied that they must put in solid work, of course,—that it would be necessary to have some enthusiastic rallies, with speeches and music.

"Rallies be blowed! We'll leave those to the Reformers," said Mr. Dunn; and he gave a hoarse laugh. "What's got to elect you is money; and the sooner we recognize that, the better. I tell you," said he, and he lowered his voice and looked around as if to make sure there was no one in the room but themselves, "there's no use in mincing matters; the fellow that's got the longest purse is bound to win. I've only to give the word that the cash will be forthcoming, to secure a thousand votes which will otherwise go against us. We've got the cards in our hand, if we play them right; but there's no time to be wasted."

"You know I do not believe in buying

votes, Dunn," said Stoughton, drumming nervously with his fingers on the desk. "It's against my principles."

The other coughed slightly behind his hand, and was silent.

"Of course I'm ready — and expect — to pay the legitimate expenses of the canvass; but it wouldn't do for me to go beyond that."

"There's no need of your being known in the matter in any way. All you have to do is to hand me over a check, and that's the end of it so far as you're concerned. If anything is said, it's simple enough to put the blame off on your friends. You're in the hands of your friends, and are not responsible for what they may have done." The speaker grinned with a sense of relish. "I saw Tim Leahy this noon," continued the politician, "and he says Finchley has taken head-quarters at the Mohawk House, and is ready to do the square thing by the boys. I tell you, Mr. Stoughton, when it comes to politics, sentimental notions aren't good for much. As the youngster said when he picked up the five-dollar bill in church, 'Profits for this world, and prayers for the next.'"

Stoughton smiled. "Finchley'll have to be mighty careful how he pays out money. If the Reformers get wind of it, he's beaten."

Mr. Dunn wagged his head sagely. "Trust him for that. It's no fool you've got to buck against in Finchley. What Steve Doran, who's running that fight, doesn't know about the business aint worth knowing. But we've got them this time," he whispered, hoarsely, "if we set about it in the right way. You see, as I was saying, the leaders are mad, and wont support Finchley with any enthusiasm. What we want is to get those fellows to promise not to work against us. We're all right, if we can make the 'machine' stand still, as Joshua did the moon,— if you believe it, which I don't;" and the speaker, pleased by his facetiousness, nudged Stoughton.

The young man rose and paced the room for some minutes. "How much do you need?" he asked, suddenly turning toward his henchman.

The other rubbed his chin, which was a favorite gesture with him, by way of assisting reflection.

"Thirty thousand will see you through, I guess."

Stoughton whistled. "That's a big sum." he said.

"Yes, for some folks, maybe," replied Mr. Dunn, with a philosophical air. "It isn't every man that can afford to go to Congress. Things in this world cost money, and people wont work for nothing. But what do you care for thirty thousand?" he added, with his caressing smile. "You could stand a hundred without feeling it, Mr. Stoughton."

The aspirant for Congressional honors continued to walk the office in silence. He frowned and pursed his lips. At last he sat down at his desk again.

"Look a' here, Dunn," he said, with a nervous decision of tone, and gazing directly at the other; "I've gone into this fight to win, and do not intend to let a few thousand dollars stand in the way of success. I'll be responsible for all the money you have to spend; but mind, I don't care to know any of the particulars. What I want is to come out ahead on election-day; it is for you to decide how that result is to be accomplished."

"Precisely," said the alderman; and then, by way of lubricating the situation, he observed, apologetically, that the only possible chance of a happy result lay in such a course. "It's depressing that things should be as they are, Mr. Stoughton, but 'human nature is human nature,' as my old grandmother Dunn used to say; and the man who acts on the belief that it's something different will get left, every time. That's frozen truth."

Shortly after this pleasantry Mr. Dunn took his departure. Stoughton sat for some time lost in thought. He had impressed upon his henchman, at parting, the desirability of making things sure. Money was no object. If it was necessary to spend more, why spend it, and he would foot the bill. Now that he had decided to take the step, he was anxious that affairs should be managed thoroughly.

He was conscious of a certain loss of self-respect in what he had just done which affected him unpleasantly; but experience had taught him that this would wear off. He was, after all, only doing what was done every day by candidates for office. With the existing tone of society, as Dunn said, it was not possible to win an election without using money. It was necessary for him to choose whether he preferred defeat or to pay out thirty or forty thousand dollars. There probably had not been a man sent to Congress for the past ten years who had not been forced to spend more or less to get there.

He felt, too, a sense of bitterness at the action of the Reform Association. Since they had seen fit to call in question his political integrity, he would show them what slight influence they had in the community. He would beat them out of their boots; and, as they accused him of improper practices already, he might as well get the benefit as well as the ill-repute of such charges.

What annoyed him as much as anything was that Arthur Remington had come in, early this morning, to say he should not be

able to work for him. His friend had said he was sorry to have come to this conclusion; but he could not, in face of the facts concerning the Leadbitter Bill and several other matters, feel that Stoughton sympathized with reform in politics. To be sure, Remington had gone on to observe, his own position was a delicate one, for he was a member of the State Central Committee; still he felt, all the same, at liberty to scratch any names on the ticket which he could not conscientiously support. Their interview had been friendly enough: that is to say, Stoughton had answered that the other must be his own judge of the merits of the candidates. If his conduct had not pleased the Reform party, he must try to do the best he could without their votes. There were still a few, he thought, who had faith in him,—he had continued, with a grin. Of course he could not help feeling badly at his old friend's desertion; but it would not in any way interrupt their relations, so far as he was concerned.

Nevertheless Stoughton was both angered and disturbed thereby. He had not seen nearly as much of Remington during the present year as in times past. They both had been very busy, and their ruts ran wider apart than formerly. Remington had been married several weeks. His friend seemed very happy. There was no question but that Miss Crosby was a charming girl. It was a love-match, and Remington's interest in her dated from his first winter in New York. He had always suspected how it would end, although Arthur was secretive about that sort of thing. They were likely to be comfortably off, for the latter had apparently got into a good practice. That fellow Ramsay Whiting had let Arthur into a lot of railroad business. Why, he wondered, had Whiting turned against him? It was Whiting who had been most prominent in opposing his nomination. Well, since that was the way the cat jumped, he would see if he couldn't make it warm for these fellows. He had never, as yet, failed in anything he undertook, and he did not propose to do so now. As for Arthur, he was sorry. He was fond of his friend; but the latter's ideas, from away back in college days, had always been queer,—had never been practical.

Stoughton looked at his watch. It was three o'clock. He closed his desk, and put on his overcoat. He should not be back again that day, he told his clerks. As he threaded his way along the crowded streets, toward the nearest elevated railway station, he was still thoughtful. With all his prosperity, and shrewd, comfortable philosophy, he was not quite contented nowadays. Not that he was unhappy, precisely; he had too much vitality, too many means of diversion for that. Nor did his conscience trouble him, for the most part. He had settled for himself, long ago, the perplexing questions that harassed his earlier manhood,—or, rather, had dismissed them as insolvable. He sought to get as much pleasure out of life as was possible. His house was exquisitely arranged for comfort. He had beautiful pictures on his walls; his cook was a *chef* who left little to be imagined in the way of appetizing dinners, and his stables were among the best equipped in town. He followed sedulously the literature and drama of the day, in his own and foreign tongues, ambitious to maintain his prestige as one well versed in *belles lettres*. He went much into society, where he was courted for the graceful quality of his bearing and conversation. He was considered delightful—by women, especially.

And yet there were times when the hours palled,—when, in fact, life seemed stale and insipid. He found himself less easily amused than formerly. His zest for things had diminished. He had become more and more incapable of enthusiasm. He had read everything. Even the processes of money-making did not forcibly appeal to him. His relations with his wife had scarcely altered since a year ago. He was kind to her, and anxious to surround her with every luxury. It pleased him to have her cultivate society, and figure among the charming women of the day. But between them there was no sympathy. Isabel bored him. It was impossible for him to share his thoughts with her. She seemed to have recognized this of late, for she had ceased to agitate him with appealing glances and timid complaints. Her baby absorbed much of her time; and, while harmonious, husband and wife went their respective ways.

There was, however, one interest that continued to engross his time more prominently than ever. His attentions to Mrs. Tom Fielding had blossomed into an intimacy which had not failed to cause comment in society circles. They had been seen much together at parties the previous winter, and latterly at Newport.

He sat this afternoon in the train, whirling along up town, leaning forward on his cane held between his knees. His fashionable dress, with all its refinements of close-fitting gloves and dove-colored gaiters, doubtless stirred the discontent of a dirty, rough-looking fellow opposite, for the latter scowled at him vindictively. Stoughton, scarcely conscious of being the object of the other's frown, reflected in turn that if *he* were so miserable a wretch he would blow his brains out. What was there in existence worth clinging to, for

a poor devil like that? His old habit of speculation and theorizing was still sometimes active, and had acquired a deeper tinge of cynicism. He did not wonder that there were Socialists. Would he not be one himself if he were in the condition of his neighbor? But it was the very ignorance of the miserable classes, and their lack of insight into reality, that were the protection of society. Like huge beasts of burden, they were too stupid to appreciate their own strength. What a gigantic mockery, to think of the masses cajoled into submission by the specious superstition of duty and a divine command! Let these creatures but learn the truth, — let them perceive, as he perceived, the irony of existence, — and chaos would come again.

Upon alighting from the train he went into the club for a few minutes, and then walked up Fifth Avenue. He rang at Mrs. Fielding's door. She was at home, the servant said; and as he entered the parlor she rose to receive him.

"How do you do to-day?" said he. He held her hand for an instant, and gazed into her face.

Mrs. Fielding resumed her seat on the sofa, and he took the vacant place beside her. She was dressed to go out. The room was curtained, so as to intercept the fullness of the daylight, and sweet with the fragrance of flowers. On a little table near by was a basket of exquisite hybrids, toward which she turned her eyes as an expression of thanks to him for having sent them.

She had been sorry to read in the papers this morning that the Democrats had nominated Mr. Finchley. "Would that injure your chances very much? But then, you know," she continued with a smile, "your gain will be my loss; for if you go to Washington, I shall never see you."

She stood up as she spoke, and led the way to the door; for they had agreed to take a stroll this afternoon.

They directed their steps toward the Park, which was not far distant. There were as yet comparatively few of their acquaintances in town, and it was not difficult to lose themselves among the by-paths of that large pleasure-garden. It was one of those lovely days in early October, when Summer seems to cast a parting glance over her shoulder. The foliage, already touched by the brush of the sterner season, barely stirred in the balmy stillness. Birds hopped about the grass. The ponds glistened cool and tranquil, alluring loiterers to their granite margins.

They walked slowly, and with that sympathy of manner which is apt to be part of the bearing of those not averse to giving the impression of intimacy. Stoughton, in speaking, bent a little toward his companion, who, with eyes which followed the windings of the path, listened pensively. Her closed sunshade dangled from her small, neat hands, and undulated with the movement of her skirt.

Theirs was a friendship that had been gathering force from day to day through many months. In Mrs. Fielding the young man had found one who was able to understand and criticise the lines of thought most interesting to him. She had read much in a superficial way, and her native feminine cleverness made her seem to know more than she really did. Under the guise of literary comment the most interesting problems of humanity present themselves with facility for discussion. A common ground of books forms an attractive basis for the introduction of the philosophic and the subjective.

Of what was she thinking, this young and graceful woman, as she sauntered in the autumn sunshine by the side of him who was not her husband, within earshot of the stir of that society whose laws she was disregarding? She was pondering, as so many have done before her, upon the nature of the barrier that forbade her to give her heart to this man, for whose companionship she thirsted as the parched soil for the rain-cloud. She had plighted her word to be the pure and faithful wife of one whom she no longer loved, whose very presence was a source of tedium to her. What did this mean? What was this tie that bound her to a being with whom she could not sympathize, — this so-called law of marriage, which prescribes that a man and woman, united by mutual vows, shall be true to each other until death? A cruel, unrelenting law, forsooth, that weighed upon her spirit as a yoke! Whence was its origin? It was the law of God, so men said. Had she not herself knelt at the altar and invoked the blessing of the Almighty on her troth? Yes; and it had not prospered. She had come to feel aversion for the husband she had sworn to love and honor and obey. Did God indeed command her to endure this misery for the rest of her life? What was there, after all, to keep her from the arms of her lover, but a convention framed by men for the convenience of society?

To renounce the darling desire of her heart meant to live on in the bondage under which she writhed to-day. She could see the years of her future stretching out, a dry and dusty road, which ended with the grave. She knew that they would have in store for her the hueless monotony of a loveless existence, relieved alone by the consolations of religion. Their joys would be patience and hope. If she chose this second path, it must be for the

sake of resistance, and because she believed that in so doing she fulfilled the will of God, and that He required it of her. She would suffer in this world in the faith of a future happiness.

She saw, too, in the pathway of her desire the disapproval and ban of society, the disgrace which the world casts upon those who disobey its laws. But why should she care for the world's verdict? Would that be able to rob her of her happiness? Would she not, upon the bosom of him she adored, be able to mock its cry of censure? The world! What was the world? If, indeed, it was true, as she had learned sometimes to suspect,—as she had heard her lover whisper,—that this life was all, that the veiled goal which bounded those two paths was the darkness of annihilation, why should she hesitate? If death was the cessation of conscious being, wherefore should she not pursue her happiness? Society was nought to her. It might crack and splinter into chaotic fragments, and she would not care. If the laws of right and wrong were merely a code to save the world from anarchy, let anarchy come.

She knew herself to be one endowed with the choicest human blessings. Those things which mankind prized and strove for most were hers in profusion. She possessed wealth and position. Her face and form were very beautiful. She could perceive the wide gulf that separated the intelligence of her thoughts from the struggling masses of humanity. From their superstitions and vulgarities she was far removed. The best that existence could afford to woman in the way of ambition and pleasure had been hers. Her life seemed to lack but one essential of happiness, and that lay within her grasp if she but willed. Without it, existence was a curse. What was this tyrant whose mandate, "Thou shalt not do this thing," stood between her and the realization of bliss?

Few would have guessed that the downcast eyes and coy smile of Ethel Fielding, as she strolled under the tree-shade, were the cloak of reflections which shook her spirit to its center. These were questionings which had been her companions for many days,—no new problem evolved by the charm of the hour. But even as the bud which is ripe to unfold awaits the breath of a perfect day to burst into beauty, so the moment had come for the solution of that unrest with which her bosom was freighted. Even Fate stays for opportunity.

Stoughton had been rambling on in a vein of philosophical cynicism, called forth by the incidents of the morning; but now he, too, had grown silent, and walked thoughtfully, twisting the ends of his mustache. He glanced furtively at his companion, and his shoulder touched hers with sympathetic pressure.

They had reached a point where a grassy embrasure, in the form of a crescent, bordered the path. The space had been cleared to accommodate a stone statue of a sylvan divinity which adorned its center, and at one side, adjacent to the shrubbery, there was a rustic bench. Mrs. Fielding turned her steps in the direction of the latter.

"Let us sit down," she said.

From their point of view they could see the western horizon, glowing through a tracery of leaves and boughs. It was a sunset in keeping with the mellowness of the day that was dying, for the dun of the autumn cloud-banks was suffused with the silver and sapphire of summer skies. The shadow of the goddess trailed across the grass.

She leaned back in the corner of the bench, while Stoughton, bending forward, pierced with the point of his cane the fallen leaves at his feet.

"We see that sunset," she said softly, "as we see happiness in this world—through prison-bars."

The young man turned at the sound of her voice. The yellow light fell on her face and glorified its intensity. She sought to elude his gaze.

"Ethel," he whispered hoarsely, and he seized her hand with a passionate grasp, "what is there to prevent us from loving each other?"

The words that he spoke were as the echo of the thoughts with which her brain was throbbing.

She looked up, and their glances met in a blaze of mutual transport. He bent forward and kissed her. Even at the moment Woodbury Stoughton was conscious that the feeling he entertained for this woman was a passion which would pall, and that the capability of deep, entrancing love was no longer his.

But she, unmindful of the cold light in his eye, grasped his hand with both of hers. "My God!" she murmured ecstatically; and then, as the import of her phrase forced itself upon her, "No, no; *thou* art my god for ever and ever."

. . . . .

This same afternoon Isabel Stoughton had ordered her victoria. She felt the need of a little fresh air, for the illness of baby had confined her to the house the last few days. She had not, in fact, driven out before since returning to town, and it exhilarated her to be once more in the midst of the city's bustle. Leaning back against the cushions, she took in with enjoyment the familiar sights of the

streets, and observed the changes that had occurred during her absence. Now and then the lifted hat of some acquaintance, whom she had not seen all summer, would bring a smile to her face.

Her months at Newport had not been especially happy. The cares of her household and the whirl of gayety in which she was immersed had not left her much leisure for scrutinizing her emotions; but she had ever been conscious of a certain wound about the heart, which was none the less real because she did not pause to poultice it. The glamour of wealth, and the knowledge that she was admired and courted, were paltry compensation in her eyes for the indifference of her husband. She had come by degrees to perceive the futility of her efforts to win him back to her by appealing to his sensibility. Pride, too, stepped in to fortify her conclusions in this regard, and she had ceased to intrude herself upon him. She no longer questioned him concerning his plans and ambitions, nor allowed solicitude for the success of his undertakings to betray itself in her behavior.

And yet she had not brought herself to admit that Woodbury no longer loved her. She found excuses and explanations for his neglect in the multitude of the demands upon his time, and in her own deficiencies. She realized more vividly every day how lacking she was in those qualities which fit one to be an agreeable companion to a man of his ability. She was proud of him, too. His success was balm to her wounded feelings. He was, at least, her husband; he belonged to her; and his triumphs were in a certain sense hers. If she only persevered and showed him how deeply she loved him, the time would come when he would recognize this, and all would be happy in her life once more.

To humor him, she had gone much into society, and tried to find pleasure and distraction in the amusements of the gay watering-place. There were moments even when she felt the thrill of pleasure at the manifest admiration which she inspired. She was conscious of progress as regards the graces of fashionable life. Her lapses in conventionalities were no longer conspicuous. She had begun to suspect that perhaps, after all, she was able to compete in intelligence with the contemporaries of her own sex. Had not her father often told her that, she ought to have been born a boy, she had such a good head for figures? Patience, patience! All would yet be well, and *he* would love her.

Such was the burden of her thoughts as she rolled over the pavements in her comfortable victoria up Fifth Avenue, and to the gates of the Park. It would be lovely in the Park this afternoon!

"Drive on," she said to the servant, who turned to inquire if she wished to enter.

As she drove through the gateway, a stylish dog-cart passed in the opposite direction, and its occupant raised his hat pleasantly. It was Mr. Tom Fielding.

The incident clouded for a little the current of her hopefulness, for the stories of her husband's attentions to the wife of this man came to mind. She had always striven, when her stepmother made insinuations of the kind, to banish the tales as unworthy of credence. There could be no foundation for them. Of course Woodbury was a friend of Mrs. Fielding, and enjoyed her society. Their intimacy was a pleasant diversion,—that was all. Did she herself not see them together, and understand their relation to each other?

These were the replies with which Isabel was wont to allay the suspicions of Mrs. Idlewild; but the pain in her own heart, it is needless to say, found little solace therefrom. But still she would not believe that he was false to her. It could not be. He was too honest, too good, too kind for that. She did him wrong to suspect him even; she was unreasonable. He was simply amusing himself. Mrs. Fielding was charming and clever. A great many people in society carried on little flirtations of this sort, which were completely harmless. She would put the idea of anything else out of her mind. Still, the circumstance that Mr. Fielding and she should each be alone threw a shade of melancholy over her previously buoyant mood, that she could not wholly dispel. Was he unhappy, too? she wondered. People said he was very fond of his wife, but that she did not care for him. He had a pleasant face,—a little grave and heavy-looking, though. He was not nearly so handsome as Woodbury. Where was Woodbury this afternoon? Probably worrying over his canvass. How base of those Reformers to treat him so, after all his brave conduct!

She was winding along the smooth Park roads, bounded on either side by a stretch of close-clipped green. The populace were enjoying the charming weather, loitering about the grass and watching the demeanor of the bears and other zoölogical specimens collected by the City Fathers for their amusement. Her carriage skirted the margins of ponds dotted with the tiny white-winged ships of children whose merry laughter formed a complement to the golden sunshine. Now leaving behind the more frequented portions of the garden, she found herself passing through gentle undulations of knoll and dale. A brace

of tame deer stared out at her unconcernedly from an adjacent thicket, wrinkling their noses superciliously. The sward here and there was gay with dandelions, the final largess of the departed season.

"Thomas, you may stop. Wait for me here, please."

The fancy had seized her that she would stroll a little. She alighted from the victoria, and followed the bendings of a footpath which led under the trees. The woods and fields of her New England home had nurtured in her a keen love of nature, and made her alive to beauties that escape the uncultivated eye.

Suddenly she gave a gesture of delight, and stooping on one knee, plunged her fingers among the herbage that bordered the path. She plucked therefrom a sprig of green, which she turned about as if to make sure of its character. It was a four-leaved clover, a badge of sentiment dear to rustic imaginations. As she gazed on the prize her eyes became soft with reverie, and a smile of content parted the ruddy lips. It seemed to her an augury of hope for the future, suggesting an end to all her difficulties.

She was on the point of rising from her kneeling posture, when her lifted glance became suddenly riveted by a sight discerned through the shrubbery. She gave a start: and a look of mingled horror and anguish, succeeded by the flush of rage, came over her face. She had seen, across the screen of foliage, her husband's lips touch those of Mrs. Fielding.

Isabel started to her feet, and stood with wild, dazed eyes, her hand pressed against her heart as if to stay its fierce beating. Once she turned, designing to burst through the leafy barrier and confound their sin with her presence; but, realizing the paltry satisfaction to be won from such a scene, she left the spot, and retraced her steps to the carriage.

She managed to control herself sufficiently to tell the man to drive straight home. She lay back with shut eyes, powerless to think. The shades of twilight were already deepening, the throng of loiterers had vanished, and a gray mist which hugged the earth was creeping over the Park. The air was full of the shrill whistles of the city's workshops marking the close of toil. But all she was conscious of was that ghastly picture of the lovers sitting side by side, under the shadow of the sylvan goddess.

The carriage jolted over the pavements, and through the glare of the streets already flickering with artificial light. As she reached the house a servant, who had been on the lookout, came running down the steps as if to intercept her.

"Excuse me, ma'am; but they've just sent word from the other house that Mr. Idlewild is ill."

"What, my father?—ill?"

"Yes, ma'am," gasped the man, who was trembling at the effect of his words; "the messenger said he had been took with a fit, and that you were to go there the moment you got back."

"Very well. Tell Thomas to drive as fast as possible."

Her brain swam with the terror that had seized upon her. Up to this moment bewilderment and rage had blinded her to the hopelessness of her misery; but this new blow was easier to realize. There was no room for uncertainty as to its character. Her father, her dear father, sick,—perhaps dead,—and she not with him.

Mrs. Idlewild met her at the door.

"What is it? What is the matter with pa?"

"Your father has had an attack, dear. He fell in the hall just as he was going out, two hours ago," said the elder woman, gravely. "The doctor says it is apoplexy."

"Is it serious? Is he alive?" Isabel faltered.

"Yes, dear, he is alive. You may go to him if you like."

As she entered the sick-chamber she would fain have fallen upon her knees and covered the beloved face with kisses, but an instant's glance deterred her from impetuosity. The room was only dimly lighted. A man, whom she recognized to be a physician, was standing over the bed, and turned with a serious bow at her approach. Her father lay unconscious, and convulsed with stertorous breathing, his countenance of a livid purple hue. She stooped and touched her lips to his forehead. It was plain he could recognize no one.

"Will he get well?" she asked.

"I hope so," said the doctor; but his tone was simply neutral. She sat down and held in hers the hand resting upon the counterpane. A muffled cough directed her eyes to the recesses of the chamber, where the outline of a woman's figure was visible. It must be the nurse. The idea of any one but herself watching beside her father filled her with repugnance.

Her step-mother entered the room and advanced to where she sat.

"I will take care of pa. He would not like to have a stranger near him," the girl whispered, almost defiantly.

"Certainly, dear. You shall stay if you wish."

The physician turned to Mrs. Idlewild. "There is nothing more to be done to-night. I have given Mrs. Barker the necessary in-

structions. I trust he may be better in the morning." He bowed and withdrew.

Who does not know the weariness of watching? Through that long night, and for many days and nights, Isabel sat by her father's bedside. The morning brought but little change. The symptoms were grave — so the doctors said who met in consultation; but then, too, the patient had an iron grasp on life. No one could foretell the result.

Upon that first evening the young wife had sent word that she should not return home. Her father, she said, was too ill for her to leave. Woodbury came in to inquire as to his condition, but she let her mother see him. The next day she took up her quarters here completely, never going from the house except for a little while in the morning to visit her baby when her husband was down town. She was satisfied that he would not complain of her desertion.

She was undergoing the terrible ordeal of facing the inevitable. During the silent watches of the night there was time, and to spare, for reflection. As the bewilderment and stunned sensation of the first days wore off, she realized the misery of her situation. The future seemed to promise nothing but unhappiness.

She reviewed in her mind the entire course of her life. She could see that all her being had been centered in two persons. Upon her father first, and then upon her husband, the wealth of her nature had been poured out. She had loved them with her whole heart; that had been life to her; and now at one stroke both had been taken away!

Why should this be? What had she done to deserve this? She experienced now, for the first time, an awful sense of wonderment as to the signification of life. It had seemed before so natural to live. The mere delight of having these two to twine her heart about had sufficed to make her glory in existence, just as a flower without reason lifts its head toward the sun. But now the barrenness of the years to come stretched out before her like a waste of arid sand.

She, as all children in Christian countries, had been taught that there is a God who made her, and that she should love and worship him. She had gone to church with the rest, and tried to realize the meaning of what she heard there. But so great was her vitality that the mere fact of living had seemed enough for her. She had been at a loss to understand what people meant by loving God with all their hearts. She had heard and read that this life is but a state of discipline to prepare mortals for another world, and that one should beware of too great centering of the affection on human things; but the force of such expressions had been lost upon her. She remembered them now. They came back to her as she sat by her dying father's side, groping in the darkness of her agony for some escape from despair. Was it then true that she had been put into the world to be tortured,— true that an all-wise Heavenly Father had given her the power of affection, in order through it to bruise and trample upon her heart under the plea of discipline? Discipline! Why did she need discipline? Was it wrong of her to have loved these dear ones so deeply? Wrong! She could not help loving them. It was her nature to do so. And yet it was necessary to chastise her. Human creatures were born full of sin, and were purified through suffering. She ought to submit herself to the divine will. Being purged in the fire, she would grow in grace and become reconciled with God. The recurrence of the oft-heard phrases of religion struck her with abhorrence. They seemed to her a ghastly conceit. The sole comfort they held out to her agonized heart was the pitiful explanation that it was all for the best. The best! Whose best? It could not be for hers, for she wished no better happiness than that which she had known. Oh, why had she ever been born?

One evening, about three weeks after Mr. Idlewild had been taken ill, Isabel was sitting in his room, as usual. She and the nurse divided the time of watching between them. The invalid had made but little progress; in fact, the doctors had warned the family that the worst was to be expected. Nevertheless, he had appeared better during the past twenty-four hours, or rather had shown some indications of returning consciousness. The old man had seemed once to recognize his daughter's face bending over him, for he had smiled and faintly pressed her hand. He articulated excitedly at times; it was plain that he fancied himself once more the manager of a circus. Mrs. Idlewild had seen fit to send for a clergyman. Her husband might at any moment regain his senses, and she expressed herself as old-fashioned enough to desire that he should have the consolations of religion at the last.

It was a warm evening; and Isabel, weary with her watch, had fallen asleep for a few minutes. She awoke with a start of self-reproach, which was allayed upon finding her father resting quietly. As she composed herself once more in her seat, she became aware of noises that resembled the cheers of a crowd coming up from the street below, through the window, a crack of which was open. She approached, and peered between the curtain and the pane. The banker's house was so situated as to command from the bay-window a view of the neighboring

square. The young woman was surprised at the sight of a vast sea of people flooding the pavements and the adjacent park, which was bright with the glare of electric lights. The gaze of this throng seemed to be turned in a particular direction, and every now and then a jubilant and almost savage yell caused their heads to sway like a forest. Isabel opened the sash and stepped out upon the balcony. As she turned her head her eyes encountered the blank side of a broad building, upon which a stereopticon threw a large white disk. At the moment an advertisement of a popular organ factory was visible on its surface; but suddenly this was withdrawn from view, and a dispatch substituted in its place, which read: "Utica gives Doubleday 1600 majority." Straightway the voices of the multitude rose in another mighty cry of triumph, which seemed to shake the earth, as it came over Isabel that this was the night after the state election.

In the distress of the past weeks she had lost all account of time. The circumstance of her husband's canvass had never once occurred to her; but now she found herself leaning forward with eagerness to learn the result. She recalled how indignant she had been at the action of the Civil Service Reformers in throwing over Woodbury; and, as she stood there watching the successive returns, she could not help wondering if she might not have been deceived about him in this respect also. But this was only for a moment. Her love was stronger than her doubts, for she felt her heart beating with the throb of suspense, — a suspense that was freighted with longings for his success. She hoped he would win; it would make him so unhappy to be defeated. It was his darling ambition to go to Congress.

She was familiar enough with the politics of the day to perceive from the returns that the Democrats were making vast gains all over the State and country. Town after town showed majorities in their favor. The fever of dissatisfaction with the party in power had spread to such a degree that it was becoming evident that a notorious demagogue and trickster had been elected Governor of a neighboring Commonwealth,— a fact which seemed to tickle the humor of the crowds, for they roared with laughter at every additional indication of his success as if it were a huge joke. "A tidal wave has struck us!" shouted some enthusiastic individual, and the vast throng took up the cry with a cheer. In the intervals of the dispatches the heads of various well-known politicians were thrown upon the disk, to be greeted, as the case might be, with applause or groans. In some instances the heads appeared upside down.

Suddenly, after a little interval in the proceedings, she was startled at seeing her husband's face in the luminous frame, side by side with one which she recognized to be that of his rival, Finchley. The countenance of neither was sufficiently familiar to call forth much enthusiasm from the populace; but as it were in a flash, they melted away, and in their stead she saw a bulletin which caused her blood to bound; and on the instant a fierce yell of delight [in which the name of Finchley was discernible] startled the night. She grasped the railing for support, and gazed at the inscription which, written in a florid hand, read: "Returns from twenty wards give Finchley (Dem. and Ind.) 1700 majority for Congress."

Isabel gave a shiver, and turned back into the room. As she advanced she became aware of a figure standing on the other side of the bed,—a man's figure clothed in canonicals. He was looking down at the face on the pillow; and something in his bearing must have excited her apprehension, for she rushed forward and bent over the couch. She uttered an ejaculation, and seized eagerly the hand upon the coverlet, as if to convince herself that her fear was groundless. Then with a terrible cry, "He is dead! he is dead!" she buried her face in the blankets.

She looked up presently, at a gentle touch upon her shoulder. The stranger was standing over her with a look of compassion on his priestly countenance.

He held out his hands to her.

"God will comfort you, my daughter."

"No, no!" she cried, with a gesture of shrinking,—"not that."

Her tone had a harsh ring like that of the old man upon the bed. She went to the other side of the room and sat down. Presently the door opened and a woman entered. It was Mrs. Idlewild. Said Isabel in a firm, hard voice, out of the darkness: "He is dead!"

XIV.

THE spring following the death of Peter Idlewild witnessed the departure of his widow for Paris to join her step-son Jack, who was already established in the "Latin quarter" of that attractive city, with the design of acquiring a knowledge of French. The next steamer carried across the Atlantic Woodbury Stoughton, whom the newspapers referred to as "desirous of a short sojourn in foreign parts after the fatigues of the recent canvass." The will of the late banker had made no provision for his son-in-law, and rumor declared him to be somewhat straitened pecuniarily. The day after he had sailed, however, it was announced

that his wife had entered a libel against him for divorce. She had never returned to her own home since the dreadful evening upon which she lost both husband and father.

There is a room in one of Europe's picturesque ruins known as the Chamber of the Grand Duchess, from the broad window-seat of which the visitor looks down upon and over the blue waters of Lake Geneva. It is the upper room in the famous castle of Chillon; and so lovely is the prospect therefrom across the broad expanse,—which, whether ruffled or peaceful, is never long the same,—that the traveler, lost in admiration, forgets the horrors of the dungeon beneath, with its low-sweeping columns and worn stone floor, where Bonnivard and others languished for years, fettered to iron rings which yet are visible. As, with the approach of twilight, the mountains seem to descend and group themselves like giant guardians about the lake, one even forgets for a moment that ghastly *oubliette* which yawns below, but encircled by a railing, as though to deter the fascinated tourist from seeking to investigate the reality of the missing fourth step, the sheer descent, the knives, the silent watery tomb. Where nature is so beautiful, it seems impossible that man could have been so cruel.

It was on the window-seat of this ruined Chamber of the Grand Duchess that Ethel Fielding was resting one afternoon in the early summer. Her husband was in Paris on business, and she was sitting there alone. The idlers of Lausanne would no longer have occasion to wonder what the relations might be between the pretty, charmingly dressed American and her fellow countryman, who was at this moment on his way to London.

It was a lovely afternoon. Earlier the wind and clouds had been rampant, but the water had regained its deep, tranquil blue, and the lights and shadows of the Dent du Midi were beautiful to behold.

But she who looked out over the lake's calm surface had no peace in her heart. Her face was pale as the snow in the angle of a mountain where the sun's rays do not fall. The man for whom she had sacrificed truth and virtue had a few hours ago acknowledged that he no longer loved her. She had guessed this secret many days before, but just now he had confessed it at her asking. It was foolish of her, so he said, to have followed him to Europe, and he had been unwise to humor her by coming to Switzerland. He had lost money,—large sums of money,—and must return home to regulate his affairs. Thus had they parted.

There are worse fates than the *oubliette*, for all its missing fourth step and pointed knives, to impale the victim of the sheer descent; and man has the power to be even more cruel today than in the distant century when the duchess gazed from her chamber window over the same expanse of water, lying blue and placid in the shadow of the eternal mountains.

Meanwhile Eugene Finchley, now the Honorable Eugene Finchley, had been winning golden opinions for himself. He had behaved better than any one would have imagined, considering his previous training — so said the reform element whose coalition with the Democrats had obtained him his election. The politicians were becoming impatient, and there were many to sympathize with Mr. Alderman O'Rourke in his pathetic query, "What will the harvest be?" It even had begun to be whispered there was to be no harvest at all.

Eugene Finchley's courtship of Isabel had been silent but terribly genuine. Then, perhaps for the first time in his life, he had begun to realize his own deficiencies. After that evening at Newport, when his hopes of happiness seemed to him forever dashed to the ground, he had for some months wooed vehemently his quondam goddesses, of whom *la veuve Clicquot* was the most celebrated. But even while he drove his dog-cart and gave gorgeous suppers to the artists of the stage in the guise of a dissipated good-for-nothing, he had not been able to close his ears to the whisper of the nobler aspirations which his now futile love had quickened into being. Presently he had sobered down again, and with a heavy heart had taken up the routine of a money-making life. Men pronounced him changed,—quieter, so they said; while the politicians wondered at his squeamishness regarding measures at which he had in the old days never been known to bolt.

And yet, when this has been said, the excuse of a deficient early training was one he sadly needed to invoke as a target against shafts of criticism. The sole claim he has upon our human esteem and sympathy is the fact that his heart was not wholly rendered callous by the life it was his lot to lead. If in his partial appreciation of his lack of culture, he may have felt a pang at times at recalling the low standards of a father whose moral vitality had been exhausted by efforts to resist the temptation to give short weight in his capacity as a country grocer, or the ignorance of a mother whose solicitude for her son's welfare did not extend to the modulation of the voice or decorous table manners; still old age was made bearable for his parents by the handsome gifts he sent. So, too, the ardor of his love for Isabel is a trait that prompts us to mitigate the severity of our judgment in his regard. Of all the friends of Mrs. Stoughton there was no

one whose sympathy for her afflictions was more genuine than his. Before taking his departure for Washington, he wrote her a letter in which the expression of his concern for her sorrow was supplemented by a few words to imply how deep had been the impression on his own nature of the influence of their former friendship. It was the laconic letter of a business man, but she to whom it was addressed read between the lines what was left unwritten.

Arthur Remington had leased a small house in the suburbs of New York,—a half-hour's ride in the train from the city.

"I wonder if she wouldn't come to us after a little. The change would help her, perhaps," said Dorothy, one day, a few weeks after the death of Mr. Idlewild. Isabel had been much in their thoughts of late, so wretched did her fate appear beside their own great happiness.

About a month later, Remington came home one evening looking very thoughtful.

"Dorothy," he said, "Mrs. Stoughton declines to see her husband any more; in fact, she has applied for a divorce. She came to me for advice as to a lawyer, and I sent her to John Ferguson."

"But didn't you try to dissuade her? Oh, Arthur, divorces are such dreadful things! There will be such a scandal."

"I know it. I represented all that to her, but my words produced no effect. She had evidently thought the matter out, and was determined. I've asked her to come and pass a few days with us. You know you spoke of doing so."

"Oh, I am glad you did. Perhaps we can persuade her to change her mind. And she is coming?"

"Yes. She is terribly altered, Dorothy. She looks worn, and ten years older. When I impressed upon her that she ought at least to consider her child, she tightened her lips, —you remember her father's expression; it made me think of him,—and said, 'I loved that man with all my heart. He has wronged me, and I will never see him again. I do not wish to bear his name.'"

"But what induced her to come to you, Arthur?"

"She said she had so few friends whom she could trust that she was obliged to do so. 'I know,' she said, 'you are a great friend of his, but you have always been very kind to me. You will be just, I am sure;' and her glance seemed to pierce me, it was so searching. I told her that I would do anything to assist her; 'and,' I added, 'as a proof that you trust me, you must come and stay with us. My wife was speaking, only a few days ago, of inviting you.' Rather to my surprise, she consented."

"Poor girl!" murmured Dorothy; and through the evening the young wife was very pensive. She could not help contrasting her own lot with hers to whose sorrows she had just listened. For, indeed, with marriage a great happiness had come to Dorothy. The love of her husband had grown to be infinitely precious to her; and her own feeling toward him sometimes frightened her, it seemed so essential to her life. Still, in the midst of their great joy they often dwelt upon the world's strange inequalities, and grieved at the ills of existence. The old spirit of analysis and speculation continued to possess them both, and served to foster a sympathy which, though at moments mystified, supplied the key-note of their religion. Their thoughts alike were bent to do those things in daily life that seemed to them healthful for intelligent, progressive beings, and to keep alive in their hearts a trust that such efforts were in unison with some eternal system.

Isabel Stoughton came to them a few days later. She was, indeed, much changed, though some might have considered her countenance more interesting than before. It had gained in thoughtfulness and gravity, but was thinner; and her blue eyes seemed faded. She was silent, too, and a prey to reverie, as though she were pondering some vast arrears of thought, as was, indeed, the case. So she admitted at last to Dorothy, against whose sympathy she did not seek to bar the door. The two women, so unlike and individual in their respective ways, became great friends. At the end of the fortnight which Isabel passed with the Remingtons, she resolved to lease for the winter a pretty little house adjoining theirs, whither she moved her baby and her establishment. Her step-mother was anxious to have her accompany her to Europe; but the other plan pleased Isabel best.

As spring approached, the two women used often to take their work into the little garden which separated their houses, and chat under the warmth of the mellowing sunshine. Dorothy, whose deep convictions as to the sacredness of the marriage-tie made her an eloquent declaimer against divorce, induced her new-found friend at last to withdraw her suit. Isabel talked much about the past—the past before she came to New York—in a spirit of fond reminiscence, and yet, too, of criticism. She had been happy, but she had been wayward and headstrong. She would not listen to dear Aunt Mitty, whose angular, prim methods seemed unlikely to help her to ape the superficial smartness of her village playmates. Yes, her education had been wofully lax; for after her faculties had been sharpened by village wear and tear, a polish-

ing process was tried by her step-mother, and with success, too, in a certain sense, for she had proved adaptive. But it was only a polishing process. She had been brought face to face with the great world without any real knowledge of life. She had thought so little on her own account, and her conceptions were so volatile and artificial.

"I envy you, Dorothy, your bringing up," she murmured. "It was so different with me. None of my girl friends cared for books or serious things. We used always to be making eyes at boys and wishing for adventures. Most of them had their own way even more than I did; for Aunt Mitty did her best for me."

Among other subjects, as they grew more intimate, they came to speak of Finchley. Isabel alluded to the fact of his having written to her, and to numerous acts of kindness during the first weeks of her distress.

"I think, my dear, that man was very much in love with you." Perhaps a feminine love of match-making caused a shadow of regret to disturb for an instant the complete serenity of Dorothy's attitude toward divorce; but it was only for an instant. She was not a woman who permitted instinct to interfere with principle.

Isabel did not reply at once. "Yes, Dorothy, I suppose he was. His letter was very kind. He wrote that his acquaintance with me had been the greatest influence of his life for good. It was very sweet to me to read that, and to think I had been a help to anybody."

Doubtless, as she sat looking into the distance, the thought passed through her mind that she might have been happier with such a man, and that she had sacrificed his deep, honest love for a paltry return. But the involuntary sad shake of her head, which followed after, told that if her heart were to give again, the sacrifice would be repeated. She loved her husband still with all her being, though she would fain deny it to herself.

It was Dorothy who interrupted her reverie. "My husband was speaking of Mr. Finchley only last night. He said that he was a victim to the money-craving spirit of the day."

"It is true, Dorothy; and it is true of me equally with him. I have thought of that often of late. The past seems to me a dream, as if I had lived without knowing it, and had only just awaked to recognize what I am. Oh, Dorothy, I want to do something useful with my money. I want to help others to avoid the misery I have had to suffer. There are so many in the world that need our aid."

Dorothy glanced up at her as she spoke, and was struck by the strength of her expression. The firm lips were tightly compressed, and her whole countenance revealed an intense fervor of thought. Instinctively she contrasted the powerful vitality of her friend with her own more delicate organization with almost a feeling of envy. The nervous vigor that illumined her face might be a potent factor either for good or for bad.

"This money may turn out to be a great cause for thankfulness, Isabel. It has come to help you bear your sorrow. Only think what good you will be able to do with it."

"You mean," said Isabel quietly, after a silence, "you believe that God has sent me unhappiness to punish me, and has given me this money in token of His mercy?"

"May it not be so, dear?" Recollection was in the mind of Dorothy, as she spoke, of the oft-repeated opinions and sophistries of Woodbury Stoughton in relation thereto, and in her conscientiousness she shrank from saying more than she could repeat amen to with all her soul. But as the wistful glance of the sad Isabel met hers, words came to her lips that refused to be stemmed in their utterance. "I believe, dear, that all our afflictions are sent to us for our good. We cannot now understand many things, and it is very, very hard to bear them. But we shall some day. It must be so,—it must be so."

The sweet voice trembled with sympathy; and God must have looked down with tenderness at that pair of earnest women upon whose faces were written severally the faith which springs from love and that groping after light which is the comrade of righteous anguish. The eyes of the sufferer filled with tears, yet she shook her head mournfully, gazing far into the deepening shadows of the afternoon, as though life seemed only a mist that balked the straining sight.

But later, when they were together in the dim twilight of the sitting-room, where only the ticking of the clock and the whisper of the ashes marred the solemn silence, Isabel leaned her head upon the shoulder of her friend and said:

"I would give anything to feel as you feel, Dorothy; to be as sure as you seem to be."

"They say, dear, that God's peace only comes with time and striving; but it will come, I know, both to you and to me, if we truly seek it," was the soft reply.

"I am trying, Dorothy,—I am trying;" and the deep pressure of hand against hand told each alike that charity, which is a holier guest than either faith or hope, was present there.

THE END.

COUNT ERNST VON MANSFELDT THE PROTESTANT.

QUOTH Mansfeldt to the valiant men
That round his bed stood weeping,
"The dial shadow telleth ten;
Mine hour is slowly creeping:

"The dicer Death has flung for me;
His greedy eyes are on me;
My chance is hardly a throw in three,
Ere night he will have won me.

"Summon my kin—by steed or coach!
Stay not for more commanding;
If the last Enemy approach
They shall find me armed and standing.

"Buckle me well and belt me strong!
For I will fall in iron:
Give me that pike I held so long
When the Turks did me environ."

They strove to soothe him, and his child
Came chanting her *Beatus*—
But while their tears rained fast he smiled
And cried—"Sing *Sum lætatus!* *

"'Tis not for men to whine and weep,
And I through life have daily
Faced Death as cheerily as sleep,
So I mean to meet him gayly."

They girded on his armor then
Behind him and before him,
And the two strongest of his men
On either side upbore him.

The shriver came with rood and pyx
And phial for the unction;
He spat upon the crucifix
And mocked the grayfriar's function.

"Off with your playthings—doll and beads!
Your wafer and your water!
Such toys not much Ernst Mansfeldt heeds—
Go, give them to my daughter."

She, kneeling, sobbed with stifled breath
(Yet he would nothing vary)
"Pray now! and in the hour of death
For us poor sinners, Mary!"

"Lord God!" he cried, "to thee I come,
Spite of these cowled pretenders;
Let the monk pray, or be he dumb,
I need no such defenders."

Grasping a halberd with one hand,
With one Brunhilda's tresses,
He shakes with one his impious brand,
With one his daughter blesses.

While she, all tears, yet kneeling said,
"It softens mine affliction
To feel thy hand upon my head
And have thy benediction.

"But, Father dear, how strong you are!
How heavily you press me!
Your hand weighs like an iron bar
And wounds me as you bless me!"

She partly raised, with such complaint,
Her eyes, where she was stooping,
His mailèd arm fell from her, faint,
She saw his head sink drooping:

Those men at arms he pushed aside
Then, reeling more than standing,
Death in the name of Christ defied,
The grace of Heaven demanding.

With clattering sound, as when a shield
Falls on the ground,—together
His iron knees clashed—he must yield—
Farewell, Brunhilda's father!

Thus Hungary's right hand and shield
Fell! doomed with One to wrestle
Who, braved in many a siege and field,
Could conquer in the castle.

So they who safely 'scape the flood,
The fight, the fire, the billow,
Live through a thousand scenes of blood
To die upon a pillow.

Thomas William Parsons.

* "Beatus vir qui non abiit," is the beginning of the first psalm of David.
"Lætatus sum in his," is the beginning of the 122d psalm.

SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

THE waters of the open sea, as they rush past Sandy Hook on the flood-tide, strike upon a low-lying shore overshadowed by abruptly terminating cliffs. This is the north-easterly face of Staten Island. The channel-way between it and the south-western end of Long Island is the Narrows, the fortified entrance to New York Harbor. Following the trend of the shore-line of Staten Island northward, it becomes less and less exposed to the sea winds, and soon makes a sharp bend to the westward, where the tranquil Kill von Kull separates the island from New Jersey.

Long ere they reach this sheltered region the sea winds have spent their force, and the roar of the crashing billows is never heard. And here is situated, in almost rural quiet and beauty, Sailors' Snug Harbor, where the aged or crippled mariner, escaping the storms and dangers of the sea, finds a safe retreat. Between the main building of the Harbor and the lodge at the foot of the grounds, stands a monument to the founder, Robert Richard Randall. In addition to this, a bronze statue of Randall, by Augustus St. Gaudens, has just been completed for the Snug Harbor grounds.

The father of "Captain" Robert Randall —as he is called by courtesy—was a Scotchman, who came to America in 1776, and settled in New Orleans. The Spanish governor and intendant of that city, Don Bernardo de Galvez, having declared the port open for the sale of prizes of Yankee privateers, Mr. Randall took an active interest in that great fleet of private-armed vessels, whose exploits on the high seas, and even upon the coast of Great Britain itself, did much to contradict the modest assertion of the "British Naval Register" that:

> "The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain,
> And not a sail but by permission spreads."

At his death his son Robert inherited the estate. The latter was accustomed to come North to pass the summer months, and it was while on a visit to New York city that he made the acquaintance of a Mr. Farquhar, a man possessed of means, but broken down by ill-health. The mild climate of Louisiana agreed with the invalid, and a proposition to exchange estates was taken into consideration. After a bonus of five hundred guineas had been sent to Mr. Farquhar, this was effected. Mr. Randall was now a suburban citizen of what was then the little city of New York. His property consisted of real estate fronting on both sides of Broadway and adjacent streets, and extending from Eighth to Tenth streets. At the distance of about one-half mile to the westward and southward, namely, near the site of the old Presbyterian church, stood the dwelling of Captain Randall. Upon the piazza of this house, shaded by a luxuriant growth of ivy and clematis, the old gentleman was wont to sit in fine weather, with his dog by his side. Before the door were three rows of gladioli, which he carefully nurtured. He was a bachelor; at least, there is no record of his having been married. On the first day of June, 1801, Mr. Randall, being very ill and feeble, but of "sound, disposing mind and memory," made his will. Alexander Hamilton and Daniel D. Tompkins drew up the papers. In this document he directed his just debts to be paid; that an annuity of forty pounds a year be given to each of the children of his half-brother, until they were fifteen years old; a sum of one thousand pounds to each son upon his twenty-first birthday, and a like sum to the daughters upon their marriage. He bequeathed to his housekeeper his sleeve-buttons and a life annuity of forty pounds. To his steward, he left his watch and forty pounds, and to another servant, his shoe and knee buckles and twenty pounds. When this had been recorded, he looked up with an expression of anxiety.

"I am thinking," he said, "how I can dispose of the remainder of my property most wisely. What think you, General?" turning to Hamilton.

"How did you accumulate the fortune you possess?"

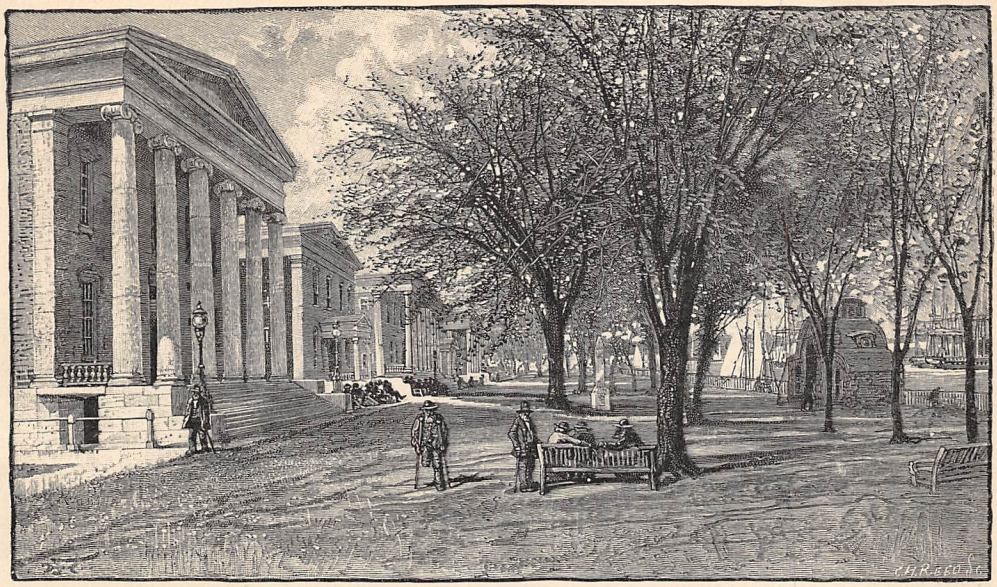
"It was made for me by my father, and at his death I became his sole heir."

"How did he acquire it?" asked Hamilton.

"By honest privateering," responded Randall. Hamilton suggested that a fortune made at sea might appropriately be left for the benefit of unfortunate and disabled seamen.*

In March, 1830, the Supreme Court gave

* These facts were given by the late Isaac Bell, Esq., who was foreman of the jury in the great trial to break the will of Robert Richard Randall. For thirty years in the national and state courts a vigorous warfare was waged to test the validity of the will between the heirs and executors, and among the most prominent contestants was a bishop of Nova Scotia.



A VIEW ALONG THE FRONT.

the final adjudication, and sustained the will. The trustees under the will consist of the mayor and recorder of the city of New York, the president and vice-president of the Marine Society, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, the rector of Trinity Church, and the minister of the First Presbyterian Church in New York city.

Soon after Capt. Randall's death it was found that the location of the Snug Harbor within the city limits would be attended with many inconveniences. In 1831 Staten Island was selected as a proper site, both on account of its salubrious climate and its proximity to the ocean. In that year a farm of about 160 acres was purchased for $16,000, and the buildings were begun.

At the time of the bequest Randall's property was of little value, being mostly farming land, situate on the outskirts of the populated parts of the city; hence the income was at first very small, not exceeding one thousand dollars. As the population of the city increased, the rental rose by degrees, until in the present year it has reached a sum bordering upon four hundred thousand dollars.

The buildings of Sailors' Snug Harbor lie creamy-white and cool mid a forest of great elms, and look out stolidly and unmoved at the unrest of life as represented by the noisy little tugs on the river and the white-winged craft that skim the waters of the bay beyond. A rounding bank extends in a long line of unbroken beauty to the right, with sides that quiver with foliage in the sunlight.

Though their surroundings are pastoral, the appearance of the inmates of this retreat, as well as their conversation, is of the sea — salty. Entering the grounds, the visitor observes a number of sturdy old men, unmistakably sailors, pacing about in the paths or reclining under the trees. Upon a long bench, immediately in front of the buildings, others are sitting side by side, smoking and chatting. Many are maimed, and not a few so aged that they can only totter about with shaking heads and limbs that knock the one against the other.

In the halls of the buildings, as well as on the grounds, old sailors are pacing to and fro, as though standing their watch aboard ship and waiting to be relieved. Indeed, this air of waiting, of expectancy, may be said to pervade the institution. The sailor's life is active, bustling, free. Is it surprising, then, that he should become restive when unemployed; that he should chafe under restraint? These men that move restlessly about the Harbor have cruised in every ocean. They speak of East India, of Africa, and of Greenland, as though they were on the other side of the Kill von Kull.

"How does she head now, Cap'n Foster?" says Chaplain Jones to a fine old fellow, who is puckering up his mouth as if about to whistle, but emitting no sound.

"Due no'th, sir — all's well."

Foster served through the war aboard the Federal war-ships, although well along in years at the time. He was boatswain for many years before that event, and has been "piping-the-side" so long that his mouth as-

sumes the peculiar appearance already described. The entrance to his chamber presents a truly nautical appearance, and the visitor must pass through a whole fleet of small craft,—barks, brigs, schooners, and sloops,—the result of his jack-knife leisure, arranged upon chests of drawers.

Foster feels keenly the loss of his old friend James Spencer, who died here a few years since. Spencer was the last survivor of the famous fight between the American frigate *Essex*, Captain David Porter, and the British cruisers *Phœbe* and *Cherub*, in the harbor of Valparaiso, in the war of 1812, which has been characterized by Cooper as "one of the most remarkable combats to be found in the history of naval warfare." During the action Spencer served the second gun on the larboard, now designated the port side of the gun-deck. Here is his description as given to Chaplain Jones before his death: "It were in March, 1812, an' we were a-layin' in Valparaiso. There were a English frigate an' a sloop outside. The sloop, when she run in, came up wery near us, an' bein' taken aback, her jib-boom it came across our fo'c'sle. The old man [Cap'n Porter] he suspected that she were up to somethin', an' he calls all hands to board the enemy. But the cap'n of the sloop apologized an' sheered off. The next day we put to sea, but was struck by a squall while a-roundin' a headland, carried away the maintopmast, an' had to anchor. Then the Englishmen came for us, and when we went fur the frigate, the sloop she came about, an' in a minute we had it hot an' heavy,—one on the starboard quarter an' the other on the larboard bow, a-pourin' shot into us like hail. The men was mowed down like grass, but we returned the fire as long as we could, an' then the cap'n he gave orders that all English-born men of the crew might swim ashore if they liked, fur ef the British caught 'em they would treat 'em as deserters. Many of 'em were drownded." Farragut, who was a midshipman on the *Essex*, always received his old shipmate with friendliness when in this neighborhood. Spencer thus described to Chaplain Jones one of these visits: "The Admiral was a-sittin' on a sofy. 'Jim,' says he, 'you an' me 's got nearly into port! I wonder which on us will fetch up fust.'" At the Admiral's funeral, Spencer insisted upon following the hearse, though it was cold and rainy, and it was from the effects of his exposure on that day that he died shortly afterward.

Aged as he was, no man in the Snug Harbor was more industrious than Spencer. Down in the basement of the institution, which is given over to basket, mat, and hammock making, the men often pause in their labors to discuss some of the wonderful yarns that the veterans are wont to spin there.

One portion of the basement, that from which daylight is debarred, is given over to the blind men. Here they sit all day working, telling stories, or listening to some old mariner who, so crippled as to be unfit for work, is glad to read aloud to them for a few pence a day. Under the eaves of the westernmost building a score of cripples are busy upon fancy netting and work-baskets. Looking out upon them from behind the iron bars of "the cage" is the only prisoner in the institution. His mates say he is neither ill nor demented, but is troubled with a complaint which is as prevalent among landsmen as among sailors. They describe it as "pure cussedness." One of its symptoms was that upon arising in the morning he was in the habit of going from room to room and pulling the aged and decrepit mariners out of bed and otherwise disturbing the peace.

Those who make baskets, mats, and nets are by no means the only artisans in the institution. Scattered through the building are men engaged in the construction of finely modeled miniature vessels, while others paint marine views on clam and other shells. This taste for art is carefully fostered by the governor, who recently gave old Captain Davis *carte-blanche* to decorate the walls of the reception room with nautical designs, sea serpents, and other marine monsters; and through his instrumentality at least one of the old masters has been placed in every room—in some cases two.

Ranged side by side at long tables in a well-appointed dining-hall, the weather-beaten old salts are served by a number of their comrades, selected by the governor especially for this service. There is no stint—no fixed quantity or ration beyond which an inmate may not go. The tables are loaded down with well-selected, well-cooked food, and it is a pleasing sight to watch the fine old fellows as they "buckle to," so to speak, in dead earnest. That nice distinction that obtains on shipboard between the position of the inmates of the cabin and the forecastle has no place here. Men who have been disabled while serving before the mast sometimes find it difficult to comprehend this, and it is said that instances are by no means rare where new-comers have shown an inclination to keep on the lee-side of the dining-room in deference to the presence of captains under whom they have served. They soon outgrow this, however, and learn to sit at the table beside their former commanders with composure. Thus it not infrequently happens that the once master of a

IN THE WORKSHOP, AT SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

great ship finds himself in company with men who, during the tempest and the gale, were wont to do his bidding. When skies are clear and freshening breezes drive the prow through glistening seas, the great war-ship strides haughtily past the peaceful merchantman or humble fishing-smack; but when clouds lower and tempests threaten, they seek alike the shelter of the same harbor, and ride side by side at anchor as members of one common brotherhood. So at Snug Harbor the captain, the inmate of the galley, and Jack before the mast forget their former stations. Shattered by the same gales, they have dropped anchor here till the storms of life are past.

Chaplain Jones, already mentioned, presides at the little church in the grounds of the Harbor. He is a sailor himself, having served before the mast many years, and knows how to talk to those who "follow the sea." When a mere lad he ran away from his English home and shipped aboard an East Indiaman. He is about sixty-five now, and many years ago forsook the sea to study theology. As soon as he was qualified, he went among the sailors of the great lakes, and afterward opened a Bethel in St. Louis. Then he returned hither and became the pastor of the Mariners' Church. Worn out from early exposure and hardships, he was about to start for Europe in search of health and rest, when he was appointed to his present post by the trustees.

The visitor to the Harbor who fails to hear him address his shipmates robs himself of a spectacle at once interesting and unique. Familiar with the characteristics of the sailor, Dr. Jones addresses him in his own language, and this is the prime reason of his influence over him.

Here is the substance of a sermon:

"There are two questions which a sailor involuntarily asks himself before he obeys: 'Who gives the order? Does he mean me?'"

The speaker pauses and regards his auditors, well knowing that this would astonish them. He is not mistaken. It does.

"Humph!" audibly growls an old tar. "Calls hisself a sailor man, and talks about a sailor a-argumentin' afore he jumps to obey." "Yes," continues the chaplain, "I knew this would startle you, but it is nevertheless true. Let me explain. Imagine a ship going down the bay. As she makes an offing outside, the pilot leaves her, the to'-gallan'-s'ls are set and sheeted home, and she squares away on her course. Now appears upon the quarter-deck a young man with high-heeled boots, tight trowsers with quarter-gallery pockets, sheeted home at the ankles, and stove-pipe hat. He has a full cargo of grog aboard. Suddenly he seizes hold of a back-stay to steady himself, puts his hand alongside his mouth, and sings out: 'Let go them fore-to'-gallan' halyards!'"

Again the speaker pauses and watches the effect of this on the men before him. From bench to bench men are leaning forward, their arms resting upon the backs of the seats in front. The muscles stand out upon their weather-beaten faces. There is a pause. "What would you do?" demands the chaplain. "I shouldn't obey it!" comes back in hoarse but decided tones, and the masters and mates of East Indiamen, the captains of the tops, quartermasters, boatswains, coxswains, and gunners of war-ships, settle back again in their seats in evident relief.

"That's it, and so I told you at the start. A sailor, at least unconsciously, asks himself, 'Who gives the order?' There is a call, ay, a command now being given to you, and I am here to deliver it. It's from the Master. He is calling you all the time. You were surprised when I said that a sailor involuntarily asked himself who gave the order before he obeyed it, and yet many of you have been hesitating to obey an order for fifty, ay, for sixty years and more. He calls you, and he has a right to call you, for you shipped under him at childhood.

"Now comes the next question: 'Does he mean me?' Again I'll illustrate. Two men are for'ard. One is serving the standing part of the main-tack, the other is passing the ball [spun yarn]. The captain from the quarter-deck sings out: 'Tom! heave out that weather foresheet!' [in order to tauten the clew-garnet]. Tom doesn't hear the order. The second mate, standing on the break of the quarter-deck, finding the order not obeyed, calls out to the other man: 'Jim! why don't you heave out that foresheet?' 'He told Tom to do it, sir,' replies Jim, with an air of injured innocence.

"That's just what many of you are doing now when the Master is calling—asking yourselves if he means you. I tell you he does mean you, so delay no longer in obeying his order."

Here is another sermon from the text, "Let go that stern-line," which is given like the other in substance. "I once stood on the wharf watching a brig get ready for sea," began the Rev. Mr. Jones. "The top-s'ls and courses were loosed, the jib hung from the boom, and the halyards were stretched out ready to run up. Just at this moment the pilot sprang from the wharf to the quarter-deck, inquiring as he did so of the mate in command, 'Are you all ready?'

"'All ready, sir,' said the officer. Then came the command: 'Stand by to run up that jib!—Hands by the head-braces!—Cast off your head-fast, and stand by aft there to let go that stern-line!—LET GO!—Man the tops'l-halyards!—Run 'em up, boys—run 'em up!—

Does the jib take?—Haul over that starboard sheet!

"She pays off fine—there she goes, and—'HILLOA! HILLOA! WHAT'S THE MATTER? What's fast there? STARBOARD THE HELM! STARBOARD!' shouts the pilot. 'What holds her? Is there anything foul aft there? WHY, LOOK AT THAT STERN-LINE! Heave it off the timber-head!—HEAVE OFF THAT TURN.'

"'It's foul ashore, sir!' says one of the crew.

"'Then cut it, cut it! D'ye hear? Never mind the hawser! Cut it before she loses her way.'

"By this time there was a taut strain on the hawser. A seaman drew his sheath-knife across the strands, which soon parted, the brig forged ahead, the sails were run up and trimmed to the breeze, and the brig *Billow* filled away.

"So, too, when I see men who have immortal souls to save bound to the world by the cords, the hawsers of their sins, then I think of that scene, and feel like crying out: Gather in your breast-lines and haul out from the shores of destruction. Fly, as Lot from the guilty Sodom! Oh, let go that stern-line!"

But there are many of the old tars who do not take any interest in spiritual subjects, though they are inordinately fond of spirits. No matter how interesting the sermon or how eloquent the chaplain, the members of one watch of them are pretty sure to nod, careen from side to side, or doze peacefully on each other's shoulders, while the members of the other straggle out to sleep under the trees, where it is cooler.

The Rev. Mr. Jones says that whenever he tries to convert the type of mariner last described, he gets the same response: "Oh, don't talk about them things to me. I've been without 'em now for sixty years. I reckon I kin stan' it fur a year or two longer."

Many of the excellent laws by which the Harbor is governed were inaugurated by brave old Captain De Peyster, for many years governor. When the trustees talked about superseding him on account of his age, he went down to the Harbor wharf and threw himself overboard. Many stories are told here of the bravery and seamanship of De Peyster. While his ship was lying in the Whampoa Reach, in Chinese waters, one Sunday, an American missionary came off to preach. In the midst of the service an intoxicated British sailor plunged headlong into the rushing tideway. Scarcely had the waves closed over him when from the high quarter-deck Captain De Peyster sprang after, and grasped the struggling tar by the hair. The powerful current had carried the two far to seaward before a boat could be got to them. Captain Whiting, recently deceased, served as mate with De Peyster. Relating the story some time ago, he said that there was not any more preaching aboard that day, and that the cheering from the surrounding ships, principally British, whose crews had witnessed De Peyster's exploit, was the most enthusiastic and prolonged he ever heard. Mates and skippers, tars and coolies, shouted as though they would split their throats, and the British East India captains came alongside in their boats to grasp the captain's hand. A meeting was held at Canton, a subscription taken up, and an elegant and appropriate present made De Peyster by his brother skippers of all nationalities.

The ship *Columbus*, commanded by De Peyster, while beating down the channel from Liverpool, bound to New York, in 1837, was caught in a terrific gale that threatened to drive her ashore in Cardigan Bay, on the Welsh coast. Huge billows rolled in order to the shore, the wave behind tumbling upon that before, foamed over the rocks, and thundered to the skies. There seemed to be only the slimmest chance of weathering the coast, according to Captain Whiting, who was aboard; but De Peyster took this chance, and by a most admirable display of seamanship saved his vessel. One of the few unsuccessful measures introduced by De Peyster while governor of the institution was the serving of a ration of cider to the men, in the hope that it would at least lessen if it did not altogether check the use of intoxicating stimulants. Almost immediately thereafter many of the old sailors, having imbibed spirits to excess under cover of the cider, showed traces of unsteadiness not previously observed. De Peyster sent for those thus affected and inquired the cause of their unsteadiness. Had they acknowledged the fact that it was liquor, they would have been kept within bounds for several weeks; so, with one accord, they attributed it to the cider. "Very well," said De Peyster, "if you consider cider intoxicating, you'll not get any more," and the cider ration was abolished. The inmates of the Harbor are allowed to remain outside the gates during the day, but must obtain leave to absent themselves for the night. Intoxication, disorderly conduct, or non-compliance with the rules governing the institution is punished by what is known at the Harbor as "taboo." In its local sense this means a specified term of punishment or loss of liberty. The forcible breaking of "taboo" is followed by expulsion from the institution.

The visitor to the Harbor is surprised to find its aged occupants engaged all day in making baskets, nets, mats, etc.

"Why do they work so hard in this haven of rest?" he will inquire.

It is to obtain money.

"But why do they need money? Are they not supplied with food, clothes, lodging, and even tobacco?"

Yes; but they need money to pay for the little wants not supplied by the institution, among which liquor plays a by no means unimportant part. They will tell you that sailors at their time of life cannot comfortably go without liquor; that constant exposure to storm and deprivation made it necessary in the first instance, and that now their waning forces call still more loudly for it.

In the Greenwich Hospital each of the sixteen hundred pensioners was allowed a ration of liquor, and sums of from three to five shillings weekly, according to grade, for tobacco and pocket money.

The late Governor of the Harbor, Captain Melville, who died March 5th of this year, was a strict disciplinarian, but a man withal in whose hands the scales of justice were evenly balanced. His successor is Captain G. D. S. Trask, who for many years followed the sea, and who is the son of a captain prominent in the Liverpool trade in the days of clipper ships.

As may be imagined, it requires a firm hand to control eight hundred sailors, many of whom have been in the habit of commanding and not of obeying. It not infrequently happens that newly arrived inmates become nervous and irritable at the dead calm of the Harbor, and complain that "there aint enough drinkin' an' fightin' a-goin' on," and these have to be weeded out. One of the last naval engagements of any consequence that took place at the Harbor was between an old salt, John Bainsborough, and a man-of-war's man, Sandy Brown by name. Both were discharged.

The oldest sailor in the Harbor is Captain Devoe, born in 1786. Devoe is of Italian parentage, and shipped in the French Imperial Navy toward the close of the Napoleonic era. Later on he served in the American merchant service and in the navy.

John Foster was born in 1806. At the breaking out of the Mexican war he was bo's'n on the bark *Peolia*, Captain Peckham, engaged in carrying troops, and during the late war quartermaster aboard the United States Coast Survey steamer *Vixen*, Captain Boutelle, which showed the fleet under Commodore Dupont the way into Fort Fisher.

Captain Sam Whiting, recently deceased, called the poet-laureate of the Harbor, was sailing-master on the steamer *Arctic*, which, in company with the clipper bark *Release*, composed in 1855 the United States search expedition for Kane and Sir John Franklin. In 1837 Whiting was on the United States steamer *Poinsett*, belonging to the quartermaster's department of the army, and which, after the treacherous capture of the Seminole Chief Osceola under a flag of truce, brought him to Charleston. At the breaking out of the civil war he commanded the steam-ship *Marion*, plying between Charleston, S. C., and New York. When South Carolina seceded, Captain Whiting was ordered by the Charleston authorities to strike his flag and set that of the Confederacy in its place. To this order Whiting returned a stubborn refusal, a refusal that endangered alike his own life and the safety of his vessel. At the risk of drawing the fire of the forts in the harbor, he sailed defiantly out to sea, flying both the Federal ensign and the Union Jack. On his return to Charleston he was deprived of his command, mobbed in the streets, and compelled to flee for his life.

Captain William Hudson, a graduate of the Naval Academy, also an inmate, was the commander of the ill-fated steam-ship *Golden Gate*, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which was burned on the Mexican coast some years since. By able seamanship he got his vessel ashore in smooth water before she sank, and thus succeeded in saving the lives of most of his passengers and crew.

Captain William Garland, another inmate, was born in 1806, and entered the navy as a midshipman in 1818. In 1830 he was aboard the *Boston* sloop-of-war, Captain G. W. Storer, which conveyed Commodore Porter, father of the present Admiral, to Constantinople, he having been appointed by President Jackson Consul-general to the Barbary powers. Garland witnessed the action between the French and the Algerines. During the second day's fight his ship ran in between the fires to take off the consul and citizens of the United States, both combatants saluting the flag as she passed. Captain Garland's father was a lieutenant in the French fleet commanded by the Count de Grasse before Yorktown.

The Cross-Rip light-ship is well known to those who have visited the Vineyard Sound. Many a light-ship anchored here to warn passing vessels from this dangerous locality has itself been lost. For many years Captain Benjamin Gardiner, now an inmate of the Harbor, commanded this vessel. Other vessels could lie safely under the lee of the shore in the gale, but there was no lee for him. In consequence, the command of this light-ship was by no means a sinecure. When he parted his chains in a gale, he was sure of "fetching up," as he describes it, on the inhospitable shores of Cape Cod or Martha's Vineyard, or, if the gale was from the westward, the un-

pleasant alternative of going on the terrible reefs of Nantucket Shoals. His orders, he says, were "to go up or down," by which was no doubt meant that he should either sink or go ashore rather than drift about and thus mislead the passing mariner. Captain Gardiner lost two ships during his term of service, but saved his crew both times, and was frequently adrift in the gale. Once he was compelled to make an involuntary cruise of forty-two days, during which he says he was "a-driftin' all around the lot." At the expiration of that time the light-house authorities doubtless came to the conclusion that Captain Gardiner had either gone to the bottom or was cruising on the African coast, warning vessels to keep off the Cross-Rip. While on his station he was often run down in thick weather, and the honest old sailor yet waxes indignant when he describes the ignorance exhibited by passing skippers of the position of their vessels. On one occasion, the weather being thick, he was struck by a full-rigged ship a glancing blow, but powerful enough to drive the bows of the vessel into the pantry of the light-ship. "I come a-runnin' on deck," said Captain Gardiner, describing the incident, "an' I sings out to the captain, 'What are you a-tryin' to do?' 'I'm a-tryin' to find the Cross-Rip,' says he. 'Well, you've found it now, and the light-ship, too,' says I; 'an' you kin just keep out o' my pantry, fur you aint got no business in there.' Then he sheered off."

One of the most interesting characters, perhaps, that ever lodged in Snug Harbor, was an old, weather-beaten man-of-war's man, P. J. Miller by name, who was famous for yarn-spinning, which he had reduced to a science. During nearly half a century's service as boatswain in the navy he had cultivated the faculty of improving a yarn every time he told it, no matter how slight the original materials. During his last years of service aboard ship, Miller, by reason of his age, was granted liberties rarely enjoyed by boatswains, and of the many stories told about him in the navy the following is one of the best:

"Do you know *H. R. H.* the Duke of Edinburgh?" demanded Miller one day of the officer of the deck.

"No;" responded the latter, "I don't, do you?"

"Do I know *H. R. H.* the Duke of Edinburgh? Well, I should say I did."

"Why, where did you get acquainted with him, Mr. Miller?"

"Where did I meet him?—well, I met him in Canadian waters, an' me and him was great friends."

"I suppose you used to call on him frequently?"

"Yes, I did; an' he never wouldn't let any of the marines bother me with questions as to where I was a-goin' of. One day he says to me, 'P. J.,' says he, 'don't you never pay no attention to them marines and quartermasters and the like when you're a-comin' aboard fur ter see me. Jest you climb over the side and slide right down inter the cabing,' says he, 'and help yerself to whatever yer fancy!' 'H. R. H.,' says I, 'put it thar!'—and we shook."

This story of the aged boatswain, of course, went the rounds of the ship. Afterward when the ship, which was the flag-ship, was in English waters, a big British man-of-war hove in sight early one evening, and the guns from the English fleet riding at anchor saluted until the waters were covered with smoke. The old boatswain had seen the flag of the newcomer, and surmising that it was commanded by his quondam friend, the Duke of Edinburgh, he suddenly became very busy "piping the side," and evaded the questionings of the officer of the deck in regard to his royal friend. The next day the Admiral paid his respects to the Duke of Edinburgh, and a day later the Duke came to return the Admiral's visit. The drums beat to quarters, and the marines were drawn up and presented arms. The Duke's face wore a curious expression when he reached the cabin. "Admiral," said he, as he turned from side to side before his host, "is there anything on my back, any chalk or the like?"

"No, sir," responded the Admiral. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," said the Duke, "I noticed, as I came over the side, that the marines smiled at me!"

"The marines *smiled* at you?" slowly repeated the Admiral, amazed that such a breach of discipline should have occurred. Then he called for the captain, and the captain sent for the officer of the deck. The latter, being interrogated, acknowledged that what the Duke had said was unfortunately true. "The truth is," he began, "we have aboard this ship the oldest bos'n in the navy. Many of the senior captains took their first lessons in knotting and splicing from him, and for this reason he enjoys certain liberties aboard not usually given to the men." Then he repeated the "P. J. Miller and Duke of Edinburgh" story, to the great delight of the royal visitor, who, besides being an able seaman, is possessed of great good-nature. He insisted upon seeing the old bos'n, and the word was passed forward for P. J. Miller. When Miller got the word to "lay aft," and heard that it came from the Admiral himself, he was sorely troubled. He took off

his hat and pulled his forelock over his forehead before he had reached the break of the quarter-deck, and descended into the cabin on legs that knocked the one against the other. Knowing full well what naval discipline was, hanging would, in his eyes, have been a light penalty for his offense, and he was fully prepared to receive sentence.

But the Duke soon re-assured the old fellow. "P. J., old man," said he, advancing and good-naturedly extending his hand, "put it there! Whenever you come aboard my ship to see me, never mind the marines and the quartermasters and the cox'ns and the rest of them, but slide right down into my cabin and help yourself to whatever you fancy!"

When P. J. Miller heard the Duke repeat the language of his own yarn, he almost fainted, and had to be assisted up the companion-way. But he pulled himself together when he saw the officer of the deck to whom he had told his yarn, and, as he passed, he hissed out: "There! didn't I tell yer that H. R. H. were a friend o' mine?"

Down on the unplaned planks of the Snug Harbor wharf, a score of old salts, regardless of slivers, sit the livelong day and watch the white-winged craft passing up and down. Over their brawny chests their jaws move in measured sweep. Being "square-riggers," that is to say, having served all their life aboard ships, barks, and brigs, they look with silent contempt upon the fore-and-aft vessels of the river. Indeed, they cannot abide schooners, save that description of this craft which, deep-hulled and foamy-topped, may be had at the public-house about a cable's length up the road. Each veteran seaman has striking characteristics. Here is John Lebas, who is said to come nearer to the old style man-of-war's man than any man at the Harbor. He doesn't wear a queue, to be sure, but those long curls that fall about his shoulders might easily be gathered up into the old style marine pigtail. Next to him is he whom his brother sailors designate as "Sinbad," because he has made so many long voyages and had such hair-breadth escapes. Still further on is the veteran who paints marine views on clam shells, and sells them in the ferry-house. Here comes old Captain Brown down the hill toward the wharf. You would hardly believe him to be threescore and ten by his sprightly gait. Captain Brown raises watermelons in the season and sells them to the summering people. Immediately behind him is the old colored sailor Rube, who once ornamented the galley of the bark *Pride of the Sea*. Captain Brown and Rube are inseparable companions, and very properly, too, for Rube is the inventor, or rather compounder, of the "universal drops," said to be good in cases of watermelon and all that the name implies. When Captain Brown goes about selling watermelons he generally takes Rube along. Thus is the summer visitor enabled to purchase the bane and the antidote at one and the same time.

"Hello! Jim — goin' to launch her?" calls Captain Brown to a little, weazened old fellow climbing down the side of the dock with a miniature ship under his arm and a broad smile of satisfaction on his face.

"Ay, that's it," responds Jim, who was formerly quartermaster on the *Terror* monitor. He has spent many weeks in building the ship, and now will be decided whether or not his skill has been wasted on a bad model. Broken glass, and sand-paper, and putty, and paint have done their work on the hull. Her wedge-like stern and forefoot, her well-flanged bow and rounded bends, her clean run, and her rudder, delicately hung, are all evidences of his skill. Her tapering spars are stepped, her rigging is set up, her slender yards are crossed, and her rude sails bent. The diminutive anchors, with top-string for cables, are suspended from the cat-heads, and the stars-and-stripes flung to the breeze from her mizzen-peak. Carefully the old fellow launches her. "She seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel," and starts off on a wind with every stitch of canvas drawing.

Firemen, machinists, and stokers are refused admittance to the Harbor, even though having served the requisite five years aboard American ships, on the ground that they are not "seamen," and therefore do not come within the provisions of the will. For, though the term "seaman" has been held to include "every person employed on board in the care, preservation, or navigation of any vessel, or in the service on board of those engaged in such care, preservation, or navigation," the trustees have deemed it expedient to adhere to the strict letter of the will. Doubtless, had Captain Randall been aware of the important part steam was to play in the propulsion of vessels, he would have provided for the maintenance of the marine machinist and stoker, as well as of those who reef the main-topsail aloft or stir the duff-pudding below. The authorities say that they must "draw the line" somewhere, or the Harbor would soon be full of coal-heavers, to say nothing of stewardesses, who, under a strict construction of the law, are sailors also. This exclusion of stokers and machinists or oilers works a cruel injustice to many worthy men, who, if they be not sailors in the opinion of the authorities of the Harbor, share at least with them the vicissitudes and the perils incident to a seafaring life.

The evident intention of the founder of the institution was to furnish a refuge for those who go down to the sea in ships, irrespective of vocation. Else would he have excluded cooks, who, though usually able seamen, and ready to lend a hand in cases of emergency, do not ship to shorten sail in stormy weather, and cannot, therefore, be compelled to do it. Manning the yards in a gale of wind is perilous work, but so is serving the boilers when the ship is pitching and rolling athwart seas.

Not long ago two men, Robert Osbon and Edward Kelly by name, incapacitated from further service by reason of injuries received in the performance of their duties in the fire-room, were refused admission to the Harbor on the ground that they were not sailors. Kelly served for forty years on various steamers, and both he and his comrade had suffered the shipwreck and famine that go hand in hand with long sea-service. Strenuous and determined efforts were made to force the trustees to admit these men, but without success. The eyes of the law had looked upon them as being sufficiently sailors to have each month the usual stipend for the support of the marine hospitals deducted from their pay. But marine hospitals are for seamen temporarily ailing, not for those permanently disabled; and hence these poor fellows were cast adrift after years of honest toil, broken in health, maimed of limb, and this, too, in the neighborhood of an institution the support of whose inmates requires little more than a third of its revenue.

Whether the sailor is as happy under the conditions obtaining at a Home as he is with a small pension, is a question upon both sides of which much may be said. Successive boards of admiralty of the Royal Navy, after considering the subject for one hundred and sixty years, finally decided that he was not, and in 1865 the Greenwich Hospital, established in 1705 as a home for superannuated and decrepit seamen, alike of the navy and merchant service, was closed. So far as the pensioners were concerned, the institution was found to be a monastery in which hundreds of men lived together without any of the soul-sustaining inducements of monasticism. The old sailors of this English refuge, like those of similar refuges, proved on the whole painful objects to contemplate. Leading lives useless to themselves and others, their best occupation was to recount, with the garrulity of age and the boastfulness of self-absorption, the exploits of long ago. Now the income of the Greenwich Hospital (considerably over one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling) is used as a pension fund. The beneficiaries are scattered over the kingdom, most of them living with or in the neighborhood of their relatives, and, despite the weight of years, finding light employment. Even before the doors of the Greenwich Hospital were closed there was a system of "out-pensions," by which a veteran entitled to the benefits of the institution could remain with his relatives and yet draw a small stipend, which, added to the modest sum earned by occasional employment, assured him at least a living without becoming a burden upon any one.

The inauguration of such a system at Sailors' Snug Harbor would, beyond question, give great satisfaction, and many would take advantage of it to live with or near their children or grandchildren in quiet contentment, instead of moping gloomily about the quadrangle of the Harbor. Under the present rules an inmate may easily obtain permission to absent himself from the institution as long as he likes, but he receives no allowance while away.

It is to be hoped that the trustees will soon be brought to look into this matter; ascertain the value of the food, clothes, and lodging an inmate of the Harbor is entitled to under Randall's will, and, should he so elect, give it to him in hard cash.

Franklin H. North.

THE BIRTH OF MAN.

A LEGEND OF THE TALMUD.

When angels visit earth, the messengers
Of God's decree, they come as lightning, wind:
Before the throne, they all are living fire.
There stand four rows of angels — to the right
The hosts of Michael, Gabriel's to the left,
Before, the troop of Ariel, and behind,
The ranks of Raphael; all, with one accord,
Chanting the glory of the Everlasting.

Upon the high and holy throne there rests,
Invisible, the Majesty of God.
About his brows the crown of mystery
Whereon the sacred letters are engraved
Of the unutterable Name. He grasps
A scepter of keen fire; the universe
Is compassed in His glance; at His right hand
Life stands, and at His left hand standeth Death.

II.

Lo, the divine idea of making man
Had spread abroad among the heavenly hosts;
And all at once before the immortal throne
Pressed troops of angels and of seraphim,
With minds opposed, and contradicting cries:
"Fulfill, great Father, thine exalted thought!
Create and give unto the earth her king!
Cease, cease, Almighty God! create no more!"
And suddenly upon the heavenly sphere
Deep silence fell; before the immortal throne
The angel Mercy knelt, and thus he spoke:
"Fulfill, great Father, thine exalted thought!
Create the likeness of thyself on earth.
In this new creature I will breathe the spirit
Of a divine compassion; he shall be
Thy fairest image in the universe."
But to his words the angel Peace replied,
With heavy sobs: "My spirit was outspread,
Oh God, on thy creation, and all things
Were sweetly bound in gracious harmony.
But man, this strange new being, everywhere
Shall bring confusion, trouble, discord, war."
"Avenger of injustice and of crime,"
Exclaimed the angel Justice, "he shall be
Subject to me, and peace shall bloom again.
Create, oh Lord, create!" "Father of truth,"
Implored with tears the angel Truth, "Thou bring'st
Upon the earth the father of all lies!"
And over the celestial faces gloomed
A cloud of grief, and stillness deep prevailed.
Then from the midst of that abyss of light
Whence sprang the eternal throne, these words rang forth:
"Be comforted, my daughter! Thee I send
To be companion unto man on earth."
And all the angels cried, lamenting loud:
"Thou robbest heaven of her fairest gem.
Truth! seal of all thy thoughts, Almighty God,
The richest jewel that adorns thy crown."
From the abyss of glory rang the voice:
"From heaven to earth, from earth once more to heaven,
Shall Truth, with constant interchange, alight
And soar again, an everlasting link
Between the world and sky."
And man was born.

Emma Lazarus.

WHAT IS A LIBERAL EDUCATION?*

THE general growth of knowledge and the rise of new literatures, arts, and sciences during the past two hundred and fifty years have made it necessary to define anew liberal education, and hence to enlarge the signification of the degree of bachelor of arts, which is the customary evidence of a liberal education. Already the meaning of this ancient degree has quietly undergone many serious modifications; it ought now to be fundamentally and openly changed.

The course of study which terminates in the degree of bachelor of arts ordinarily covers from seven to ten years, of which four are spent in college and three to six at school; and this long course is, for my present purpose, to be considered as a whole. I wish to demonstrate, first, that the number of school and college studies admissible with equal weight or rank for this highly valued degree needs to be much enlarged; secondly, that among admissible subjects a considerable range of choice should be allowed from an earlier age than that at which choice is now generally permitted; and, thirdly, that the existing order of studies should be changed in important respects. The phrase "studies admissible with equal weight or rank" requires some explanation. I use it to describe subjects which are taught with equal care and completeness, and are supported by the same prescriptions, and which win for their respective adherents equal admission to academic competitions, distinctions, and rewards, and equal access to the traditional goal of a liberal education, the degree of bachelor of arts. Coördinate studies must be on an equal footing in all respects: of two studies, if one is required and the other elective, if one is taught elaborately and fully and the other only in its elements, if honors and scholarships may be obtained through one and not through the other, if one may be counted toward the valuable degree of bachelor of arts and the other only toward the very inferior degree of bachelor of science or bachelor of philosophy, the two studies are not coördinate — they have not the same academic weight or rank.

The three principal propositions just enunciated lead to consequences which at first sight are repulsive to most men educated in the existing system. For example, it would follow from them that children might not receive the training which their fathers received; that young men educated simultaneously in the same institutions might not have knowledge of the same subjects, share precisely the same intellectual pleasures, or cultivate the same tastes; and that the degree of bachelor of arts would cease to indicate — what it has indicated for nearly three hundred years — that every recipient had devoted the larger part of his years of training to Latin, Greek, and mathematics. Proposals which lead to such results inevitably offend all minds naturally conservative. The common belief of most educated men in the indispensableness of the subjects in which they were themselves instructed, reënforces the general conservatism of mankind in regard to methods of education; and this useful conservatism is securely intrenched behind the general fact that anything which one generation is to impart to the next through educational institutions must, as a rule, be apprehended with tolerable precision by a considerable number of individuals of the elder generation. Hence, a new subject can only force its way very gradually into the circle of the arts called liberal. For instance, it was more than a hundred years after the widespread revival of Greek in Europe before that language was established at Paris and Oxford as a regular constituent in the academic curriculum; and physics and chemistry are not yet fully admitted to that curriculum, although Robert Boyle published his "New Experiments touching the Spring of the Air" in 1660, Galvani discovered animal electricity in 1790, Lavoisier analyzed water in 1783, and John Dalton published his "New System of Chemical Philosophy" in 1808. Indeed, so stout and insurmountable seem the barriers against progress in education, as we look forward, that we are rather startled on looking back to see how short a time what is has been.

It is the received opinion that mathematics is an indispensable and universal constituent of education, possessing the venerable sanction of immemorial use; but when we examine closely the matters now taught as mathematics in this country, we find that they are all recent inventions, of a character so distinct from the Greek geometry and conic sections which with arithmetic represented mathematics down to the seventeenth century, that they do not furnish the same mental

* This paper was read on the 22d of February last before the members of the Johns Hopkins University, an institution which from the start has effectually promoted many of the reforms herein advocated.

training at all. As Whewell pointed out forty years ago, modern mathematics — algebra, analytic geometry, the differential and integral calculus, analytical mechanics, and quaternions — has almost put out of sight the ancient form of mathematical science. Leibnitz published his "Rules of the Differential Calculus" in 1684, Newton his "Method of Fluxions" in 1711, Euler his "Institutiones Calculi Integralis" in 1768–70; but Lagrange, Laplace, Monge, Legendre, Gauss, and Hamilton, the chief promulgators of what we now call mathematical science, all lived into or in this century. The name of this well-established constituent of the course of study required for the baccalaureate is old, but the thing itself is new. A brief citation from the conclusion of Whewell's prolix discussion of the educational value of mathematics, in his treatise entitled "Of a Liberal Education," will explain and fortify the statement that the mental discipline furnished by the mathematics of Euclid and Archimedes was essentially different from that furnished by the analytical mathematics now almost exclusively in use:

> "On all these accounts, then, I venture to assert, that while we hold mathematics to be of inestimable value as a permanent study by which the reason of man is to be educated, we must hold also that the geometrical forms of mathematics must be especially preserved and maintained, as essentially requisite for this office; that analytical mathematics can in no way answer this purpose, and, if the attempt be made so to employ it, will not only be worthless, but highly prejudicial to men's minds."

The modern analytical mathematics, thus condemned by Whewell, is practically the only mathematics now in common use in the United States.

Again, it is obvious that the spirit and method in which Latin has been for the most part studied during the present century are very different from the spirit and method in which it was studied in the preceding centuries. During this century it has been taught as a dead language (except perhaps in parts of Italy and Hungary), whereas it used to be taught as a living language, the common speech of all scholars, both lay and clerical. Those advocates of classical learning who maintain that a dead language must have more disciplinary virtue than a living one, would hardly have been satisfied with the prevailing modes of teaching and learning Latin in any century before our own. At any rate, it was a different discipline which Latin supplied when young scholars learned not only to read it, but to write and speak it with fluency.

I venture to inquire next how long Greek has held its present place in the accepted scheme of liberal education. Although the study of Greek took root in Italy as early as 1400, and was rapidly diffused there after the fall of Constantinople in 1453, it can hardly be said to have become established at Paris as a subject worthy the attention of scholars before 1458, or at Oxford before the end of the fifteenth century. At Paris, for many years after 1458, Greek was taught with indifferent success, and its professors, who were mostly foreigners, were excluded from the privileges of regency in the University. Indeed, the subject seems to have long been in the condition of what we should now call an extra study, and its teachers were much in the position of modern-language teachers in an American college, which does not admit them to the faculty. Grocyn, Linacre, and Latimer, who learned Greek at Florence, introduced the study at Oxford in the last years of the fifteenth century; but Anthony Wood says that Grocyn gave lectures of his own free will, and without any emolument. It is certain that in 1578 the instruction in Greek which was given to undergraduates at Cambridge started with the elements of the language; and it is altogether probable that Greek had no real hold in the English grammar schools until the end of the sixteenth century. The statutes which were adopted by the University of Paris in the year 1600 define the studies in arts to be Latin, Greek, Aristotle's philosophy, and Euclid; and they make Greek one of the requirements for admission to the School of Law. It took two hundred years, then, for the Greek language and literature gradually to displace in great part the scholastic metaphysics which, with scholastic theology, had been for generations regarded as the main staple of liberal education; and this displacement was accomplished only after the same sort of tedious struggle by which the new knowledges of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are now winning their way to academic recognition. The revived classical literature was vigorously and sincerely opposed as frivolous, heterodox, and useless for discipline; just as natural history, chemistry, physics, and modern literatures are now opposed. The conservatives of that day used precisely the same arguments which the conservatives of to-day bring forward, only they were used against classical literature then, while now they are used in its support. Let it not be imagined that the scholastic metaphysics and theology, which lost most of the ground won by Greek, were in the eyes of the educated men of the twelfth to the sixteenth century at all what they seem to us. They were the chief delight of the wise, learned, and pious; they were the best mental food of at least twelve generations; and they aroused in Europe an enthusiasm for study which has

hardly been equaled in later centuries. When Abélard taught at Paris early in the twelfth century, thousands of pupils flocked around his chair; when the Dominican Thomas Aquinas wrote his "Summa Theologiæ," and lectured at Paris, Bologna, Rome, and Naples, in the middle of the thirteenth century, he had a prodigious following, and for three centuries his fame and influence grew; when the Franciscan Duns Scotus lectured at Oxford at the beginning of the fourteenth century, the resort of students to the university seems to have been far greater than it has ever been since. We may be sure that these wonders were not wrought with dust or chaff. Nevertheless, the scholastic theology and metaphysics were in large measure displaced, and for three hundred years the classical literatures have reigned in their stead.

Authentic history records an earlier change of a fundamental sort in the list of arts called liberal, and consequently in the recognized scheme of liberal education. When Erasmus was a student, that is, in the last third of the fifteenth century, before Greek had been admitted to the circle of the liberal arts, the regular twelve years' course of study included, and had long included, reading, arithmetic, grammar, syntax, poetry, rhetoric, metaphysics, and theology, all studied in Latin; and of these subjects metaphysics and theology occupied half of the whole time, and all of the university period. But in the eleventh century, before Abélard founded scholastic theology, the authoritative list of liberal studies was quite different. It was given in the single line:

"Lingua, tropus, ratio, numerus, tonus, angulus, astra."

Most students were content with the first three — grammar, rhetoric, and logic; a few also pursued arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy, if these grave names may be properly applied to the strange mixtures of fact and fancy which in obscure Latin versions of Greek and Arabian originals passed for science. It was this privileged circle which scholastic divinity successfully invaded at the beginning of the twelfth century, the success of the invasion being probably due to the fact that religion was then the only thing which could be systematically studied.

This hasty retrospect shows, first, that some of the studies now commonly called liberal have not long held their present preëminence; and, secondly, that new learning has repeatedly forced its way, in times past, to full academic standing, in spite of the opposition of the conservative, and of the keener resistance of established teachers and learned bodies, whose standing is always supposed to be threatened by the rise of new sciences. History teaches boldness in urging the claims of modern literatures and sciences to full recognition as liberal arts.

The first subject which, as I conceive, is entitled to recognition as of equal academic value or rank with any subject now most honored is the English language and literature. When Greek began to revive in Europe, English was just acquiring a literary form; but when Greek had won its present rank among the liberal arts, Shakspere had risen, the English language was formed, and English literature was soon to become the greatest of modern literatures. How does it stand now, with its immense array of poets, philosophers, historians, commentators, critics, satirists, dramatists, novelists, and orators? It cannot be doubted that English literature is beyond all comparison the amplest, most various, and most splendid literature which the world has seen; and it is enough to say of the English language that it is the language of that literature. Greek literature compares with English as Homer compares with Shakspere, that is, as infantile with adult civilization. It may further be said of the English language that it is the native tongue of nations which are preëminent in the world by force of character, enterprise, and wealth, and whose political and social institutions have a higher moral interest and greater promise than any which mankind has hitherto invented. To the original creations of English genius are to be added translations into English of all the masterpieces of other literatures, sacred and profane. It is a very rare scholar who has not learned much more about the Jews, the Greeks, or the Romans through English than through Hebrew, Greek, or Latin.

And now, with all this wonderful treasure within reach of our youth, what is the position of American schools and colleges in regard to teaching English? Has English literature the foremost place in the programmes of schools? By no means; at best only a subordinate place, and in many schools no place at all. Does English take equal rank with Greek or Latin in our colleges? By no means; not in the number and rank of the teachers, nor in the consideration in which the subject is held by faculty and students, nor in the time which may be devoted to it by a candidate for a degree. Until within a few years the American colleges made no demand upon candidates for admission in regard to knowledge of English; and now that some colleges make a small requirement in English, the chief result of the examinations is to demonstrate the woful ignorance of their own language

and literature which prevails among the picked youth of the country. Shall we be told, as usual, that the best way to learn English is to study Latin and Greek? The answer is, that the facts do not corroborate this improbable hypothesis. American youth in large numbers study Latin and Greek, but do not thereby learn English. Moreover, this hypothesis is obviously inapplicable to the literatures. Shall we also be told, as usual, that no linguistic discipline can be got out of the study of the native language? How, then, was the Greek mind trained in language? Shall we be told that knowledge of English literature should be picked up without systematic effort? The answer is, first, that as a matter of fact this knowledge is not picked up by American youth; and, secondly, that there never was any good reason to suppose that it would be, the acquisition of a competent knowledge of English literature being not an easy but a laborious undertaking for an average youth—not a matter of entertaining reading, but of serious study. Indeed, there is no subject in which competent guidance and systematic instruction are of greater value. For ten years past Harvard University has been trying, first, to stimulate the preparatory schools to give attention to English, and, secondly, to develop and improve its own instruction in that department; but its success has thus far been very moderate. So little attention is paid to English at the preparatory schools that half of the time, labor, and money which the University spends upon English must be devoted to the mere elements of the subject. Moreover, this very year at Harvard less than half as much instruction, of proper university grade, is offered in English as in Greek or in Latin. The experience of all other colleges and universities resembles in this respect that of Harvard.

This comparative neglect of the greatest of literatures in American schools and colleges is certainly a remarkable phenomenon. How is it to be explained? First, by the relative newness of this language and literature: it requires two or three hundred years to introduce new intellectual staples; secondly, by the real difficulty of teaching English well—a difficulty which has only of late years been overcome; and, thirdly, by the dazzling splendor of the revived Greek and Latin literatures when in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries they broke upon the mind of Western Europe. Through the force of custom, tradition, inherited tastes, and transmitted opinions, the educational practices of to-day are still cast in the molds of the seventeenth century. The scholars of that time saw a great light which shone out of darkness, and they worshiped it; and we, their descendants in the ninth generation, upon whom greater lights have arisen, still worship at the same shrine. Let us continue to worship there; but let us pay at least equal honors to the glorious lights which have since been kindled.

The next subjects for which I claim a position of academic equality with Greek, Latin, and mathematics are French and German. This claim rests not on the usefulness of these languages to couriers, tourists, or commercial travelers, and not on their merit as languages, but on the magnitude and worth of the literatures, and on the unquestionable fact that facility in reading these languages is absolutely indispensable to a scholar, whatever may be his department of study. Until within one hundred or one hundred and fifty years, scholarship had a common language, the Latin; so that scholars of all the European nationalities had a perfect means of communication, whether in speaking, writing, or printing. But the cultivation of the spirit of nationality and the development of national literatures have brought about the abandonment of Latin as the common language of learning, and imposed on every student who would go beyond the elements of his subject the necessity of acquiring at least a reading knowledge of French and German, besides Latin. Indeed, the advanced student of our day can dispense with Latin better than with French, German, or English; for, although the antiquated publications in any science may be printed in Latin, the recent (which will probably contain all that is best in the old) will be found printed in one of these modern languages. I cannot state too strongly the indispensableness of both French and German to the American or English student. Without these languages he will be much worse off in respect to communicating with his contemporaries than was the student of the seventeenth century who could read and speak Latin; for through Latin the student of the year 1684 could put himself into direct communication with all contemporary learning. So far as I know, there is no difference of opinion among American scholars as to the need of mastering these two languages in youth. The philologists, archæologists, metaphysicians, physicians, physicists, naturalists, chemists, economists, engineers, architects, artists, and musicians, all agree that a knowledge of these languages is indispensable to the intelligent pursuit of any one of their respective subjects beyond its elements. Every college professor who gives a thorough course of instruction—no matter in what department—finds himself obliged to refer his pupils to French and German authorities. In

the reference library of any modern laboratory, whether of chemistry, physics, physiology, pathology, botany, or zoölogy, a large proportion of the books will be found to be in French or German. The working library of the philologist, archæologist, or historian teaches the same lesson. Without a knowledge of these two languages it is impossible to get at the experience of the world upon any modern industrial, social, or financial question, or to master any profession which depends upon applications of modern science. I urge no utilitarian argument, but rest the claims of French and German for admission to complete academic equality on the copiousness and merit of the literatures, and the indispensableness of the languages to all scholars.

Such being the reasons for teaching French and German to all young scholars at an early stage of their training, what is the condition of these languages at American schools and colleges? For answer to this question I will describe the condition of instruction in French and German at Yale College, an institution, I need not say, which holds a leading position among American colleges. No knowledge of either French or German is required for admission to Yale College, and no instruction is provided in either language before the beginning of the Junior year. In that year German must be and French may be studied, each four hours a week; in the Senior year either language may be studied four hours a week. In other words, Yale College does not suggest that the preparatory schools ought to teach either French or German, does not give its students the opportunity of acquiring these languages in season to use them in other studies, and does not offer them any adequate opportunity of becoming acquainted with the literature of either language before they take the bachelor's degree. Could we have stronger evidence than this of the degraded condition of French and German in the mass of our schools and colleges? A few colleges have lately been demanding a small amount of French or German for admission, and a few schools have met this very moderate demand; but, as a general rule, American boys who go to college devote from two to three solid years to Greek and Latin, but study French and German scarcely at all while at school, and at college only for a part of the time during the later half of the course. The opportunities and facilities for studying Greek and Latin in our schools and colleges are none too great; but surely the opportunities and facilities for studying French and German are far too small. The modern languages should be put on an equality with the ancient.

The next subject which demands an entirely different position from that it now occupies in American schools and colleges is history. If any study is liberal and liberalizing, it is the modern study of history—the study of the passions, opinions, beliefs, arts, laws, and institutions of different races or communities, and of the joys, sufferings, conflicts, and achievements of mankind. Philology and polite literature arrogate the title of the "humanities"; but what study can so justly claim that honorable title as the study which deals with the actual experience on this earth of social and progressive man? What kind of knowledge can be so useful to a legislator, administrator, journalist, publicist, philanthropist, or philosopher as a well-ordered knowledge of history? If the humanity or liberality of a study depends upon its power to enlarge the intellectual and moral interests of the student, quicken his sympathies, impel him to the side of truth and virtue, and make him loathe falsehood and vice, no study can be more humane or liberal than history. These being the just claims of history in general, the history of the community and nation to which we belong has a still more pressing claim upon our attention. That study shows the young the springs of public honor and dishonor; sets before them the national failings, weaknesses, and sins; warns them against future dangers by exhibiting the losses and sufferings of the past; enshrines in their hearts the national heroes; and strengthens in them the precious love of country. One would naturally suppose that the history of the United States and England, at least, would hold an important place in the programmes of American schools and colleges, and that no subject would occupy a more dignified position in the best colleges and universities than history in respect to the number and rank of its teachers. The facts do not accord with this natural supposition. The great majority of American colleges (there are nearly four hundred of them) make no requirements in history for admission, and have no teacher of history whatever. Lest it be imagined that this can be true only of inferior colleges, I will mention that in so old and well-established a college as Dartmouth there is no teacher of history, whether professor, tutor, or temporary instructor; while in so excellent an institution as Princeton there is only one professor of history against three of Greek, and this single professor includes political science with history in his teaching. No institution which calls itself a college expects to do without a professor of Greek, or of Latin, or of mathematics; but nearly all of them do without a teacher of history. The example of the colleges governs

the preparatory schools. When young men who are interested in historical study ask me if it would be advisable for them to fit themselves to teach history for a livelihood, I am obliged to say that it would be the height of imprudence on their part, there being only an infinitesimal demand for competent teachers of history in our whole country. This humiliated condition of history is only made the more conspicuous by the old practice, which still obtains at some colleges (Harvard College, for instance), of demanding from all candidates for admission a small amount of Greek and Roman history—as much as a clever boy could commit to memory in three or four days. One hardly knows which most to wonder at in this requirement, the selection of topic or the minuteness of the amount. Is it not plain that the great subject of history holds no proper place in American education?

Closely allied to the study of history is the study of the new science called political economy, or public economics. I say the new science, because Smith's "Wealth of Nations" was not published until 1776; Malthus's "Essay on the Principle of Population" only appeared in 1798; and Ricardo's "Political Economy and Taxation," in 1817. The subject is related to history inasmuch as it gleans its most important facts by the study of the institutions and industrial and social conditions of the past; it is the science of wealth in so far as it deals with the methods by which private or national wealth is accumulated, protected, enjoyed, and distributed; and it is connected with ethics in that it deals with social theories and the moral effects of economic conditions. In some of its aspects it were better called the science of the health of nations; for its results show how nations might happily grow and live in conformity with physical and moral laws. It it by far the most complex and difficult of the sciences of which modern education has to take account, and therefore should not be introduced too early into the course of study for the degree of bachelor of arts; but when it is introduced, enough of it should be offered to the student to enable him to get more than a smattering.

When we consider how formidable are the industrial, social, and political problems with which the next generations must grapple,—when we observe how inequalities of condition increase, notwithstanding the general acceptance of theories of equality; how population irresistibly tends to huge agglomerations in spite of demonstrations that such agglomerations are physically and morally unhealthy; how the universal thirst for the enjoyments of life grows hotter and hotter and is not assuaged; how the relations of government to society become constantly more and more complicated, while the governing capacity of men does not seem to increase proportionally; and how free institutions commit to masses of men the determination of public policy in regard to economic problems of immense difficulty, such as the problems concerning tariffs, banking, currency, the domestic carrying trade, foreign commerce, and the incidence of taxes,—we can hardly fail to appreciate the importance of offering to large numbers of American students ample facilities for learning all that is known of economic science.

How does the ordinary provision made in our colleges for the study of political economy meet this need of students and of the community? That I may not understate this provision, I will describe the provisions made at Columbia College, an institution which is said to be the richest of our colleges, and at Brown University, one of the most substantial of the New England colleges. At Columbia, Juniors must attend two exercises a week in political economy for half the year, and Seniors may elect that subject for two hours a week throughout the year. At Brown, Juniors may elect political economy two hours a week for half the year, and Seniors have a like privilege. The provision of instruction in Greek at Brown is five and a half times as much as the provision in political economy, and seven-elevenths of the Greek is required of all students, besides the Greek which was required at school; but none of the political economy is required. Columbia College makes a further provision of instruction in history, law, and political science for students who are able to devote either one or two years to these subjects after taking the degree of bachelor of arts, or who are willing to procure one year's instruction in these subjects by accepting the degree of bachelor of philosophy instead of the degree of bachelor of arts—a very high price to pay for this one year's privilege. If this is the state of things in two leading Eastern colleges with regard to instruction in political economy, what should we find to be the average provision in American colleges? We should find it poor in quality and insignificant in amount. In view of this comparative neglect of a subject all-important to our own generation and those which are to follow, one is tempted to join in the impatient cry, Are our young men being educated for the work of the twentieth century or of the seventeenth? There can be no pretense that political economy is an easy subject, or that it affords no mental discipline. Indeed, it requires

such exactness of statement, such accurate weighing of premises, and such closeness of reasoning, that many young men of twenty, who have been disciplined by the study of Greek, Latin, and mathematics for six or eight years, find that it tasks their utmost powers. Neither can it be justly called a material or utilitarian subject; for it is full of grave moral problems, and deals with many questions of public honor and duty.

The last subject for which I claim admission to the magic circle of the liberal arts is natural science. All the subjects which the sixteenth century decided were liberal, and all the subjects which I have heretofore discussed, are studied in books; but natural science is to be studied not in books but in things. The student of languages, letters, philosophy, mathematics, history, or political economy, reads books, or listens to the words of his teacher. The student of natural science scrutinizes, touches, weighs, measures, analyzes, dissects, and watches things. By these exercises his powers of observation and judgment are trained, and he acquires the precious habit of observing the appearances, transformations, and processes of nature. Like the hunter and the artist, he has open eyes and an educated judgment in seeing. He is at home in some large tract of nature's domain. Finally, he acquires the scientific method of study in the field, where that method was originally perfected. In our day, the spirit in which a true scholar will study Indian arrowheads, cuneiform inscriptions, or reptile tracks in sandstone, is one and the same, although these objects belong respectively to three separate sciences — archæology, philology, and palæontology. But what is this spirit? It is the patient, cautious, sincere, self-directing spirit of natural science. One of the best of living classical scholars, Professor Jebb of Glasgow, states this fact in the following forcible words: "The diffusion of that which is specially named science has at the same time spread abroad the only spirit in which any kind of knowledge can be prosecuted to a result of lasting intellectual value." Again, the arts built upon chemistry, physics, botany, zoölogy, and geology are chief factors in the civilization of our time, and are growing in material and moral influence at a marvelous rate. Since the beginning of this century, they have wrought wonderful changes in the physical relation of man to the earth which he inhabits, in national demarkations, in industrial organization, in governmental functions, and in the modes of domestic life; and they will certainly do as much for the twentieth century as they have done for ours. They are not simply mechanical or material forces; they are also moral forces of great intensity. I maintain that the young science which has already given to all sciences a new and better spirit and method, and to civilization new powers and resources of infinite range, deserves to be admitted with all possible honors to the circle of the liberal arts; and that a study fitted to train noble faculties, which are not trained by the studies now chiefly pursued in youth, ought to be admitted on terms of perfect equality to the academic curriculum.

The wise men of the fifteenth century took the best intellectual and moral materials existing in their day,— namely, the classical literatures, metaphysics, mathematics, and systematic theology, — and made of them the substance of the education which they called liberal. When we take the best intellectual and moral materials of their day and of ours to make up the list of subjects worthy to rank as liberal, and to be studied for discipline, ought we to omit that natural science which in its outcome supplies some of the most important forces of modern civilization? We do omit it. I do not know a single preparatory school in this country in which natural science has an adequate place, or any approach to an adequate place, although some beginnings have lately been made. There is very little profit in studying natural science in a book, as if it were grammar or history; for nothing of the peculiar discipline which the proper study of science supplies can be obtained in that way, although some information on scientific subjects may be so acquired. In most colleges a little scientific information is offered to the student through lectures and the use of manuals, but no scientific training. The science is rarely introduced as early as the Sophomore year; generally it begins only with the Junior year, by which time the mind of the student has become so set in the habits which the study of languages and mathematics engenders, that he finds great difficulty in grasping the scientific method. It seems to him absurd to perform experiments or make dissections. Can he not read in a book, or see in a picture, what the results will be? The only way to prevent this disproportionate development of the young mind on the side of linguistic and abstract reasoning, is to introduce into school courses of study a fair amount of training in sciences of observation. Over against four languages, the elements of mathematics, and the elements of history, there must be set some accurate study of things. Were other argument needed, I should find it in the great addition to the enjoyment of life which results from an early acquaintance and constant intimacy with the wonders and beauties of

external nature. For boy and man this intimacy is a source of ever fresh delight.

To the list of studies which the sixteenth century called liberal, I would therefore add, as studies of equal rank, English, French, German, history, political economy, and natural science, not one of which can be said to have existed in mature form when the definition of liberal education, which is still in force, was laid down. In a large university many other languages and sciences will be objects of study; I confine myself here to those studies which, in my judgment, are most desirable in an ordinary college. We are now in position to consider how the necessity for allowing choice among studies has arisen.

The second and third of the three principal propositions which I wish to demonstrate—namely, that earlier choice should be allowed among coördinate studies, and that the existing order of studies needs to be modified—may be treated much more briefly than the first proposition, although in them lies the practical application of the whole discussion. When the men of the sixteenth century had taken all the sciences known to their generation to make up their curriculum of liberal study, the sum was not so large as to make it impossible for a student to cover the whole ground effectually. But if the list of liberal arts is extended, as I have urged, it is manifest that no man can cover the whole ground and get a thorough knowledge of any subject. Hence the necessity of allowing the student to choose among many coördinate studies the few to which he will devote himself. In a vain endeavor to introduce at least some notions about the new sciences into the curriculum of the year 1600, the managers of American colleges have made it impossible for the student to get a thorough knowledge of any subject whatever. The student has a better chance to learn Greek and Latin than anything else; but he does not get instruction enough in these languages to enable him to master them. In no other subject can he possibly get beyond the elements, if he keep within the official schedules of studies. Consider what sort of an idea of metaphysics can be obtained from a single text-book of moderate size, into which the whole vast subject has been filtered through one preoccupied mind; or of physics from a short course of lectures and a little manual of three or four hundred pages prepared by a teacher who is not himself an investigator; or of political economy from a single short treatise by an author not of the first rank. These are not imaginary sketches; they are described from the life. Such are the modes of dealing with these sciences which prevail in the great majority of American colleges. I need not dwell upon this great evil, which is doing untold injury every year. The remedies are plain. First, let the new studies be put in every respect on a level with the old; and then let such a choice among coördinate studies be given as to secure to the student a chance to be thorough in something. To be effective, option must be permitted earlier than it is now. This proposition—that earlier options are desirable—cannot be discussed without simultaneously considering the order of studies at school and college.

Boyhood is the best time to learn new languages; so that as many as possible of the four languages, French, German, Latin, and Greek, ought to be begun at school. But if all boys who are to receive a liberal education are required to learn to read all four languages before they go to college, those boys who are not quick at languages will have very little time for other studies. English, the elements of mathematics, the elements of some natural science properly taught, and the history of England and the United States being assumed as fundamentals, it is evident that some choice among the four remaining languages must be allowed, in order not to unduly restrict the number of boys who go to college. With very good instruction, many boys could doubtless learn to read all four languages tolerably well before they were eighteen years old without sacrificing more essential things; but there are boys of excellent capacity in other subjects who could not accomplish this linguistic task; and in many States of the Union it is quite impossible to get very good instruction in all these languages. Therefore I believe that an option should be allowed among these four languages at college admission examinations, any three being accepted, and the choice being determined in each case by the wishes of parents, the advice of teachers, the destination of the candidate if settled, the better quality of accessible instruction in one language than in another, or the convenience of the school which the candidate attends. Whichever language the candidate did not offer at admission he should have opportunity to begin and pursue at college.

As to the best order in which to take up these four languages, I notice that most persons who have thought of the matter hold some theory about it with more or less confidence, but that the English-speaking peoples have little or no experience upon the subject. One would naturally suppose that easiest first, hardest last, would be a good rule; but such is not the present practice in this country. On the contrary, Latin is often begun before

French; and it is common to begin Greek at fourteen and German at twenty. In education, as in other things, I am a firm believer in the principle of expending the least force which will accomplish the object in view. If a language is to be learned, I would teach it in the easiest known method, and at the age when it can be easiest learned. But there is another theory which is often acted upon, though seldom explicitly stated,—the theory that, for the sake of discipline, hardness that is avoidable should be deliberately imposed upon boys; as, for instance, by forcing a boy to study many languages, who has no gifts that way, and can never attain to any mastery of them. To my mind the only justification of any kind of discipline, training, or drill is attainment of the appropriate end of that discipline. It is a waste for society, and an outrage upon the individual, to make a boy spend the years when he is most teachable in a discipline, the end of which he can never reach, when he might have spent them in a different discipline, which would have been rewarded by achievement. Herein lies the fundamental reason for options among school as well as college studies, all of which are liberal. A mental discipline which takes no account of differences of capacity and taste is not well directed. It follows that there must be variety in education instead of uniform prescription. To ignorant or thoughtless people it seems that the wisdom and experience of the world ought to have produced by this time a uniform course of instruction good for all boys, and made up of studies permanently preëminent; but there are two strong reasons for believing that this convenient result is unattainable: in the first place, the uniform boy is lacking; and in the second place, it is altogether probable that the educational value of any established study, far from being permanently fixed, is constantly changing as new knowledge accumulates and new sciences come into being. Doubtless the eleventh century thought it had a permanent curriculum in "*Lingua, tropus, ratio, numerus, tonus, angulus, astra*"; doubtless the course of study which Erasmus followed was held by the teachers of that day to supply the only sufficient liberal education; and we all know that since the year 1600, or thereabouts, it has been held by the wisest and most cultivated men that Greek, Latin, and mathematics are the only good disciplinary studies. Whewell, whose foible was omniscience, did not hesitate to apply to these three studies the word *permanent.* But if history proves that the staples of education have in fact changed, reason says still more clearly that they must change. It would be indeed incredible that organized education should not take account of the progress of knowledge. We may be sure that the controlling intellectual forces of the actual world, century by century, penetrate educational processes, and that languages, literatures, philosophies, or sciences which show themselves fruitful and powerful must win recognition as liberal arts and proper means of mental discipline.

Two objections to the views which I have been presenting occur at once to every conservative mind. I have often been met with the question: Is this traditional degree of bachelor of arts, which for three hundred years, at least, has had a tolerably clear meaning, to be deprived of all exact significance, so that it will be impossible to tell what one who holds the degree has studied? I reply that the degree will continue to testify to the main fact to which it now bears witness, namely, that the recipient has spent eight or ten years, somewhere between the ages of twelve and twenty-three, in liberal studies. I might add that the most significant and valuable degree in arts which is anywhere given—the German degree of doctor of philosophy and master of arts — does not stand for any particular studies, and does not indicate in any individual case the special studies for which it was conferred, although it does presuppose the earlier accomplishment, at a distance of several years, of the curriculum of a German gymnasium.

A second objection is expressed in the significant question: What will become of Greek and Latin if all these new subjects are put on an equality with them? Will Greek and Latin, and the culture which they represent, survive the invasion? To this question I answer, first, that it is proposed, not to substitute new subjects for the old, but only to put new subjects beside the old in a fair competition, and not to close any existing road to the degree of bachelor of arts, but only to open new ones; secondly, that the proposed modification of the present prescription of Greek and Latin for all boys who are to go to college will rid the Greek and Latin classes of unwilling and incapable pupils, to the great advantage of the pupils who remain; and, thirdly, that the withdrawal of the artificial protection now given to the classics will cause the study of classical antiquity to rely — to use the well-chosen words of Professor Jebb on the last page of his life of Bentley — "no longer upon a narrow or exclusive prescription, but upon a reasonable perception of its proper place amongst the studies which belong to a liberal education." The higher the value which one sets on Greek and Latin as means of culture, the firmer must be his be-

lief in the permanence of those studies when they cease to be artificially protected. In education, as elsewhere, it is the fittest that survives. The classics, like other studies, must stand upon their own merits; for it is not the proper business of universities to force subjects of study, or particular kinds of mental discipline, upon unwilling generations; and they cannot prudently undertake that function, especially in a country where they have no support from an established church, or from an aristocratic organization of society, and where it would be so easy for the generations, if repelled, to pass the universities by.

Finally, the enlargement of the circle of liberal arts may justly be urged on the ground that the interests of the higher education and of the institutions which supply that education demand it. Liberal education is not safe and strong in a country in which the great majority of the men who belong to the intellectual professions are not liberally educated. Now, that is just the case in this country. The great majority of the men who are engaged in the practice of law and medicine, in journalism, the public service, and the scientific professions, and in industrial leadership, are not bachelors of arts. Indeed, the only learned profession which contains to-day a large proportion of bachelors of arts is the ministry. This sorry condition of things is doubtless due in part to what may be called the pioneer condition of American society; but I think it is also due to the antiquated state of the common college curriculum, and of the course of preparatory study at school. When institutions of learning cut themselves off from the sympathy and support of large numbers of men whose lives are intellectual, by refusing to recognize as liberal arts and disciplinary studies languages, literatures, and sciences which seem to these men as important as any which the institutions cultivate, they inflict a gratuitous injury both on themselves and on the country which they should serve. Their refusal to listen to parents and teachers who ask that the avenues of approach to them may be increased in number, the new roads rising to the same grade or level as the old, would be an indication that a gulf already yawned between them and large bodies of men who by force of character, intelligence, and practical training are very influential in the modern world. For twenty years past signs have not been wanting that the American college was not keeping pace with the growth of the country in population and wealth. I believe that a chief cause of this relative decline is the narrowness of the course of study in both school and college.

The execution of the principles which I have advocated would involve considerable changes in the order of school and college studies. Thus, science-teaching should begin early in the school course; English should be studied from the beginning of school life to the end of college life; and the order in which the other languages are taken up should be for many boys essentially changed. We should in vain expect such changes to be made suddenly. They must be gradually brought about by the pressure of public opinion — by the public opinion of the educated classes taking gradual effect through established educational instrumentalities. The change will be wrought by the demands of parents upon private schools; by the influence of trustees and committees in charge of endowed and public schools upon school courses of study; by the conditions which benefactors and founders impose upon their gifts and bequests to liberal education; by the competition of industrial and technological schools; and by the gradual encroachment of the modern subjects upon the ancient in colleges and universities. All these influences are at work, and much ground has been gained during the last fifteen years.

Charles W. Eliot.

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

'Tis not sorrow, sorrow,
From sundown till the morrow;
Nor do our pleasures stay
From dawn till going of the day.

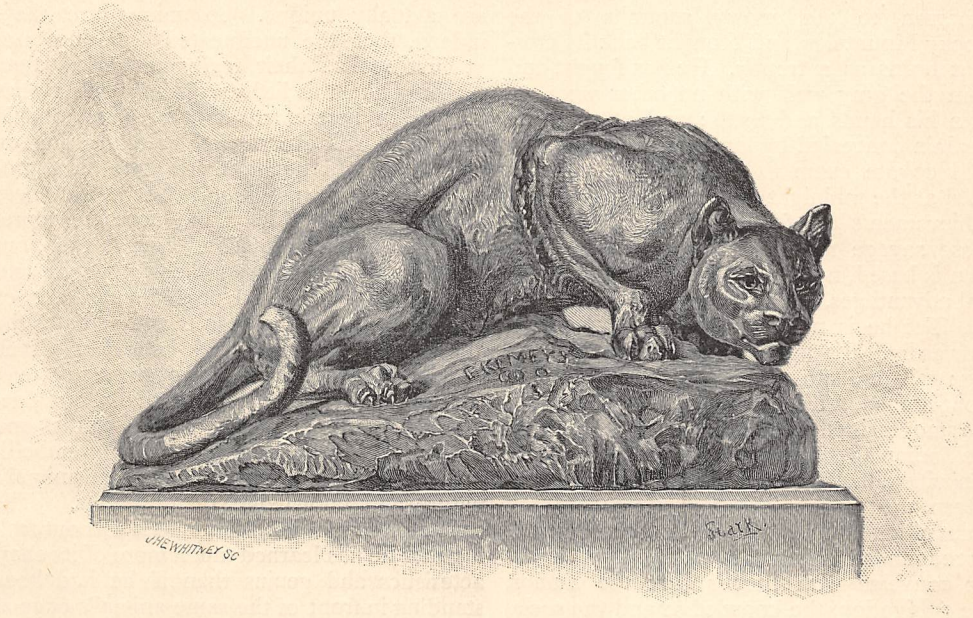
Light is ever shifting,
And darkness ever lifting;
The sunbeams and the shade
Alternate reign in field and glade.

What of our hereafter —
Shall mourning blend with laughter?
Stars roll along earth's night,—
Shall shadows veil the Hills of Light?

John Vance Cheney.

AMERICAN WILD ANIMALS IN ART.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE SCULPTURES OF EDWARD KEMEYS.



THE STILL HUNT.

THE hunter and the sportsman are two very different persons. The hunter pursues animals because he loves them and sympathizes with them, and kills them as the champions of chivalry used to slay one another—courteously, fairly, and with admiration and respect. To stalk and shoot the elk and the grizzly bear is to him what wooing and winning a beloved maiden would be to another man. Far from being the foe or exterminator of the game he follows, he more than any one else is their friend, vindicator, and confidant. A strange mutual ardor and understanding unites him with his quarry. He loves the mountain sheep and the antelope, because they can escape him; the panther and the bear, because they can destroy him. His relations with them are clean, generous, and manly. And on the other hand, the wild animals, whose wildness can never be tamed, whose inmost principle of existence it is to be apart and unapproachable,—those creatures who may be said to cease to be when they cease to be intractable,—seem, after they have eluded their pursuer to the utmost, or fought him to the death, to yield themselves to him with a sort of wild contentment—as if they were glad to admit the sovereignty of man, though death come with the admission. The hunter, in short, asks for his happiness only to be alone with what he hunts; the sportsman, after his day's sport, must needs hasten home to publish the size of the "bag," and to wring from his fellowmen the glory and applause which he has not the strength and simplicity to find in the game itself.

But if the true hunter is rare, the union of the hunter and the artist is rarer still. It demands not only the close familiarity, the loving observation, and the sympathy, but also the faculty of creation—the eye which selects what is constructive and beautiful, and passes over what is superfluous and inharmonious, and the hand skillful to carry out what the imagination conceives. In the man whose work I am about to consider, these qualities are developed in a remarkable degree, though it was not until he was a man grown, and had fought with distinction through the civil war, that he himself became aware of the artistic power that was in him. The events of his life, could they be rehearsed here, would form a tale of adventure and vicissitude more varied and stirring than is often found in fiction. He has spent by himself days and weeks in the vast solitudes of our western prairies and southern morasses. He has been the companion of trappers and frontiersmen, the friend and comrade of Indians,

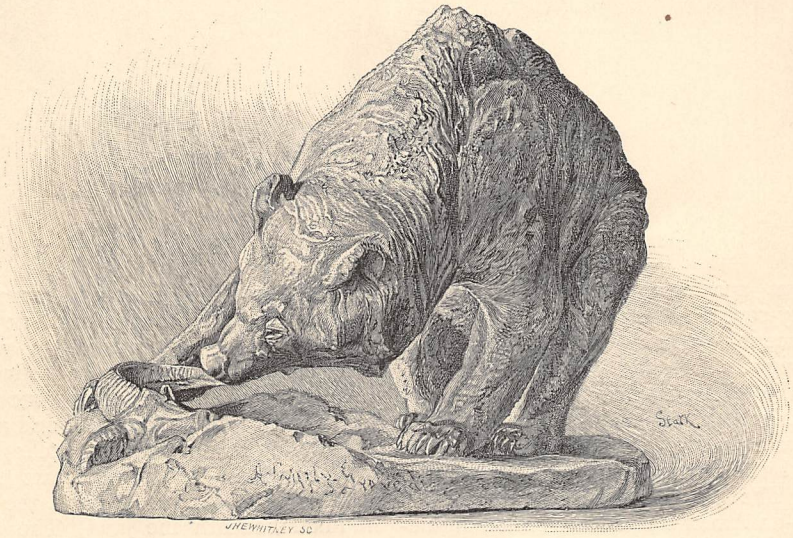
sleeping side by side with them in their wigwams, running the rapids in their canoes, and riding with them in the hunt. He has met and overcome the panther and the grizzly single-handed, and has pursued the flying cimarron to the snowy summits of the Rocky Mountains, and brought back its crescent horns as a trophy. He has fought and slain the gray wolf with no other weapons than his hands and teeth; and at night he has lain concealed by lonely tarns, where the wild coyote came to patter and bark and howl at the midnight moon. His name and achievements are familiar to the dwellers in those savage regions, whose estimate of a man is based, not upon his society and financial advantages, but upon what he is and can do. Yet he is not one who wears his merit outwardly. His appearance, indeed, is striking: tall and athletic, broad-shouldered and stout-limbed, with the long, elastic step of the moccasined Indian, and something of the Indian's reticence and simplicity. But he can with difficulty be brought to allude to his adventures, and is reserved almost to the point of ingenuity on all that concerns himself or redounds to his credit. It is only in familiar converse with friends that the humor, the cultivation, the knowledge, and the social charm of the man appear, and his marvelous gift of vivid and picturesque narration discloses itself. But, in addition to all this, or above it all, he is the only great animal sculptor of his time, the successor of the French Barye, and (as any one may satisfy himself who will take the trouble to compare their works) the equal of that famous artist in scope and treatment, and his superior in knowledge and in truth and power of conception. It would be a poor compliment to call Edward Kemeys the American Barye; but Barye is the only man whose works can bear any comparison with Mr. Kemeys's.*

Of Mr. Kemeys's productions, a few are to be seen at his studio, 133 West Fifty-third street, New York City. These are the models, in clay or plaster, as they came fresh from the artist's hand.† From this condition they can either be enlarged to life or colossal size, for parks or public buildings, or cast in bronze in their present dimensions for the enrichment of private houses. Though this collection includes scarce a tithe of what the artist has produced, it forms a series of groups and figures which, for truth to nature, artistic excellence, and originality, are actually unique. So unique are they, indeed, that the uneducated eye does not at first realize their really immense value. Nothing like this little sculpture gallery has been seen before, and it is very improbable that there will ever again be a meeting of conditions and qualities adequate to reproducing such an exhibition. For we saw here not merely, nor chiefly, the accurate representation of the animal's external aspect, but —what is vastly more difficult to seize and portray—the essential animal character or temperament which controls and actuates the animal's movements and behavior. Each one of Mr. Kemeys's figures gives not only the form and proportions of the animal, according to the nicest anatomical studies and measurements, but it is the speaking embodiment of profound insight into that animal's nature and knowledge of its habits. The spectator cannot long examine it without feeling that he has learned much more of its characteristics and genius than if he had been standing in front of the same animal's cage at the Zoölogical Gardens; for here is an artist who understands how to translate pose into meaning, and action into utterance, and to select those poses and actions which convey the broadest and most comprehensive idea of the subject's prevailing traits. He not only knows what posture or movement the anatomical structure of the animal renders possible, but he knows precisely in what degree such posture or movement is modified by the animal's physical needs and instincts. In other words, he always respects the modesty of nature, and never yields to the temptation to be dramatic and impressive at the expense of truth. Here is none of Barye's exaggeration, or of Landseer's sentimental effort to humanize animal nature. Mr. Kemeys has rightly perceived that animal nature is not a mere contraction of human nature; but that each animal, so far as it owns any relation to man at all, represents the unimpeded development of some particular ele-

[* While an editor is, of course, not to be held personally responsible for the individual opinions of contributors, we have Mr. Hawthorne's courteous acquiescence in our wish to express here a decided dissent from what we regard as a somewhat misleading opinion of the art value of Mr. Kemeys's work, and especially from his depreciation, by comparison, of the work of Barye. The American sculptor has apparently been affected by the great Frenchman, though he may be unconscious of the fact; but we consider it a serious mistake to elevate Mr. Kemeys above so great a master as Barye. Mr. Kemeys's modelings, however, have decided value, especially as portraiture and as record. We greatly admire the pluck and perseverance shown by the sculptor in his field-studies of the originals, and are glad to be able to help make his work more widely known. An illustrated article on Barye has been for some time in preparation for THE CENTURY.—EDITOR.]

† A set of the models referred to in this paper have found a home in the National Museum at Washington.

ment of man's nature. Accordingly, animals must be studied and portrayed solely upon their own basis and within their own limits; and he who approaches them with this understanding will find, possibly to his surprise, that the theater thus afforded is wide and varied enough for the exercise of his best ingenuity and capacities. At first, no doubt, the simple animal appears too simple to be made artistically interesting, apart from this or that conventional or imaginative addition. The lion must be presented, not as he is, but as vulgar anticipation expects him to be; not with the savageness and terror which are native to him, but with the savageness and terror which those who have trembled and fled at the echo of his roar invest him with,—which are quite another matter. Zoölogical gardens and museums have their uses, but they cannot introduce us to wild animals as they really are; and the reports of those who have caught terrified or ignorant glimpses of them in their native regions will mislead us no less in another direction. Nature reveals her secrets only to those who have faithfully and rigorously submitted to the initiation; but to them she shows herself marvelous and inexhaustible. The "simple animal" avouches his ability to transcend any imaginative conception of him. The stern economy of his structure and character, the sureness and sufficiency of his every manifestation, the instinct and capacity which inform all his proceedings,—these are things which are concealed from a hasty glance by the very perfection of their state. Once seen and comprehended, however, they work upon the mind of the observer with an ever-increasing power; they lead him into a new, strange, and fascinating world, and generously recompense him for any effort he may have made to penetrate thither. Of that strange and fascinating world Mr. Kemeys is the true and worthy interpreter, and, so far as appears, the only one. Through difficulty and discouragement of all kinds, he has kept to the simple truth, and the truth has rewarded him. He has done a service of incalculable value to his country, not only in vindicating American art, but in preserving to us, in a permanent and beautiful form, the vivid and veracious figures of a wild fauna which, in the inevitable progress of colonization and civilization, is destined within a few years to vanish altogether. The American bear and bison, the cimarron and the elk, the wolf and the 'coon—where will they be a generation hence? Nowhere, save in the possession of those persons who have to-day the opportunity and the intelligence to decorate their rooms and parks with Mr. Kemeys's inimitable bronzes. The opportunity is great—much greater, I should think, than the intelligence necessary for availing ourselves of it; and it is a unique opportunity. In other words, it lies within the power of every cultivated family in the United States to enrich itself with a work of art which is entirely American; which, as art, fulfills every requirement; which is of permanent and increasing interest and value from an ornamental point of view; and which is embodied in the most enduring of artistic materials.



GRIZZLY BEAR.

The studio in which Mr. Kemeys works is

COUGAR AND YOUNG.

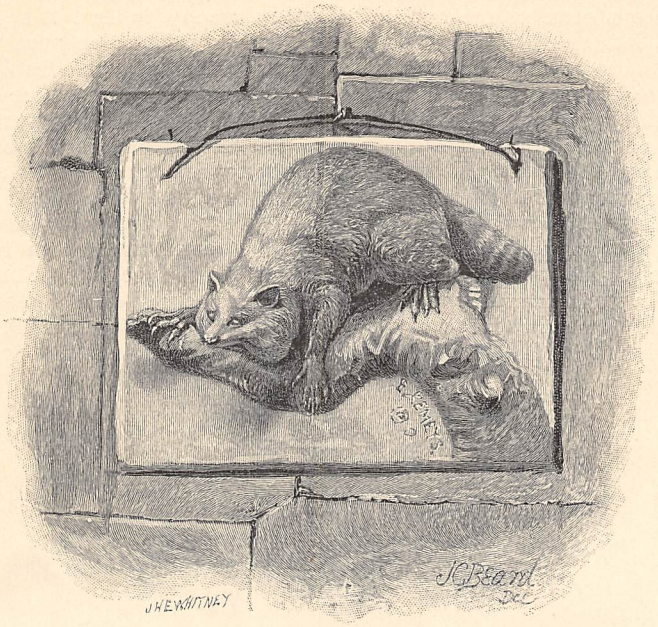
a spacious apartment between Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh streets, on Broadway. In appearance it is a cross between a barn-loft and a wigwam. Round the walls are suspended the hides, the heads, and the horns of the animals which the hunter has shot; and below are groups, single figures, and busts, modeled by the artist, in plaster, terra-cotta, or clay. The colossal design of the "Still Hunt"—an American panther crouching before its spring—is not now here; it has been removed to the foundry at East Twenty-eighth street, where it will be cast in bronze, and will then be placed in its appointed site in Central Park. It will be a monument of which New York and America may be proud; for no such powerful and veracious conception of a wild animal has ever before found artistic embodiment. The great cat crouches with head low, extended throat, and ears erect. The shoulders are drawn far back, the fore paws huddled beneath the jaws. The long, lithe back rises in an arch in the middle, sinking thence to the haunches, while the angry tail makes a strong curve along the ground to the right. The whole figure is tense and compact with restrained and waiting power; the expression is stealthy, pitiless, and terrible; it at once fascinates and astounds the beholder. While Mr. Kemeys was modeling this animal, an incident occurred which he has told me in something like the following words. The artist does not encourage the intrusion of idle persons while he is at work, though no one welcomes intelligent inspection and criticism more cordially than he. On this occasion he was alone in the studio with his Irish factotum, Tom, and the outer door, owing to the heat of the weather, had been left ajar. All of a sudden the artist was aware of the presence of a stranger in the room. "He was a tall, hulking fellow, shabbily dressed, like a tramp, and looked as if he might make trouble if he had a mind to. However, he stood quite still in front of the statue, staring at it, and not saying anything. So I let him alone for awhile; I thought it would be time enough to attend to him when he began to beg or

CAT'S HEAD.

make a row. But after some time, as he still hadn't stirred, Tom came to the conclusion that a hint had better be given him to move on; so he took a broom and began sweeping the floor, and the dust went all over the fellow; but he didn't pay the least attention. I began to think there would probably be a fight; but I thought I'd wait a little longer before doing anything. At last I said to him, 'Will you move aside, please? You're in my way.' He stepped over a little to the right, but still didn't open his mouth, and kept his eyes fixed on the panther. Presently I said to Tom, 'Well, Tom, the cheek of some people passes belief!' Tom replied with more clouds of dust; but the stranger never made a sign. At last I got tired, so I stepped up to the fellow and said to him: 'Look here, my friend, when I asked you to move aside, I meant you should move the other side of the door.' He roused up then, and gave himself a shake, and took a last look at the panther, and said he, 'That's all right, boss; I know all about the door; but — what a spring she's going to make!' Then," added Kemeys, self-reproachfully, "I could have wept!"

But although this superb figure no longer dominates the studio, there is no lack of models as valuable and as interesting, though not of heroic size. Most interesting of all to the general observer are, perhaps, the two figures of the grizzly bear. These were designed from a grizzly which Mr. Kemeys fought and killed in the autumn of 1881 in the Rocky Mountains, and the mounted head of which grins upon the wall overhead, a grisly trophy indeed. The impression of enormous strength, massive yet elastic, ponderous yet alert, impregnable for defense as irresistible in attack; a strength which knows no obstacles, and which never meets its match, — this impression is as fully conveyed in these figures, which are not over a foot in height, as if the animal were before us in its natural size. You see the vast limbs, crooked with power, bound about with huge ropes and plates of muscle, and clothed in shaggy depths of fur; the vast breadth of the head, with its thick, low ears, dull, small eyes, and long up-curving snout; the roll and lunge of the gait, like the motion of a vessel plunging forward before the wind; the rounded immensity of the trunk, and the huge bluntness of the posteriors; and all these features are combined with such masterly unity of conception and plastic vigor, that the diminutive model insensibly grows mighty beneath your gaze, until you realize the monster as if he stood stupendous and grim before you. In the first of the figures the bear has paused in his great stride to paw over and snuff at the horned head of a mountain sheep, half buried in the soil. The action of the right arm and shoulder, and the burly slouch of the arrested stride, are of themselves worth a gallery of pseudo-classic Venuses and Roman senators. The other bear is lolling back on his haunches, with all four paws in the air, munching some grapes from a vine which he has torn from its support. The contrast be-

PLAYING 'POSSUM.



RACCOON.

tween the savage character of the beast and his absurdly peaceful employment gives a touch of terrific comedy to this design. After studying these figures, one cannot help thinking what a noble embellishment either of them would be, put in bronze, of colossal size, in the public grounds of one of our great Western cities. And inasmuch as the rich citizens of the West not only know what a grizzly bear is, but are more fearless and independent, and therefore often more correct in their artistic opinions, than the somewhat sophisticated critics of the East, there is some cause for hoping that this thing may be brought to pass.

Beside the grizzly stands the mountain sheep, or cimarron, the most difficult to capture of all four-footed animals, whose gigantic curved horns are the best trophy of skill and enterprise that a hunter can bring home with him. The sculptor has here caught him in one of his most characteristic attitudes—just alighted from some dizzy leap on the headlong slope of a rocky mountain-side. On such a spot nothing but the cimarron could retain its footing; yet there he stands, firm and secure as the rock itself, his fore feet planted close together, the fore legs rigid and straight as the shaft of a lance, while the hind legs pose easily in attendance upon them. "The cimarron always strikes plumb-center, and he never makes a mistake," is Mr. Kemeys's laconic comment; and we can recognize the truth of the observation in this image. Perfectly at home and comfortable on its almost impossible perch, the cimarron curves its great neck and turns its head upward, gazing aloft toward the height whence it has descended. "It's the golden eagle he hears," says the sculptor; "they give him warning of danger." It is a magnificent animal, a model of tireless vigor in all its parts; a creature made to hurl itself head-foremost down appalling gulfs of space, and poise itself at the bottom as jauntily as if gravitation were but a bugbear of timid imaginations. I find myself unconsciously speaking about these plaster models as if they were the living animals which they represent; but the more one studies Mr. Kemeys's works, the more instinct with redundant and breathing life do they appear.

It would be impossible even to catalogue the contents of this studio, the greater part of which are as well worth describing as those which have already been touched upon; nor could a more graphic pen than mine convey an adequate impression of their excellence. But there is here a figure of the 'coon, which, as it is the only one ever modeled, ought not to be passed over in silence. In appearance this animal is a curious medley of the fox, the wolf, and the bear, besides I-know-not-what (as the lady in "Punch" would say) that belongs to none of those beasts. As may be imagined, therefore, its right portrayal involves peculiar difficulties, and Mr. Kemeys's genius is nowhere better shown than in the

manner in which these have been surmounted. Compact, plump, and active in figure, quick and subtle in its movements, the 'coon crouches in a flattened position along the limb of a tree, its broad, shallow head and pointed snout a little lifted, as it gazes alertly outward and downward. It sustains itself by the clutch of its slender-clawed toes on the branch, the fore legs being spread apart, while the left hind leg is withdrawn inward, and enters smoothly into the contour of the furred side; the bushy, fox-like tail, ringed with dark and light bands, curving to the left. Thus posed and modeled in high relief on a tile-shaped plaque, Mr. Kemeys's 'coon forms a most desirable ornament for some wise man's sideboard or mantel-piece, where it may one day be pointed out as the only surviving representative of its species.

The two most elaborate groups here have already attained some measure of publicity; the "Bison and Wolves" having been exhibited in the Paris Salon in 1878, and the "Deer and Panther" having been purchased in bronze by Mr. Winans during the sculptor's sojourn in England. Each group represents one of those deadly combats between wild beasts which are among the most terrific and at the same time most natural incidents of animal existence; and they are of especial interest as showing the artist's power of concentrated and graphic composition. A complicated story is told in both these instances with a masterly economy of material and balance of proportion; so that the spectator's eye takes in the whole subject at a glance, and yet finds inexhaustible interest in the examination of details, all of which contribute to the central effect without distracting the attention. A companion piece to the "Deer and Panther" shows the same animals as they have fallen, locked together in death, after the combat is over. In the former group, the panther, in springing upon the deer, had impaled its neck on the deer's right antler, and had then swung round under the latter's body, burying the claws of its right fore foot in the ruminant's throat. In order truthfully to represent the second stage of the encounter, therefore, it was necessary not merely to model a second group, but to retain the elements and construction of the first group under totally changed conditions. This is a feat of such peculiar difficulty that I think few artists in any branch of art would venture to attempt it: nevertheless, Mr. Kemeys has accomplished it; and the more the two groups are studied in connection with each other, the more complete will his success be found to have been. The man who can do this may surely be admitted a master, whose works are open only to affirmative criticism. For his works the most trying of all tests is their comparison with one another; and the result of such comparison is not merely to confirm their merit, but to illustrate and enhance it.

For my own part, my introduction to Mr. Kemeys's studio was the opening to me of a new world, where it has been my good fortune to spend many days of delightful and enlightening study. How far the subject of this writing may have been already familiar to the readers of it, I have no means of knowing; but I conceive it to be no less than my duty, as a countryman of Mr. Kemeys's, and a lover of all that is true and original in art, to pay the tribute of my appreciation to what he has done. There is no danger of his getting more recognition than he deserves, and he is not one whom recognition can injure. He reverences his art too highly to magnify his own exposition of it; and when he reads what I have set down here, he will smile and shake his head, and mutter that I have divined the perfect idea in the imperfect embodiment. Unless I greatly err, however, no one but himself is competent to take that exception. The genuine artist is never satisfied with his work; he perceives where it falls short of his conception. But to others it will not be incomplete; for the achievements of real art are always invested with an atmosphere and aroma—a spiritual quality perhaps—proceeding from the artist's mind and affecting that of the beholder. And thus it happens that the story or the poem, the picture or the sculpture, receives even in its material form that last indefinable grace, that magic light that never was on sea or land, which no pen or brush or graving-tool has skill to seize. Matter can never rise to the height of spirit; but spirit informs it when it has done its best, and ennobles it with the charm that the artist sought and the world desired.

Julian Hawthorne.

LIFE AND DEATH.

ORIGINAL ENGRAVING BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

LIFE AND DEATH.

O SOLEMN portal veiled in mist and cloud,
Where all who have lived throng in, an endless line,
Forbid to tell by backward look or sign
What destiny awaits the advancing crowd.
Bourne crossed but once with no return allowed;
Dumb spectral gate, terrestrial yet divine,
Beyond whose arch all powers and fates combine,
Pledged to divulge no secrets of the shroud.
Close, close behind we step, and strive to catch
Some whisper in the dark, some glimmering light;
Through circling whirls of thought intent to snatch
A drifting hope—a faith that grows to sight:
And yet assured, whatever may befall,
That must be somehow best that comes to all.

C. P. Cranch.

MUSIC AND WORDS.

THIS day I heard such music that I thought:
Hath human speech the power thus to be wrought
Into such melody, such pure sensuous sound,—
Into such mellow, murmuring mazes caught;
Can words when these keen tones at last are bound,—
Silenced, except in memory of this hour,—
Can human words alone usurp the power
Of trembling strings that thrill to the very soul,
And of this ecstasy bring back the whole?

Ah, no ('twas answered in my inmost heart)!
Unto itself sufficient is each art,
And each doth utter what none other can—
Some hidden mood of the large soul of man.
Ah, think not thou with words well interweaved
To wake the tones wherein the viol grieved
With its most heavy burden; think not thou,
Adventurous, to push thy shallop's prow
Into that surge of well-remembered tones,
Striving to mate each wandering wind that groans,
Each bell that tolls, and every bugle's blowing,
With some most fitting word, some verse bestowing
A never-shifting form on that which passed
Swift as a bird that glimmers down the blast.

So, still unworded, save in memory mute,
Rest thou sweet hour of viol and of lute,—
Of thoughts that never, never can be spoken,
Too frail for the rough usage of men's words,—
Thoughts that shall keep their silence all unbroken
Till music once more stirs them,—then like birds
That in the night-time slumber, they shall wake
While all the leaves of all the forest shake.
Oh hark! I hear it now, that tender strain
Fulfilled with all of sorrow save its pain.

R. W. Gilder.

LADY BARBERINA.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "An International Episode," etc.

III.

At her mother's the next day she was absent from luncheon, and Lady Canterville mentioned to him (he didn't ask) that she had gone to see a dear old great-aunt, who was also her godmother, and who lived at Roehampton. Lord Canterville was not present, but our young man was informed by his hostess that he had promised her he would come in exactly at three o'clock. Jackson Lemon lunched with Lady Canterville and the children, who appeared in force at this repast, all the younger girls being present, and two little boys, the juniors of the two sons who were in their teens. Jackson, who was very fond of children, and thought these absolutely the finest in the world,— magnificent specimens of a magnificent brood, such as it would be so satisfactory in future days to see about his own knee,— Jackson felt that he was being treated as one of the family, but was not frightened by what he supposed the privilege to imply. Lady Canterville betrayed no consciousness whatever of his having mooted the question of becoming her son-in-law, and he believed that her eldest daughter had not told her of their talk the night before. This idea gave him pleasure; he liked to think that Lady Barb was judging him for herself. Perhaps, indeed, she was taking counsel of the old lady at Roehampton; he believed that he was the sort of lover of whom a godmother would approve. Godmothers in his mind were mainly associated with fairy tales (he had had no baptismal sponsors of his own); and that point of view would be favorable to a young man with a great deal of gold who had suddenly arrived from a foreign country,— an apparition, surely, sufficiently elfish. He made up his mind that he should like Lady Canterville as a mother-in-law; she would be too well bred to meddle. Her husband came in at three o'clock, just after they had left the table, and said to Jackson Lemon that it was very good in him to have waited.

"I haven't waited," Jackson replied, with his watch in his hand; "you are punctual to the minute."

I know not how Lord Canterville may have judged his young friend; but Jackson Lemon had been told more than once in his life that he was a very good fellow, but rather too literal. After he had lighted a cigarette in his lordship's "den," a large brown apartment on the ground-floor, which partook at once of the nature of an office and of that of a harness-room (it could not have been called in any degree a library), he went straight to the point in these terms: "Well, now, Lord Canterville, I feel as if I ought to let you know without more delay that I am in love with Lady Barb, and that I should like to marry her." So he spoke, puffing his cigarette, with his conscious but unextenuating eye fixed on his host.

No man, as I have intimated, bore better being looked at than this noble personage; he seemed to bloom in the envious warmth of human contemplation, and never appeared so faultless as when he was most exposed. "My dear fellow, my dear fellow," he murmured, almost in disparagement, stroking his ambrosial beard from before the empty fireplace. He lifted his eyebrows, but he looked perfectly good-natured.

"Are you surprised, sir?" Jackson Lemon asked.

"Why, I suppose any one is surprised at a man wanting one of his children. He sometimes feels the weight of that sort of thing so much, you know. He wonders what the devil another man wants of them." And Lord Canterville laughed pleasantly out of the copious fringe of his lips.

"I only want one of them," said Jackson Lemon, laughing too, but with a lighter organ.

"Polygamy would be rather good for the parents. However, Lucy told me the other night that she thought you were looking the way you speak of."

"Yes, I told Lady Beauchemin that I love Lady Barb, and she seemed to think it was natural."

"Oh, yes; I suppose there's no want of nature in it! But, my dear fellow, I really don't know what to say."

"Of course you'll have to think of it." Jackson Lemon, in saying this, felt that he was making the most liberal concession to the

* Copyright, 1883, by Henry James.

point of view of his interlocutor, being perfectly aware that in his own country it was not left much to the parents to think of.

"I shall have to talk it over with my wife."

"Lady Canterville has been very kind to me; I hope she will continue."

"My dear fellow, we are excellent friends. No one could appreciate you more than Lady Canterville. Of course, we can only consider such a question on the—a—the highest grounds. You would never want to marry without knowing, as it were, exactly what you are doing. I, on my side, naturally, you know, am bound to do the best I can for my own child. At the same time, of course, we don't want to spend our time in—a—walking around the horse. We want to keep to the main lines."

It was settled between them after a little that the main lines were that Jackson Lemon knew to a certainty the state of his affections, and was in a position to pretend to the hand of a young lady who Lord Canterville might say—of course, you know, without swaggering about it—had a right to expect to do well, as the women call it.

"I should think she had," Jackson Lemon said; "she's a beautiful type."

Lord Canterville stared a moment. "She is a clever, well-grown girl, and she takes her fences like a grasshopper. Does she know all this, by the way?" he added.

"Oh, yes; I told her last night."

Again Lord Canterville had the air, unusual with him, of returning his companion's regard. "I am not sure that you ought to have done that, you know."

"I couldn't have spoken to you first—I couldn't," said Jackson Lemon. "I meant to, but it stuck in my crop."

"They don't in your country, I guess," his lordship returned, smiling.

"Well, not as a general thing. However, I find it very pleasant to discuss with you now." And in truth it was very pleasant. Nothing could be easier, friendlier, more informal, than Lord Canterville's manner, which implied all sorts of equality, especially that of age and fortune, and made Jackson Lemon feel at the end of three minutes almost as if he, too, were a beautifully preserved and somewhat straitened nobleman of sixty, with the views of a man of the world about his own marriage. The young American perceived that Lord Canterville waived the point of his having spoken first to the girl herself, and saw in this indulgence a just concession to the ardor of young affection. For Lord Canterville seemed perfectly to appreciate the sentimental side—at least so far as it was embodied in his visitor—when he said, without deprecation:

"Did she give you any encouragement?"

"Well, she didn't box my ears. She told me that she would think of it, but that I must speak to you. But naturally I shouldn't have said what I did to her, if I hadn't made up my mind during the last fortnight that I am not disagreeable to her."

"Ah, my dear young man, women are odd cattle!" Lord Canterville exclaimed, rather unexpectedly. "But of course you know all that," he added in an instant; "you take the general risk."

"I am perfectly willing to take the general risk; the particular risk is small."

"Well, upon my honor I don't really know my girls. You see a man's time, in England, is tremendously taken up; but I dare say it's the same in your country. Their mother knows them; I think I had better send for their mother. If you don't mind, I'll just suggest that she join us here."

"I'm rather afraid of you both together, but if it will settle it any quicker—" said Jackson Lemon. Lord Canterville rang the bell, and, when a servant appeared, dispatched him with a message to her ladyship. While they were waiting, the young man remembered that it was in his power to give a more definite account of his pecuniary basis. He had simply said before that he was abundantly able to marry; he shrank from putting himself forward as a millionaire. He had a fine taste, and he wished to appeal to Lord Canterville primarily as a gentleman. But now that he had to make a double impression, he bethought himself of his millions, for millions were always impressive. "I think it only fair to let you know that my fortune is really very considerable," he remarked.

"Yes, I dare say you are beastly rich," said Lord Canterville.

"I have about seven millions."

"Seven millions?"

"I count in dollars; upward of a million and a half sterling."

Lord Canterville looked at him from head to foot, with an air of cheerful resignation to a form of grossness which threatened to become common. Then he said, with a touch of that inconsequence of which he had already given a glimpse: "What the deuce, then, possessed you to turn doctor?"

Jackson Lemon colored a little, hesitated, and then said quickly: "Because I had the talent for it."

"Of course, I don't for a moment doubt of your ability; but don't you find it rather a bore?"

"I don't practice much. I am rather ashamed to say that."

"Ah, well, of course, in your country it's

different. I dare say you've got a door-plate, eh?"

"Oh, yes, and a tin sign tied to the balcony!" said Jackson Lemon, smiling.

"What did your father say to it?"

"To my going into medicine? He said he would be hanged if he'd take any of my doses. He didn't think I should succeed; he wanted me to go into the house."

"Into the House—a—" said Lord Canterville, hesitating a little. "Into your Congress—yes, exactly."

"Ah, no, not so bad as that; into the store," Jackson Lemon replied, in the candid tone in which he expressed himself when, for reasons of his own, he wished to be perfectly national.

Lord Canterville stared, not venturing, even for the moment, to hazard an interpretation; and before a solution had presented itself, Lady Canterville came into the room.

"My dear, I thought we had better see you. Do you know he wants to marry our second girl?"

It was in these simple terms that her husband acquainted her with the question.

Lady Canterville expressed neither surprise nor elation; she simply stood there, smiling, with her head a little inclined to the side, with all her customary graciousness. Her charming eyes rested on those of Jackson Lemon; and though they seemed to show that she had to think a little of so serious a proposition, his own discovered in them none of the coldness of calculation.

"Are you talking about Barberina?" she asked in a moment, as if her thoughts had been far away.

Of course they were talking about Barberina, and Jackson Lemon repeated to her ladyship what he had said to the girl's father. He had thought it all over, and his mind was quite made up. Moreover, he had spoken to Lady Barb.

"Did she tell you that, my dear?" asked Lord Canterville, while he lighted another cigar.

She gave no heed to this inquiry, which had been vague and accidental on his lordship's part, but simply said to Jackson Lemon that the thing was very serious, and that they had better sit down for a moment. In an instant he was near her on the sofa on which she had placed herself, still smiling and looking up at her husband with an air of general meditation, in which a sweet compassion for every one concerned was apparent.

"Barberina has told me nothing," she said, after a little.

"That proves she cares for me!" Jackson Lemon exclaimed eagerly.

Lady Canterville looked as if she thought this almost too ingenious, almost professional; but her husband said cheerfully, jovially:

"Ah, well, if she cares for you, I don't object."

This was a little ambiguous; but before Jackson Lemon had time to look into it, Lady Canterville asked, gently: "Should you expect her to live in America?"

"Oh, yes; that's my home, you know."

"Shouldn't you be living sometimes in England?"

"Oh, yes; we'll come over and see you." The young man was in love, he wanted to marry, he wanted to be genial, and to commend himself to the parents of Lady Barb; at the same time it was in his nature not to accept conditions, save in so far as they exactly suited him,— to tie himself, or, as they said in New York, to give himself away. In any transaction he preferred his own terms to those of any one else. Therefore, the moment Lady Canterville gave signs of wishing to extract a promise, he was on his guard.

"She'll find it very different; perhaps she wont like it," her ladyship suggested.

"If she likes me, she'll like my country," said Jackson Lemon, with decision.

"He tells me he has got a plate on his door," Lord Canterville remarked, humorously.

"We must talk to her, of course; we must understand how she feels," said his wife, looking more serious than she had done as yet.

"Please don't discourage her, Lady Canterville," the young man begged; "and give me a chance to talk to her a little more myself. You haven't given me much chance, you know."

"We don't offer our daughters to people, Mr. Lemon." Lady Canterville was always gentle, but now she was a little majestic.

"She isn't like some women in London, you know," said Jackson Lemon's host, who seemed to remember that to a discussion of such importance he ought from time to time to contribute a word of wisdom. And Jackson Lemon, certainly, if the idea had been presented to him, would have said that No, decidedly; Lady Barberina had not been thrown at him.

"Of course not," he declared, in answer to her mother's remark. "But, you know, you mustn't refuse them too much, either; you mustn't make a poor fellow wait too long. I admire her, I love her, more than I can say; I give you my word of honor for that."

"He seems to think that settles it," said Lord Canterville, smiling down at the young American, very pleasantly, from his place before the cold chimney-piece.

"Of course that's what we desire, Philip," her ladyship returned, very nobly.

"Lady Barb believes it; I am sure she does!" Jackson Lemon exclaimed. "Why should I pretend to be in love with her if I am not?"

Lady Canterville received this inquiry in silence, and her husband, with just the least air in the world of repressed impatience, began to walk up and down the room. He was a man of many engagements, and he had been closeted for more than a quarter of an hour with the young American doctor. "Do you imagine you should come often to England?" Lady Canterville demanded, with a certain abruptness, returning to that important point.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you that; of course we shall do whatever seems best." He was prepared to suppose they should cross the Atlantic every summer: that prospect was by no means displeasing to him; but he was not prepared to give any such pledge to Lady Canterville, especially as he did not believe it would really be necessary. It was in his mind, not as an overt pretension, but as a tacit implication, that he should treat with Barberina's parents on a footing of perfect equality; and there would somehow be nothing equal if he should begin to enter into engagements which didn't belong to the essence of the matter. They were to give their daughter, and he was to take her; in this arrangement there would be as much on one side as on the other. But beyond this he had nothing to ask of them; there was nothing he wished them to promise, and his own pledges, therefore, would have no equivalent. Whenever his wife should wish it, she should come over and see her people. Her home was to be in New York; but he was tacitly conscious that on the question of absences he should be very liberal. Nevertheless, there was something in the very grain of his character which forbade that he should commit himself at present in respect to times and dates.

Lady Canterville looked at her husband, but her husband was not attentive; he was taking a peep at his watch. In a moment, however, he threw out a remark to the effect that he thought it a capital thing that the two countries should become more united, and there was nothing that would bring it about better than a few of the best people on both sides pairing off together. The English, indeed, had begun it; a lot of fellows had brought over a lot of pretty girls, and it was quite fair play that the Americans should take their pick. They were all one race, after all, and why shouldn't they make one society,—the best on both sides, of course? Jackson Lemon smiled as he recognized Lady Marmaduke's philosophy, and he was pleased to think that Lady Beauchemin had some influence with her father; for he was sure the old gentleman (as he mentally designated his host) had got all this from her, though he expressed himself less happily than the cleverest of his daughters. Our hero had no objection to make to it, especially if there was anything in it that would really help his case. But it was not in the least on these high grounds that he had sought the hand of Lady Barb. He wanted her not in order that her people and his (the best on both sides!) should make one society; he wanted her simply because he wanted her. Lady Canterville smiled; but she seemed to have another thought.

"I quite appreciate what my husband says; but I don't see why poor Barb should be the one to begin."

"I dare say she'll like it," said Lord Canterville, as if he were attempting a short cut. "They say you spoil your women awfully."

"She's not one of their women yet," her ladyship remarked, in the sweetest tone in the world; and then she added, without Jackson Lemon's knowing exactly what she meant, "It seems so strange."

He was a little irritated; and perhaps these simple words added to the feeling. There had been no positive opposition to his suit, and Lord and Lady Canterville were most kind. But he felt that they held back a little; and though he had not expected them to throw themselves on his neck, he was rather disappointed; his pride was touched. Why should they hesitate? He considered himself such a good *parti*. It was not so much the old gentleman; it was Lady Canterville. As he saw the old gentleman look covertly a second time at his watch, he could have believed he would have been glad to settle the matter on the spot. Lady Canterville seemed to wish her daughter's lover to come forward more, to give certain assurances and guarantees. He felt that he was ready to say or do anything that was a matter of proper form; but he couldn't take the tone of trying to purchase her ladyship's consent, penetrated as he was with the conviction that such a man as he could be trusted to care for his wife rather more than an impecunious British peer and *his* wife could be supposed (with the lights he had acquired in English society) to care even for the handsomest of a dozen children. It was a mistake on Lady Canterville's part not to recognize that. He humored her mistake to the extent of saying, just a little dryly, "My wife shall certainly have everything she wants."

"He tells me he is disgustingly rich," Lord Canterville added, pausing before their companion, with his hands in his pockets.

"I am glad to hear it; but it isn't so much that," she answered, sinking back a little on her sofa. If it was not that, she did not say what it was, though she had looked for a moment as if she were going to. She only raised her eyes to her husband's face, as if to ask for inspiration. I know not whether she found it, but in a moment she said to Jackson Lemon, seeming to imply that it was quite another point: "Do you expect to continue your profession?"

He had no such intention, so far as his profession meant getting up at three o'clock in the morning to assuage the ills of humanity; but here, as before, the touch of such a question instantly stiffened him. "Oh, my profession! I am rather ashamed of that matter. I have neglected my work so much, I don't know what I shall be able to do, once I am really settled at home."

Lady Canterville received these remarks in silence, fixing her eyes again upon her husband's face. But this nobleman was really not helpful; still with his hands in his pockets, save when he needed to remove his cigar from his lips, he went and looked out of the window. "Of course we know you don't practice, and when you're a married man you will have less time even than now. But I should really like to know if they call you Doctor over there."

"Oh, yes, universally. We are nearly as fond of titles as your people."

"I don't call that a title."

"It's not so good as duke or marquis, I admit; but we have to take what we have got."

"Oh, bother, what does it signify?" Lord Canterville demanded, from his place at the window. "I used to have a horse named Doctor, and a devilish good one, too."

"You may call me bishop, if you like," said Jackson Lemon, laughing.

Lady Canterville looked grave, as if she did not enjoy this pleasantry. "I don't care for any titles," she observed; "I don't see why a gentleman shouldn't be called Mister."

It suddenly appeared to Jackson Lemon that there was something helpless, confused, and even slightly comical, in the position of this noble and amiable lady. The impression made him feel kindly; he, too, like Lord Canterville, had begun to long for a short cut. He relaxed a moment, and leaning toward his hostess, with a smile and his hands on his little knees, he said, softly: "It seems to me a question of no importance; all I desire is that you should call me your son-in-law."

Lady Canterville gave him her hand, and he pressed it almost affectionately. Then she got up, remarking that before anything was decided she must see her daughter; she must learn from her own lips the state of her feelings.

"I don't like at all her not having spoken to me already," she added.

"Where has she gone—to Roehampton? I dare say she has told it all to her godmother," said Lord Canterville.

"She wont have much to tell, poor girl!" Jackson Lemon exclaimed. "I must really insist upon seeing with more freedom the person I wish to marry."

"You shall have all the freedom you want in two or three days," said Lady Canterville. She smiled with all her sweetness; she appeared to have accepted him, and yet still to be making tacit assumptions. "Are there not certain things to be talked of first?"

"Certain things, dear lady?"

Lady Canterville looked at her husband, and, though he was still at his window, this time he felt it in her silence, and had to come away and speak. "Oh, she means settlements, and that kind of thing." This was an allusion which came with a much better grace from him.

Jackson Lemon looked from one of his companions to the other; he colored a little, and gave a smile that was perhaps a trifle fixed. "Settlements? We don't make them in the United States. You may be sure I shall make a proper provision for my wife."

"My dear fellow, over here—in our class, you know—it's the custom," said Lord Canterville, with a richer brightness in his face at the thought that the discussion was over.

"I have my own ideas," Jackson answered, smiling.

"It seems to me it's a question for the solicitors to discuss," Lady Canterville suggested.

"They may discuss it as much as they please," said Jackson Lemon, with a laugh. He thought he saw his solicitors discussing it! He had, indeed, his own ideas. He opened the door for Lady Canterville, and the three passed out of the room together, walking into the hall in a silence in which there was just a tinge of awkwardness. A note had been struck which grated and scratched a little. A pair of brilliant footmen, at their approach, rose from a bench to a great altitude, and stood there like sentinels presenting arms. Jackson Lemon stopped, looking for a moment into the interior of his hat, which he had in his hand. Then, raising his keen eyes, he fixed them a moment on those of Lady Canterville, addressing her instinctively, rather than her husband. "I guess you and Lord Canterville had better leave it to me!"

"We have our traditions, Mr. Lemon,"

said her ladyship, with nobleness. "I imagine you don't know ——" she murmured.

Lord Canterville laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"My dear boy, those fellows will settle it in three minutes."

"Very likely they will!" said Jackson Lemon.

Then he asked of Lady Canterville when he might see Lady Barb.

She hesitated a moment, in her gracious way. "I will write you a note."

One of the tall footmen, at the end of the impressive vista, had opened wide the portals, as if even he were aware of the dignity to which the little visitor had virtually been raised. But Jackson lingered a moment; he was visibly unsatisfied, though apparently so little unconscious that he was unsatisfying.

"I don't think you understand me."

"Your ideas are certainly different," said Lady Canterville.

"If the girl understands you, that's enough!" Lord Canterville exclaimed in a jovial, detached, irrelevant way.

"May not *she* write to me?" Jackson asked of her mother. "I certainly must write to her, you know, if you wont let me see her."

"Oh, yes; you may write to her, Mr. Lemon."

There was a point for a moment in the look that he gave Lady Canterville, while he said to himself that if it were necessary he would transmit his notes through the old lady at Roehampton.

"All right; good-bye. You know what I want, at any rate." Then, as he was going, he turned and added: "You needn't be afraid that I wont bring her over in the hot weather!"

"In the hot weather?" Lady Canterville murmured, with vague visions of the torrid zone, while the young American quitted the house with the sense that he had made great concessions.

His host and hostess passed into a small morning-room, and (Lord Canterville having taken up his hat and stick to go out again) stood there a moment, face to face.

"It's clear enough he wants her," said his lordship, in a summary manner.

"There's something so odd about him," Lady Canterville answered. "Fancy his speaking so about settlements!"

"You had better give him his head; he'll go much quieter."

"He's so obstinate — very obstinate; it's easy to see that. And he seems to think a girl in your daughter's position can be married from one day to the other — with a ring and a new frock — like a housemaid."

"Well, of course, over there, that's the kind of thing. But he seems really to have a most extraordinary fortune; and every one does say their women have *carte-blanche*."

"*Carte-blanche* is not what Barb wishes; she wishes a settlement. She wants a definite income; she wants to be safe."

Lord Canterville stared a moment. "Has she told you so? I thought you said ——" And then he stopped. "I beg your pardon," he added.

Lady Canterville gave no explanation of her inconsistency. She went on to remark that American fortunes were notoriously insecure; one heard of nothing else; they melted away like smoke. It was their duty to their child to demand that something should be fixed.

"He has a million and a half sterling," said Lord Canterville. "I can't make out what he does with it."

"She ought to have something very handsome," his wife remarked.

"Well, my dear, you must settle it; you must consider it; you must send for Hilary. Only take care you don't put him off; it may be a very good opening, you know. There is a great deal to be done out there; I believe in all that," Lord Canterville went on, in the tone of a conscientious parent.

"There is no doubt that he *is* a doctor — in those places," said Lady Canterville, musingly.

"He may be a peddler for all I care."

"If they should go out, I think Agatha might go with them," her ladyship continued, in the same tone, a little disconnectedly.

"You may send them all out if you like. Good-bye!" And Lord Canterville kissed his wife.

But she detained him a moment, with her hand on his arm. "Don't you think he is very much in love?"

"Oh, yes, he's very bad; but he is a clever little beggar."

"She likes him very much," Lady Canterville announced, rather formally, as they separated.

IV.

Jackson Lemon had said to Sidney Feeder in the Park that he would call on Mr. and Mrs. Freer; but three weeks elapsed before he knocked at their door in Jermyn street. In the mean time he had met them at dinner, and Mrs. Freer had told him that she hoped very much he would find time to come and see her. She had not reproached him, nor shaken her finger at him; and her clemency, which was calculated, and very characteristic of her, touched him so much (for he was in

fault; she was one of his mother's oldest and best friends) that he very soon presented himself. It was on a fine Sunday afternoon, rather late, and the region of Jermyn street looked forsaken and inanimate; the native dullness of the landscape appeared in all its purity. Mrs. Freer, however, was at home, resting on a lodging-house sofa—an angular couch, draped in faded chintz—before she went to dress for dinner. She made the young man very welcome; she told him she had been thinking of him a great deal; she had wished to have a chance to talk with him. He immediately perceived what she had in mind, and then he remembered that Sidney Feeder had told him what it was that Mr. and Mrs. Freer took upon themselves to say. This had provoked him at the time, but he had forgotten it afterward,—partly because he became aware, that same evening, that he did wish to marry the "young marchioness," and partly because since then he had had much greater annoyances. Yes, the poor young man, so conscious of liberal intentions, of a large way of looking at the future, had had much to irritate and disgust him. He had seen the mistress of his affections but three or four times, and he had received letters from Mr. Hilary, Lord Canterville's solicitor, asking him, in terms the most obsequious, it is true, to designate some gentleman of the law with whom the preliminaries of his marriage to Lady Barberina Clement might be arranged. He had given Mr. Hilary the name of such a functionary, but he had written by the same post to his own solicitor (for whose services in other matters he had had much occasion, Jackson Lemon being distinctly contentious), instructing him that he was at liberty to meet Mr. Hilary, but not at liberty to entertain any proposals as to this odious English idea of a settlement. If marrying Jackson Lemon were not settlement enough, then Lord and Lady Canterville had better alter their point of view. It was quite out of the question that he should alter his. It would perhaps be difficult to explain the strong aversion that he entertained to the introduction into his prospective union of this harsh diplomatic element; it was as if they mistrusted him, suspected him; as if his hands were to be tied, so that he could not handle his own fortune as he thought best. It was not the idea of parting with his money that displeased him, for he flattered himself that he had plans of expenditure for his wife beyond even the imagination of her distinguished parents. It struck him even that they were fools not to have perceived that they should make a much better thing of it by leaving him perfectly free. This intervention of the solicitor was a nasty little English tradition—totally at variance with the large spirit of American habits—to which he would not submit. It was not his way to submit when he disapproved: why should he change his way on this occasion, when the matter lay so near him? These reflections, and a hundred more, had flowed freely through his mind for several days before he called in Jermyn street, and they had engendered a lively indignation and a really bitter sense of wrong. As may be imagined, they had infused a certain awkwardness into his relations with the house of Canterville, and it may be said of these relations that they were for the moment virtually suspended. His first interview with Lady Barb, after his conference with the old couple, as he called her august elders, had been as tender as he could have desired. Lady Canterville at the end of three days had sent him an invitation—five words on a card—asking him to dine with them to-morrow, quite *en famille*. This had been the only formal intimation that his engagement to Lady Barb was recognized; for even at the family banquet, which included half a dozen outsiders, there had been no allusion on the part either of his host or his hostess to the subject of their conversation in Lord Canterville's den. The only allusion was a wandering ray, once or twice, in Lady Barberina's eyes. When, however, after dinner, she strolled away with him into the music-room, which was lighted and empty, to play for him something out of *Carmen*, of which he had spoken at table, and when the young couple were allowed to enjoy for upward of an hour, unmolested, the comparative privacy of this rich apartment, he felt that Lady Canterville definitely counted upon him. She didn't believe in any serious difficulties. Neither did he, then; and that was why it was a nuisance there should be a vain appearance of them. The arrangements, he supposed Lady Canterville would have said, were pending; and indeed they were, for he had already given orders in Bond street for the setting of an extraordinary number of diamonds. Lady Barb, at any rate, during that hour he spent with her, had had nothing to say about arrangements; and it had been an hour of pure satisfaction. She had seated herself at the piano and had played perpetually, in a soft, incoherent manner, while he leaned over the instrument, very close to her, and said everything that came into his head. She was very bright and serene, and she looked at him as if she liked him very much.

This was all he expected of her, for it did not belong to the cast of her beauty to betray a vulgar infatuation. That beauty was more delightful to him than ever; and there was a

softness about her which seemed to say to him that from this moment she was quite his own. He felt more than ever the value of such a possession; it came over him more than ever that it had taken a great social outlay to produce such a mixture. Simple and girlish as she was, and not particularly quick in the give and take of conversation, she seemed to him to have a part of the history of England in her blood; she was a *résumé* of generations of privileged people, and of centuries of rich country life. Between these two, of course, there was no allusion to the question which had been put into the hands of Mr. Hilary, and the last thing that occurred to Jackson Lemon was that Lady Barb had views as to his settling a fortune upon her before their marriage. It may appear singular, but he had not asked himself whether his money operated upon her in any degree as a bribe; and this was because, instinctively, he felt that such a speculation was idle,— the point was not to be ascertained,— and because he was willing to assume that it was agreeable to her that she should continue to live in luxury. It was eminently agreeable to him that he might enable her to do so. He was acquainted with the mingled character of human motives, and he was glad that he was rich enough to pretend to the hand of a young woman who, for the best of reasons, would be very expensive. After that happy hour in the music-room, he had ridden with her twice; but he had not found her otherwise accessible. She had let him know, the second time they rode, that Lady Canterville had directed her to make, for the moment, no further appointment with him; and on his presenting himself more than once at the house, he had been told that neither the mother nor the daughter was at home; it had been added that Lady Barberina was staying at Roehampton. On giving him that information in the Park, Lady Barb had looked at him with a mute reproach,— there was always a certain superior dumbness in her eyes, — as if he were exposing her to an annoyance that she ought to be spared; as if he were taking an eccentric line on a question that all well-bred people treated in the conventional way. His induction from this was not that she wished to be secure about his money, but that, like a dutiful English daughter, she received her opinions (on points that were indifferent to her) ready-made from a mamma whose fallibility had never been exposed. He knew by this that his solicitor had answered Mr. Hilary's letter, and that Lady Canterville's coolness was the fruit of this correspondence. The effect of it was not in the least to make him come round, as he phrased it; he had not the smallest intention of doing that. Lady Canterville had spoken of the traditions of her family; but he had no need to go to his family for his own. They resided within himself; anything that he had definitely made up his mind to, acquired in an hour the force of a tradition. Meanwhile, he was in the detestable position of not knowing whether or no he were engaged. He wrote to Lady Barb to inquire,— it being so strange that she should not receive him; and she answered in a very pretty little letter, which had, to his mind, a sort of by-gone quality — an old-fashioned freshness, as if it might have been written in the last century by Clarissa or Amelia. She answered that she did not in the least understand the situation; that, of course, she would never give him up; that her mother had said that there were the best reasons for their not going too fast; that, thank God, she was yet young, and could wait as long as he would; but that she begged he wouldn't write her anything about money-matters, as she could never comprehend them. Jackson felt that he was in no danger whatever of making this last mistake; he only noted how Lady Barb thought it natural that there should be a discussion; and this made it vivid to him afresh that he had got hold of a daughter of the Crusaders. His ingenious mind could appreciate this hereditary assumption perfectly, at the same time that, to light his own footsteps, it remained entirely modern. He believed — or he thought he believed — that in the end he should marry Barberina Clement on his own terms; but in the interval there was a sensible indignity in being challenged and checked. One effect of it, indeed, was to make him desire the girl more keenly. When she was not before his eyes in the flesh, she hovered before him as an image; and this image had reasons of its own for being a radiant picture. There were moments, however, when he wearied of looking at it; it was so impalpable and thankless; and then Jackson Lemon, for the first time in his life, was melancholy. He felt alone in London, and very much out of it, in spite of all the acquaintances he had made, and the bills he had paid; he felt the need of a greater intimacy than any he had formed (save, of course, in the case of Lady Barb). He wanted to vent his disgust, to relieve himself, from the American point of view. He felt that in engaging in a contest with the great house of Canterville, he was, after all, rather single. That singleness was, of course, in a great measure, an inspiration; but it pinched him a little at moments. Then he wished his mother had been in London, for he used to talk of his affairs a great deal with this delightful

parent, who had a soothing way of advising him in the sense he liked best. He had even gone so far as to wish he had never laid eyes on Lady Barb, and had fallen in love with some transatlantic maiden of a similar composition. He presently came back, of course, to the knowledge that in the United States there was — and there could be — nothing similar to Lady Barb; for was it not precisely as a product of the English climate and the British constitution that he valued her? He had relieved himself, from his American point of view, by speaking his mind to Lady Beauchemin, who confessed that she was very much vexed with her parents. She agreed with him that they had made a great mistake; they ought to have left him free; and she expressed her confidence that that freedom would be for her family, as it were, like the silence of the sage,— golden. He must excuse them; he must remember that what was asked of him had been their custom for centuries. She did not mention her authority as to the origin of customs, but she assured him that she would say three words to her father and mother which would make it all right. Jackson answered that customs were all very well, but that intelligent people recognized, when they saw it, the right occasion for departing from them; and with this he awaited the result of Lady Beauchemin's remonstrance. It had not as yet been perceptible, and it must be said that this charming woman was herself much bothered. When, on her venturing to say to her mother that she thought a wrong line had been taken with regard to her sister's *prétendant*, Lady Canterville had replied that Mr. Lemon's unwillingness to settle anything was in itself a proof of what they had feared, the unstable nature of his fortune (for it was useless to talk,— this gracious lady could be very decided,— there could be no serious reason but that one). On meeting this argument, as I say, Jackson's protectress felt considerably baffled. It was perhaps true, as her mother said, that if they didn't insist upon proper guarantees, Barberina might be left in a few years with nothing but the stars and stripes (this odd phrase was a quotation from Mr. Lemon) to cover her. Lady Beauchemin tried to reason it out with Lady Marmaduke; but these were complications unforeseen by Lady Marmaduke in her project of an Anglo-American society. She was obliged to confess that Mr. Lemon's fortune could not have the solidity of long-established things; it was a very new fortune indeed. His father had made the greater part of it all in a lump, a few years before his death, in the extraordinary way in which people made money in America; that, of course, was why the son had those singular professional attributes. He had begun to study to be a doctor very young, before his expectations were so great. Then he had found he was very clever, and very fond of it. And he had kept on, because, after all, in America, where there were no country gentlemen, a young man had to have something to do, don't you know? And Lady Marmaduke, like an enlightened woman, intimated that in such a case she thought it in much better taste not to try to sink anything. "Because, in America, don't you see," she reasoned, "you can't sink it — nothing *will* sink. Everything is floating about — in the newspapers." And she tried to console her friend by remarking that if Mr. Lemon's fortune was precarious, it was, at all events, so big. That was just the trouble for Lady Beauchemin; it was so big, and yet they were going to lose it. He was as obstinate as a mule; she was sure he would never come round. Lady Marmaduke declared that he would come round; she even offered to bet a dozen pair of *gants de Suède* on it; and she added that this consummation lay quite in the hands of Barberina. Lady Beauchemin promised herself to converse with her sister; for it was not for nothing that she herself had felt the international contagion.

Jackson Lemon, to dissipate his chagrin, had returned to the sessions of the medical congress, where, inevitably, he had fallen into the hands of Sidney Feeder, who enjoyed in this disinterested assembly a high popularity. It was Dr. Feeder's earnest desire that his old friend should share it, which was all the more easy as the medical congress was really, as the young physician observed, a perpetual symposium. Jackson Lemon entertained the whole body — entertained it profusely, and in a manner befitting one of the patrons of science rather than its humbler votaries; but these dissipations only made him forget for a moment that his relations with the house of Canterville were anomalous. His great difficulty punctually came back to him, and Sidney Feeder saw it stamped upon his brow. Jackson Lemon, with his acute inclination to open himself, was on the point, more than once, of taking the sympathetic Sidney into his confidence. His friend gave him easy opportunity; he asked him what it was he was thinking of all the time, and whether the young marchioness had concluded she couldn't swallow a doctor. These forms of speech were displeasing to Jackson Lemon, whose fastidiousness was nothing new; but it was for even deeper reasons that he said to himself that, for such complicated cases as his, there was no assistance in Sidney Feeder.

To understand his situation, one must know the world; and the child of Cincinnati didn't know the world,—at least the world with which his friend was now concerned.

"Is there a hitch in your marriage? Just tell me that," Sidney Feeder had said, taking everything for granted, in a manner which was in itself a proof of great innocence. It is true he had added that he supposed he had no business to ask; but he had been anxious about it ever since hearing from Mr. and Mrs. Freer that the British aristocracy was down on the medical profession. "Do they want you to give it up? Is that what the hitch is about? Don't desert your colors, Jackson. The repression of pain, the mitigation of misery, constitute surely the noblest profession in the world."

"My dear fellow, you don't know what you are talking about," Jackson observed, for answer to this. "I haven't told any one I was going to be married; still less have I told any one that any one objected to my profession. I should like to see them do it. I have got out of the swim to-day, but I don't regard myself as the sort of person that people object to. And I do expect to do something yet."

"Come home, then, and do it. And excuse me if I say that the facilities for getting married are much greater over there."

"You don't seem to have found them very great."

"I have never had time. Wait till my next vacation, and you will see."

"The facilities over there are too great. Nothing is good but what is difficult," said Jackson Lemon, in a tone of artificial sententiousness that quite tormented his interlocutor.

"Well, they have got their backs up; I can see that. I'm glad you like it. Only, if they despise your profession, what will they say to that of your friends? If they think you are queer, what would they think of me?" asked Sidney Feeder, the turn of whose mind was not, as a general thing, in the least sarcastic, but who was pushed to this sharpness by a conviction that (in spite of declarations which seemed half an admission and half a denial) his friend was suffering himself to be bothered for the sake of a good which might be obtained elsewhere without bother. It had come over him that the bother was of an unworthy kind.

"My dear fellow, all that is idiotic." That had been Jackson Lemon's reply; but it expressed but a portion of his thoughts. The rest was inexpressible, or almost; being connected with a sentiment of rage at its having struck even so genial a mind as Sidney Feeder's, that in proposing to marry a daughter of the highest civilization he was going out of his way—departing from his natural line. Was he then so ignoble, so pledged to inferior things, that when he saw a girl who (putting aside the fact that she had not genius, which was rare, and which, though he prized rarity, he didn't want) seemed to him the most complete feminine nature he had known, he was to think himself too different, too incongruous, to mate with her? He would mate with whom he chose; that was the upshot of Jackson Lemon's reflections. Several days elapsed, during which everybody—even the pure-minded, like Sidney Feeder—seemed to him very abject.

I relate all this to show why it was that in going to see Mrs. Freer he was prepared much less to be angry with people who, like the Dexter Freers, a month before, had given it out that he was engaged to a peer's daughter, than to resent the insinuation that there were obstacles to such a prospect. He sat with Mrs. Freer alone for half an hour, in the sabbatical stillness of Jermyn street. Her husband had gone for a walk in the Park; he always walked in the Park on Sunday. All the world might have been there, and Jackson and Mrs. Freer in sole possession of the district of St. James's. This perhaps had something to do with making him at last rather confidential; the influences were conciliatory, persuasive. Mrs. Freer was extremely sympathetic; she treated him like a person she had known from the age of ten; asked his leave to continue recumbent; talked a great deal about his mother; and seemed almost, for a while, to perform the kindly functions of that lady. It had been wise of her from the first not to allude, even indirectly, to his having neglected so long to call; her silence on this point was in the best taste. Jackson Lemon had forgotten that it was a habit with her, and indeed a high accomplishment, never to reproach people with these omissions. You might have left her alone for two years, her greeting was always the same; she was never either too delighted to see you, or not delighted enough. After a while, however, he perceived that her silence had been to a certain extent a reference; she appeared to take for granted that he devoted all his hours to a certain young lady. It came over him, for a moment, that his country people took a great deal for granted; but when Mrs. Freer, rather abruptly, sitting up on her sofa, said to him, half simply, half solemnly, "And now, my dear Jackson, I want you to tell me something!" he perceived that, after all, she didn't pretend to know more about the impending matter than he himself did. In the course of a quarter of an hour—so appreciatively she listened—he had told her a good deal about it. It was the first time he

had said so much to any one, and the process relieved him even more than he would have supposed. It made certain things clear to him, by bringing them to a point—above all, the fact that he had been wronged. He made no allusion whatever to its being out of the usual way that, as an American doctor, he should sue for the hand of a marquis's daughter; and this reserve was not voluntary, it was quite unconscious. His mind was too full of the offensive conduct of the Canterville, and the sordid side of their want of confidence. He could not imagine that while he talked to Mrs. Freer—and it amazed him afterward that he should have chattered so; he could account for it only by the state of his nerves—she should be thinking only of the strangeness of the situation he sketched for her. She thought Americans as good as other people, but she didn't see where, in American life, the daughter of a marquis would, as she phrased it, work in. To take a simple instance,—they coursed through Mrs. Freer's mind with extraordinary speed,—would she not always expect to go in to dinner first? As a novelty, over there, they might like to see her do it at first; there might be even a pressure for places for the spectacle. But with the increase of every kind of sophistication that was taking place in America, the humorous view to which she would owe her safety might not continue to be taken; and then where would Lady Barberina be? This was but a small instance; but Mrs. Freer's vivid imagination—much as she had lived in Europe, she knew her native land so well—saw a host of others massing themselves behind it. The consequence of all of which was that, after listening to him in the most engaging silence, she raised her clasped hands, pressed them against her breast, lowered her voice to a tone of entreaty, and with her perpetual little smile uttered three words: "My dear Jackson, don't—don't—don't."

"Don't what?" he asked, staring.

"Don't neglect the chance you have of getting out of it; it would never do."

He knew what she meant by his chance of getting out of it; in his many meditations he had, of course, not overlooked that. The ground the old couple had taken about settlements (and the fact that Lady Beauchemin had not come back to him to tell him, as she promised, that she had moved them, proved how firmly they were rooted) would have offered an all-sufficient pretext to a man who should have repented of his advances. Jackson Lemon knew that; but he knew at the same time that he had not repented. The old couple's want of imagination did not in the least alter the fact that Barberina was, as he had told her father, a beautiful type. Therefore, he simply said to Mrs. Freer that he didn't in the least wish to get out of it; he was as much in it as ever, and he intended to remain there. But what did she mean, he inquired in a moment, by her statement that it would never do? Why wouldn't it do? Mrs. Freer replied by another inquiry: Should he really like her to tell him? It wouldn't do, because Lady Barb would not be satisfied with her place at dinner. She would not be content—in a society of commoners—with any but the best; and the best she could not expect (and it was to be supposed that he did not expect her) always to have.

"What do you mean by commoners?" Jackson Lemon demanded, looking very serious.

"I mean you, and me, and my poor husband, and Dr. Feeder," said Mrs. Freer.

"I don't see how there can be commoners where there are not lords. It is the lord that makes the commoner, and *vice versâ*."

"Wont a lady do as well? Lady Barberina—a single English girl—can make a million inferiors."

"She will be, before anything else, my wife; and she will not talk about inferiors any more than I do. I never do; it's very vulgar."

"I don't know what she'll talk about, my dear Jackson, but she will think; and her thoughts wont be pleasant,—I mean for others. Do you expect to sink her to your own rank?"

Jackson Lemon's bright little eyes were fixed more brightly than ever upon his hostess. "I don't understand you; and I don't think you understand yourself." This was not absolutely candid, for he did understand Mrs. Freer to a certain extent; it has been related that before he asked Lady Barb's hand of her parents there had been moments when he himself was not very sure that the flower of the British aristocracy would flourish in American soil. But an intimation from another person that it was beyond his power to pass off his wife—whether she were the daughter of a peer or of a shoe-maker—set all his blood on fire. It quenched on the instant his own perception of difficulties of detail, and made him feel only that he was dishonored—he, the heir of all the ages—by such insinuations. It was his belief—though he had never before had occasion to put it forward—that his position, one of the best in the world, was one of those positions that make everything possible. He had had the best education the age could offer; for, if he had rather wasted his time at Harvard,

where he entered very young, he had, as he believed, been tremendously serious at Heidelberg and at Vienna. He had devoted himself to one of the noblest of professions, a profession recognized as such everywhere but in England; and he had inherited a fortune far beyond the expectation of his earlier years, the years when he cultivated habits of work, which alone — or, rather, in combination with talents that he neither exaggerated nor minimized — would have conduced to distinction. He was one of the most fortunate inhabitants of an immense, fresh, rich country, a country whose future was admitted to be incalculable, and he moved with perfect ease in a society in which he was not overshadowed by others. It seemed to him, therefore, beneath his dignity to wonder whether he could afford, socially speaking, to marry according to his taste. Jackson Lemon pretended to be strong; and what was the use of being strong if you were not prepared to undertake things that timid people might find difficult? It was his plan to marry the woman he liked, and not to be afraid of her afterward. The effect of Mrs. Freer's doubt of his success was to represent to him that his own character would not cover his wife's; she couldn't have made him feel otherwise if she had told him that he was marrying beneath him, and would have to ask for indulgence. "I don't believe you know how much I think that any woman who marries me will be doing very well," he added directly.

"I am very sure of that; but it isn't so simple — one's being an American," Mrs. Freer rejoined, with a little philosophic sigh

"It's whatever one chooses to make it."

"Well, you'll make it what no one has done yet, if you take that young lady to America and make her happy there."

"Do you think it's such a very dreadful place?"

"No, indeed; but she will."

Jackson Lemon got up from his chair, and took up his hat and stick. He had actually turned a little pale with the force of his emotion; it had made him really quiver that his marriage to Lady Barberina should be looked at as too high a flight. He stood a moment leaning against the mantel-piece, and very much tempted to say to Mrs. Freer that she was a vulgar-minded old woman. But he said something that was really more to the point: "You forget that she will have her consolations."

"Don't go away, or I shall think I have offended you. You can't console a wounded marchioness."

"How will she be wounded? People will be charming to her."

"They will be charming to her — charming to her!" These words fell from the lips of Dexter Freer, who had opened the door of the room and stood with the knob in his hand, putting himself into relation to his wife's talk with their visitor. This was accomplished in an instant. "Of course I know whom you mean," he said, while he exchanged greetings with Jackson Lemon. "My wife and I — of course you know we are great busybodies — have talked of your affair, and we differ about it completely; she sees only the dangers, and I see the advantages."

"By the advantages he means the fun for us," Mrs. Freer remarked, settling her sofa-cushions.

Jackson looked with a certain sharp blankness from one of these disinterested judges to the other; and even yet they did not perceive how their misdirected familiarities wrought upon him. It was hardly more agreeable to him to know that the husband wished to see Lady Barb in America, than to know that the wife had a dread of such a vision; for there was that in Dexter Freer's face which seemed to say that the thing would take place somehow for the benefit of the spectators. "I think you both see too much, — a great deal too much," he answered, rather coldly.

"My dear young man, at my age I can take certain liberties," said Dexter Freer. "Do it — I beseech you to do it; it has never been done before." And then, as if Jackson's glance had challenged this last assertion, he went on: "Never, I assure you, this particular thing. Young female members of the British aristocracy have married coachmen and fish-mongers, and all that sort of thing; but they have never married you and me."

"They certainly haven't married you," said Mrs. Freer.

"I am much obliged to you for your advice." It may be thought that Jackson Lemon took himself rather seriously; and, indeed, I am afraid that if he had not done so there would have been no occasion for my writing this little history. But it made him almost sick to hear his engagement spoken of as a curious and ambiguous phenomenon. He might have his own ideas about it — one always had about one's engagement; but the ideas that appeared to have peopled the imagination of his friends ended by kindling a little hot spot on each of his cheeks. I would rather not talk any more about my little plans," he added to Dexter Freer. "I have been saying all sorts of absurd things to Mrs. Freer."

"They have been most interesting," that lady declared. "You have been very stupidly treated."

"May she tell me, when you go?" her husband asked of the young man.

"I am going now; she may tell you whatever she likes."

"I am afraid we have displeased you," said Mrs. Freer; "I have said too much what I think. You must excuse me; it's all for your mother."

"It's she that I want Lady Barberina to see!" Jackson Lemon exclaimed, with the inconsequence of filial affection.

"Deary me!" murmured Mrs. Freer.

"We shall go back to America to see how you get on," her husband said; "and if you succeed, it will be a great precedent."

"Oh, I shall succeed!" And with this he took his departure. He walked away with the quick step of a man laboring under a certain excitement; walked up to Piccadilly and down past Hyde Park Corner. It relieved him to traverse these distances, for he was thinking hard under the influence of irritation, and locomotion helped him to think. Certain suggestions that had been made him in the last half-hour rankled in his mind, all the more that they seemed to have a kind of representative value, to be an echo of the common voice. If his prospects wore that face to Mrs. Freer, they would probably wear it to others; and he felt a sudden need of showing such others that they took a pitiful measure of his position. Jackson Lemon walked and walked till he found himself on the highway of Hammersmith. I have represented him as a young man of much strength of purpose, and I may appear to undermine this plea when I relate that he wrote that evening to his solicitor that Mr. Hilary was to be informed that he would agree to any proposals for settlements that Mr. Hilary should make. Jackson's strength of purpose was shown in his deciding to marry Lady Barberina on any terms. It seemed to him, under the influence of his desire to prove that he was not afraid,— so odious was the imputation,— that terms of any kind were very superficial things. What was fundamental, and of the essence of the matter, would be to marry Lady Barb and carry everything out.

(To be continued.)

COMMERCE IN THE COLONIES.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

I. FISHERIES.

In the first years of the sixteenth century, while yet Englishmen were for the most part home-stayers, and England was an island nation without colonies, and having little foreign trade and no naval force worth considering, a few adventurous seamen from the west country began in a small way the English fisheries at Newfoundland. The development of this enterprise was a turning-point in the history of the English race. By these distant fisheries a great number of seamen were trained, and larger ships than the small craft then in use were gradually produced. This increase of her maritime resources enabled England to hold her own against the ambitious encroachments of Spain, to plant and sustain colonies in America, and at length to become the leading commercial and naval power of the world, with extended possessions in remote quarters of the globe. "For the increase of fishermen and marines," kings and parliaments resorted to the curious expedient of forbidding English subjects to eat anything but fish on one hundred and fifty-three days in the year.

At the very beginning of New England settlement, Captain John Smith saw that the breath was out of the old motives of gold mines, pearl fisheries, and passages to China. "The main staple from hence to produce the rest is fish," he says bluntly; but lest this motive should prove too prosaic, he adds that "never could Spaniard, with all his mines of gold and silver, pay his debts, his friends, and his army, half so truly as the Hollanders still have done by this contemptible trade of fish." Cod-fishing was, indeed, the means by which the English approached the New England coast. The fishermen on that coast were after a while exempted from paying "Christ's dole," an old duty exacted by the parsons from those who followed the apostles' earlier trade.

The rapid growth of the cod and mackerel fisheries gave New England a staple for foreign trade; and while the young men of the other provinces were engaged in opening new land, large numbers of the New Eng-

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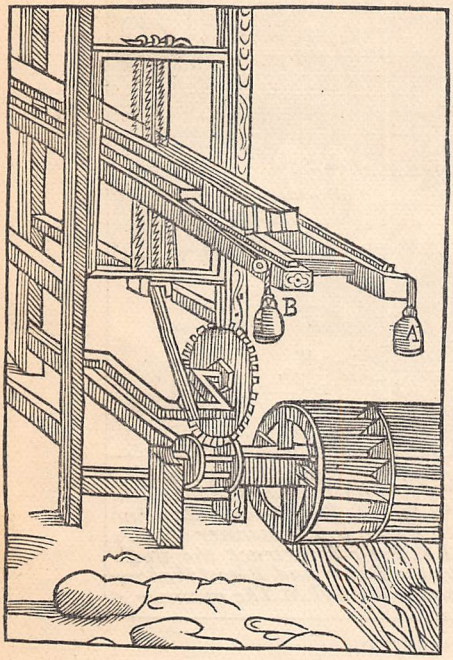
A View of a Stage, also ye manner of Fishing for, Curing & Drying of Cod at NEW FOUNDLAND. A. The Habit of the Fishermen. B. The Line. C. The manner of Fishing. D. The Dressers of the Fish. E. The Trough into which they throw the Cod when dressed. F. Salt Boxes. G. The manner of carrying the Cod. H. The Cleansing of the Cod. I. A Press to extract the Oyl from the Cods Liver. K. A Cask to receive the Water and Blood that comes from the Livers. L. another Cask to receive the Oyl. M. The manner of drying the Cod.

FROM KEITH'S "VIRGINIA," 1738.

landers became inured to the sea. Having skillful seamen and the staple for trade, there swiftly grew up a wide-extended commerce; and New England seamen, bred in the same school of the fisheries that had developed the English and French and Dutch marines, became fetchers and carriers for the other plantations, and were to be found in Newfoundland, among the islands of the West Indies, unloading cod-fish in remote Mediterranean ports, or buying negroes on the coast of Africa. This foreign trade had centers at Salem and at Newport, but above all at Boston, which became the metropolis of British America. Some of the early ministers in New England directed the attention of their parishioners to the sea as the only source from which they might look for prosperity. The energetic Hugh Peter thus pushed Salem into a sharp temporary rivalry with Boston; and at a later period the liberal-minded Barnard set the rude fisher-people of Marblehead on sending their own fish to market, and he lived to rejoice in seeing thirty or forty "ships, brigs, snows, and topsail schooners" engaged in their commerce.

Whales abounded along the whole coast, and sometimes even ascended the larger rivers. American whale-catching had its origin on the beaches of eastern Long Island. Before the whites came the Indians had gorged upon the blubber of whales accidentally stranded. Incredible stories were told by more than one early traveler of the daring of the savages who paddled out to sea and plugged up the blow-holes of the patient monsters, and thus towed them ashore; but the Indians probably killed few if any whales, except those entrapped among the shoals at the going out of the tide. By 1644 the Long Islanders had begun to learn the lesson; they divided themselves into "squadrons" of eleven men, each squadron taking its turn in cutting up and dividing whales found ashore. By 1770 the islanders had become more enterprising; they cruised in light boats, attacking the whales with harpoons, but they always encamped on shore at night. Thus step by step they acquired "a notable kind of dexterity," and shore-whaling was developed into a business profitable for many years. The Indians, accustomed to paddle and spear fish among the breakers from childhood, were found most serviceable in the new industry, and were

at first rewarded with "one truck coat a piece" for every whale taken. The rendering of the whale oil in the houses made the coast a land of stenches, until the practice was forbidden by law. The amount of oil produced in good years reached four thousand barrels.



SAW-MILL.—FAC-SIMILE FROM "VIRGINIA TRULY VALUED," BY EDWARD WILLIAMS, 1650.

The New Englanders were set upon whaling by the reports from Long Island; by 1676 Connecticut and Rhode Island had learned the art, and in 1690 one Ichabod Paddock—it is well to remember his name—went off from Cape Cod to teach the dwellers on Nantucket a more effectual method of taking whales than that which they had used. Shut in to seafaring for a livelihood, the islanders upon these sandy reaches outstripped their teachers in the craft, keeping perpetual lookout for whales from high masts set up ashore. There came up after a while a new generation of Nantucket men, schooled from boyhood to chase the whale in the whale-boat,—the lightest craft that was known except the birch canoe. These began in 1718, as the whales forsook the shore, to venture out in sloops and small schooners to seek their game between Cape Cod and the Bermudas, lying to at night and sailing "to and again" in the day-time. To early American whalers was due the discovery of the true nature of ambergris. The blubber was still brought ashore to be rendered in try-houses, but in a few years the spirit of adventure increased, larger vessels were built and fitted for longer voyages, and whale-ships were transformed into sooty oil furnaces by carrying their try-works to sea with them. The New England ships sailed more cheaply than others, and there was hope in England that they would drive the Dutch whalers from the seas; but the perils of the later French wars caused whaling and cod-fishing to fall into some neglect. Nevertheless, at the beginning of the revolution that fourteen miles long strip of sand in the sea, which is called Nantucket, had alone a hundred and fifty whale-ships afloat, and American whalers were found in remotest seas, on the coasts of Ireland and of Africa, and among the Western and the Falkland islands. The practice of making up the crews in part of Indians, which had begun on Long Island, prevailed in Nantucket and Massachusetts, until the aborigines died out from too much civilization. Afterward negroes formed three-sevenths of every crew, they being more tractable and better suited to some kinds of work than white men.

The cod and mackerel fisheries made the inhabitants of the northern coast a sea-going and commercial people; the whaleries brought in larger ships, and the habit of making more far-reaching voyages. New Englanders became the best of seamen. But neither fishing, whaling, nor trading in remote lands tended to produce regularity of life or refinement of manners. Painful voyages were often compounded for by self-indulgence, and long absence from social and conventional restraints resulted in much rude wickedness. Yet the fisherman and seaman of the New England coast, with home and church behind him, and sometimes with a Puritan deacon or a Quaker for captain, was wont to be the least disorderly of his class; the whaleman whittled ingenious trinkets for wife or sweetheart during long voyages, and came back to pass his old age among the never-forgotten scenes and friends of his childhood.

II.

FOREST PRODUCTS.

NEXT to the abundance of fish in the sea, the first settlers were impressed with the almost exhaustless resources of a forest which seemed to have no limit. The wealth in the Virginia woods was, for the most part, neglected; the great aboriginal trees were cut and burned with lavish recklessness to clear fresh ground for the all-consuming tobacco. Ships were now and then built in the wide and convenient rivers for Bristol merchants;

SUPPOSED INDIAN METHOD OF CATCHING WHALES. (FAC-SIMILE FROM DE BRY.)

a little tar was made here and there; some boards and joists were exported to England; every ship sailing from Virginia filled the space between the tobacco hogsheads with staves, which were used in England to make herring-barrels and rum-puncheons; and some staves and shingles were sent to Madeira. But the timber trade of Virginia was always insignificant. In South Carolina the exportation of oak staves, rosin, masts, and boards fell away when the more profitable rice had been introduced; and forests were swept off by axe and fire, as mere obstructions. In the less fertile pine country of the North Carolina coast, on the other hand, tar, pitch, and turpentine held their own as chief products throughout the colonial period; "in which dirty business," says Major Rogers, with blunt contempt, "their droves of negroes are employed round the year."

In all of the colonies there was a trade more or less considerable in timber, which was the quickest and easiest return to be had by a ship bringing emigrants and supplies. But human hands are few in a new country, and the process of getting out boards and joists, by one man in a pit and another above to pull and push the saw, was tedious, and its expensiveness often counterbalanced the cheapness of the raw material. Two men could saw but about a hundred feet in a day after the timber had been squared for them, and a single plank sometimes sold for more than a day's wages. Rude planks were sometimes made by splitting them out, and the first houses were often inclosed with these set upright like palisades against a frame, or with large shingles called "clapboards," rived with a froe. The abundance of timber and the scarcity of labor early suggested the profit there would be in erecting saw-mills. One was sent to Virginia in 1620, long before England had such machines; but the mill and the men who ran it probably perished together in Opechancanough's massacre of 1622. Another was built in Virginia in 1652, at a cost of forty-eight beaver skins. The Dutch built many mills along the Hudson to run by wind or water, and at an early day "great quantities of boards" were exported. By 1701 there were forty saw-mills in New York, one of them running twelve saws. Planks were often sawed eighteen feet long and three feet wide without showing a knot.

The New Hampshire settlements were at first almost entirely composed of timber-cutters, and here there was a saw-mill as early as 1635. About this time Massachusetts also set up one of these devices, which were new to Englishmen, but twelve hundred years old

in Germany. Lumbermen also thronged the harbors of Maine, and at a later period New England abounded in cheap saw-mills built upon small brooks.

An important branch of the trade on the northern coast was the supplying of the royal navy with yards and bowsprits. White pine trees over two feet in diameter were reserved for the navy, to be used for masts, which were at that time made of one piece. Nothing more exciting was ever seen in the lumber woods than the dragging to the water-side of one of these great pines, which might reach to a hundred and twenty feet in length. It was drawn over the snow by seventy or eighty yoke of oxen; and since it was difficult to start so many beasts at once, the immense train was never allowed to stop, however long and hard the road. If an ox became exhausted, he was cut out of the yoke, without a moment's pause. Ships of peculiar construction, and of about four hundred tons burthen, were employed to carry these masts, and were able to take about fifty at a time, with yards and bowsprits.

III.

THE BUILDING OF SHIPS.

IRRITATED by the necessity which obliged them to have ships of burthen built on the Baltic, and to buy naval stores of the Swedes through the arrogant Hanse merchants, English statesmen early turned their eyes to America for relief, for here the timber was growing at the water's edge. Popham's short-lived colony built a little yacht during their bitter winter in the Maine woods, and the Dutch explorer, Adrian Block, launched the *Onrust* from Manhattan Island, but these had no proper successors. The shallops and the pinnace built during the first decade of Plymouth to help the little plantation in its corn-getting and fur-buying voyages kept alive the notion of the suitableness of New England for ship-building. But 1631 is the real initial point. In that year, simultaneously with the building of a great ship by the Dutch at Manhattan, there was launched at Medford the first of a long line of vessels built in the Massachusetts colony. *The Blessing of the Bay* she was called by Governor Winthrop, her owner. *The Blessing* was probably constructed under the supervision of Wil Stephens, who had previously built in England the *Royal Merchant*, of six hundred tons; it was thought the whole kingdom had hardly such another ship-carpenter. When emigration ceased in 1640, a pretty little financial crash ensued; farming became unprofitable, and a great stimulus was given to ship-building. Salem constructed one vessel of three hundred tons, a leviathan among the ships of that day, while Boston more modestly undertook one of half the size. There was little or no money to pay for such material as must come from abroad, and the carpenters were obliged to take their wages in corn and beef and such-like truck of the country. When, by dint of much pinching and screwing, the Boston ship was at length ready to sail, she was sent forth with solemn religious exercises, and a sermon preached to her crew on a Wednesday by the great John Cotton.

One little ship after another was now launched and sent away, laden with building timber for England, or with cod-fish and staves for the West Indies, the wine islands, Portugal, or, perchance, the lands beyond the straits of Gibraltar; sometimes one cargo was exchanged for another, until a large circuit was completed. Returning at length to the lonesome coast whence she had set forth, the New England built bark would bring back to the village of Boston fruits, oil, wool, iron, or sugar, and sometimes a little gold and silver; money, however, was soon sent away to England in payment for goods. The ships themselves began presently to fetch good prices in remote ports. The captain, in such cases, returning by way of England, brought home in some other vessel the value of his ship and her lading in English woolens and other goods. Thus the business of building ships for sale abroad came to be one of the chief means of paying for the steady inflow of European commodities.

From a poor new-country village, with a little farmers' and emigrants' trade, Boston became, a few years after ship-building began in earnest, a thriving little city with a growing foreign commerce. In 1665 she had a hundred and thirty sail upon the sea, besides small boats; and before the beginning of the Revolution Massachusetts is said to have had about one ship to every hundred inhabitants, while about fifty New England built vessels were annually sold abroad.

For the sake of procuring "cotten wooll," Governor Hopkins of Connecticut undertook in 1640 to build and set forth a ship to those ports where such a commodity was to be had, "if it be pheasable," and this was the beginning of ships in Connecticut. The well-timbered river-banks of New Hampshire and Maine were suited to ship-building, but the industry was at first held in check by Indian outbreaks. In later colonial times the ship-yards of New Hampshire sent forth many vessels, and Maine was particularly prolific in the new kind called schooners,

which were originated at Cape Anne in 1714, and which were especially fitted for use in the fisheries.

The Dutch, on what is now the island of New York, jumped at once to the largest possible achievement. In the year that Winthrop sent out his pioneer bark of thirty or forty tons, there was launched at Manhattan a vessel twenty times as large. For two hundred years the ship-builders of New York did not build a trading vessel so great as the one that began the line. But throughout her colonial days New York seemed to take her cue from the ambitious beginning of her Dutch pioneers; her ships were fewer but larger than those sent from the Philadelphia and New England yards. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the rear of what is now Trinity Churchyard resounded with the hammers of Rip Van Dam's ship-carpenters, while English builders launched their vessels into the East River in all the region about Peck Slip.

Philadelphia had great advantages in her iron-works and her proximity to the ship-building material of the southern colonies; almost from the start the Quaker town was a place of ship-yards, and by the close of the colonial period the city had become the chief sea-port of British America. The Philadelphians sometimes had twenty ships on the stocks at once. They prided themselves on the finish, swiftness, and ornamentation of their vessels; in the revolutionary period their best wood-carvers produced figure-heads of Indians and backwoodsmen in hunting-shirts that were the admiration of foreign artists as well as of seafarers. But along-side these elegantly modeled craft there sailed out of the Delaware in colonial times great ungainly raft-ships, meant to carry timber and to be broken up on their arrival at their destinations; one of these unwieldy structures was of five thousand tons burthen.

As early as 1662 John Winthrop of Connecticut had called attention in England to the excellent ship-timber of Virginia, and Bristol men built many vessels at easy rates in the Virginia waters in the seventeenth century. Maryland and South Carolina offered advantages in exemption from dues to "country bottoms." Virginia gave thirteen hundred pounds of tobacco to every builder of a ship of more than twenty-six tons, and the reward was frequently claimed. But in the colonies south of Pennsylvania circumstances produced a state of society in which the mechanic arts were unprosperous, and the navigation acts fell with particular severity on their commerce. Of all the tonnage engaged in transporting the staple of the Chesapeake region to England, only about one-eighth was owned by natives of the tobacco colonies, and a like share by merchants occasionally resident in the two provinces. About 1740 a new interest in ship-building sprang up in the Carolinas, and ten years later the discovery that live-oak was particularly valuable for the purpose yet further quickened the business, so that in 1769 the Carolina provinces were sending out about twelve vessels apiece, of a very considerable size for the time.

The growth of shipping in America was a cause of political jealousy a century before the American Revolution; and fifty years before the separation it was matter for complaint from the hard-pressed ship-builders of the Thames, who were losing their trade and their workmen at the same time by the American rivalry. At the outbreak of the war of separation, two-thirds of the shipping in the general trade of the English nation was colony-built.

IV.

THE INDIAN TRADE.

If communication could be opened with another planet whose products and articles of use and luxury were diverse from ours, a process of interchange would doubtless set in comparable to that resulting from the contact of liquids of different density. The discovery of America was like the happening on a path to a new planet; white men and Indians were alike rejoiced at the opportunity to acquire novelties from another world.

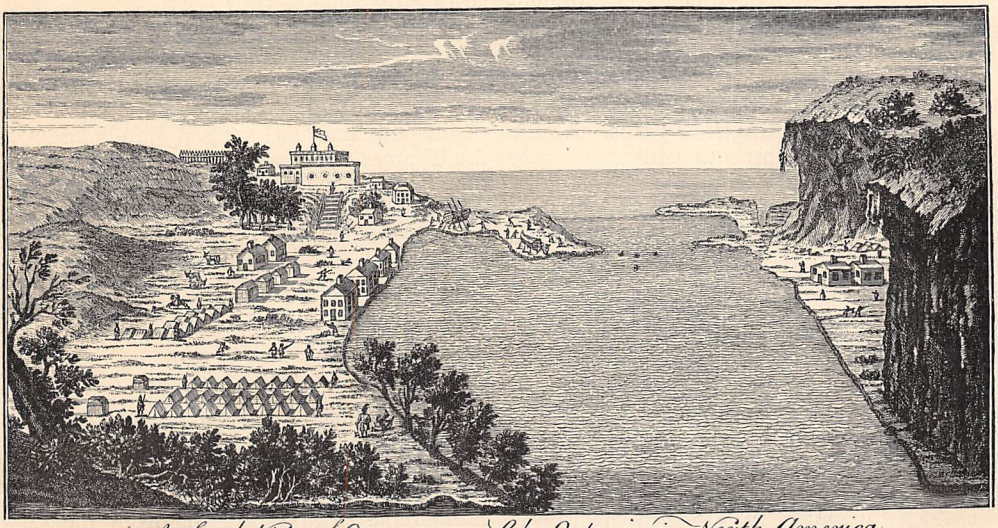
When the pilgrims went to Massachusetts Bay to trade, the Indian women stripped off their glossy fur jackets in order to buy ornaments of beads and little metal bells; and the Dutch likewise bought the Indians naked with trinkets. The first comers to Maryland were careful to bring "knives, combs, and bracelets to trade with the women natives," and coarser utensils for the men. In many cases barter saved the colonists from starvation. Roger Clap, of Massachusetts, in time of want, bartered a puppy to an Indian for a peck of corn,— a typical exchange, by which each secured a dinner to his taste.

The earliest traders ventured ashore but little; they used their vessels as fortresses and trading-houses. A steep cliff on the Sheepscott River took the name of Daggett's Castle from Daggett, a trader who painted a hand upon it as high up as he could reach from the mast of his vessel, and was wont to cast anchor at its foot, so that he could only be approached by canoes upon one side.

The second stage of the Indian trade was

marked by the planting of temporary lodgments or fortified houses on the shore. The earliest traders knew but a few words of the Indian tongue, and eked out their scanty vocabulary by a set of conventional signs with thumb and fingers, borrowed, perhaps, from the ready pantomime of the savages. When settlements were planted, the great profit of the fur trade raised a lively competition; "runners" or "bush-lopers" went to the woods to intercept the savages laden with beaver-skins, and farm-houses became trading-posts. "Every boor was a merchant" when De Vries visited New Netherland. Laws were made in vain forbidding servants, sailors, and other under-class people from dickering with the Indians. In more than one colony the rates of barter were fixed, now in town meeting and now by other authority; and public markets for the Indian trade were proposed in Virginia, and ordained by Penn; but all in vain: the sharp competition of so lucrative a trade broke down all barriers.

The first shipment of furs from Manhattan, after the organization of the Dutch West India Company, brought into its coffers more than ten thousand dollars; and in eight years the annual return had mounted to fifty-six thousand of our money. When Minuit transferred his services from the Dutch to the Swedes, he drew thirty thousand beaver-skins from the Delaware the first year, and the annual returns from this river were rather more than that after the fall of New Sweden. Fully one-half of the people of Albany lived by the trade, and lodges were built on each side of the city for the Indians to rest in. In the middle of the eighteenth century nine thousand beaver, otter, moose, and bear skins were sent out of the St. John's and the Penobscot. From Virginia "a good quantity of beaver" was coming to Bristol in 1666, but the very large Indian trade of the colonies to the south of the Potomac produced chiefly deer and buffalo skins. In 1740 it required six hundred men, two thousand pack-horses, and five large boats to carry on the deer-skin trade of Augusta, in Georgia.



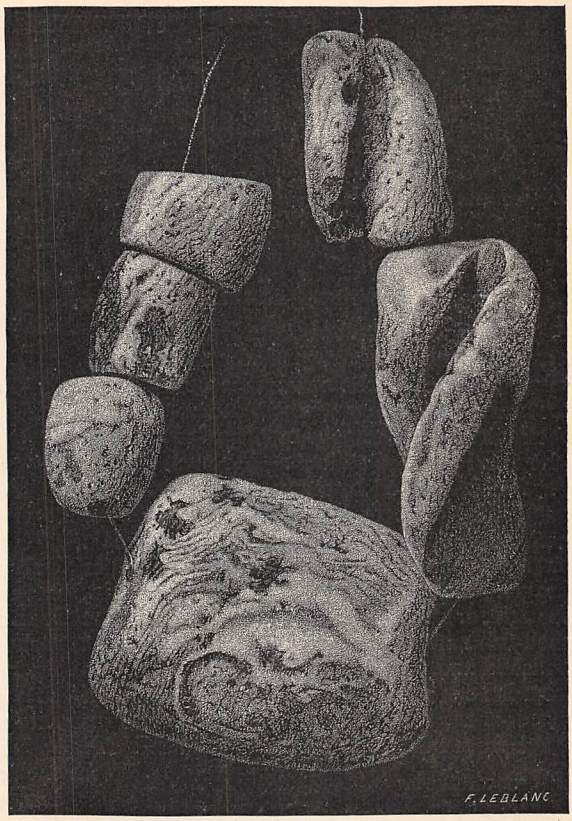
A South View of OSWEGO, on Lake Ontario, in North America.

(FROM "LONDON MAGAZINE," 1760.)

The third stage of the Indian trade was reached when the traders began to penetrate to the interior. In 1721 the New Yorkers, passing by boat up the Mohawk and through Onondaga lake and its outlet, established Oswego as a remote port to intercept the Indians of "the far nations" on their way to Montreal. Though but a cluster of "huts," Oswego was a Babel of savage dialects in summer, and became, in the words of an Indian chief, "as good as a silver mine to the English." In Pennsylvania trading pioneers, called "handelaare," bought furs at the foot of the mountains and sold them to peddlers with wagons. A bolder race crossed the Alleghanies to the Miamis and Wyandots, carrying on pack-horses blankets, shirts, gunpowder, vermilion, leaden beads, wampum, hatchets, and scalping-knives. Lancaster drove a thriving business in the manufacture of pack-saddles. The southern traders pushed into the interior as far as to the tribes bordering the Mississippi. Sometimes, on the trips

from Virginia to the Cherokees and Catawbas, there were a hundred pack-horses in a train. The horses were made to swim the streams, while the packs were floated over in a portable boat made of buffalo-hide stretched on a keel and ribs cut from the surrounding forest. This "bull-boat" is but a modification of the Welsh and Irish coracle, a craft as ancient in Britain as the days of the Cæsars, and one that is yet used by American Indian traders.

The Indian, though cautious and tricky in trade, was ever a victim of the superior knavery of the white man. Some of the women merchants of New York and Albany were as ready as their husbands to give rum to a savage until he was drunk, and then cajole him out of his winter's catch of furs with trifles, leaving him at last to recover from his debauch, stripped and wretched. Traders at Oswego would sell to savages from remote regions kegs of rum, which would be found on opening, after laborious transportation, to contain nothing but water. These low arts provoked irritation and often led to war. Some of the Mohawks, seeing their tribe cheated out of its lands by tricks of this sort, abjured their nation and joined their ancient foes, the Wyandots. The Sewee Indians in Carolina thought to remedy abuses by trading at the fountain-head; they secretly fitted out great canoes and dispatched them for England, but the poor paddle-boats were never heard from. The Indian trade, as Governor Dongan frankly puts it, was a strife between English and French "for the sheep's fleece."



ANCIENT WAMPUM, FROM THE INDIAN MOUNDS (NOW IN THE PEABODY MUSEUM.)

There was a kind of dirty romance in the hard life of the Indian trader. Young Dutchmen from Albany sometimes got their start in life by a long voyage to the villages of the Iroquois with a birch canoe, in which were stored a keg of rum, some blue or green Stroudwater blankets, called "strouds," some dark-blue duffel-cloth, or "duffels," for making breech-cloths, and a stock of knives, combs, and other trifles. The Adirondack boat guide still carries his camp-kit in what he calls a "duffel-basket," similar to that used two centuries ago by his lineal predecessor, the canoe-trader. Farther to the south a hardy race, chiefly Scotchmen and Irishmen, pushed off into the villages of the powerful southern tribes. Here, by intermarriage and by assimilating their modes of life to those of the tribesmen, they gained a great ascendancy over the Indians. In the outbreaks against the whites the traders were often saved by the fidelity of their squaws. One lay in the woods in war-time, and was supplied with food by his savage wife. Another, when assailed by two powerful assassins, was helped by his squaw, who laid hold of one of the men crying, "Husband, fight well and run well, as becomes a good warrior." Thus encouraged, the man shook off his enemies and escaped. This wild and perilous life ended by ensnaring the traders; few of them were ever able to return to more regular living. They often found themselves, as age drew on, bound to the tribe by a great company of barbarian children and grandchildren.

WHITE AND PURPLE INDIAN WAMPUM. (FROM SPECIMEN IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK.)

LORD BALTIMORE PENNY. (FROM THE ONLY EXISTING SPECIMEN.)*

V.

MONEY AND BARTER.

FOR long ages before the advent of white men the American savages had decked themselves with beads. Some of these were of such metals as were easily worked, others of small shells strung together, or of bits of wood polished and perhaps stained. The most perfect were a kind called by many names from various Indian dialects, but chiefly known to the English as wampum-peague, wampum-peak, or more simply as wampum, or peak, or peague; to the Dutch and Swedes as seawant, zewand, or zeband. These were made by the shell-fish eaters along the coast, who wrought polished and well-drilled beads of dark colors from the eye of the hard clam-shell or common oyster-shell, and white ones worth half as much from other parts of the same shell, and

CAROLINA ELEPHANT PIECE.

from the stem of the great conch. Before Europeans brought iron, the Indians painfully bored these with stone awls, and strung them upon the tendons of animals.

Wampum was widely distributed. The Canadian savages, with characteristic love for imaginative lying, told Jacques Cartier that it was their practice to gash the bodies of criminals, and sink them in the sea, in order that this "porcelaine," as the French called wampum, might be deposited in the wounds. At the South, one finds the Carolina Indians prosaically drilling their beads with nails procured from white men and fixed in the end of a reed of cane, which was twirled rapidly upon the thigh with one hand while the other held the bead to be bored. Between Canada and Carolina wampum appears to have been known to all the coast tribes except those of the New England peninsula north of Narragansett Bay; these last first received it in trade from the Plymouth pilgrims. It was made in the greatest variety of forms by the Virginia Indians, who pleased their fancy by varying the strings of white and purple peak with large tubes and pipes two or three inches long, and thicker than the beads. They had also strings of "runtees"—oval or circular

THE NEW ENGLAND ELEPHANT PIECE.

disks nearly an inch in diameter and perforated edgewise; and they wrought, besides, great round tablets of shell four inches wide, ornamented with circles, stars, half-moons, or other figures. Besides all these, they had a bead, cheaper than white wampum, made of cockle-shells and called "roënoke."

With common dark and white wampum the Indians made coronets, necklaces, bracelets, showy belts, garters, and pendants for their ears. With it they plaited or tied up their hair, and decorated their finest garments. The Narragansetts sent to Charles II. two caps of "peague," and two war-clubs inlaid with it. King Philip had a costly coat of wampum, which in his extremities he cut up and distributed in subsidies to his wavering allies. Among the Powhatans, brides were purchased with wampum; marriage was performed by breaking an arm's-length of "peak" over the heads of the pair; the beads were also cast among the people at a funeral. In the north wampum was hung dangling before the eyes of the baby bound hand and foot to his portable crib. The Iroquois put strings of white wampum about the neck of the white dog which was burned as a sin-offering at

THE VIRGINIA PENNY.

* All of the coins here illustrated are after photographs from the originals in the complete collection of Mr. L. G. Parmelee of Boston.

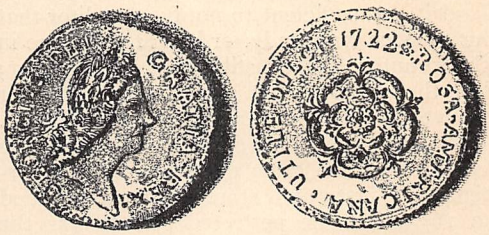
ROSA AMERICANA TWO-PENNY PIECE.

their religious festivals. No confession of sins, no solemn ceremony of any sort, was valid without it. Inter-tribal messages and treaties were always sanctioned with presents of belts of shell beads; these belts were preserved, and constituted the national archives. The dead were not suffered to travel unadorned southward into the land of shades, but strings of wampum were put into the graves; the custom is of great antiquity. When the trade with the whites had given a new value to shell beads, needy savages opened the ancestral tombs, and wampum a little gnawed by years of subterranean dampness passed into the chest of the trader in exchange for duffel-cloth and rum.

Wampum had already acquired the character of money before the arrival of Europeans. Homicide was usually atoned for with shell money; fifty fathoms for the killing of a man, and twice as much for a woman, was the customary wergild among the Delawares. It was also used for tribute and for such trade as Indian life admitted of. The Dutch, along with dried clams, carried seawant to the interior for trade with the Iroquois. The shell heaps of the Long Island hamlets became "the mine of New Netherland"; and wampum, with its auxiliary currency of beaver-skins, became the only money besides silver and gold that would pass current in all the American colonies. Accounts were reckoned in fathoms of it; unstrung beads afforded small change; in several colonies Indian money was a legal tender, and the price of bread was sometimes regulated in this coin by law; very rich men hoarded it in their cellars by the hogsheadful; rogues—Indian and white—counterfeited or debased it; and people disposed of uncurrent beads by rattling them into the church plate on Sundays.

So long as it took a day's labor of an Indian to produce fifteen cents' worth of wampum, and so long as a definite number of fathoms of wampum measured by the stature of a man could be exchanged for a certain number of beaver-skins, and so long as beaver-skins were prized in European markets, and passed current for money in every American colony, the value of the shell money could not depreciate. In the Indian country the wampum-beaver currency was preferred to gold and silver, and for more than thirty years it held an unbroken sway among the colonists. But when people of fashion in Europe no longer bought beaver with avidity, the wampum began to declined, and the financial system of the American coast suffered derangement. And when at length the lathes of the Dutch at Hackensack and Albany produced a great deal of seawant better polished than that of the Indians, wampum gradually lost its rank as a standard, through inflation.

Owing to the scarcity of money in England, trade was often carried on by barter, and rents were often paid in kind. So in New England a fat wether, a fat hog, and a bushel of apples appear in early rentals. In 1644 each family was required to pay a peck of corn to help poor scholars at Harvard; and one reads of fines collected in malt, of taxes that might be paid in beef, pork, grain, cheese, hides, leather, tallow, beeswax, bayberry wax, dry fish, whalebones, and even in live cattle and boards. In 1687 Hingham paid its rate in milk-pails, and the constable

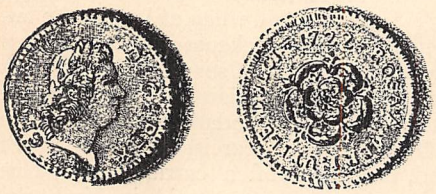


ROSA AMERICANA PENNY.

of Springfield in 1693 undertook to carry a hundred and thirty bushels of peas around by river and sea to Boston to pay a town rate. There was a lawsuit on the Delaware in 1679 about a debt payable in "pompkins," and all the principal kinds of produce were legal tender in Pennsylvania in 1683. In one, at least, of the Long Island grazing towns, the assessors fixed a rate at which cattle of various kinds should pass current.

Where there was one great staple of pretty uniform value, this mode of payment was simpler. In the English colony of Barbadoes, the merchants kept accounts and the public officers were paid in sugar;—a grant of "a million of sugar" was made to the Crown in a certain emergency. In South Carolina rice was used in paying taxes, accounts were sometimes kept in it, debts were often paid with

it, and "rice orders" for one hundred pounds each were issued by the provincial government and made a legal tender at thirty shillings apiece. In Virginia and Maryland, from a very early period until many years after the Revolution, the hogshead of tobacco was the unit of value. Foreigners smiled to hear a gentleman declare that his watch cost ten hogsheads of tobacco, or boast that he had only paid twelve hogheads for a certain horse which was worth twenty. For about a hun-



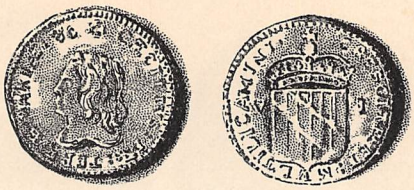
ROSA AMERICANA FARTHING.

dred and seventy-five years debts were discharged, public officers paid, the clergy supported, taxes levied, and wagers laid at the gaming-table in tobacco. This currency had the disadvantage of fluctuating in value with the abundance or scarcity of the staple in successive years. Parishes that grew mean tobacco were always vacant; and when the crop was too abundant, no one could be persuaded to accept the sheriff's office. In Maryland it was sufficient to notify a creditor that his tobacco was ready for him at any place in the county; this constituted a legal tender; but the debtor must store the amount for twelve months, if it were not sooner called for.

To avoid the inconveniences of a money so cumbrous, there grew up the certificate system. The first public store-house was founded in 1633, but the perfected system was the slow growth of a century, having been finally adopted in Virginia in 1730, when thirty-two

LORD BALTIMORE GROAT.

rolling-houses were recognized, and in 1748 the example was followed by Maryland. For every hogshead deposited in one of these a numbered certificate was issued, which ultimately served to draw out this identical hogshead; but the certificate was itself a legal tender throughout the peninsula in which the rolling-house was situated. In case of fire or flood the provincial government paid for all tobacco destroyed in the warehouse. The



LORD BALTIMORE SIXPENCE.

keeper of the rolling-house was held to strict account as a financial officer, and forbidden to be a candidate for the Assembly or to meddle with elections. No more convenient money was ever devised on the basis of an agricultural product. Its great deficiency was a lack of small change—a fault which profoundly affected Virginia and Maryland life.

While the amount of gold and silver current in the colonies was small, there was the greatest variety of pieces. Commonest of all was the "lion dollar" of Holland, so called from the device upon it, but playfully nicknamed the "dog dollar." There were also crusadoes and moidores of Portugal, pillar ducatoons of Flanders, Mexican "pieces of

LORD BALTIMORE SHILLING.

eight," old rix dollars, silver louis, French crowns, gold pistoles, or louis d'or, of France, Spanish doubloons, "checqueens" Arabian gold pieces with inscriptions quite undecipherable to the American, and many other pieces brought in by ships to bother our simple-minded ancestors in that day of imperfect exchanges. Rogues sought to squeeze what they could of the precious metals from the few coins a-going by processes known as "washing, clipping, rounding, filing, and scaling," so that it was necessary for families to keep

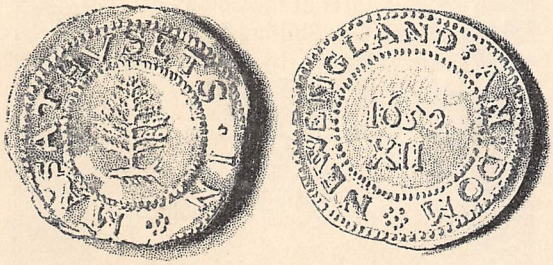
VIRGINIA SHILLING.

money scales to find the real value of each piece. Queen Anne tried by proclamation to enforce in the several colonies a uniformity of value for foreign coins of full weight, based on calculations made by Sir Isaac Newton; but colonial assemblies believed that they could "keep money in the country" by putting a fictitious nominal value upon the coins.

In 1651 Massachusetts, presuming, perhaps, on the overthrow of royal power at home,

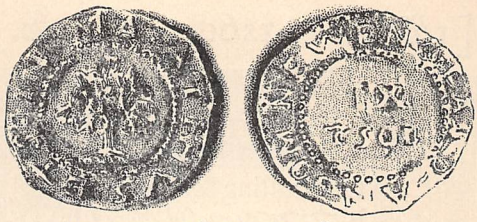
FIRST FORM OF NEW ENGLAND SHILLING.

set up a mint in a wooden building sixteen feet square and ten feet high, and proceeded not only to stamp upon light-weight foreign coins their value, but also to coin bullion which had been taken from the Spaniards by the buccaneers, and from them had passed by the West India trade into New England hands. These pieces at first bore only the letters N. E., for New England, on one side, and on the other Roman numerals to distinguish the three-penny, six-penny, and shilling pieces. Legends and inscription were added with a device of a tree, which on some of the pieces bears a weak resemblance to a pine, on others to a willow, and so on; but the pieces of "Boston Bay money" came to be known also as "pine-tree" shillings, sixpences, and threepences. An agent of the colony, seeking to appease the wrath of Charles II. against



PINE-TREE SHILLING.

Massachusetts for infringing the royal prerogative of coinage, assured the King that the tree was the royal oak that had saved his Majesty's life; whereupon the easy-tempered Charles laughed and said that the colonists were "honest dogs." The pine-tree coins,



MASSACHUSETTS "WILLOW-TREE" SHILLING.

though equal in fineness, were lighter in weight than sterling pieces of the same name; it was thought that this cheapening of the coins would keep them from exportation A ridiculous charge was made by the enemies of Massachusetts, after the Restoration, that in melting down the king's money the New Englanders had gained threepence in the shilling and lowered his Majesty's coin a fourth. There were English emigrants who believed that since seventy-seven pounds of English money might be exchanged for a hundred in Boston Bay coins, they thereby gained enough on the money brought over with them to pay their ship expenses.

Virginia had anticipated Massachusetts in enacting a law, in 1645, for the establishment of a mint; but in a land destitute of artisans, and without other commerce than what was necessary to sell the produce of its own fields and purchase articles for domestic use, it was probably as impossible to find a mint-master to make coins as to procure bullion. Lord Baltimore met a similar difficulty by setting

MASSACHUSETTS OAK-TREE SIXPENCE.

up his Maryland mint in London about 1659. Every Maryland householder was compelled to "take up" ten shillings of this cheapened coin for every taxable poll in his family, and to pay for it with tobacco at twopence the pound. This coinage was probably soon driven out of circulation by the tobacco currency.

Capital married to virgin land is so productive that interest is usually exorbitant in a new state. To all the other expensive outputs of a new community, there was added in the colonies the purchase of laborers, white or black. In South Carolina planters could afford to pay more than twenty-five per cent.

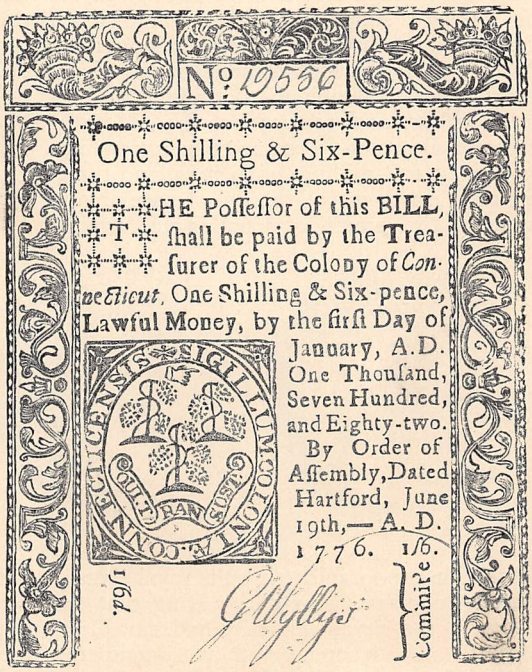
REVERSE OF CONNECTICUT BILL, 1776. (IN THE COLLECTION OF HON. S. J. HOADLEY.)

per annum for money to buy negroes for rice-culture. The Legislature probably only reduced the supply when it passed a usury law in 1721. Not only were residents of the colonies obliged to pay taxes in country produce for want of money, but in New Jersey, at least, so late as 1723, they broke up their plate and paid in their jewelry in order to meet the demands of the provincial government.

In 1690 Massachusetts had, with evident misgiving, led the way into a dangerous path in issuing paper money to pay the wages of the distressed and half-mutinous soldiers who had come back from Sir William Phipps's unsuccessful expedition against Quebec without the booty which had been counted on to meet the charges. The province allowed five per cent. premium on these bills in the payment of taxes, and this provision kept Massachusetts paper money of the earlier issues at par or above for twenty years — so long as the amount was small. But the exigencies of the French wars, and the clamors of the near-sighted populace desirous of the temporary relief which comes from an increase of currency and a consequent depreciation of debts, dragged Massachusetts farther on the downward road, and other colonies followed the example. In every province the earlier issues were a benefit to trade; in almost every case a ruinous inflation followed. The years before and after 1720 were the bubble period of European finance; the Mississippi bubble of France and the South Sea bubble of London were attended by innumerable other financial schemes equally airy. The sanest financiers lost their heads in the contagious delirium. It is no wonder that the colonies caught the fever, and that innumerable "land banks" and other projects for evolving something out of nothing were started; it is not surprising that many of the colonies issued paper money until the currency lost all relation to its original sterling basis. In South Carolina, for forty years, seven shillings of paper bought but one of sterling; indeed, it is said that exchange once rose to a thousand per cent. Massachusetts, distressed by her exertions in the French wars, sunk her paper into depths of depreciation and confusion lower even than that of South Carolina, if lower depths are conceivable; and it is now all but impossible to thread the labyrinth of values produced by "old tenor," "middle tenor," and "new tenor" bills. The almanac-maker in 1749 tells how

"The country maids with sauce to market come,
And carry loads of tattered money home."

But in that year Massachusetts led the re-

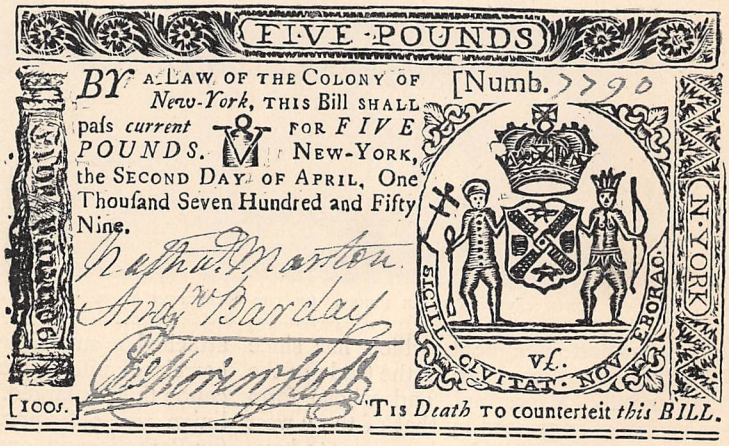


CONNECTICUT BILL OF 1776. (IN THE COLLECTION OF HON. S. J. HOADLEY.)

turn to a sound currency by redeeming her bills at one-tenth their face value.

While wampum was available for currency, the separate beads furnished small money. In 1635 the Massachusetts General Court, remembering perhaps the leaden tokens used in England in the preceding reign, made musket-bullets current for a farthing. In all the colonies the larger coins, such as the "dog dollar," were cut into halves and quarters, and the fractions were known as "sharpshins." The Virginians were so impressed with the inconvenience they suffered from the absence of coin to pay small debts that they undertook to encourage artisans by ordaining that dollars of base metal should be good currency. They hastily repealed this measure in 1655; it having been found that artisans did not press into a colony which tendered bad money for good work. But even in the tobacco currency of the Chesapeake colonies, some provision was made for money of a smaller denomination than the hogshead, by issuing rolling-house certificates for "transfer tobacco," as small packages were called. Yet the general lack of small change in the tobacco country fixed in the people an habitual contempt for retail trade and small economies, that has never been quite outgrown.

Many attempts were made to supply small coin to the colonists. In 1694 somebody made copper pieces with an elephant on one side, and "God preserve New England" on the other; and similar pieces were struck for Carolina. In 1701 Massachusetts merchants stamped brass and tin tokens for change. In 1703 private speculators imported to New England five thousand dollars, worth of copper half-pence. The "Rosa Americana" coins were made between 1720 and 1730 by William Wood, whose attempt to make Irish half-pence in partnership with one of the King's mistresses turned out unfortunately, through the powerful opposition of Dean Swift. It was perhaps in hope of receiving some of these Rosa Americana pieces that the Virginia Assembly fixed a rate for copper coins in 1727. Wood's coins appear to have circulated chiefly in the southern colonies. But in 1737 the province of New York was alarmed by the influx of these or some other copper pieces, and forbade any ship's bringing more than ten shillings in copper coins for each person on board. When the paper currency became common, it was often halved and quartered to make change, until some of the colonies issued little bills of various shapes for small sums.

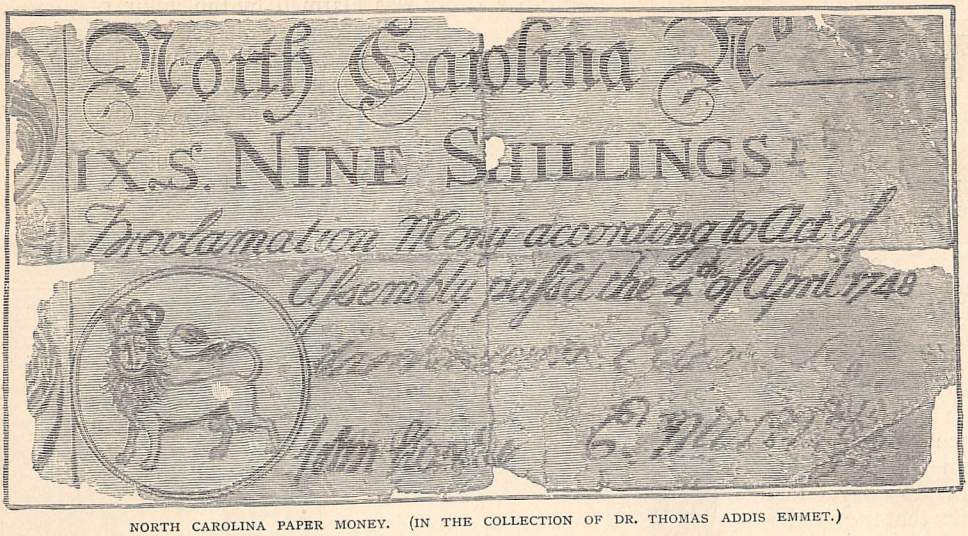


NEW YORK COLONIAL CURRENCY. (IN THE COLLECTION OF HON. S. J. HOADLEY.)

VI.

CANOE, PACK-HORSE, AND WAGON.

THE creative cause of a town is a facility for trade with a tributary country. Great cities in the modern sense were hardly possible before railways. The colonial ports lacked even the canals and wagon-roads of Europe. We are a nation of land-traffickers, but our ancestors in the colonies traded and traveled almost entirely by water. There were but twelve miles of land-carriage in all the province of New York; beyond Albany the Indian trade was carried on by "three-" or "four-handed batteaus," sharp at both ends, like the Adirondack boat of to-day. Yachts, with bottoms of black oak and sides of red cedar, brought wheat in bulk and peltries down the Hudson; other craft carried on the domestic trade of New York town with the shores of Long Island, Staten Island, and the little ports beyond the Kill von Kull. Fire-wood was floated to the beach; marketing came to New York, as to Philadelphia, by water-carriage; in Savannah it was retailed directly from the canoe to the people on shore. In South Carolina laws were made to break up the practice of "keeping shop or store" on shipboard. The first regular wagon-carriage from the Connecticut River to Boston did not begin until 1697; Massachusetts had then been settled seventy years.

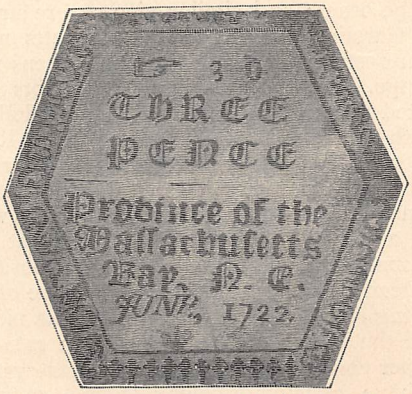


NORTH CAROLINA PAPER MONEY. (IN THE COLLECTION OF DR. THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.)

The flat-bottomed boat, which has since played so important a part in the trade of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and whose form was probably suggested by that of the "west country barges" of England, appears to have been used for floating produce down the Delaware before 1685. In the Chesapeake colonies, until late in the provincial period, there were almost no roads but the numerous bays and water-courses, and almost no vehicles but canoes, row-boats, pinnaces, and barks. Places of resort for worship or business were usually near the water-side; the counties in Virginia were rearranged so that they might, for the most part, front each on but a single one of the great rivers.

But of all means of travel or trade the Indian canoe was the chief. In the extreme northern colonies these were of birch-bark, of the utmost lightness and swiftness, sometimes of great size, and when used on salt water were now and then decked in and fitted with sails. The dug-out, hewed from the whole tree, prevailed more widely. Those of red cedar were lightest, and the most of them could carry about six men. Canoes from the great tulip-tree, capable of taking forty men, seem not to have been very uncommon; there are stories of dug-outs with twice that capacity. No boat of the same burthen could go so swiftly. Large cypress canoes, fitted with mast and sail, took cargoes of thirty or forty, or even fifty, barrels of tar from the North Carolina waters by the open sea to Norfolk. To increase the burthen and seaworthiness, the South Carolina Huguenots hit upon the plan of sawing one of these great canoes in twain lengthwise, and inserting a plank in the bottom between the two halves, to which was attached a small keel. Eighty or a hundred barrels of pitch were the normal cargo of a canoe thus enlarged. An adventurous Carolinian was only prevented from setting sail for Barbadoes in one of them by the refusal of the customs officer to clear such a ship. In the shallow Carolina inlets, and in rivers, these light-draught vessels were propelled by setting-poles of prickly ash; and the earliest American projectors of steam-boats sought to drive them, after the manner of these canoes, by poles or paddles.

On the Virginia rivers above tide-water, two canoes of large size were lashed together in catamaran fashion, to carry eight or nine one-thousand-pound hogsheads of tobacco, which were rolled crosswise upon them — "an almost incredible weight for such slender embarkations," says one who had often seen these top-heavy cargoes guided by a single steersman down stream, or poled toilsomely against the current by one man in each canoe.



MASSACHUSETTS THREE-PENNY BILL. (IN THE COLLECTION OF DR. THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.)

Besides the canoes, there was for shoal-water navigation the periagua, oftener called the periauger or "pettyauger," a long, flat-bottomed boat, usually of from twenty to thirty tons, with forecastle and cabin, but no deck, propelled by sails on two masts, which could be struck; in a calm the boatmen moved it with two oars, great sweeps, perhaps, such as are used on rafts and river flat-boats.

Roads in the colonies were hardly ever laid out, but were left where Indian trail or chance cart-track in the woods had marked them. Many of them were "blazed" by cutting a strip a foot long out of the bark of a tree, now on the right, now on the left, at every thirty or forty yards. In Maryland there was an elaborate system of distinguishing marks for roads going to Annapolis, for tracks leading to a church or to a court-house, and so on. Such roads as there were usually preferred to hug the coast. Until near the Revolution, travelers by land from New York to Philadelphia were wont to cross to Long Island, thence over the Narrows to Staten Island, from the other end of which they ferried over the Kill to New Jersey. Roads in parts of New England were left forty rods wide, that one might have additional chances of finding some passable way through the general badness. The hindrances of a bad road were often increased by swinging gates where the track ran through fields, and by clumsy ferries over numerous streams. In Virginia the mill-dams were required to be made ten feet wide on top for crossing; remote planters had to be compelled by law to keep open a track by which their houses might be reached on horseback. The colonists came legitimately by their bad roads. Common-carriers in England were forbidden, in 1629, to have more than two wheels to their wains, lest they should cut up the roads; and so late as 1685 the Royal Society inspected a newly invented chariot made to run on ten rollers with "a prodigious noise," but which had the virtue of not overturning in the roads of the time.

From England, along with bad roads, the colonists brought the pack-horse which, in Devon and Cornwall, at the close of the last century, still did the carrying, even of building-stones and cord-wood. Most of the inland traffic of the colonial period was done by packing; the innumerable and unscrupulous peddlers that beset our ancestors went up and down the whole back country with the pack-horse carrying long sacks that drooped on each side. The colonies with a sparse and rustic population were the peddler's paradise. Tinkers, glaziers, coopers, plumbers, and tailors went about selling their wares or their skill. There were even "doctors" who peddled their remedies, hawking them from high platforms in places of public concourse; and "contemptible wretches, called horse-jockeys," plagued the land from end to end; against these last the Marylanders and Virginians, smarting from their knavery, made laws in vain.

The Germans, whose ancestors had four-wheeled vehicles in the days of Julius Cæsar, made good roads wherever they planted themselves. While their English neighbors were content to travel on horseback and to ford and swim streams, the Salzburgers in Georgia began by opening a wagon-road twelve miles long, with seven bridges, "which surprised the English mightily." Pennsylvania, the home of the Germans, alone of the colonies built good straight roads; and the facility which these afforded to ten thousand freight-wagons was the main advantage that gave Philadelphia the final preëminence among the colonial sea-ports, and made Lancaster the only considerable inland mart in North America.

VII.

SEA-PORTS AND SEA-TRAFFIC.

It is hard to bring the imagination down to the scale of the colonial time, when the most conspicuous sea-ports were not so large as many a third-rate inland town of to-day, and when vessels sailing over seas were smaller than respectable coasting schooners of our time. A modern seaman would consider it a perilous feat to cross the ocean in midsummer in one of the pinnaces used at the outset of American planting. Some of the ships were not decked throughout, the method of rigging was less efficient than that of to-day, and scientific navigation was little understood. One reads of a seventeenth-century ship sailing from the West Indies for Virginia and fetching up in New England, and of a "pilot" who thought his landfall was in Spain when he was on the English coast. Captains prepared to bear away from other ships without speaking, for fear of Turks, pirates, or privateers. Every man aboard was expected to stand by the guns in case of an encounter.

Twenty millions of our money was the aggregate annual value of exports from all the provinces at their best; even if we add a half to this for clandestine trade, we have but thirty millions. And yet, so small was the world's commerce in that time that this colonial trade was a considerable element in

it; it was said that all the foreign money brought into Great Britain beyond the price of her woolen goods came from the productions of her American and West Indian colonies. Local conditions produced local variations in colonial commerce. The lack of a sufficient agricultural staple together with the profitable fisheries made New Englanders carriers, shippers, and factors for the coast at large, as well as the leaders in manufacturing industry. Proximity to the wampum-making savages at one end of Hudson River navigation and to the beaver-catchers at the other made New York the chief seat of the fur trade. Wagon-roads, soil, climate, and an industrious people made Philadelphia the principal center of the traffic in bread and meat. The never-ending line of convenient shore that bordered the peninsulas of Maryland and Virginia, and gave a good landing-place at every man's door, with a tobacco currency, rendered it difficult to build towns or develop trade among the easy-going planters of the Chesapeake and Albemarle regions. A different coast-line, and rivers less convenient, made Charleston the rich and urbane commercial and social center of southern Carolina.

Until about 1750 Boston was the leading sea-port, and its long wharf, two thousand feet in length with warehouses on one side of it, was the New World wonder of travelers. Five or six hundred vessels annually cleared out of Boston in the middle of the eighteenth century for the foreign trade alone, and the city contained between twenty and thirty thousand people at the outbreak of the Revolution. But Newport, with its thirty distilleries to make rum of the molasses brought from the islands, and its seventeen sperm-oil and candle factories to work up the results of the whaling industry, had nearly half as many ships in foreign trade as Boston, and three or four hundred craft of all sorts in the coastwise carrying trade. He was thought a bold prophet who said then that "New York might one day equal Newport"; for about 1750 New York sent forth fewer ships than Newport, and not half so many as Boston, though Manhattan Island was rapidly becoming a trade center—a main point for distributing to other ports on the continent the finest wares and the choicest wines. The adventurous Dutch, who were its leading merchants, sent ships on longer voyages than those made from other ports. Yet there are many single firms in the metropolis to-day whose business exceeds that of the whole city before 1776, with all its sending of breadstuffs, flaxseed, onions, staves, horses, and even pickled oysters and lobsters, to exchange for cotton at Surinam and St. Thomas, lime-juice and dyewood in Curaçoa, logwood in the dangerous bay of Honduras, and the ill-gotten booty of pirates in Madagascar. All this trade was necessary to find means to balance its half million pounds of purchases in England, and to pay for the "osnaburgs" and checked linens that were smuggled from Holland, in the teeth of prohibitory laws.

But Philadelphia—planted late in the seventeenth century—outstripped all rivals, and for the last twenty years of the colonial period was the chief port of North America, sending out about four hundred ships annually, with an export trade of more than seven hundred thousand pounds sterling a year—nearly one-half greater than that of all the New England ports together, though if we could add the clandestine trade of New England and its immense carrying and inter-colonial traffic, the comparison would no doubt result differently. But the clear predominance of Philadelphia in exports was rightly attributed at the time to the liberal character of the Pennsylvania government, which had drawn a multitude of diligent hands from Europe to develop the grain lands of the interior, by which means the province became the chief source of bread to the fisheries of Newfoundland and the sugar plantations of the West Indies. Let us beware, however, of exaggerating the intrinsic greatness of a city whose population at the beginning of the Revolution was but about thirty thousand, perhaps a third larger than that of New York, and some thousands ahead of Boston.

The imports and exports of the two tobacco colonies together were far larger than those of Philadelphia, but their profits were far less. The one million and forty thousand pounds sterling of exports from Virginia and Maryland in 1769 went, for the most part, to enrich English factors, farmers of the customs, English and New England ship-owners, and others who got honest profits or downright plunder out of the tobacco shipped by the planters. A bill of return has been preserved in which just three-fourths of the gross price of a hogshead of tobacco is deducted for charges, the other fourth being sent back to the planter; and there were even instances in which the charges exceeded the returns, and the owner was brought into debt to his agent. As for the import trade of the Chesapeake and James River, almost every piece of fabric, every hat and coat and pot and pan, and—though the people lived among forests—every chair and table worthy the name, came from England. As the ships seeking to win the favor of the planters and secure a cargo made little or no charge for freight on the return voyage, and as the

wide-mouthed rivers furnished a convenient port almost everywhere, the goods could be delivered more cheaply at the door of a Virginian than to a gentleman five miles from town in England. Indeed, the Virginia legislature early discriminated against ships that brought no freight, in order to keep the rate low. Depressed by competition with London and Bristol, and by the long credits that came of a tobacco currency, the business of the merchant in Virginia and Maryland was of a "miserable peddling sort." But this was compensated for by a profit sometimes as high as one hundred and fifty per cent.; one merchant even advertised in the "Maryland Gazette," as a prodigy of cheapness, that he would sell his goods at only a hundred per cent. advance. In addition to these scattered local traders, peddling sloops frequented the rivers of Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, exchanging wine, sugar, salt, tin candlesticks, and wicker chairs, with other petty wares, for pork, tobacco, peltries, maize, or Spanish coin. These wandering dealers were mostly from New England, and were sneeringly called "saints" by the planters, who resented their knack of sharp dealing. Some of their tricks are preserved, as that of the captain who kept a fiddler, and was accustomed to set the loungers dancing on the deck, in order to shake down the Indian corn as it was measured to him. But the great day in the calendar was that on which all the inhabitants of a wide region relieved the tedium of plantation life by hurrying afoot, on horseback, and in canoes to the landing-place of the ship which brought them clothing, delicacies, gewgaws, and news from London or Bristol.

An almost entire dependence on foreign ship-owners and merchants characterized the commerce of the whole Chesapeake and Albemarle region. The local traders were mostly Scotchmen or New Englanders. Of the four thousand seamen in the tobacco ships, few lived in the tobacco colonies. The Virginian was always in debt to the merchant, paying eight per cent. interest. In vain did kings in council, governors, and assemblies ordain towns and forbid ships to break bulk elsewhere. The port was everywhere; the plantation house, with its assemblage of quarters, served for a small distributing-point, and the "paper towns," set up by law in Maryland and Virginia, never had any heart in them. But the ships on their return were required to sail in a fleet under convoy of a man-of-war to protect them from pirates, and especially to make sure that all their cargo was landed and paid duty at an English port. Hampton, at the confluence of many waters, was a convenient starting-point. From Hampton the ships could reach the open sea with the first wind; and by 1715 it was "the place of the greatest trade in all Virginia," though it had but a hundred houses. "Norfolktown at Elizabeth River" had a small traffic in the bay in 1705, and by 1728 it had become "the most city-like place in Virginia," and had a West India trade. Its population never exceeded seven thousand. About the time that Norfolk was recognized as the chief town of Virginia, Baltimore was founded in Maryland; and having a grain trade, as well as a traffic in tobacco, it reached, at the close of the colonial epoch, a population of about fifteen thousand people.

North Carolina, like New Jersey, found its ports mostly beyond its own bounds. A part of its tobacco was shipped from the waters of the Nansemond in Virginia, or was sent in the canoes and periaugers that took its pitch to Norfolk's long wharves of pine logs; cattle and hogs from the back country of North Carolina were driven along forest trails to the James river, while rice and indigo, and especially pork, were sent from the southern counties to Charleston.

In South Carolina one found large plantations, and therefore few villages, and no manufactures; rich planters, who were nevertheless ever in debt to the merchant for supplies and for money, borrowed to increase to the utmost the stock of slaves. There were no deep and wide river mouths as in Virginia; the commerce, therefore, sought a common center at Charleston, and social life took on an urban character. The factors were resident merchants, though few were natives of the province. As they got at one time twenty-five per cent. per annum for their money, and at a later period ten per cent., they swiftly grew rich, bought negroes, and became planters and borrowers. Georgia after 1750 followed in the track of South Carolina, and by 1770 its exports had reached nearly a hundred thousand dollars.

VIII.

NAVIGATION LAWS AND SMUGGLING.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the theory that national protection must be given to the industries of a country was carried to barbarous lengths. Dependencies and colonies were accounted of little use except in so far as they could be made tributary to the wealth of the metropolis.

To avoid the oppressive extortions of the English customs, the Virginia Company in 1621 sent the whole tobacco product to Holland; but the King met this by ordaining that

no product of the colony should go to foreign ports until it had been first landed and had paid duty in England. This order contained the principle of all subsequent restrictive acts, and with it began the long struggle between the commercial interest of the mother country and the ingenuity of the colonists. As tobacco was sent to the Low Countries in evasion of the law, new regulations were made so complete as to threaten to kill the goose that laid the egg; until the King at length despoiled and abolished the Virginia Company, and set out to work the colony for all it was worth by becoming himself the sole purchaser of a staple which he held in sentimental abhorrence. He died before he got his tobacco trade on foot, but Charles I. soon proposed a similar monopoly. The policy of Charles in this, as in all other affairs, was vacillating; and with the rise of parliamentary power, the prevalent theory with regard to the colonies was modified. It was no longer the King who was to have the fleece; the English merchant now took the shears that had fallen from the powerless hands of the sovereign. In 1651 the Rump Parliament gratified English shippers, and struck a blow at the Dutch at the same time, by enacting that henceforth no merchandise of Asia, Africa, or America might come into England in other than English ships, and that European goods could go to the plantations only in English bottoms. But Virginia surrendered to the Commonwealth on condition of having an unrestrained trade, and the province openly invited the ships of every nation to come into her river. The memory of this period of free trade was probably one of the sources of discontent in Virginia in the time of Bacon's rebellion. Taking advantage of the confusion at home, the colonies generally disregarded the law of 1651.

But after the restoration of Charles II. a more severe law was enacted; this was kept in force, with various modifications, until the time of the American Revolution, and it was the most exasperating and impolitic fetter of all. It gave the colonists for generations a reason to complain of the vexatious restrictions put upon them by the imperial power, and it fixed in the commercial class habits of evasion and defiance. By this act, and those which followed, England secured a more or less complete monopoly of the tobacco, rice, sugar, cotton, indigo, and other agricultural staples, except breadstuffs, that were produced in the colonies. The "enumerated commodities" must first be landed in England and pay an English duty, while the English merchant and shipper levied a yet heavier tariff. Two years after the first navigation act of Charles II., the rein was drawn tighter by putting foreign buying under the ban: no European goods could be imported except from Great Britain, and in English or colonial ships.

It is difficult to see how the necessities of the royal exchequer and the greed of the English merchant could, by restrictions, have wrung a larger tribute from the new communities in America. Such relaxations of the law as were made from time to time, by which certain of the "enumerated commodities" might be taken, under bond in twice the value of the ship and her cargo, to ports south of Cape Finisterre, were in the interest of the merchants who sold to the colonies, and who perceived that unless some such outlet for colonial trade were provided, the demand for English goods in America would fall off for want of means to pay for them. The captain who sailed to the Mediterranean with rice or indigo must needs return by way of England to cancel his bond, having thus a chance to lay in a return cargo of English goods according to law.

The weakness of all artificial dikes for commerce lies in their tendency to give way in unexpected places. Shut out of the open market, the colonists began to make things for themselves. The building of forges in America brought American bar iron into England. But not only the owners of iron-forges in England, but also the men who annually sold to them, in those days before coal, a hundred and ninety-eight thousand cords of coppice wood, combined to secure a prohibitory duty on all but pig iron from America. Then the colonists took to working up part of their iron for home use, making pots, kettles, andirons, shovels, tongs, and pokers, to the grief of English iron manufacturers. To save these last from such competition, a little breathing-place was made for American bar iron, which was suffered to come into London, but which must on no account be carried ten miles into the country, for fear of wounding the feelings of the owners of coppice woods, by bringing the American forests into competition with English brush hedges. But in 1757 the general voice of the people in England prevailed to sweep away this whimsical restriction.

Americans could not in decency be forbidden to use the spinning-wheel and the loom to clothe their own bodies; but in 1699 they were estopped from carrying such manufactures from one province to another, nor were they allowed to improve their breed of sheep. In 1732 an attempt was made to repress hat-making, which the cheap supply of furs made profitable in most of the colonies. Heavy penalties were imposed on a hatter for loading his wares on a horse or cart with intent to carry them to another plantation; no colo-

nists might carry on the trade who had not served an apprenticeship of seven years; no American hatter might keep more than two apprentices; and no slave was permitted to make hats. In spite of these measures, Boston made hats equal to the English; and the London felt-makers in 1731 begged that the colonists should not be allowed to wear any hats but those from British shops.

While the English subordinated their colonies to the prosperity of English manufactures, the French enacted even severer laws in regard to their West India islands; repressing the exportation of rum, for example, lest it should interfere with the market for French brandies. The waste molasses from the sugar factories—raw material for rum—was poured into the sea, or allowed to stand in offensive fermentation and evaporation in some remote depression in the earth. But there was nothing the northern and middle English colonies wanted so much as rum. With rum they supplied their fishing-vessels and whale-ships; with rum they traded to Newfoundland, and bought negroes on the Guinea coast; with rum they trafficked for corn and illicit tobacco in the Virginia rivers, and for peltries and corn in the North Carolina inlets; with rum they cajoled the Indian out of his wampum and beaver-skins; and with rum they cheered the homely festivities and solemnities of pioneer life—weddings, house-raisings, huskings, funerals, and the ordinations of new ministers. There were solemn stipulations in every treaty between France and England, from 1686 onward, forbidding the subjects of one king from trading in the colonies of the other under penalty of confiscation of the ship and cargo. But there lay the waste molasses in the French islands, where even light-weight coins passed by tale in the absence of money scales, and the Yankee captains early found means of overcoming the scruples of the French governors, by paying a liberal impost to the governor's privy purse—a hundred livres on every mule taken into Martinique, for example. By 1731 it was said that twenty thousand hogsheads of French molasses was made into rum annually by the New England distilleries, which rose in number to sixty. By this time a bitter quarrel had broken out between the English sugar islands, which insisted on having a monopoly of the molasses trade and the continental provinces. This was only brought to a close by the levying of a duty on the foreign rum, sugar, and molasses carried into the American colonies.

So many restrictions brought forth their natural fruit in an enormous growth of smuggling and official corruption. Governors were expected to watch the collectors; the result in many cases was that shippers were put to the trouble of paying two bribes instead of one, and official exile in the colonies became a pretty sure road to wealth. Some shrewd traders, like Flipson in New York, are reported to have solved difficulties once for all by taking royal governors into secret and lucrative partnerships. New England merchants evaded or defied the law wherever this was possible; John Hancock's uncle made a fortune by importing contraband tea from St. Eustatius in molasses hogsheads. New Yorkers ran in goods on the coast of Long Island to the value of one-third their legal imports, and they were wont to unload at New York the most valuable forbidden cargoes in the face and eyes of a corrupt officer, who would declare his inability to interfere with an armed ship. Sometimes with a tardy show of zeal the officer would save appearances by seizing the last boat-loads that were brought ashore. Forged cockets were a common device for cheating the law. In rare cases, where the governor was honest, the members of his council were chief offenders, asserting their right to trade with all the world. In the last years of the colonial period it was thought that one-fourth of all importations were smuggled.

Of exports, tobacco was the chief sufferer from the law; from it the English Government derived a larger revenue than from any other article. The devices for evading the duties were therefore numerous. One-fourth of all the tobacco used in England was "run in"; some was exported in order to draw a rebate, and then run back. To avoid landing it in England, a Dutch skipper would collect a cargo in the name of an English captain, and then send his ship direct to Holland, while he went home by way of New Netherland. Ships were wont to clear from the Virginia rivers for some English island with a partial cargo of provisions or lumber; then, in some lonesome creek or cove near the river's mouth, a quantity of tobacco would be put aboard, to be left at one of the Dutch islands before the ship should deliver her staves and pork at the place mentioned in her papers. Other methods were to pack tobacco in barrels and pass it for pork, and to bury it under a hold-ful of corn, and to ship it from North Carolina for fish. Tobacco carried to sea in various ways was transferred to Dutch ships in the open ocean. The little shallops which peddled in bays and creeks too remote to be watched by collectors took much to New England. While the Dutch remained in possession of New Netherland, such quantities of the staple were rolled in hogsheads out of Maryland across the Dutch boundary, or sent to New Amsterdam in boats, as to involve an

estimated loss of ten thousand pounds sterling to the English revenue.

No odium appears to have attached to the contraband trade. No church discountenanced it, and no man lost standing by the practice. Courageous or ingenious smuggling was probably accounted more honorable than tame submission to inequitable laws; it was even defended in Parliament by Edmund Burke.

VII.

PIRATES.

THE most significant phenomenon in the civilization of the seventeenth century was, perhaps, the rise of the buccaneers and the multitude of the pirates. This flourishing piracy may be traced to causes that lay deep in the state of society, in the despotic tyranny of governments, in the severity and inequality of criminal laws, in the hard lot of the poor, in the ignorance and brutality of the common sailor and fisherman, in religious hatreds, and in the predatory character of the wars that formed the pastime of gentlemen and the profitable trade of professional soldiers. The Spaniards at first sought to exterminate ruthlessly the crews of all trading ships other than Spanish that should venture into the West Indies; and the English, Dutch, and French ships in those parts undertook to repay extermination in kind. About the year 1600 these latter formed a kind of confederacy as "Brothers of the Coast," or filibusters. Plunder easily took the place of revenge as a motive. More could be made in capturing treasure-ships than by trade. The Spaniards, by their fierce cruelty to the French *boucaniers*, or wild-cattle hunters, on Santo Domingo, drove them also to take to the sea, and thus raised up a new foe more terrible even than the filibusters, with whom the buccaneers soon associated themselves.

The "Brothers of the Coast" carried the flag of whatever power chanced to be at open blows with Spain. Failing other authority, one of them, Bartholomew Sharp, escaped hanging as a pirate by showing a commission from an Indian chief who was styled "the King of Darien." But with or without legitimate authority, they performed incredible deeds of valor in capturing treasure-bearing galleons and sacking fortified cities, blackening their fame at the same time with cruelties as unutterable as those of the Spaniards themselves. They carried about with them certain tatters of religion, offering devout prayers for rich booty before an engagement, and singing Te Deums in the churches of the cities that they had sacked and ruined. The Protestants and Catholics among them sometimes fell asunder from theological differences, the English pirates showing the truly reformed state of their religion by shooting at images in the Spanish churches or defiling the altars with licentious orgies. The filibuster Daniel, on the other hand, displayed the ardor of his piety somewhat ostentatiously by shooting one of his men in church for irreverent behavior during the mass. One French gentleman who has left a book of his experience went a-filibustering in order to pay his debts, "as an honest man should"; and Monbars, "the exterminator," pursued the life of a buccaneer disinterestedly, in order to wreak vengeance on the Spanish people for the cruelties inflicted by some of them on the American Indians. Buccaneering was but one of many tokens of the confusion into which the world's moral judgments had fallen.

From the buccaneers there came out ships' crews, who, throwing off the slender pretense to legitimate war, took rank among the common pirates, preying not alone upon the Spanish, but upon all, while tales recounted in Europe and in the colonies of the fabulous wealth won by freebooters in lucky onslaughts set many seamen on like courses. The common practice of privateering and the brutalizing slave-trade were prosperous schools for outlaws. Legitimate war was so much a matter of plunder at that day that the seaman's conscience was not able to make the distinction between taking prizes under sanction of letters of marque and taking them without. "I am a free prince," said the pirate Bellamy, "and have as much right to make war on all the world as he who has a hundred sail at sea." The love of adventure and the sentimentalism left over from the times of chivalry, which made every bold fighter a hero, led a few men of social standing to "sail upon the grand account," and even two Amazonian women achieved fame as fighting pirates. The ultra-democratic sentiment, which broke into revolution in the eighteenth century, found its home in the seventeenth among the sea-rovers. The code which governed the relations of the buccaneers to one another was at first very democratic and equitable, and some of the pirates set up for political theorists and social reformers. Such was the Frenchman Misson, who, with the aid of an ex-priest from Italy, founded a Utopian state upon the coast of Madagascar a century before the outbreak of the French Revolution. This democracy lived by plunder, but gave liberty, fraternity, and equality to the men of various nations who composed it; the negroes captured in slave-ships were freely admitted to the brotherhood, and there was even a dash of puritanism about its

laws which prohibited swearing and drunkenness.

But most of the later pirates assumed an attitude of melodramatic heroism, or tried to play the incarnate fiend. Roberts, who took four hundred sail before his own capture, wore in fighting a rich crimson damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his hat, and a gold chain about his neck with a diamond cross attached. All true pirate captains carried their great pistols on a silken cord slung over their shoulders, that in any encounter it might not be a question of expedition in "drawing." Captain Teach, better known as Blackbeard, added to the native ferocity of his aspect by wearing, when in action, a lighted match-cord conveniently bound about his head. Some of the pirates believed, or affected to believe, themselves favorites of the devil; one Lewis, when his topmast was carried away while chasing a Carolina ship, ran up aloft and tore a lock of hair from his head, throwing it to the winds and crying, "Take that, good devil, till I come!" Another compelled certain New England fishermen whom he had captured to jump up three times and say, "Curse Cotton Mather."

The same confusion of moral ideas that carried so many seamen into outlawry existed on shore, and the pirates easily found places in which to trade or enjoy their gains. Earl Bellomont, on his arrival at New York as royal governor, pronounced the town "a nest of pirates." Fletcher, the preceding governor, had fixed the price of immunity to pirate seamen at a hundred dollars a head, though it could now and then be cheapened a little. Men enriched by an unlawful trade with the "Red Sea men," or the Madagascar pirate settlements, sat at the governor's council board. South Carolina was "a common receptacle" for sea-rovers for many years; the courts of justice and public sentiment were debauched by their lavish expenditures, and some of them settled there with their spoils. The Rhode Island ports were also resorts for men "from the seas," who preferred to be tried and acquitted by friendly courts as a sort of immunity from further molestation. Blackbeard is said to have secretly frequented the taverns and to have bought supplies in Philadelphia. The small ports and convenient creeks of eastern Long Island were pirate-haunted. But the shallow inlets of North Carolina were the last stronghold of the pirates in American waters. Blackbeard had the governor of that province for partner, and stored his booty in the secretary's barn. Sea-outlaws found the more sympathy because the people generally were demoralized by resistance to the navigation laws and by smuggling.

Throughout the seventeenth century piracy acted as a depressing influence on the nascent trade of the colonies, and as commerce became more extensive and offered more tempting prizes the evil increased in proportion. The pirates captured nearly forty vessels off the Carolina coast between 1717 and 1721. Rice culture was unprofitable, because it was impossible to export the product. The audacious Blackbeard, holding leading citizens as hostages, once sent up to Charleston to demand medicines. Vessels were captured within the capes of Virginia; others were taken out of the Delaware; Philadelphia trembled lest its reputation for non-resistance should tempt some bold rover, like Teach, to sack the town. A watch was therefore set in the lower bay to give warning of the arrival of suspicious vessels. Even the poverty-smitten fisher people of the Isles of Shoals were plundered. Piracy became a sort of epidemic; privateers, failing of an enemy, plundered what they found; ships seeking treasure in a wreck without success made profitable wrecks of other ships rather than return bootless. Settlements of pirates were made on the Island of New Providence and at Cape Fear. Promises of pardon brought many pirates, about 1717, to reform and settle on the coast, Blackbeard among the rest. When their money was spent, most of these penitents, having gained valuable information and secured accomplices, betook them again to the high seas, becoming a greater terror than before.

One of the earliest efforts to put down the pirates was the sending out of a respectable privateer, Captain William Kid, in 1695, to win fame and find fortune for himself and the gentleman who had fitted him out, by making prizes of the pirates that frequented the Indian Ocean, many of whom were from the American coast. Failing to find those whom he sought, Kid was easily drawn into piracy himself to satisfy the greedy crew of scoundrels who had flocked to him out of New York and New Jersey in hopes of getting booty. He expiated his crimes at Execution Dock, near London, and became immediately a hero of melodramatic stories and street ballads, though he was but a half-hearted outlaw. To such governors as Bellomont and Spotswood the suppression of piracy was chiefly due. Virginia and Massachusetts always set their faces against it. There was a trial for piracy in Virginia as early as 1694, and Boston had some great and imposing executions of pirates, who were hanged at the water's edge with much preaching and praying, and in sight of great multitudes on land and in boats. One of them, named Fly, was in 1726 left hanging in chains, in full view of all

CAPTAIN EDWARD TEACH, COMMONLY CALLED BLACKBEARD, AS REPRESENTED IN THE "HISTORY OF THE PYRATES," BY CAPTAIN CHARLES JOHNSON, 1734.

mariners who sailed in and out of the port, "to be a spectacle, and so a warning, to others." In 1718 Governor Spotswood, of Virginia, sent Lieutenant Maynard to capture Blackbeard. The battle in Ocracoke Inlet was most desperate. One of Blackbeard's men stood with lighted match ready to blow up his ship, while the pirates and Maynard fought hand to hand with cutlass and pistol on the deck of Maynard's vessel until Blackbeard was slain. The victorious officer went back to James River in triumph with his prisoners and his booty, and with the pirate's head dangling at the bowsprit. About the same time Colonel William Rhett sailed out of Charleston and chased the pirate Steed Bonnett to bay at his haunt in Cape Fear River. In the battle Rhett was wounded, but he took Bonnett and about forty men. These were hanged at wholesale, below high-water mark, as became those whose crimes were committed at sea. Governor Robert Johnson, of South Carolina, personally pursued the pirate Worley's sloop into the same waters, and fought until the pirates, refusing to surrender, were all killed, except the leader and one man, and these were both so desperately cut up that they were expeditiously hanged to save their dying more honorably of their wounds. In 1723 twenty-eight pirates were hanged in a batch at Gravelly Beach, near Newport, and buried between high and low water mark.

Such vigorous courses made piracy less attractive, and the commerce of the colonies was little molested by freebooters after 1725. They still lingered along the whole coast in legends and ballads, and to this day the credulous continue to dig the sands, now here, now there, from New England to Carolina, in search of doubloons and pieces of eight hidden by Kid or Blackbeard.

DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

XXXVII.

"I MUST BE CRUEL ONLY TO BE KIND."

THE plague grew sated and feeble. One morning frost sent a flight of icy arrows into the town, and it vanished. The swarthy girls and lads that sauntered homeward behind their mothers' cows across the wide suburban stretches of marshy commons heard again the deep, unbroken, cataract roar of the reawakened city.

We call the sea cruel, seeing its waters dimple and smile where yesterday they dashed in pieces the ship that was black with men, women, and children. But what shall we say of those billows of human life, of which we are ourselves a part, that surge over the graves of its own dead with dances and laughter and many a coquetry, with panting chase for gain and preference, and pious regrets and tender condolences for the thousands that died yesterday — and need not have died?

Such were the questions Dr. Sevier asked himself as he laid down the newspaper full of congratulations upon the return of trade's and fashion's boisterous flow, and praises of the deeds of benevolence and mercy that had abounded throughout the days of anguish.

Certain currents in these human rapids had driven Richling and the Doctor wide apart. But at last, one day, Richling entered the office with a cheerfulness of countenance something overdone, and indicative to the Doctor's eye of inward trepidation.

"Doctor," he said, hurriedly, "preparing to leave the office? It was the only moment I could command ——"

"Good morning, Richling."

"I've been trying every day for a week to get down here," said Richling, drawing out a paper. "Doctor ——" with his eyes on the paper, which he had begun to unfold.

"Richling ——" It was the Doctor's hardest voice. Richling looked up at him as a child looks at a thunder-cloud. The Doctor pointed to the document:

"Is that a subscription-paper?"

"Yes."

"You needn't unfold it, Richling." The Doctor made a little pushing motion at it with his open hand. "From whom does it come?"

Richling gave a name. He had not changed color when the Doctor looked black, but now he did; for Dr. Sevier smiled. It was terrible.

"Not the little preacher that lisps?" asked the physician.

"He lisps sometimes," said Richling, with resentful subsidence of tone and with dropped eyes, preparing to return the paper to his pocket.

"Wait," said the Doctor, more gravely, arresting the movement with his index finger. "What is it for?"

"It's for the aid of an asylum overcrowded with orphans in consequence of the late epidemic." There was still a tightness in Richling's throat, a faint bitterness in his tone, a spark of indignation in his eye. But these the Doctor ignored. He reached out his hand, took the folded paper gently from Richling, crossed his knees, and, resting his elbows on them and shaking the paper in a prefatory way, spoke:

"Richling, in old times we used to go into monasteries; now we subscribe to orphan asylums. Nine months ago I warned this community that if it didn't take the necessary precautions against the foul contagion that has since swept over us, it would pay for its wicked folly in the lives of thousands and the increase of fatherless and helpless children. I didn't know it would come this year, but I knew it might come any year. Richling, we deserved it!"

Richling had never seen his friend in so forbidding an aspect. He had come to him boyishly elated with the fancied excellence and goodness and beauty of the task he had assumed, and a perfect confidence that his noble benefactor would look upon him with pride and upon the scheme with generous favor. When he had offered to present the paper to Dr. Sevier, he had not understood the little rector's marked alacrity in accepting his service. Now it was plain enough. He was well-nigh dumbfounded. The responses that came from him came mechanically, and in the manner of one who wards

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off unmerited buffetings from one whose unkindness may not be resented.

"You can't think that only those died who were to blame?" he asked, helplessly; and the Doctor's answer came back instantly:

"Ho, no! look at the hundreds of little graves! No, sir. If only those who were to blame had been stricken, I should think the Judgment wasn't far off. Talk of God's mercy in times of health! There's no greater evidence of it than to see him, in these awful visitations, refusing still to discriminate bebetween the innocent and the guilty! Richling, only Infinite Mercy joined to Infinite Power, with infinite command of the future, could so forbear!"

Richling could not answer. The Doctor unfolded the paper and began to read:—"'God in his mysterious providence'—oh, sir!"

"What!" demanded Richling.

"Oh, sir, what a foul, false charge! There's nothing mysterious about it! We've trampled the book of Nature's laws in the mire of our streets, and dragged her penalties down upon our heads! Why, Richling,"—he shifted his attitude, and laid the edge of one hand upon the paper that lay in the other, with the air of commencing a demonstration,—"you're a Bible man, eh? Well, yes, I think you are; but I want you never to forget that the book of Nature has its commandments, too; and the man who sins against *them* is a sinner. There's no dispensation of mercy in that scripture to Jew or Gentile, though the God of Mercy wrote it with his own finger. A community has got to know those laws and keep them, or take the consequences—and take them here and now—on this globe—*presently!*"

"You mean, then," said Richling, extending his hand for the return of the paper, "that those whose negligence filled the asylums should be the ones to subscribe."

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "yes!" drew back his hand with the paper still in it, turned to his desk, opened the list, and wrote. Richling's eyes followed the pen; his heart came slowly up into his throat.

"Why, Doc—Doctor, that's more than any one else has——"

"They've probably made some mistake," said Dr. Sevier, rubbing the blotting-paper with his finger. "Richling, do you think it's your mission to be a philanthropist?"

"Isn't it everybody's mission?" replied Richling.

"That's not what I asked you."

"But you ask a question," said Richling, smiling down upon the subscription-paper as he folded it, "that nobody would like to answer."

"Very well, then, you needn't answer. But, Richling,"—he pointed his long finger to the pocket of Richling's coat, where the subscription-list had disappeared,—"this sort of work—whether you distinctly propose to be a philanthropist or not—is right, of course. It's good. But it's the mere alphabet of beneficence. Richling, whenever philanthropy takes the *guise* of philanthropy, look out. Confine your philanthropy—you can't do it entirely, but as much as you can—confine your philanthropy to the *motive*. It's the temptation of philanthropists to set aside the natural constitution of society wherever it seems out of order, and substitute some philanthropic machinery in its place. It's all wrong, Richling. Do as a good doctor would. Help nature."

Richling looked down askance, pushed his fingers through his hair perplexedly, drew a deep breath, lifted his eyes to the Doctor's again, smiled incredulously, and rubbed his brow.

"You don't see it?" asked the physician, in a tone of surprise.

"O Doctor,"—throwing up a despairing hand,—"we're miles apart. I don't see how any work could be nobler. It looks to me ——" But Dr. Sevier interrupted.

"——From an emotional stand-point, Richling. Richling!"—he changed his attitude again,—"if you *want* to be a philanthropist, be cold-blooded."

Richling laughed outright, but not heartily.

"Well!" said his friend, with a shrug, as if he dismissed the whole matter. But when Richling moved, as if to rise, he restrained him. "Stop! I know you're in a hurry, but you may tell Reisen to blame me."

"It's not Reisen so much as it's the work," replied Richling, but settled down again in his seat.

"Richling, human benevolence—public benevolence—in its beginning was a mere nun on the battle-field, binding up wounds and wiping the damp from dying brows. But since then it has had time and opportunity to become strong, bold, masculine, potential. Once it had only the knowledge and power to alleviate evil consequences; now it has both the knowledge and the power to deal with evil causes. Now, I say to you, leave this emotional A B C of human charity to nuns and mite societies. It's a good work; let them do it. Give them money, if you can."

"I see what you mean—I think," said Richling, slowly, and with a pondering eye.

"I'm glad if you do," rejoined the Doctor, visibly relieved.

"But that only throws a heavier responsibility upon strong men, if I understand it," said Richling, half interrogatively.

"Certainly! Upon strong spirits, male or female. Upon spirits that can drive the axe low down into the causes of things, again and again and again, steadily, patiently, until at last some great evil towering above them totters and falls crashing to the earth, to be cut to pieces and burned in the fire. Richling! gather fagots for pastime if you like, though it's poor fun; but don't think that's your mission! *Don't* be a fagot-gatherer! What are you smiling at?"

"Your good opinion of me," answered Richling. "Doctor, I don't believe I'm fit for anything but a fagot-gatherer. But I'm willing to try."

"Oh, bah!" The Doctor admired such humility as little as it deserved. "Richling, reduce the number of helpless orphans! Dig out the old roots of calamity! A spoon is not what you want; you want a *mattock*. Reduce crime and vice! Reduce squalor! Reduce the poor man's death-rate! Improve his tenements! improve his hospitals! carry sanitation into his workshops! Teach the trades! Prepare the poor for possible riches, and the rich for possible poverty! Ah — ah — Richling, I preach well enough, I think, but in practice I have missed it myself! Don't repeat my error!"

"Oh, but you haven't missed it!" cried Richling.

"Yes, but I have," said the Doctor. "Here I am, telling you to let your philanthropy be cold-blooded; why, I've always been hot-blooded."

"I like the hot best," said Richling, quickly.

"You ought to hate it," replied his friend. "It's been the root of all your troubles. Richling, God Almighty is unimpassioned. If he wasn't, he'd be weak. You remember Young's line: 'A God all mercy is a God unjust.' The time has come when beneficence, to be real, must operate scientifically, not emotionally. Emotion is good; but it must follow, not guide. Here! I'll give you a single instance. Emotion never sells where it can give: that is an old-fashioned, effete benevolence. The new, the cold-blooded, is incomparably better: it never — to individual or to community — gives where it can sell. Your instincts have applied the rule to yourself; apply it to your fellow-man."

"Ah!" said Richling, promptly, "that's another thing. It's not my business to apply it to them."

"It *is* your business to apply it to them. You have no right to do less."

"And what will men say of me?—At least —not that, but—"

The Doctor pointed upward. "They will say, 'I know thee, that thou art an hard man.'" His voice trembled. "But, Richling," he resumed with fresh firmness, "if you want to lead a long and useful life,—you say you do,—you must take my advice; you must deny yourself for a while; you must shelve these fine notions for a time. I tell you once more, you must endeavor to reëstablish your health as it was before — before they locked you up, you know. When that is done, you can commence right there if you choose; I wish you would. Give the public — sell would be better, but it will hardly buy — a prison system less atrocious, less destructive of justice, and less promotive of crime and vice than the one it has. By the by, I suppose you know that Raphael Ristofalo went to prison last night again?"

Richling sprang to his feet. "For what? He hasn't——"

"Yes, sir; he has discovered the man who robbed him, and has killed him."

Richling started away, but halted as the Doctor spoke again, rising from his seat and shaking out his legs.

"He's not suffering any hardship. He's shrewd, you know;—has made arrangements with the keeper by which he secures very comfortable quarters. The star-chamber, I think they call the room he is in. He'll suffer very little restraint. Good-day."

He turned, as Richling left, to get his own hat and gloves. "Yes," he thought, as he passed slowly down-stairs to his carriage, "I have erred." He was not only teaching, he was learning. To fight evil was not enough. People who wanted help for orphans did not come to him — they sent. They drew back from him as a child shrinks from a soldier. Even Alice, his buried Alice, had wept with delight when he gave her a smile, and trembled with fear at his frown. To fight evil is not enough. Everybody seemed to feel as though that were a war against himself. Oh for some one always to understand — never to fear — the frowning good intention of the lonely man!

XXXVIII.

"PETTENT PRATE."

It was about the time, in January, when clerks and correspondents were beginning to write '59 without first getting it '58, that Dr. Sevier, as one morning he approached his office, noticed with some grim amusement, standing among the brokers and speculators

of Carondelet street, the baker, Reisen. He was earnestly conversing with and bending over a small, alert fellow in a rakish beaver and very smart coat, with the blue flowers of modesty bunched saucily in one button-hole.

Almost at the same moment Reisen saw the Doctor. He called his name aloud, and for all his ungainly bulk would have run directly to the carriage in the middle of the street, only that the Doctor made believe not to see, and in a moment was out of reach. But when two or three hours later the same vehicle came, tipping somewhat, sidewise against the sidewalk at the Charity Hospital gate, and the Doctor stepped from it, there stood Reisen in waiting.

"Toctor," he said, approaching and touching his hat, "I like to see you a minudt, uff you bleace, shtrict prifut."

They moved slowly down the unfrequented sidewalk, along the garden wall.

"Before you begin, Reisen, I want to ask you a question. I've noticed for a month past that Mr. Richling rides in your bread-carts alongside the drivers on their rounds. Don't you know you ought not to require such a thing as that from a person like Mr. Richling? Mr. Richling's a gentleman, Reisen, and you make him mount up in those bread-carts, and jump out every few minutes to deliver bread!"

The Doctor's blood was not cold.

"Vell, now!" drawled the baker, as the corners of his mouth retreated toward the back of his neck, "endt tat teh funn'est ting, ennahow! Vhy, tat iss yoost teh ferra ting fot I comin' to shpeak mit you apowdt udt!" He halted and looked at the Doctor to see how this coincidence struck him; but the Doctor merely moved on. "*I* toant make him too udt," he continued, starting again; "he cumps to me sindts apowdt two-o-o mundts aco—ven I shtill feelin' a liddle veak, yet, fun teh yalla-feewa—undt yoost paygs me to let um too udt. 'Mr. Richlun,' sayss I to him, 'I toandt kin untershtayndt for vot you vawnts to too sich a riticklis, Mr. Richlun!' Ovver he sayss, 'Mr. Reisen,'—he alvays callss me 'Mister,' undt tat iss one dting in puttickly vot I alvays tit li-i-iked apowt Mr. Richlun,—'Mr. Reisen,' he sayss, 'toandt you aysk me te reason, ovver yoost let me co ahate undt too udt!' Undt I voss a coin' to kiff udt up, alretty; ovver ten cumps in *Missess* Reisen,—who iss a heap shmarter mayn as fot Reisen iss, I yoost tell you te ectsectly troot,—and she sayss, 'Reisen, you yoost tell Mr. Richlun, Mr. Richlun, you toandt coin' to too sich a riticklis!'"

The speaker paused for effect.

"Undt ten Mr. Richlun, he talks!—Schweedt?—O yendlemans, toandt say nutting!" The baker lifted up his palm and swung it down against his thigh with a blow that sent the flour out in a little cloud. "I tell you, Toctor Tseweer, ven tat mayn vawndts to too udt, he kin yoost talk te mo-ust like a Christun fun enna mayn I neffa he-ut in mine li-i-ife! 'Missess Reisen,' he sayss, 'I vawndts to too udt pecauce I vawndts to too udt.' Vell, how you coin' to arg-y ennating eagval mit Mr. Richlun? So teh upshodt iss he coes owdt in teh pratecawts tistripputin te prate!" Reisen threw his arms far behind him, and bowed low to his listener.

Dr. Sevier had learned him well enough to beware of interrupting him, lest when he resumed it would be at the beginning again. He made no answer, and Reisen went on:

"Bressently——" He stopped his slow walk, brought forward both palms, shrugged, dropped them, bowed, clasped them behind him, brought the left one forward, dropped it, then the right one, dropped it also, frowned, smiled, and said:

"Bressently"—then a long silence—"effrapotty in my etsteplitchmendt"—another long pause—"hef yoost teh same ettechmendt to Mr. Richlun,"—another interval,—"tey hef yoost tso much effection fur *him*"—another silence—"ass tey hef"—another, with a smile this time—"fur—te teffle himpselluf!" An oven opened in the baker's face, and emitted a softly rattling expiration like that of a bursted bellows. The Doctor neither smiled nor spoke. Reisen resumed:

"I seen udt. I seen udt. Ovver I toandt coult untershtayndt udt. Ovver one tay cumps in mine little poy in to me fen te pakers voss all ashleep. 'Pap-a, Mr. Richlun sayss you shouldt come into teh offuss.' I kumpt in. Mr. Richlun voss tare, shtayndting yoost so—yoost so—py teh shtofe; undt, Toctor Tseweer, I yoost tell you te ectsectly troot, he toaldt in fife minudts—six minudts—seven minudts, udt may pe—undt shoadt me how effrapotty, high undt low, little undt pick, Tom, Tick, undt Harra, pin ropping me sindts more ass fife years!"

The longest pause of all followed this disclosure. The baker had gradually backed the Doctor up against the wall, spreading out the whole matter with his great palms turned now upward and now downward, the bulky contents of his high-waisted, barn-door trowsers now bulged out and now withdrawn, to be protruded yet more a moment later. He recommenced by holding out his down-turned hand some distance above the ground.

"I yoompt tot hoigh!" He blew his cheeks out, and rose a half-inch off his heels

in recollection of the mighty leap. "Ovver Mr. Richlun sayss,—he sayss, 'Kip shtill, Mr. Reisen!' undt I kibt shtill."

The baker's auditor was gradually drawing him back toward the hospital gate; but he continued speaking.

"Py undt py, vun tay, *I* kot something to say to Mr. *Richlun*, yet. Undt *I* sendts vert to Mr. *Richlun* tat *he* shouldt come into teh offuss. He cumps in. 'Mr. Richlun,' I sayss, sayss I to him, 'Mr. Richlun, I kot udt!'" The baker shook his finger in Dr. Sevier's face. "'I kot udt, udt layst, Mr. Richlun! I yoost het a *suspish'n* sindts teh first tay fot I employedt you, ovver now I *know* I kot udt!' Vell, sir, he yoost turnun so rate ass a flennen shirt! — 'Mr. Reisen,' sayss he to me, 'fot iss udt fot you kot?' — Undt sayss I to him, 'Mr. Richlun, udt iss you! Udt is you fot I kot!'"

Dr. Sevier stood sphinx-like, and once more Reisen went on.

"'Yes, Mr. Richlun,'" still addressing the Doctor as though he were his bookkeeper, "'I yoost layin' on my pett effra nighdt — effra nighdt, vi-i-ite ava-a-ake! undt in apowdt a veek I make udt owdt ut layst tot you, Mr. Richlun,' — I lookt um shtraight in te eye, undt he lookt me shtraight te same, — 'tot, Mr. Richlun, *you*,' sayss I, 'not dtose fellehs fot pin py me sindts more ass fife yearss, put *you*, Mr. Richlun, iss teh mayn! — teh mayn fot I — kin *trust!*'" The baker's middle parts bent out and his arms were drawn akimbo. Thus for ten seconds.

"'Undt now, Mr. Richlun, do you kot teh shtrengdt for to shtart a noo pissness?' — Pecause, Toctor, udt pin seem to me Mr. Richlun kitten more undt more shecklun, undt toandt take tot meticine fot you kif um (ovver he sayss he toos). — So ten he sayss to me, 'Mister Reisen, I am yoost so sollut undt shtrong like a pilly-coat! Fot is teh noo pissness?' — 'Mr. Richlun,' sayss I, 've coin' to make pettent prate!'"

"What?" asked the Doctor, frowning with impatience and venturing to interrupt at last.

"*Pet-tent prate!*"

The listener frowned heavier and shook his head.

"*Pettent prate!*"

"Oh! patent bread; yes. Well?"

"Yes," said Reisen, "prate mate mit a mutcheen; mit copponic-essut kass into udt ploat pefore udt iss paked. I pought teh pettent tiss mawning fun a yendleman in Garontelet shtreedt, alretty, naympt Kknox."

"And what have I to do with all this?" asked the Doctor, consulting his watch, as he had already done twice before.

"Vell," said Reisen, spreading his arms abroad, "I yoost taught you like to herr udt."

"But what do you want to see me for? What have you kept me all this time to tell me — or ask me?"

"Toctor,— you excuce me — ovver"— the baker held the Doctor by the elbow as he began to turn away — "Toctor Tseweer,"— the great face lighted up with a smile, the large body doubled partly together, and the broad left hand was held ready to smite the thigh, — "you shouldt see Mr. Richlun ven he fowndt owdt udt iss coin' to lower teh price of prate! I taught he iss coin' to kiss Mississ Reisen!"

XXXIX.

SWEET BELLS JANGLED.

THOSE who knew New Orleans just before the civil war, even though they saw it only along its river-front from the deck of some steam-boat, may easily recall a large sign painted high up on the side of the old "Triangle Building," which came to view through the dark web of masts and cordage as one drew near St. Mary's Market. "Steam Bakery," it read. And such as were New Orleans householders, or by any other chance enjoyed the experience of making their way in the early morning among the hundreds of baskets that on hundreds of elbows moved up and down along and across the quaint gaslit arcades of any of the market-houses, must remember how, about this time or a little earlier, there began to appear on one of the tidiest of bread-stalls in each of these market-houses a new kind of bread. It was a small, densely compacted loaf of the size and shape of a badly distorted brick. When broken, it divided into layers each of which showed —— "teh bprindt of teh kkneading-mutcheen," said Reisen to Narcisse; "yoost like a tsoda-crecker!"

These two persons had met by chance at a coffee-stand one beautiful summer dawn in one of the markets,—the Tréiné, most likely,— where, perched on high stools at a zinc-covered counter, with the smell of fresh blood on the right and of stale fish on the left, they had finished half their cup of *café au lait* before they awoke to the exhilarating knowledge of each other's presence.

"Yesseh," said Narcisse, "now since you 'ave wemawk the mention of it, I think I have saw that va'iety of bwead."

"Oh, surely you poundt to a-seedt udt. A uckly little prown dting ——"

"But cook well," said Narcisse.

"Yayss," drawled the baker. It was a fact that he had to admit.

"An' good flou'," persisted the Creole.

"Yayss," said the smiling manufacturer. He could not deny that either.

"An' hones' weight!" said Narcisse, planting his empty cup in his saucer, with the energy of his asseveration; "an', Mr. Bison, thass a ve'y seldom thing."

"Yayss," assented Reisen, "ovver tat prate iss mighdy dtry, undt shtickin' in teh dtroat."

"No, seh!" said the flatterer, with a generous smile. "Egscuse me—I diffeh fum you. 'Tis a beaucheouz bwead. Yesseh. And eve'y loaf got the name beaucheouzly pwint' on the top, with 'Patent'—sich an' sich a time. 'Tis the tooth, Mr. Bison, I'm boun' to congwatu*late* you on that bwead."

"O-o-oh! tat iss not *mine* prate," exclaimed the baker. "'Tat iss not fun mine etsteplitchmendt. Oh, no! Tatt iss te prate—I'm yoost dtellin' you—tat iss te prate fun tat fellah py teh Sunk-Mary's Morrikit-house! Tat's teh shteam prate.' I to-udt know for vot effrapotty puys tat prate, ennahow! Ovver you yoost vait dtill you see *mine* prate!"

"Mr. Bison," said Narcisse, "Mr. Bison,"—he had been trying to stop him and get in a word of his own, but could not,—"I don't know if you—Mr.——Mr. Bison, in fact, you din unde'stood me. Can that be poss'ble that you din notiz that I was speaking in my i'ony about that bwead? Why, of co'se! Thass juz my i'onious cuztom, Mr. Bison. Thass one thing I dunno if you 'ave notiz about that 'steam bwead,' Mr. Bison, but with me that bwead always stick in my th'oat; an' yet I kin swallow mose anything, in fact. No, Mr. Bison, yo' bwead is deztyned to be the bwead; and I tell you how 'tes with me, I juz gladly eat yo' bwead eve'y time I kin git it! Mr. Bison, in fact you don't know me ve'y in*tim*itly, but you will oblige me ve'y much indeed to baw me five dollahs till tomaw—save me fum d'awing a check!"

The German thrust his hand slowly and deeply into his pocket. "I alvayss like to oplyche a yendleman,"—he smiled benignly, drew out a tooth-pick, and added,—"ovver I nivveh bporrah or lend to ennabodda."

"An' then," said Narcisse, promptly, "'tis imposs'ble faw anybody to be offended. Thass the bess way, Mr. Bison."

"Yays," said the baker, "I dtink udt iss." As they were parting, he added: "Ovver you vait dtill you see *mine* prate!"

"I'll do it, seh!—And, Mr. Bison, you muzn' think anything about that, my not bawing that five dollars fum you, Mr. Bison, because that don't make a bit o' dif'ence; an' thass one thing I like about you, Mr. Bison, you don't baw yo' money to eve'y Dick, Tom, an' Hawwy, do you?"

"No, I dtoandt. Ovver, you yoost vait——"

And certainly, after many vexations, difficulties, and delays, that took many a pound of flesh from Reisen's form, the pretty, pale-brown, fragrant white loaves of "aërated bread" that issued from the Star Bakery in Benjamin street were something pleasant to see, though they did not lower the price.

Richling's old liking for mechanical apparatus came into play. He only, in the establishment, thoroughly understood the new process, and could be certain of daily, or rather nightly, uniform results. He even made one or two slight improvements in it, which he contemplated with ecstatic pride, and long accounts of which he wrote to Mary.

In a generous and innocent way Reisen grew a little jealous of his accountant, and threw himself into his business as he had not done before since he was young, and in the ardor of his emulation ignored utterly a state of health that was no better because of his great length and breadth.

"Toctor Tseweer!" he said, as the physician appeared one day in his office. "Vell, now, I yoost pet finfty tawllars tat iss Mississ Reisen sendts for you tat I'm tsick! Ven udt iss not such a dting!" He laughed immoderately. "Ovver I'm gladt you come, Toctor, ennahow, for you pin yoost in time to see ever'ting runnin'. I vish you yoost come undt see udt!" He grinned in his old, broad way; but his face was anxious, and his bared arms were lean. He laid his hand on the Doctor's arm, then jerked it away, and tried to blow off the floury print of his fingers. "Come!" He beckoned. "Come; I show you somedting putiful. Toctor, I *vish* you come!"

The Doctor yielded. Richling had to be called upon at last to explain the hidden parts and processes.

"It's yoost like putt'n' te shpirudt into teh potty," said the laughing German. "Now, tat prate kot life in udt yoost teh same like your own selluf, Doctor. Tot prate kot yoost so much sense ass Reisen kot. Ovver, Toctor—Toctor"—the Doctor was giving his attention to Richling, who was explaining something—"Toctor, toandt you come here uxpectin' to see nopoty sick, less-n udt iss Mr. Richlun." He caught Richling's face roughly between his hands, and then gave his back a caressing thwack. "Toctor, vot you dtink? Ve coin' to run teh prate-cawts mit copponic-essut kass. Tispense mit hawses!" He laughed long but softly, and smote Richling again as the three walked across the bakery yard abreast.

"Well?" said Dr. Sevier to Richling, in a low tone, "always working toward the one happy end."

Richling had only time to answer with his eyes, when the baker, always clinging close to them, said: "Yes. If I toandt look oudt yet, he pe rich pefore Reisen."

The Doctor looked steadily at Richling, stood still, and said, "Don't hurry."

But Richling swung playfully half around on his heel, dropped his glance, and jerked his head sidewise, as one who neither resented the advice nor took it. A minute later he drew from his breast-pocket a small, thick letter stripped of its envelope, and handed it to the Doctor, who put it into his pocket, neither of them speaking. The action showed practice. Reisen winked one eye laboriously at the Doctor and chuckled.

"See here, Reisen," said the Doctor, "I want you to pack your trunk, take the late boat, and go to Biloxi or Pascagoula, and spend a month fishing and sailing."

The baker pushed his fingers up under his hat, scratched his head, smiled widely, and pointed at Richling.

"Sendt him."

The Doctor went and sat down with Reisen, and used every form of inducement that could be brought to bear; but the German had but one answer: Richling, Richling, not he. The Doctor left a prescription, which the baker took until he found it was making him sleep while Richling was at work, whereupon he amiably threw it out of his window.

It was no surprise to Dr. Sevier that Richling came to him a few days later with a face all trouble.

"How are you, Richling? How's Reisen?"

"Doctor," said Richling, "I'm afraid Mr. Reisen is——" Their eyes met.

"Insane," said the Doctor.

"Yes."

"Does his wife know whether he has ever had such symptoms before — in his life?"

"She says he hasn't."

"I suppose you know his pecuniary condition perfectly; has he money?"

"Plenty."

"He'll not consent to go away anywhere, I suppose, will he?"

"Not an inch."

"There's but one sensible and proper course, Richling; he must be taken at once, by force if necessary, to a first-class insane hospital."

"Why, Doctor, why? can't we treat him better at home?"

The Doctor gave his head its well-known swing of impatience. "If you want to be *criminally* in error, try that!"

"I don't want to be in error at all," retorted Richling.

"Then don't lose twelve hours that you can save, but send him off as soon as process of court will let you."

"Will you come at once and see him?" asked Richling, rising up.

"Yes, I'll be there nearly as soon as you will. Stop; you had better ride with me; I have something special to say." As the carriage started off the Doctor leaned back in its cushions, folded his arms, and took a long, meditative breath. Richling glanced at him and said:

"We're both thinking of the same person."

"Yes," replied the Doctor; "and the same day, too, I suppose; the first day I ever saw her; the only other time that we ever got into this carriage together. Hmm, hmm! With what a fearful speed time flies!"

"Sometimes," said the yearning husband, and apologized by a laugh. The Doctor grunted, looked out the carriage window, and suddenly turning asked:

"Do you know that Reisen instructed his wife about six months ago, in the event of his death or disability, to place all her interests in your hands, and to be guided by your advice in everything?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Richling, "he can't do that! He should have asked my consent."

"I suppose he knew he wouldn't get it. He's a cunning simpleton."

"But, Doctor, if you knew this——" Richling ceased.

"Six months ago. Why didn't I tell you?" said the physician. "I thought I would, Richling, though Reisen bade me not, when he told me; I made no promise. But time, that you think goes slow, was too fast for me."

"I shall refuse to serve," said Richling, soliloquizing aloud. "Don't you see, Doctor, the delicacy of the position?"

"Yes, I do; but you don't. Don't you see it would be just as delicate a matter for you to refuse?"

Richling pondered, and presently said, quite slowly:

"It will look like coming down out of the tree to catch the apples as they fall," he said. "Why," he added with impatience, "it lays me wide open to suspicion and slander."

"Does it?" asked the Doctor, heartlessly. "There's nothing remarkable in that. Did any one ever occupy a responsible position without those conditions?"

"But, you know, I have made some unscrupulous enemies by defending Reisen's interests."

"Um-hmm; what did you defend them for?"

Richling was about to make a reply, but

the Doctor wanted none. "Richling," he said, "the most of men have burrows. They never let anything decoy them so far from those burrows but they can pop into them at a moment's notice. Do you take my meaning?"

"Oh, yes," said Richling, pleasantly; "no trouble to understand you this time. I'll not run into any burrow just now. I'll face my duty, and think of Mary."

He laughed.

"Excellent pastime," responded Dr. Sevier.

They rode on in silence.

"As to," began Richling again — "as to such matters as these, once a man confronts the question candidly, there is really no room, that I can see, for a man to choose; a man, at least, who is always guided by conscience."

"If there were such a man," responded the Doctor.

"True," said John.

"But for common stuff, such as you and I are made of, it must sometimes be terrible."

"I dare say," said Richling. "It sometimes requires cold blood to choose aright."

"As cold as granite," replied the other.

They arrived at the bakery.

"O Doctor," said Mrs. Reisen, proffering her hand as he entered the house, "my poor hussband iss crazy." She dropped into a chair and burst into tears. She was a large woman with a round, red face and triple chin, but with a more intelligent look and a better command of English than Reisen. "Doctor, I want you to cure him aas quick aas possible."

"Well, madam, of course; but will you do what I say?"

"I will, certain shure. I do it yust like you tellin' me."

The Doctor gave her such good advice as became a courageous physician.

A look of dismay came upon her. Her mouth dropped open. "Oh, no, Doctor!" She began to shake her head. "I'll never do tha-at; oh, no; I'll never send my poor hussband to the crazy-house! Oh, no, sir; I'll do not such a thing!" There was some resentment in her emotion. Her nether lip went up like a crying babe's, and she breathed through her nostrils audibly.

"Oh, yes, I know," said the poor creature, turning her face away from the Doctor's kind attempts to explain, and lifting it incredulously as she talked to the wall,—"I know all about it. I'm not a-goin' to put no sich a disgrace on my poor hussband; no, indeed." She faced around suddenly and threw out her hand to Richling, who leaned against a door twisting a bit of string between his thumbs. "Why, he wouldn't go, nohow, even if I gave my consents. You caynt coax him out of his room yet. Oh, no, Doctor; it's my duty to keep him wid me an' try to cure him first a little while here at home. That aint no trouble to me; I don't never mind no trouble if I can be any help to my hussband." She addressed the wall again.

"Well, madam," replied the physician, with unusual tenderness of tone, and looking at Richling while he spoke, "of course you'll do as you think best."

"Oh! my poor Reisen!" exclaimed the wife, wringing her hands.

"Yes," said the physician, rising and looking out a window, "I'm afraid it will be ruin to Reisen."

"No, it wont be such a thing," said Mrs. Reisen, turning this way and that in her chair as the physician moved from place to place. "Mr. Richlin'," — turning to him,—"Mr. Richlin' an' me kin run the business yust so good as Reisen." She shifted her distressed gaze back and forth from Richling to the Doctor. The latter turned to Richling:

"I'll have to leave this matter to you."

Richling nodded.

"Where is Reisen?" asked the Doctor. "In his own room, upstairs?" The three passed through an inner door.

MIRAGE.

"THIS spoils some of your arrangements, doesn't it?" asked Dr. Sevier of Richling, stepping again into his carriage. He had already said the kind things concerning Reisen that physicians commonly say when they have little hope. "Were you not counting on an early visit to Milwaukee?"

Richling laughed.

"That illusion has been just a little beyond reach for months." He helped the Doctor shut his carriage door.

"But now, of course ——" said the physician.

"Of course, it's out of the question," replied Richling; and the Doctor drove away, with the young man's face in his mind bearing an expression of simple emphasis that pleased him much.

Late at night Richling, in his dingy little office, unlocked a drawer, drew out a plump package of letters, and began to read their pages — transcripts of his wife's heart, pages upon pages, hundreds of precious lines, dates crowding closely one upon another. Often he smiled as his eyes ran to and fro, or drew a soft sigh as he turned the page, and looked behind to see if any one had stolen in and was reading over his shoulder. Sometimes his smile broadened; he lifted his glance from the sheet and fixed it in pleasant reverie on

the blank wall before him. Often the lines were taken up with mere utterances of affection. Now and then they were all about little Alice, who had fretted all the night before, her gums being swollen and tender on the upper left side near the front; or who had fallen violently in love with the house-dog, by whom, in turn, the sentiment was reciprocated; or whose eyes were really getting bluer and bluer and her cheeks fatter and fatter, and who seemed to fear nothing that had existence. And the reader of the lines would rest one elbow on the desk, shut his eyes in one hand, and see the fair young head of the mother drooping tenderly over that smaller head in her bosom. Sometimes the tone of the lines was hopefully grave, discussing in the old tentative, interrogative key the future and its possibilities. Some pages were given to reminiscences—recollections of all the droll things and all the good and glad things of the rugged past. Every here and there, but especially where the lines drew toward the signature, the words of longing multiplied, but always full of sunshine; and just at the end of each letter love spurned its restraints, and rose and overflowed with sweet confessions.

Sometimes these re-read letters did Richling good; not always. Maybe he read them too often. It was only the very next time that the Doctor's carriage stood before the bakery that the departing physician turned before he reëntered the vehicle, and—whatever Richling had been saying to him—said abruptly:

"Richling, are you falling out of love with your work?"

"Why do you ask me that?" asked the young man, coloring.

"Because I no longer see that joy of deliverance with which you entered upon this humble calling. It seems to have passed like a lost perfume, Richling. Have you let your toil become a task once more?"

Richling dropped his eyes and pushed the ground with the toe of his boot.

"I didn't want you to find that out, Doctor."

"I was afraid, from the first, it would be so," said the physician.

"I don't see why you were."

"Well, I saw that the zeal with which you first laid hold of your work was not entirely natural. It was good, but it was partly artificial. The more credit to you on that account. But I saw that by and by you would have to keep it up mainly by your sense of necessity and duty. 'That'll be the pinch,' I said, and now I see it's come. For a long time you idealized the work; but at last its real dullness has begun to overcome you, and you're discontented—and with a discontentment that you can't justify, can you?"

"But I feel myself growing smaller again."

"No wonder. Why, Richling, it's the discontent makes that."

"Oh, no! The discontent makes me long to expand. I never had so much ambition before. But what can I do here? Why, Doctor, I ought to be—I might be——"

The physician laid a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Stop, Richling. Drop those phrases and give us a healthy 'I am,' and 'I must,' and 'I will.' Don't—*don't* be like so many! You're not of the many. Richling, in the first illness in which I ever attended your wife, she watched her chance and asked me privately—implored me—not to let her die, for your sake. I don't suppose that tortures could have wrung from her, even if she realized it—which I doubt—the true reason. But don't you feel it? It was because your moral nature needs her so badly. Stop—let me finish. You need Mary back here now to hold you square to your course by the tremendous power of her timid little 'don't you think?' and 'doesn't it seem?'"

"Doctor," replied Richling, with a smile of expostulation, "you touch one's pride."

"Certainly I do. You're willing enough to say that you love her and long for her, but not that your moral manhood needs her. And yet isn't it true?"

"It sha'n't be true," said Richling, swinging a playful fist; "'forewarned is forearmed;' I'll not allow it. I'm man enough for that." He laughed, with a touch of pique.

"Richling,"—the Doctor laid a finger against his companion's shoulder preparing at the same time to leave him,—"don't be misled. A man who doesn't need a wife isn't fit to have one."

"Why, Doctor," replied Richling, with sincere amiability, "you're the man of all men I should have picked out to prove the contrary."

"No, Richling, no. I wasn't fit, and God took her."

In accordance with Dr. Sevier's request, Richling essayed to lift the mind of the baker's wife, in the matter of her husband's affliction, to that plane of conviction where facts and not feelings should become her motive; and when he had talked until his head reeled, as though he had been blowing a fire, and she would not blaze for all his blowing—would be governed only by a stupid sentimentality; and when at length she suddenly flashed up in silly anger and accused him of interested motives; and when he had demanded instant retraction or release from her employment; and when she

humbly and affectionately apologized and was still as deep as ever in hopeless, clinging sentimentalisms, repeating the dictums of her simple and ignorant German neighbors and intimates, and calling them in to argue with him, the feeling that the Doctor's exhortation had for the moment driven away came back with more force than ever, and he could only turn again to his ovens and account-books with a feeling of annihilation.

"Where am I? What am I?" Silence was the only answer. The separation that had once been so sharp a pain had ceased to cut, and was bearing down upon him now with that dull, grinding weight that does the damage in us.

Presently came another development: the lack of money, that did no harm while it was merely kept in the mind, settled down upon the heart.

"It may be a bad thing to love, but it's a good thing to have," he said, one day, to the little rector, as this friend stood by him at a corner of the high desk where Richling was posting his ledger.

"But not to seek," said the rector.

Richling posted an item and shook his head doubtingly.

"That depends, I should say, on how much one seeks it, and how much of it he seeks."

"No," insisted the clergyman. Richling bent a look of inquiry upon him, and he added:

"The principle is bad, and you know it, Richling. 'Seek ye first'—you know the text—and the assurance that follows with it—'all these things shall be added——'"

"Oh, yes; but still——"

"'But still!'" exclaimed the little preacher; "why must everybody say 'but still'? Don't you see that that 'but still' is the refusal of Christians to practice Christianity?"

Richling looked, but said nothing; and his friend hoped the word had taken effect. But Richling was too deeply bitten to be cured by one or two good sayings. After a moment he said:

"I used to wonder to see nearly everybody struggling to be rich, but I don't now. I don't justify it, but I understand it. It's flight from oblivion. It's the natural longing to be seen and felt."

"Why isn't it enough to be felt?" asked the other. "Here, you make bread and sell it. A thousand people eat it from your hand every day. Isn't that something?"

"Yes; but it's all the bread. The bread's everything; I'm nothing. I'm not asked to do or to be. I may exist or not; there will be bread all the same. I see my remark pains you, but I can't help it. You've never tried the thing. You've never encountered the mild contempt that people in ease pay to those who pursue the 'industries.' You've never suffered the condescension of rank to the ranks. You don't know the smart of being only an arithmetical quantity in a world of achievements and possessions."

"No," said the preacher, "maybe I haven't. But I should say you are just the sort of man that ought to come through all that unsoured and unhurt. Richling,"—he put on a lighter mood,—"you've got a moral indigestion. You've accustomed yourself to the highest motives, and now these new notions are not the highest, and you know and feel it. They don't nourish you. They don't make you happy. Where are your old sentiments? What's become of them?"

"Ah!" said Richling, "I got them from my wife. And the supply's nearly run out."

"Get it renewed!" said the little man, quickly, putting on his hat and extending a farewell hand. "Excuse me for saying so. I didn't intend it; I dropped in to ask you again the name of that Italian whom you visit at the prison—the man I promised you I'd go and talk to. Yes; Ristofalo; that's it. Good-bye."

That night Richling wrote to his wife. What he wrote goes not down here; but he felt as he wrote that his mood was not the right one, and when Mary got the letter she answered by first mail:

"Will you not let me come to you? Is it not surely best? Say but the word, and I'll come. It will be the steamer to Chicago, railroad to Cairo, and a St. Louis boat to New Orleans. Alice will be both company and protection, and no burden at all. Oh, my beloved husband, I am just ungracious enough to think, some days, that these times of separation are the hardest of all. When we were suffering sickness and hunger together—well, we were *together*. Darling, if you'll just say come, I'll come in an *instant*. Oh, how gladly! Surely, with what you tell me you've saved, and with your place so secure to you, can't we venture to begin again? Alice and I can live with you in the bakery. Oh, my husband, if you but say the word, a little time—a few days will bring us into your arms. And yet, do not yield to my impatience; I trust your wisdom, and know that what you decide will be best. Mother has been very feeble lately, as I have told you; but she seems to be improving, and now I see what I've half suspected for a long time, and ought to have seen sooner, that my husband—my dear, dear husband—needs me most; and I'm coming—I'm *coming*, John, if you'll only say come.

Your loving

MARY."

RISTOFALO AND THE RECTOR.

BE Richling's feelings what they might, the Star Bakery shone in the retail firmament of the commercial heavens with new and growing brilliancy. There was scarcely time to talk

even with the tough little rector who hovers on the borders of this history, and he might have become quite an alien had not Richling's earnest request made him one day a visitor, as we have seen him express his intention of being, in the foul corridors of the parish prison, and presently the occupant of a broken chair in the apartment apportioned to Raphael Ristofalo and two other prisoners. "Easy little tasks you cut out for your friends," said the rector to Richling when next they met. "I got preached *to* — not to say edified. I'll share my edification with you!" He told his experience.

It was a sinister place, the prison apartment. The hand of Kate Ristofalo had removed some of its unsightly conditions and disguised others; but the bounds of the room, walls, ceiling, windows, floor, still displayed, with official unconcern, the grime and decay that is commonly thought good enough for men charged, rightly or wrongly, with crime.

The clergyman's chair was in the center of the floor. Ristofalo sat facing him a little way off on the right. A youth of nineteen sat tipped against the wall on the left, and a long-limbed, big-boned, red-shirted young Irishman occupied a poplar table, hanging one of his legs across a corner of it and letting the other down to the floor. Ristofalo remarked, in the form of polite acknowledgment, that the rector had preached to the assembled inmates of the prison on the Sunday previous.

"Did I say anything that you thought was true?" asked the minister.

The Italian smiled, in the gentle manner that never failed him.

"Didn't listen much," he said. He drew from a pocket of his black velveteen pantaloons a small crumpled tract. It may have been a favorite one with the clergyman, for the youth against the wall produced its counterpart, and the man on the edge of the table lay back on his elbow, and, with an indolent stretch of the opposite arm and both legs, drew a third one from a tin cup that rested on a greasy shelf behind him. The Irishman held his between his fingers and smirked a little toward the floor. Ristofalo extended his toward the visitor, and touched the caption with one finger: "Mercy Offered."

"Well," asked the rector, pleasantly, "what's the matter with that?"

"Is no use yeh. Wrong place — this prison."

"Um-hm," said the tract distributor, glancing down at the leaf and smoothing it on his knee while he took time to think. "Well? Why shouldn't mercy be offered here?"

"No," replied Ristofalo, still smiling; "ought offer justice first."

"Mr. Preacher," asked the young Irishman, bringing both legs to the front, and swinging them under the table, "d'ye vote?"

"Yes; I vote."

"D'ye call yerself a cidizen — with a cidizen's rights an' djuties?"

"I do."

"That's right." There was a deep sea of insolence in the smooth-faced, red-eyed smile that accompanied the commendation. "And how manny times have ye bean in this prison?"

"I don't know; eight or ten times. That rather beats you, doesn't it?"

Ristofalo smiled, the youth uttered a high rasping cackle, and the Irishman laughed the heartiest of all.

"A little," he said; "a little. But nivver mind. Ye say ye've been here eight or tin times; yes. Well, now, will I tell ye what I'd do afore and iver I'd kim back here agin,— if I was you, now? Will I tell ye?"

"Well, yes," replied the visitor, amiably; "I'd like to know."

"Well, surr, I'd go to the mair of this city, and to the judge of the criminal coort, and to the gov'ner of the Sta-ate, and to the ligislatur, if needs be, and I'd say, 'Gintlemin, I can't go back to that prison! There is more crimes a-bein' committed by the people outside ag'in the fellies in theyre than — than — than the — the fellies in theyre has committed ag'in the people! I'm ashamed to preach theyre! I'm afeered to do ud!'" The speaker slipped off the table, upon his feet. "'There's murrder a-goun' on in theyre! There's more murrder a-bein' done in theyre nor there is outside! Justice is a-bein' murdered theyre ivery hour of day and night!'"

He brandished his fist with the last words, but dropped it at a glance from Ristofalo, and began to pace the floor along his side of the room, looking with a heavy-browed smile back and forth from one fellow-captive to the other. He waited till the visitor was about to speak, and then interrupted, pointing at him suddenly.

"Ye're a Prodez'n preacher! I'll bet ye fifty dollars ye have a rich cherch! Full of 'leadin' cidizens!'"

"You're correct."

"Well, I'd go to thim! I'd go an'— an'— an' I'd say, 'Dawn't ye nivver ax me to go into that place ag'in a-pallaverin' about mercy, until ye gid ud chaynged from the hell on earth it is to a house of justice, wheyre min gits the sintences that the coorts decrees!' *I* don't complain in here. *He* don't complain," pointing to Ristofalo; "ye'll nivver hear a complaint from him. But go look in that yaird!" He threw up both hands with a grimace of disgust — "Aw!" — and ceased again, but continued his walk, looked at his fellows, and resumed.

"*I* listened to yer sermon. I heerd ye talkin' about the souls of uz. Do ye think ye kin make anny of thim min believe ye cayre for the souls of uz whin ye do nahthing for the *bodies* that's before yer eyes tlothed in rrags and stairved, and made to sleep on beds of brick and stone, and to receive a hundred abuses a day that was nivver intended to be a pairt of *anny*body's sintence — and manny of 'm not tried yit, an' nivver a-goun' to have annythin' proved ag'in 'm? How *can* ye come offerin' uz merrcy? For ye don't come out o' the tloister, like a poor Cat'lic priest or Sister. Ye come rright out o' the hairt o' the community that's a-committin' more crimes ag'in uz in here than all of uz together has iver committed outside. Aw! — Bring uz a better airticle of yer own justice ferst — I doan't cayre how *crool* it is, so ut's *justice* — an' *thin* preach about God's mercy. I'll listen to ye."

Ristofalo had kept his eyes for the most of the time on the floor, smiling sometimes more and sometimes less. Now, however, he raised them and nodded to the clergyman. He approved all that had been said. The Irishman went and sat again on the table and swung his legs. The visitor was not allowed to answer before, and must answer now. He would have been more comfortable at the rectory.

"My friend," he began, "suppose, now, I should say that you are pretty nearly correct in everything you've said."

The prisoner, who, with hands grasping the table's edge on either side of him, was looking down at his swinging brogans, simply lifted his lurid eyes without raising his head, and nodded. "It would be right," he seemed to intimate, "but nothing great."

"And suppose I should say that I'm glad I've heard it, and that I even intend to make good use of it."

His hearer lifted his head, better pleased, but not without some betrayal of the distrust which a lower nature feels toward the condescensions of a higher. The preacher went on:

"Would you try to believe what I have to add to that?"

"Yes, I'd try," replied the Irishman, looking facetiously from the youth to Ristofalo. But this time the Italian was grave, and turned his glance expectantly upon the minister, who presently replied:

"Well, neither my church nor the community has sent me here at all."

The Irishman broke into a laugh.

"Did God send ye?" He looked again to his comrades, with an expanded grin. The youth giggled. The clergyman met the attack with serenity, waited a moment, and then responded:

"Well, in one sense, I don't mind saying — yes."

"Well," said the Irishman, still full of mirth, and swinging his legs with fresh vigor, "He'd aht to 'a' sint ye to the legislatur!"

"I'm in hopes He will," said the little rector; "but" — checking the Irishman's renewed laughter — "tell me, why should other men's injustice in here stop me from preaching God's mercy?"

"Because it's pairt *your* injustice! Ye *do* come from yer cherch, an' ye *do* come from the community, an' ye can't deny ud, an' ye'd ahtn't to be comin' in here with yer sweet tahk and yer eyes tight shut to the crimes that's bein' committed agin uz for want of an outcry against 'em by you preachers an' prayers an' thract disthributors!" The speaker ceased and nodded fiercely. Then a new thought occurred to him, and he began again abruptly:

"Look ut here! Ye said in yer serrmon that as to Him" — he pointed through the broken ceiling — "we're all criminals alike, didn't ye?"

"I did," responded the preacher, in a low tone.

"Yes," said Ristofalo; and the boy echoed the same word.

"Well, thin, what rights has some to be out an' some to be in?"

"Only one right that I know of," responded the little man; "still, that is a good one."

"And that is ——?" prompted the Irishman.

"Society's right to protect itself."

"Yes," said the prisoner, "to protect itself. Thin what right has it to keep a prison like this, where every man an' woman as goes out of ud goes out a blacker devil, and a cunninger devil, and a more dangerous devil nor when he came in. Is that anny protection? Why shouldn't such a prison tumble down upon the heads of thim as built it? Say!"

"I expect you'll have to ask somebody else," said the rector. He rose.

"Ye're not a-goun'?" exclaimed the Irishman, in broad affectation of surprise.

"Yes."

"Ah! come, now! Ye're not goun' to be beat that a-way by a wild Mick o' the woods?" He held himself ready for a laugh.

"No, I'm coming back," said the smiling clergyman, and the laugh came.

"That's right! But" — as if the thought was a sudden one — "I'll be dead by thin, willn't I? Of coorse I will."

"Yes?" rejoined the clergyman. "How's that?"

The Irishman turned to the Italian.

"Mr. Ristofalo, we're a-goun' to the pinitintiary, aint we?"

Ristofalo nodded.

"Of coorse we air! Ah! Mr. Preechur, that's the place!"

"Worse than this?"

"Worse? Oh, no! It's better. This is slow death, but that's quick and short — and sure. If it don't git ye in five year', ye're an allygatur. This place? It's heaven to ud!"

SHALL SHE COME OR STAY?

RICHLING read Mary's letter through three times without a smile. The feeling that he had prompted the missive — that it was partly his — stood between him and a tumult of gladness. And yet when he closed his eyes he could see Mary, all buoyancy and laughter, spurning his claim to each and every stroke of the pen. It was all hers, all!

As he was slowly folding the sheet, Mrs. Reisen came in upon him. It was one of those excessively warm spring evenings that sometimes make New Orleans fear it will have no May. The baker's wife stood with her immense red hands thrust into the pockets of an expansive pinafore, and her three double chins glistening with perspiration. She bade her manager a pleasant good-evening.

Richling inquired how she had left her husband.

"Kviet, Mr. Richlin', kviet. Mr. Richlin', I pelief Reisen kittin' petter. If he toant kittin' petter, how come he'ss every dtay a little more kvieter, and sit' still and toant say nutting to nopotty?"

"Mrs. Reisen, my wife is asking me to send for her"— Richling gave the folded letter a little shake as he held it by one corner — "to come down here and live again."

"Now, Mr. Richlin'!"

"Yes."

"Well, I will shwear!" She dropped into a seat. "Right in de mekinning o' summer time! Vell, vell, vell! Andt you dtolt me Mrs. Richlin' iss a sentsible voman! Vell, I toant belief dat I efer see a young voman w'at aindt de pickest kindt o' fool apowt her husspandt! Vell, vell!—Andt she comin' dtown heah 'n' choost kittin' all your money shpent, 'n' den her mudter kittin' vorse 'n' she got 'o goin' pack akin!"

"Why, Mrs. Reisen," exclaimed Richling, warmly, "you speak as if you didn't want her to come." He contrived to smile as he finished.

"Vell,—uff — course! *You* toant vant her to come, tdo you?"

Richling forced a laugh.

"Seems to me 'twould be natural if I did, Mrs. Reisen. Didn't the preacher say, when we were married, 'Let no man put asunder'?"

"Oh, now, Mr. Richlin', dthere aindt nopotty a-koin' to put you undter! — 'less'n it's your vife. Vot she vants to come dtown for? Toant I takin' koot care you?" There was a tear in her eye as she went out.

An hour or so later the little rector dropped in.

"Richling, I came to see if I did any damage the last time I was here. My own words worried me."

"You were afraid," responded Richling, "that I would understand you to recommend me to send for my wife."

"Yes."

"I didn't understand you so."

"Well, my mind's relieved."

"Mine isn't," said Richling. He laid down his pen and gathered his fingers around one knee. "Why shouldn't I send for her?"

"You will, some day."

"But I mean now."

The clergyman shook his head pleasantly.

"I don't think that's what you mean."

"Well, let that pass. I know what I do mean. I mean to get out of this business. I've lived long enough with these savages." A wave of his hand indicated the whole *personnel* of the bread business.

"I would try not to mind their savageness, Richling," said the little preacher, slowly. "The best of us are only savages hid under a harness. If we're not, we've somehow made a loss." Richling looked at him with amused astonishment, but he persisted. "I'm in earnest! We've had something refined out of us that we shouldn't have parted with. Now, there's Mrs. Reisen. I like her. She's a good woman. If the savage can stand you, why can't you stand the savage?"

"Yes, true enough. Yet — well, I must get out of this, anyway."

The little man clapped him on the shoulder.

"*Climb* out. See here, you Milwaukee man,"— he pushed Richling playfully,— "what are *you* doing with these Southern notions of ours about the 'yoke of menial service,' anyhow?"

"I was not born in Milwaukee," said Richling.

"And you'll not die with these notions, either," retorted the other. "Look here, I am going. Good-bye. You've got to get rid of them, you know, before your wife comes. I'm glad you're not going to send for her now."

"I didn't say I wasn't."

"I wouldn't."

"Oh, you don't know what you'd do," said Richling.

The little preacher eyed him steadily for a moment, and then slowly returned to where he still sat holding his knee.

They had a long talk in very quiet tones. At the end the rector asked:

"Didn't you once meet Dr. Sevier's two nieces — at his house?"

"Yes," said Richling.

"Do you remember the one named Laura? The dark, flashing one?"

"Yes."

"Well,— oh, pshaw! I could tell you something funny, but I don't care to do it."

What he did not care to tell was that she had promised him five years before to be his wife any day when he should say the word. In all that time, and this very night, one letter, one line almost, and he could have ended his waiting.

They smiled together. "Well, good-bye again. Don't think I'm always going to persecute you with my solicitude."

"I'm not worth it," said Richling, slipping slowly down from his high stool and letting the little man out into the street.

A little way down the street some one coming out of a dark alley just in time to confront the clergyman extended a hand in salutation.

"Good-evening, Mr. Blank."

He took the hand. It belonged to a girl of eighteen, bareheaded and barefooted, holding in the other hand a small oil-can. Her eyes looked steadily into his.

"You don't know me," she said, pleasantly.

"Why, yes, now I remember you. You're Maggie."

"Yes," replied the girl. "Don't you recollect — in the mission-school? Don't you recollect you married me and Larry? That's two years ago." She almost laughed out with pleasure.

"And where's Larry?"

"Why, don't you recollect? He's on the sloop-o'-war *Preble*." Then she added more gravely: "I aint seen him in twenty months. But I know he's all right. I aint a-scared about *that* — only if he's alive and well; yes, sir. Well, good-evenin', sir. Yes, sir; I think I'll come to the mission nex' Sunday — and I'll bring the baby, will I? All right, sir. Well, so long, sir. Take care of yourself, sir."

What a word that was! It echoed in his ear all the way home. "Take care of *yourself*." What boast is there for the civilization that refines away the unconscious heroism of the unfriended poor?

He was glad he had not told Richling all his little secret. But Richling found it out later from Dr. Sevier.

(To be continued.)

THE USE AND ABUSE OF PARTIES.

"PARTIES," says Tocqueville, "are a necessary evil in free governments." "We acknowledge with gratitude," says Sir Thomas Erskine May, "that we owe to party most of our rights and liberties." Behind these two sayings lies the political history of two great nations. It is not possible for the Frenchman to discern the uses of party as they appear to the Englishman; the best thing that he can say about it is that it is a "necessary evil"; "to recognize in party the very life-blood of freedom," as the English historian does, appears to him almost a paradox. Yet any one who will carefully read the first chapter of the second volume of May's "Constitutional History," in which he outlines the services of party to liberty in England during the last hundred years, will acknowledge that the Englishman's faith has a solid foundation.

There is not a little undiscriminating denunciation of parties in this country. Tocqueville's dictum expresses a common belief. Doubtless the parties now existing have much to answer for, and it may be an open question whether both of them might not usefully be superseded by other organizations, with better methods and more definite principles; yet the fact that government in a free country can be carried on only by parties is a fact that the critics must not overlook. "Government without party," as May has vigorously said, "is absolutism. Rulers without opposition may be despots." There is no worse tyranny than that of an absolute democracy. The administration of the government must be conducted by officers who are agreed upon certain lines of public policy, and who work together for certain ends. To these a large number of citizens naturally adhere. The government is stable only when a majority of the citizens support the administration. But history makes nothing in statecraft plainer than that the administration, in any free government, needs to be constantly held in check in the exercise of its power,

to be constantly criticised in its measures and policies, to be constantly watched in the use of its patronage. This opposition ought to be strong enough to be respectable, and even formidable; it ought to be organized, so that it can make its criticisms and its protests effective. A weak opposition breeds tyranny and corruption. No government is likely to remain long in a healthy condition unless the parties are nearly equal numerically, and ready to take advantage of each other's mistakes. It is by the discussions that arise between parties that policies are sifted, public opinion formed, and the people fitted for their public duties.

Tocqueville distinguishes between great and small parties, the great parties being "those which cling to principles more than to consequences; to general, and not to especial, cases; to ideas, and not to men." He seems to think that such parties are not likely to exist except in times of revolution. But it cannot be denied that the two historical parties of England are both great parties; and they have maintained their organization, and, in the main, have adhered to their distinctive ideas in peace and in war, now for more than two hundred years. It is true that when great structural changes are rapidly taking place in governments, the more vital questions come into greater prominence, and matters of secondary moment are kept in the background. Nevertheless, in a progressive state of society there must be constant changes of form; upon the desirability of these changes there will be differences of opinion; and there is, therefore, a good basis for great parties even in times of peace.

Perhaps the most natural political division is that which distinguishes the great parties in England. Lord Macaulay urges, with some justice, that this distinction is one grounded in human nature; that it "had its origin in diversities of temper, of understanding, and of interest, which are found in all societies, and which will be found till the human mind ceases to be drawn in opposite directions by the charm of habit and by the charm of novelty."

The well-known passage in which this master of antithesis contrasts these two great tendencies of human nature indicates the historical basis of the two English parties: "Everywhere there is a class of men who cling with fondness to whatever is ancient, and who, even when convinced by overpowering reasons that innovation would be beneficial, consent to it with many misgivings and forebodings. We find, also, everywhere another class of men sanguine in hope, bold in speculation, always pressing forward, quick to discern the imperfections of whatever exists, disposed to think lightly of the risks which attend improvements, and disposed to give every change credit for being an improvement."

These two classes of men are found everywhere, and there is no free government in which both of them are not needed. Changes must be made from time to time; yet there is danger that these changes will be rashly made. The liberals are wanted to push forward the car of progress, and the conservatives to steady its movements. It is in the just balancing of these two opposite tendencies that the order and healthful growth of society are secured.

When parties are formed around these two principles of human nature, a wise man may join the one to which his traditions guide him or his temperament inclines him, and be sure that he will find in either of them a good field for patriotic service. There is something to be said and done for the state on both sides. The tendency of the one party is toward absolutism, and of the other toward lawless individualism; but it is only a small section of either party that pushes toward these logical extremes. Macaulay says of the two English parties that, through all their history, "the great majority of those who fought for the crown were averse to despotism, and the great majority of the champions of popular rights were averse to anarchy." The man of moderation who unites with the conservatives will stand with them against innovations for which the time is not ripe; and will resist, also, the reactionary tendencies of extreme men in his own party. The man of just judgment who joins the liberals will unite with them in promoting the changes that ought to be made, while he helps to restrain the radicals whose zeal is untempered by experience.

In the evolution of free society this distinction of parties appears to be the most natural one; and if, as history seems to show, this distinction of the two great national parties, under various names, has been substantially preserved for more than two centuries in England, this fact will help to explain the peaceful progress of constitutional reform in that country.

In our own country the party lines originally followed distinctions less profoundly philosophical, and more obviously political, though it would not be difficult to show the presence in the two historical parties of our early history of organizing forces quite akin to those which gathered the English parties. With us, however, the opposing tendencies were the centralization and the diffusion of political power. The one party sought to strengthen the national government, the other to maintain the rights of the States. The stability of our political system depends on the proper balancing of these two forces. Certain powers

are reserved to the States, other powers are vested in the Federal Government; the coördination of these powers may well be the task of two great political parties. Here, too, there is something to be said on both sides. So long as the parties divide on this line, the patriotic citizen may safely attach himself to either of them. National authority needs to be strengthened; municipal liberties need to be preserved; there is room for good work in both directions. While these questions formed the staple of political discussion there was still fierce party spirit, and much unseemly and bitter controversy, in our political life; but there was also dignity in its debates, and meaning in its movements.

Other issues on which the parties have divided have been legitimate and fruitful. The tariff question is a question with two sides. That revenue is to be raised from imports everybody allows; the method of raising it, and the principles on which duties should be imposed, are matters worth discussion. I suppose that the ethical basis of free trade is the Christian law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"; and on this a good argument may be rested, forbidding all restrictions upon commerce, and all discriminations against the industries of other nations. But the protectionist may well reply that the Christian law enjoins a rational self-love as the measure of our love to our neighbor; that it applies to nations not less than to individuals; and that the nation which neglects the development of its own resources can be of small service to the world. There are self-regarding virtues for peoples, as well as for persons; and it is as true of a nation as of a man, that by making the most of itself it can do the most for its neighbors. This line of thinking can easily be pushed to the extreme of international pharisaism, just as the doctrine of free trade may degenerate into an unpractical sentimentality; my contention is for neither of these doctrines, but only for the proposition that the issue which they make is one on which there may be honest difference and profitable discussion.

The one great question of our later history was, however, an illegitimate political issue; and the division of the people into two great parties about such a question could only result in disaster. Slavery in a democratic republic is an abnormity; the question whether slavery shall be extended or suppressed is like the question whether a malignant tumor on the human body shall be cultivated or reduced. Doubtless most political questions are more or less involved with ethical principles; but a question like this, which raises an enormous wrong into a political issue, and ranges half the people of the land among its supporters and apologists, must work vast demoralization. To those who believe in the supremacy of the Power that makes for righteousness, by whatever name that Power may be called, it must be evident that a nation so divided is in a state of very unstable equilibrium. But, neglecting the ethical aspects of the case, the question about slavery struck at the organic ideas of the national life. Slavery may be a beneficent institution; but if so, this nation has no right to exist. To this complexion it came at last, and was sure to come from the first. The slavery question was not, therefore, a legitimate political issue, because it had not two sides, unless the question of the national existence has two sides. The thrusting of such an issue into political discussion works mischief in many ways: it damages those who support the anomaly; it renders many of those who oppose it fierce and pharisaical; the worst passions are aroused, and when the smouldering strife breaks out, as it surely will, in the horrible conflagration of civil war, a condition has been reached from which it is not easy to lead political discussion back to sober ways.

This is the difficulty in which our politics has been floundering now for fifteen years. The slavery question was settled by the war and the constitutional amendments. For a few years the obligation of the nation to care for the freedmen furnished the Republican party with a cry; slavery was dead, but the sequences of slavery prolonged the conflict. Of late, however, it has been evident enough to all sagacious Republicans that the negro at the South is better off without their championship; that his social condition is improving quite as fast as could be expected; that the only remedies now needed at the South are the development of its industries and the promotion of intelligence and morality. The Southern question, which in one form or another has been the burning question ever since the Republican party was organized, has now dropped out of politics. A leader of that faction which struggled to perpetuate this contest — a Stalwart of the Stalwarts — comes to the Presidency, and in his first message there is absolutely not one word about the Southern question! If there were a Southern question, could President Arthur have failed to discuss it before now? It is not only dead, it is so completely forgotten that he has even omitted to drop a tear upon its grave.

And now where are we? What political issue has survived the burial of the Southern question? On what lines of policy, on what doctrines of statecraft, are the two great parties divided. Precisely what does the Republican party now stand for, and what the Democratic

party? A thorough study of the platforms of the two parties and of the utterances of the party organs and of the party leaders for the last ten years would fail to afford any clear answer to these questions. On finance, while finance was an issue, neither party maintained any consistent policy; the Democrats, turning their backs on all their traditions, flirted most with the Greenback faction; but there were hard-money Democrats and soft-money Republicans, all in good standing in their respective parties. The same thing may be said of the tariff question. What intellectual change a man would be required to make in passing from one of these parties to the other it would be hard to tell. Who are the men most prominent as political leaders during the last twelve years, and what are their opinions on questions of legislation?

The lack of significance in the opinions of the men who have been of late the accredited leaders of the two parties, together with the studied ambiguities of their platforms, show that there is now no intelligible doctrinal difference between them. There is a difference, however, and it is easy to formulate: the Republican party exists for the purpose of retaining and distributing the offices; the Democratic party exists for the purpose of regaining and distributing the offices.

The mental change required of the voter who passes from one party to another involves, therefore, simply the substitution of one letter of the alphabet for another. Perhaps the moral change is not much greater

It is no exaggeration, it is the simple truth, to say that the *raison d'être* of each of the two great political parties to-day is the government patronage — the possession of it in the one case, the hope of it in the other. Principles on which the two parties differ there are none to speak of; policies about which they disagree they rarely mention; the strife is simply for the spoils of office. Each party is ready to read its own record backward for the sake of carrying an election.

In the contest that arose respecting the Louisiana election returns in 1876, the Republicans in Congress insisted that the certificate of the State officers was final; that Congress had no right to go behind the returns. The Democrats, on the other hand, maintained the obligation of Congress to reopen the whole subject, and investigate the election. Thus the Republicans exalted State rights and the Democrats national supremacy, each party renouncing its own traditional principles, and espousing those of its antagonist, for the sake of counting in its candidates! A little more than a year after this hot debate, a Democrat came to Congress from Florida, bearing the certificate of the State officers, but followed by a Republican contestant. And now the Republicans, to a man, insisted that Congress ought to go behind the returns; and the Democrats, to a man, contended that the certificate of the Governor must always be final! It would have been amusing, if it had not been painful, to sit in the gallery and hear these honorable gentlemen read extracts from one another's speeches of the year before, in which each one had flatly contradicted all that he then was saying. What was consistency when an office was at stake?

Here are two noteworthy facts in our recent political history: the dearth of principles, the strife for patronage. Which of these is cause, and which is effect? Perhaps the relation is reciprocal. In the disappearance of the old issues the mind of the manager has lightly turned to thoughts of spoil; while the enormous growth of government patronage has offered to ambition a prize so large as to withdraw the attention of all but the soberest men from the business of statesmanship. Certain it is that the presence of this element has greatly retarded the finding of new questions for discussion and new measures for advocacy. Questions there must be of grave importance to this nation at the present juncture; questions that admit of honest difference of opinion; measures that affect the enlightenment, the peace, the order, the prosperity of the whole country. Now that a fair beginning has been made in the reform of the civil service, we may hope that such questions will receive a little more attention. But in order that our future political discussions may have dignity and meaning, the good work thus begun must be completed. There will never again be any assignable difference of principle or policy between the two political parties, until the belittling and warping influence of the spoils shall cease to be paramount in political life. If we would have parties that stand for something, and campaigns that enlighten instead of mislead and corrupt the voters, let us make haste to establish an unpartisan civil service in all branches of the government.

It may be added in passing — though this wisdom will seem foolishness to the machinist — that the intellectual bond of a common belief in certain clearly expressed political principles will hold a party together much more firmly than the possession of political spoil. "The cohesive power of public plunder" is a misnomer; the principle is one of repulsion rather than of attraction; by this force parties are oftener rent than compacted. The English parties never stood together so solidly as they have done since there has been no patronage to divide among the victors.

Our discussion has taken us over familiar fields; but it may have helped us to a clearer understanding of the uses and abuses of political parties. That they may be the instruments of justice is evident; and it is not less clear that they may be the weapons of selfishness.

"Party," says Burke, "is a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavors the national interest upon some particular principle upon which they are agreed." "National interests," says Bolingbroke, speaking of certain supposed combinations of men, "would sometimes be sacrificed and always made subordinate to personal interests; and that, I think, is the true character of faction."

Just so long as a party answers Burke's definition, just so long as it is bound together by a common attachment to principles and a supreme regard for the national welfare, its existence is justified; the moment it becomes a machine for the dispensation of patronage, it is a menace to the state. The question whether the two great political organizations of this country are best described by Burke's or by Bolingbroke's definition is a question which good Americans would do well to ponder.

They will not smell any too sweet, no matter by what name we call them. In the rank and file there is patriotism enough, but the management is often selfish and venal. What, then, is the duty of intelligent and patriotic men respecting them? To this question various answers are given.

1. Keep out of political life. It is hopelessly corrupt. You can do nothing to purify it. Let it alone.

This is the argument of despair, lightly urged by many frivolous and faithless souls, but not to be entertained by any patriot.

2. Vote always, but belong to no party. Join the unorganized mob of Independents; take your place on what Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., calls "the center of the tilting-board," and put your votes in every election where they will do the most good —voting always for the best men, or, at any rate, against the worse rascals.

This is a comfortable way of doing political duty; the practical difficulty is in determining which rascal is the worse. Both are sometimes so bad that it is hard to choose.

3. Maintain a loose relation to one party or the other, but take no part in the primary meetings, and bolt when they offer you bad candidates or bad measures. The theory is that in this semi-attached condition you will influence somewhat the nominations; that the party managers will be thinking of you when they make up the ticket.

This, too, is apt to leave the voter simply a choice of two evils. The gentlemen left by you in charge of the primary meetings are not sure to think of you, and if they do, they console themselves with the reflection that the other fellows will probably nominate a worse man than theirs.

4. Join one party or the other. Go into the caucuses, if you can get in. Take your pluck and your independence along with you. Tell the gentlemen in charge that you are interested in the success of the party, and that you want to help keep it in a shape in which it will deserve to succeed. Give them distinctly to understand that while you ask nothing for yourself, you intend to take a hand in shaping the party policy and in making the nominations; and that you will be guided in all this by a supreme regard for national interests rather than personal interests. If, in spite of your protests, they make bad nominations, bolt the nominations, and return to the charge the next time, taking with you as many as you can of your well-intentioned neighbors. If you preserve your temper, and use reason, and keep standing up for men and things that are honest and of good report, peradventure they will listen to you at length, and you may succeed in lifting up the standards and in purifying party management.

This last method appears to me by far the wisest one. Of course there are communities where men of independent judgment are not tolerated in caucuses. In New York City, for example, until recently no man could vote in a Republican caucus unless he were a member of a Republican "Association," and no man could join a Republican "Association" unless he pledged himself beforehand to vote for every regular Republican candidate. Certainly no man is fit to be intrusted with the franchise who will thus sell his vote beforehand to a political club for the price of admission to its membership. But the party organizations throughout the country are not all of this character; and there is generally a chance for respectable men, who are determined to maintain their independence, to gain a hearing in the caucuses. Of course many of the gentlemen in charge would much prefer to have them stay away; but these gentlemen will commonly contrive to conceal their displeasure, and will endure the irruption as gracefully as they can.

It is by this active and personal interest in political affairs that men of intelligence and virtue can best serve their country. The government will continue to be administered by parties, and it is in the caucuses that party character is formed and party action shaped. Not to attend the caucus is to neglect the supreme duty of citizenship. By reforming the

civil service, one chief cause of party corruption will be removed. But the warfare will not then be accomplished; it will only just be well begun. The need of beginning at the sources of political activity and cleansing the stream that issues therefrom should be obvious to every public-spirited citizen. When every voter recognizes the truth that the obligation to attend the caucus can no more be shirked than the obligation to vote, the character of the parties will speedily show signs of improvement. The man who always votes, but never attends the primary meeting, is much like the man who always eats, but takes no pains to secure wholesome food, or like the man who always shoots, but lets somebody else direct his aim.

Since government in a free country is and must be by parties, the purity of the government depends on the purity of the party organizations. And the party organizations will not be kept pure if the business of managing them is left to a few professional politicians. Mr. Stickney urges that this business is now become so vast that it cannot be done by ordinary citizens, who have their ordinary daily callings to follow; and that it must be attended to by professionals, who give to it their whole time and thought. I do not think that this is true; I believe that the intelligent and prosperous citizens can afford to give the necessary time to practical politics. They must do it, or lose their liberties.

The simple question is whether the intelligent and prosperous citizens will make up their minds to use the political parties as the instruments of patriotism, or whether the political managers shall continue to use the intelligent and prosperous citizens as the instruments of knavery. The abuses of party will cease when good men use the parties instead of being used by them.

Washington Gladden.

THE RED SILK HANDKERCHIEF.

THE yellow afternoon sun came in through the long blank windows of the room wherein the Superior Court of the State of New York, Part II., Gillespie, Judge, was in session. The hour of adjournment was near at hand; a dozen court loungers slouched on the hard benches in the attitudes of cramped carelessness which mark the familiar of the halls of justice. Beyond the rail sat a dozen lawyers and lawyers' clerks, and a dozen weary jurymen. Above the drowsy silence rose the nasal voice of the junior counsel for the defense, who, in a high monotone, with his faint eyes fixed on the paper in his hand, was making something like a half-a-score of "requests to charge."

Nobody paid attention to him. Two lawyer's clerks whispered like mischievous schoolboys, hiding behind a pile of books that towered upon a table. Junior counsel for the plaintiff chewed his pencil and took advantage of his opportunity to familiarize himself with certain neglected passages of the New Code. The crier, like a half-dormant old spider, sat in his place and watched a boy who was fidgeting at the far end of the room, and who looked as though he wanted to whistle.

The jurymen might have been dream-men, vague creations of an autumn afternoon's doze. It was hard to connect them with a world of life and business. Yet, gazing closer, you might have seen that one looked as if he were thinking of his dinner, and another as if he were thinking of the lost love of his youth; and that the expression on the faces of the

others ranged from the vacant to the inscrutable. The oldest juror, at the end of the second row, was sound asleep. Every one in the court-room, except himself, knew it. No one cared.

Gillespie, J., was writing his acceptance of an invitation to a dinner set for that evening at Delmonico's. He was doing this in such a way that he appeared to be taking copious and conscientious notes. Long years on the bench had whitened Judge Gillespie's hair, and taught him how to do this. His seeming attentiveness much encouraged the counsel for the defense, whose high-pitched tone rasped the air like the buzzing of a bee that has found its way through the slats of the blind into some darkened room of a summer noon, and that as it seeks angrily for egress raises its shrill scandalized protest against the idleness and the pleasant gloom.

"We r'quest y'r Honor t' charge — First: 't forcible entry does not const'oot tresp'ss, 'nless intent 's proved. Thus — 'f a man rolls down a bank —— "

But the judge's thoughts were in the private supper-room at Delmonico's. He had no interest in the sad fate of the hero of the supposititious case, who had been obliged, by a strange and ingenious combination of accidents, to make violent entrance, incidentally damaging the person and property of others, into the lands and tenements of his neighbor.

And further away yet the droning lawyer had set a-traveling the thoughts of Horace Walpole, clerk for Messrs. Weeden, Snowden & Gilfeather; for the young man sat with his elbows on the table, his head in his hands, a sad half-smile on his lips, and his brown eyes looking through vacancy to St. Lawrence County, New York.

He saw a great shabby old house, shabby with the awful shabbiness of a sham grandeur laid bare by time and mocked of the pitiless weather. There was a great sham Grecian portico at one end; the white paint was well-nigh washed away, and the rain-streaked wooden pillars seemed to be weeping tears of penitence for having lied about themselves and pretended to be marble.

The battened walls were cracked and blistered. The Grecian temple on the hillock near looked much like a tomb, and not at all like a summer-house. The flower-garden was so rank and ragged, so overgrown with weed and vine, that it was spared the mortification of revealing its neglected maze, the wonder of the county in 1820. All was sham, save the decay. That was real; and by virtue of its decrepitude, the old house seemed to protest against modern contempt, as though it said: "I have had my day. I was built when people thought this sort of thing was the right sort of thing; when we had our own little pseudo-classic renaissance in America. I lie between the towns of Aristotle and Sabine Farms. I am a gentleman's residence, and my name is Montevista. I was built by a prominent citizen. You need not laugh through your lattices, you smug new Queen Anne cottage, down there in the valley! What will become of you when the falsehood is found out of your imitation bricks, and your tiled roof of shingles, and your stained glass that is only a sheet of transparent paper pasted on a pane? You are a young sham; I am an old one. Have some respect for age!"

Its age was the crowning glory of the estate of Montevista. There was nothing new on the place except a third mortgage. Yet had Montevista villa put forth a juster claim to respect, it would have said: "I have had my day. Where all is desolate and silent now, there was once light and life. Along these halls and corridors, the arteries of my being, pulsed a hot blood of joyous humanity, fed with delicate fare, kindled with generous wine. Every corner under my roof was alive with love and hope and ambition. Great men and dear women were here; and the host was great and the hostess was gracious among them all. The laughter of children thrilled my gaudily decked stucco. To-day an old man walks up and down my lonely drawing-rooms, with bent head, murmuring to himself odds and ends of tawdry old eloquence, wandering in a dead land of memory, waiting till Death shall take him by the hands and lead him out of his ruinous house, out of his ruinous life."

Death had, indeed, come between Horace and the creation of his spiritual vision. Never again should the old man walk, as to the boy's eyes he walked now, over the creaking floors, from where the Nine Muses simpered on the walls of the south parlor to where Homer and Plutarch, equally simpering, yet simpering with a difference,— severely simpering,— faced each other across the north room. Horace saw his father stalking on his accustomed round, a sad familiar figure, tall and bent. The hands were clasped behind the back, the chin was bowed on the black stock; but every now and then the thin form drew itself straight, the fine, clean-shaven, aquiline face was raised, beaming with the ghost of an old enthusiasm, and the long right arm was lifted high in the air as he began, his sonorous tones a little tremulous in spite of the restraint of old-time pomposity and deliberation:

"Mr. Speaker, I rise —— " or "If your Honor please —— "

The forlorn, helpless earnestness of this mockery of life touched Horace's heart; and yet he smiled to think how different were the methods and manners of his father from those of brother Hooper, whose requests still droned up to the reverberating hollows of the roof, and there were lost in a subdued boom and snarl of echoes such as a court-room only can beget.

Two generations ago, when the Honorable Horace Kortlandt Walpole was the rising young lawyer of the State, when he was known as "the Golden-mouthed Orator of St. Lawrence County," he was in the habit of assuming that he owned whatever court he practiced in; and, as a rule, he was right. The most bullock-brained of country judges deferred to the brilliant young master of law and eloquence, and his "requests" were generally accepted as commands, and obeyed as such. Of course the great lawyer, for form's sake, threw a thin veil of humility over his deliverances; but even that he rent to shreds when the fire of his eloquence once got fairly aglow.

"May it please your Honor! Before your Honor exercises the sacred perogative of your office — before your Honor performs the sacred duty which the State has given into your hands — before, with that lucid genius to which I bow my head, you direct the minds of these twelve good men and true in the path of strict judicial investigation, I ask your Honor to instruct them that they must bring to their deliberations that impartial justice which the laws of our beloved country — of which no abler exponent than your Honor has ever graced the bench — which the laws of our beloved country guarantee to the lowest as well as to the loftiest of her citizens — from the President in the Executive Mansion to the humble artisan at the forge — throughout this broad land, from the lagoons of Louisiana to where the snow-clad forests of Maine hurl defiance at the descendants of Tory refugees in the barren wastes of Nova Scotia."

Horace remembered every word and every gesture of that speech. He recalled even the quick upward glance from under shaggy eyebrows with which his father seemed to see again the smirking judge catching at the gross bait of flattery; he knew the little pause which the speaker's memory had filled with the applause of an audience long since dispersed to various silent country grave-yards; and he wondered, pityingly, if it were possible that even in his father's prime that wretched allusion to old political hatreds had power to stir the fire of patriotism in the citizen's bosom.

"Poor old father!" said the boy to himself. The voice which had for so many years been but an echo was stilled wholly now. Brief victory and long defeat were nothing now to the golden-mouthed orator.

"Shall I fail as he failed?" thought Horace. "No! I can't. Haven't I got *her* to work for?"

And then he drew out of his breast-pocket a red silk handkerchief, and turned it over in his hand with a movement that concealed and caressed at the same time.

It was a very red handkerchief. It was not vermilion, nor "cardinal," nor carmine — no strange Oriental idealization of blood-red which lay well on the soft, fine, luxurious fabric. But it was an unmistakable, a shameless, a barbaric red.

And as he looked at it, young Hitchcock, of Hitchcock & Van Rensselaer, came up behind him and leaned over his shoulder.

"Where did you get the handkerchief, Walpole?" he whispered. "You ought to hang that out for an auction flag, and sell out your cases."

Horace stuffed it back in his pocket.

"You'd be glad enough to buy some of them, if you got the show," he returned; but the opportunity for a prolonged contest of wit was cut short. The judge was folding his letter, and the nasal counsel, having finished his reading, stood gazing in doubt and trepidation at the bench, and asking himself why his Honor had not passed on each point as presented. He found out.

"Are you prepared to submit those requests in writing?" demanded Gillespie, J., sharply and suddenly. He knew well enough that that poor little nasal, nervous junior counsel would never have trusted himself to speak ten consecutive sentences in court without having every word on paper before him.

"Ye-yes," the counsel stammered, and handed up his careful manuscript.

"I will examine these to-night," said his Honor, and, apparently, he made an indorsement on the papers. He was really writing the address on the envelope of his letter. Then there was a stir, and a conversation between the judge and two or three lawyers, all at once, which was stopped when his Honor gave an Olympian nod to the clerk.

The crier arose.

"He' ye! he' ye! he' ye!" he shouted, with perfunctory vigor. "Wah — wah — wah!" the high ceiling slapped back at him; and he declaimed, on one note, a brief address to "awperns han bins" in that court, of which nothing was comprehensible save the words "Monday next at eleven o'clock." And then the court collectively rose, and individually

put on hats for the most part of the sort called queer.

All the people were chattering in low voices; chairs were moved noisily, and the slumbering juror opened his weary eyes and troubled himself with an uncalled-for effort to look as though he had been awake all the time, and didn't like the way things were going, at all. Horace got from the clerk the papers for which he had been waiting, and was passing out when his Honor saw him and hailed him with an expressive grunt.

Gillespie, J., looked over his spectacles at Horace.

"Shall you see Judge Weeden at the office? Yes? Will you have the kindness to give him this — yes? If it's no trouble to you, of course."

Gillespie, J., was not over-careful of the feelings of lawyers' clerks, as a rule; but he had that decent disinclination to act *ultra præscriptum* which marks the attitude of the well-bred man toward his inferiors in office. He knew that he had no business to use Weeden, Snowden & Gilfeather's clerk as a messenger in his private correspondence.

Horace understood him, took the letter, and allowed himself a quiet smile when he reached the crowded corridor.

What mattered, he thought, as his brisk feet clattered down the wide stairs of the rotunda, the petty insolences of office *now?* He was Gillespie's messenger to-day; but had not his young powers already received recognition from a greater than Gillespie? If Judge Gillespie lived long enough, he should put his gouty old legs under Judge Walpole's mahogany, and prose over his port. Yes, he should have port, like the relic of mellow old days that he was — of the times "when your father-in-law and I, Walpole, were boys together."

Ah, there you have the spell of the Red Silk Handkerchief.

It was a wonderful tale to Horace; for he saw it in that wonderful light which shall shine on no man of us more than once in his life — on some of us not at all, Heaven help us! But in the telling it is a simple tale:

"The Golden-mouthed Orator of St. Lawrence" was at the height of his fame in that period of storm and stress which had the civil war for its climax. His misfortune was to be drawn into a contest for which he was not equipped, and in which he had little interest. His sphere of action was far from the battle-ground of the day. The intense localism that bounded his knowledge and his sympathies had but one break: he had tasted in his youth the extravagant hospitality of the South, and he held it in grateful remembrance. So it happened that he was a trimmer,— a moderationist, he called himself,— a man who dealt in optimistic generalities, and who thought that if everybody — the slaves included — would only act temperately and reasonably, and view the matter from the stand-point of pure policy, the differences of South and North could be settled as easily as, through his own wise intervention, the old turnip-field feud of Farmer Oliver and Farmer Bunker had been wiped out of existence.

His admirers agreed with him, and they sent him to Congress to fill the unexpired short term of their representative, who had just died in Washington of what we now know as a malarial fever. It was not to be expected, perhaps, that the Honorable Mr. Walpole would succeed in putting a new face on the great political question in the course of his first term; but they all felt sure that his first speech would startle men who had never heard better than what Daniel Webster had had to offer them.

But the gods were against the Honorable Mr. Walpole. On the day set for his great effort there was what the theatrical people call a counter-attraction. Majah Pike had come up from Mizourah, sah, to cane that demn'd Yankee hound, Chahles Sumnah, sah, —yes, sah, to thrash him like a dawg, begad! And all Washington had turned out to see the performance, which was set down for a certain hour, in front of Mr. Sumner's door.

There was just a quorum when the golden-mouthed member began his great speech,— an inattentive chattering crowd, that paid no attention to his rolling rhetoric and rococo grandiloquence. He told the empty seats what a great country this was, and how beautiful was a middle policy, and he illustrated this with a quotation from Homer, in the original Greek (a neat novelty: Latin was fashionable for parliamentary use in Webster's time), with, for the benefit of the uneducated, the well-known translation by the great Alexander Pope, commencing:

"To calm their passions with the words of Age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage;
Experienced Nestor, in Persuasion skill'd,
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd."

When Nestor and Mr. Walpole closed, there was no quorum. The member from New Jersey, who had engaged him in debate, was sleeping the sleep of honorable intoxication in his seat. Outside, all Washington was laughing and cursing. Majah Pike had not appeared.

It was the end of the golden-mouthed orator. His voice was never heard again in the

House. His one speech was noticed only to be laughed at, and the news went home to his constituents. They showed that magnanimity which the poets tell us is an attribute of the bucolic character. They, so to speak, turned over the pieces of their broken idol with their cow-hide boots, and remarked that they had known it was clay all along, and dern poor clay at that.

So the golden-mouthed went home, to try to make a ruined practice repair his ruined fortune; to give mortgages on his home to pay the debts his hospitality had incurred; to discuss with a few feeble old friends ways and means by which the war might have been averted; to beget a son of his old age, and to see the boy grow up in a new generation, with new ideas, new hopes, new ambitions, and a life-time before him to make memories in.

They had little enough in common, but they came to be great friends as the boy grew older; for Horace inherited all his traits from the old man, except a certain stern energy which came from his silent, strong-hearted mother, and which his father saw with a sad joy.

Mr. Walpole sent his son to New York to study law in the office of Messrs. Weeden, Snowden & Gilfeather, who were a pushing young firm in 1850. Horace found it a very quiet and conservative old concern. Snowden and Gilfeather were dead; Weeden had been on the bench and had gone off the bench at the call of a "lucrative practice"; there were two new partners, whose names appeared only on the glass of the office-door and in a corner of the letter-heads.

Horace read his law to some purpose. He became the managing clerk of Messrs. Weeden, Snowden & Gilfeather. This particular managing clerkship was one of unusual dignity and prospective profit. It meant, as it always does, great responsibility, little honor, and less pay. But the firm was so peculiarly constituted that the place was a fine stepping-stone for a bright and ambitious boy. One of the new partners was a business man, who had put his money into the concern in 1860, and who knew and cared nothing about law. He kept the books and managed the money, and was beyond that only a name on the door and a terror to the office-boys. The other new partner was a young man who made a specialty of collecting debts. He could wring gold out of the stoniest and barrenest debtor; and there his usefulness ended. The general practice of the firm rested on the shoulders of Judge Weeden, who was old, lazy, and luxury-loving, and who, to tell the honest truth, shirked his duties. Such a state of affairs would have wrecked a younger house; but Weeden, Snowden & Gilfeather had a great name, and the consequences of his negligent feebleness had not yet descended upon Judge Weeden's head.

That they would in a few years, that the Judge knew it, and that he was quite ready to lean on a strong young arm, Horace saw clearly.

That his own arm was growing in strength he also saw; and the Judge knew that, too. He was Judge Weeden's pet. All in the office recognized the fact. All, after reflection, concluded that it was a good thing that he was. New blood had to come into the firm sooner or later; and although it was not possible to watch the successful rise of this boy without a little natural envy and heart-burning, yet it was to be considered that Horace was one who would be honorable, just, and generous wherever fortune put him.

Horace was a gentleman. They all knew it. Barnes and Haskins, the business man and the champion collector, knew it down in the shallows of their vulgar little souls. Judge Weeden, who had some of that mysterious ichor of gentlehood in his wine-fed veins, knew it and rejoiced in it. And Horace — I can say for Horace that he never forgot it.

He was such a young prince of managing clerks that no one was surprised when he was sent down to Sand Hills, Long Island, to make preparations for the reorganization of the Great Breeze Hotel Company, and the transfer of the property known as the Breeze Hotel and Park to its new owners. The Breeze Hotel was a huge "Queen Anne" vagary which had, after the fashion of hotels, bankrupted its first owners, and was now going into the hands of new people, who were likely to make their fortunes out of it. The property had been in litigation for a year or so, the mechanics' liens were numerous, and the mechanics clamorous; and, although the business was not particularly complicated, it needed careful and patient adjustment. Horace knew the case in every detail. He had drudged over it all the winter, with no especial hope of personal advantage, but simply because that was his way of working. He went down in June to the mighty barracks, and lived for a week in what would have been an atmosphere of paint and carpet-dye, had it not been for the broad sea wind that blew through the five hundred open windows and swept rooms and corridors with salty freshness. The summering folk had not arrived yet; there were only the new manager and his six score of raw recruits of clerks and servants. But Horace felt the warm blood coming back to his cheeks, that the town had somewhat paled, and he was quite content; and every day he

went down to the long, lonely beach and had a solitary swim, although the sharp water whipped his white skin to a biting red. The sea takes a long while to warm up to the summer, and is sullen about it.

He was to have returned to New York at the end of the week, and Haskins was to have taken his place; but it soon became evident to Weeden, Snowden & Gilfeather that the young man would attend to all that was to be done at Sand Hills quite as well as Mr. Haskins, or quite as well as Judge Weeden himself, for that matter. He had to shoulder no great responsibility; the work was mostly of a purely clerical nature, vexatious enough, but simple. It had to be done on the spot, however; the original Breeze Hotel and Park Company was composed of Sand-Hillers, and the builders were Sand-Hillers, too, the better part of them. And there were titles to be searched; for the whole scheme was an ambitious splurge of Sand Hills pride, and it had been undertaken and carried out in a reckless and foolish way. Horace knew all the wretched little details of the case, and so Horace was intrusted with duties such as do not often devolve upon a man of his years; and he took up his burden proudly, and with a glowing consciousness of his own strength.

Judge Weeden missed his active and intelligent obedience in the daily routine of office business; but the Judge thought it was just as well that Horace should not know that fact. The young man's time would come soon enough, and he would be none the worse for serving his apprenticeship in modesty and humility. The work intrusted to him was an honor in itself. And then, there was no reason why poor Walpole's boy shouldn't have a sort of half-holiday out in the country, and enjoy his youth.

He was not recalled. The week stretched out. He worked hard, found time for play, hugged his quickened ambitions to his breast, wrote hopeful letters to the mother at Montevista, made a luxury of his loneliness, and felt a bashful resentment when the "guests" of the hotel began to pour in from the outside world.

For a day or two he fought shy of them. But these first comers were lonely, too, and not so much in love with loneliness as he thought he was, and very soon he became one of them. He had found out all the walks and drives; he knew the times of the tides; he had made friends with the fishermen for a league up and down the coast, and he had amassed a store of valuable hints as to where the first blue-fish might be expected to run. Altogether he was a very desirable companion. Besides, that bright, fresh face of his, and a certain look in it, made you friends with him at once, especially if you happened to be a little older, and to remember a look of the sort, lost, lost forever, in a boy's looking-glass.

So he was sought out, and he let himself be found, and the gregarious instinct in him waxed delightfully.

And then It came. Perhaps I should say She came; but it is not the woman we love; it is our dream of her. Sweet and tender, fair and good, she may be; but let it be honor enough for her that she has that glory about her face which our love kindles to the halo that lights many a man's life to the grave, though the face beneath it be dead or false.

I will not admit that it was only a pretty girl from Philadelphia who came to Sand Hills that first week in July. It was the rosy goddess herself, dove-drawn across the sea, in the warm path of the morning sun — although the tremulous, old-fashioned handwriting on the hotel register only showed that the early train had brought

Samuel Rittenhouse, *Philadelphia.*
Miss Rittenhouse, *do.*

It was the Honorable Samuel Rittenhouse, ex-Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania, the honored head of the Pennsylvania bar, and the legal representative of the Philadelphia contingent of the new Breeze Hotel and Park Company.

In the evening Horace called upon him in his rooms with a cumbersome stack of papers, and patiently waded through explanations and repetitions until Mr. Rittenhouse's testy courtesy—he had the nervous manner of age apprehensive of youthful irreverence—melted into a complacent and fatherly geniality. Then, when the long task was done and his young guest arose, he picked up the card that lay on the table and trained his glasses on it.

"'H. K. Walpole?'" he said. "Are you a New Yorker, sir?"

"From the north of the State," Horace told him.

"Indeed, indeed. Why, let me see — you must be the son of my old friend Walpole — of Otsego — wasn't it?" said the old gentleman, still tentatively.

"St. Lawrence, sir."

"Yes, St. Lawrence — of course, of course. Why, I knew your father well, years ago, sir. We were at college together."

"At Columbia?"

"Yes — yes. Why, bless me," Judge Rittenhouse went on, getting up to look at Horace, "you're the image of your poor father at his age. A very brilliant man, sir, a very

able man. I did not see much of him after we left college — I was a Pennsylvanian, and he was from this State; but I have always remembered your father with respect and regard, sir — a very able man. I think I heard of his death some years ago?"

"Three years ago," said Horace. His voice fell somewhat. How little to this old man of success was the poor unnoticed death of failure!

"Three years only," repeated the Judge, half-apologetically. "Ah, people slip away from each other in this world — slip away. But I'm glad to have met you, sir — very much pleased indeed. Rosamond!"

For an hour the subdued creaking of a rocking-chair by the window had been playing a monotonously pleasant melody in Horace's ears. Now and then a coy wisp of bright hair, or the reflected ghost of it, had flashed into view in the extreme lower left-hand corner of a mirror opposite him. Once he had seen a bit of white brow under it, and from time to time the low flutter of turning magazine leaves had put in a brief second to the rocking-chair.

All this time Horace's brains had been among the papers on the table; but something else within him had been swaying to and fro with the rocking-chair, and giving a leap when the wisp of hair bobbed into sight.

Now the rocking-chair accompaniment ceased, and the curtained corner by the window yielded up its treasure, and Miss Rittenhouse came forward, with one hand brushing the wisp of hair back into place as if she were on easy and familiar terms with it. Horace envied her.

"Rosamond," said the Judge, "this is Mr. Walpole, the son of my old friend Walpole. You have heard me speak of Mr. Walpole's father."

"Yes, papa," said the young lady, all but the corners of her mouth. And, oddly enough, Horace did not think of being saddened because this young woman had never heard of his father. Life was going on a new key all of a sudden, with a hint of a melody to be unfolded that ran in very different cadences from the poor old tune of memory.

My heroine, over whose head some twenty summers had passed, was now in the luxuriant prime of her youthful beauty. Over a brow whiter than the driven snow fell clustering ringlets, whose hue ——

That is the way the good old novelists and story-tellers of the Neville and Beverley days would have set out to describe Miss Rittenhouse, had they known her. Fools and blind! As if any one could describe — as if a poet, even, could more than hint at what a man sees in a woman's face when, seeing, he loves.

For a few moments the talkers were constrained, and the talk was meager and desultory. Then the Judge, who had been rummaging around among the dust-heaps of his memory, suddenly recalled the fact that he had once, in stage-coach days, passed a night at Montevista, and had been most hospitably treated. He dragged this fact forth, professed a lively remembrance of Mrs. Walpole,— "a fine woman, sir, your mother; a woman of many charms," — asked after her present health; and then, satisfied that he had acquitted himself of his whole duty, withdrew into the distant depths of his own soul, and fumbled over the papers Horace had brought him, trying to familiarize himself with them, as a commander might try to learn the faces of his soldiers.

Then the two young people proceeded to find the key together, and began a most harmonious duet. Sand Hills was the theme. Thus it was that they had to go out on the balcony, where Miss Rittenhouse might gaze into the brooding darkness over the sea and watch it wink a slow yellow eye with a humorous alternation of sudden and brief red. Thus, also, Horace had to explain how the light-house was constructed. This moved Miss Rittenhouse to scientific research. She must see how it was done. Mr. Walpole would be delighted to show her. Papa was so much interested in those mechanical matters. Mr. Walpole had a team and light wagon at his disposal, and would very much like to drive Miss Rittenhouse and her father over to the light-house. Miss Rittenhouse communicated this kind offer to her father. Her father saw what was expected of him, and dutifully acquiesced, like an obedient American father. Miss Rittenhouse had managed the Rittenhouse household and the head of the house of Rittenhouse ever since her mother's death.

Mr. Walpole really had a team at his disposal. He came from a country where people do not chase foxes, nor substitutes for foxes, but where they know and revere a good trotter. He had speeded many a friend's horse in training for the county fair. When he came to Sand Hills his soundness in the equine branch of a gentleman's education had attracted the attention of a horsey Sand-Hiller, who owned a showy team with a record of 2.37. This team was not to be trusted to the ordinary summer boarder on any terms; but the Sand-Hiller was thrifty and appreciative, and he lured Horace into hiring the turnout at a trifling rate, and thus captured every cent the boy had to spare, and got his horses judiciously exercised.

There was a showy light wagon to match the team, and the next day the light wagon, with Horace and the Rittenhouses in it, passed every carriage on the road to the light-house — where Miss Rittenhouse satisfied her scientific spirit with one glance at the lantern, after giving which glance she went outside and sat in the shade of the white tower with Horace, while the keeper showed the machinery to the Judge. Perhaps she went to the Judge afterward, and got him to explain it all to her.

Thus it began, and for two golden weeks thus it went on. The re-organized Breeze Hotel and Park Company met in business session on its own property, and Horace acted as a sort of honorary clerk to Judge Rittenhouse. The company, as a company, talked over work for a couple of hours each day. As a congregation of individuals, it ate and drank and smoked and played billiards and fished and slept the rest of the two dozen. Horace had his time pretty much to himself, or rather to Miss Rittenhouse, who monopolized it. He drove her to the village to match embroidery stuffs. He danced with her in the evenings when two stolidly soulful Germans, one with a fiddle and the other with a piano, made the vast dining-room ring and hum with Suppé and Waldteufel; and this was to the great and permanent improvement of his waltzing. She taught him how to play lawn-tennis — he was an old-fashioned boy from the backwoods, and he thought that croquet was still in existence, so she had to teach him to play lawn-tennis — until he learned to play much better than she could. On the other hand, he was a fresh-water swimmer of rare wind and wiriness, and a young sea-god in the salt, as soon as he got used to its pungent strength. So he taught her to strike out beyond the surf-line, with broad, breath-long sweeps, and there to float and dive and make friends with the ocean. Even he taught her to fold her white arms behind her back, and swim with her feet. As he glanced over his shoulder to watch her following him, and to note the timorous admiring crowd on the shore, she seemed a sea-bred Venus of Milo in blue serge.

I have known men to be bored by such matters. They made Horace happy. He was happiest, perhaps, when he found out that she was studying Latin. All the girls in Philadelphia were studying Latin that summer. They had had a little school Latin, of course; but now their aims were loftier. Miss Rittenhouse had brought with her a Harkness's Virgil, an Anthon's dictionary, an old Bullions and Morris, and — yes, when Horace asked her, she had brought an Interlinear, but she didn't mean to use it. They rowed out to the buoy, and put the Interlinear in the sea. They sat on the sands after the daily swim, and enthusiastically labored, with many an unclassic excursus, over P. V. Maronis Opera. Horace borrowed some books of a small boy in the hotel, and got up at five o'clock in the morning to run a couple of hundred lines or so ahead of his pupil, "getting out" a stint that would have made him lead a revolt had any teacher imposed it upon his class a few years before; for he was fresh enough from schooling to have a little left of the little Latin that colleges give.

He wondered how it was that he had never seen the poetry of the lines before. "*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit*"—for perchance it will joy us hereafter to remember these things! He saw the wet and weary sailors on the shore, hungrily eating, breathing hard after their exertions; he heard the deep cheerfulness of their leader's voice. The wind blew toward him over the pine barrens as fresh as ever it blew past Dido's towers. A whiff of briny joviality and adventurous recklessness seemed to come from the page on his knee. And to him, also, had not She appeared who saw, hard by the sea, that pious old buccaneer-Lothario, so much tossed about on land and upon the deep?

This is what the moderns call a flirtation; and I do not doubt that it was called a flirtation by the moderns around these two young people. Somehow, though, they never got themselves "talked about," not even by the stranded nomads on the hotel verandas. Perhaps this was because there was such a joyous freshness and purity about both of them that it touched the hearts of even the slander-steeped old dragons who rocked all day in the shade, and embroidered tidies and talked ill of their neighbors. Perhaps it was because they, also, had that about them which the mean and vulgar mind always sneers at, jeers at, affects to disbelieve in, always recognizes and fears,—the courage and power of the finer strain. Envy in spit-curls and jealousy in a false front held their tongues, maybe, because, though they knew that they, and even their male representatives, were safe from any violent retort, yet they recognized the superior force, and shrunk from it as the cur edges away from the quiescent whip.

There is a great difference, too, between the flirtations of the grandfatherless and the flirtations of the grandfathered. I wish you to understand that Mr. Walpole and Miss Rittenhouse did not *sprawl* through their flirtation, nor fall into that slipshod familiarity which takes all the delicate beauty of dignity and mutual respect out of such a friendship.

Horace did not bow to the horizontal, and Miss Rittenhouse did not make a cheese-cake with her skirts when he held open the door for her to pass through; but the bond of courtesy between them was no less sweetly gracious on her side, no less finely reverential on his, than the taste of their grandparents' day would have exacted—no less earnest, I think, that it was a little easier than puff and periwig might have made it.

Yet I also think, whatever was the reason that made the dragons let them alone, that a simple mother, of the plain old-fashioned style, is better for a girl of Miss Rosamond Rittenhouse's age than any such precarious immunity from annoyance.

Ah, the holiday was short! The summons soon came for Horace. They went to the old church together for the second and last time, and he stood beside her, and they held the hymn-book between them.

Horace could not rid himself of the idea that they had stood thus through every Sunday of a glorious summer. The week before he had sung with her. He had a boyish baritone in him, one of those which may be somewhat extravagantly characterized as consisting wholly of middle register. It was a good voice for the campus, and, combined with that startling clearness of utterance which young collegians acquire, had been very effective in the little church. But to-day he had no heart to sing "Byefield" and "Pleyel"; he would rather stand beside her and feel his heart vibrate to the deep lower notes of her tender contralto, and his soul rise with the higher tones that soared upward from her pure young breast. And all the while he was making that act of devotion which—"uttered or unexpressed"—is, indeed, all the worship earth has ever known.

Once she looked up at him as if she asked, "Why don't you sing?" But her eyes fell quickly, he thought with a shade of displeasure in them at something they had seen in his. Yet as he watched her bent head, the cheek near him warmed with a slow, soft blush. He may only have fancied that her clear voice quivered a little with a tremolo not written in the notes at the top of the page.

And now the last day came. When the workaday world thrust its rough shoulder into Arcadia, and the hours of the idyl were numbered, they set to talking of it as though the two weeks that they had known each other were some sort of epitomized summer. Of course they were to meet again, in New York or in Philadelphia; and, of course, there were many days of summer in store for Miss Rittenhouse, at Sand Hills, at Newport, and at Mount Desert; but Horace's brief season was closed, and somehow she seemed to fall readily into his way of looking upon it as a golden period of special and important value, their joint and exclusive property—something set apart from all the rest of her holiday, where there would be other men and other good times and no Horace.

It was done with much banter and merriment; but through it all Horace listened for delicate undertones that should echo to his ear the earnestness which sometimes rang irrepressibly in his own speech. In that marvelous instrument, a woman's voice, there are strange and fine possibilities of sound that may be the messengers of the subtlest intelligence or the sweet falterings of imperfect control. So Horace, with Love to construe for him, did not suffer too cruelly from disappointment.

On the afternoon of that last day they sat upon the beach and saw the smoke of Dido's funeral pile go up, and they closed the dog's-eared Virgil, and looking seaward watched the black cloud from a coaling steamer mar the blinding blue where sea and sky blent at the horizon; watched it grow dull and faint, and fade away, and the illumined turquoise re-assert itself.

Then he was for a farewell walk, and she, with that bright acquiescence with which a young girl can make companionship almost perfect if she will, accepted it as an inspiration, and they set out. They visited together the fishermen's houses, where Horace bade good-bye to mighty-fisted friends who stuck their thumbs inside their waistbands and hitched their trowsers half-way up to their blue-shirted arms, and said to him: "You come up here in Orgust, Mr. Walpole—say 'bout the fus' t' the third week 'n Orgust, 'n' we'll give yer some bloo-fishin' 't y' wont need t' lie about, neither." They all liked him, and heartily.

Old Rufe, the gruff hermit of the fishers, who lived a half-mile beyond the settlement, flicked his shuttle through the net he was mending, and did not look up as Horace spoke to him.

"Goin'?" he said. "Waal, we've all gotter go, some time or other. The' aint no reel perma-nen-cy on this uth. Goin'? Waal, I'm ——" He paused, and weighed the shuttle in his hand as though to aid him in balancing some important mental process. "Sho! I'm derned 'f I aint sorry. Squall comin' up, an' don't y' make no mistake," he hurried on, not to be further committed to unguarded expression; "better look sharp, or y'll git a wettin'."

A little puff of gray cloud, scurrying along in the south-east, had spread over half the sky, and now came a strong, eddying wind.

A big raindrop made a dark spot on the yellow sand before them; another fell on Miss Rittenhouse's cheek; and then, with a vicious, uncertain patter, the rain began to come down.

"We'll have to run for Poinsett's," said Horace, and stretched out his hand. She took it, and they ran.

Poinsett's was just ahead—a white house on a lift of land, close back of the shore-line, with a long garden stretching down in front, and two or three poplar-trees. The wind was turning up the pale under-sides of grass-blade and flower-leaf, and whipping the shivering poplars silver-white. Cap'n Poinsett, late of Gloucester, Massachusetts, was tacking down the path in his pea-jacket, with his brass telescope tucked under his arm. He was making for the little white summer-house that overhung the shore; but he stopped to admire the two young people dashing up the slope toward him, for the girl ran with a splendid free stride that kept her well abreast of Horace's athletic lope.

"Come in," he said, opening the gate, and smiling on the two young faces, flushed and wet; "come right in out o' the rain. Be'n runnin', aint ye? Go right int' the house. Mother!" he called, "here's Mr. Walpole 'n' his young lady. You'll hev to ex-cuse me; I'm a-goin' down t' my observa*tor*y. I carn't foller the sea no longer myself, but I can look at them that dooz. There's my old woman—go right in."

He waddled off, leaving both of them redder than their run accounted for, and Mrs. Poinsett met them at the door, her arms folded in her apron.

"Walk right in," she greeted them; "the cap'n he mus' always go down t' his observa*tor*y, 's he calls it, 'n' gape through thet old telescope of hisn, fust thing the's a squall—jus' 's if he thought he was skipper of all Long Island. But you come right int' the settin'-room 'n' make yourselves to home. Dear me suz! 'f I'd 'a' thought I'd 'a' had company, I'd 'a' tidied things up. I'm jus' 's busy *as* busy, gettin' supper ready; but don't you mind *me*—jus' you make yourselves to home." And she drifted chattering away, and they heard her in the distant kitchen, amiably nagging the hired girl.

It was an old-time, low-ceiled room, neat with New England neatness. The windows had many panes of green flint-glass, through which they saw the darkening storm swirl over the ocean and ravage the flower-beds near by.

And when they had made an end of watching Cap'n Poinsett in his little summer-house, shifting his long glass to follow each scudding sail far out in the darkness; and when they had looked at the relics of Cap'n Poinsett's voyages to the Orient and the Arctic, and at the cigar-boxes plastered with little shells, and at the wax fruit, and at the family trowsers and bonnets in the album, there was nothing left but that Miss Rittenhouse should sit down at the old piano, bought for Amanda Jane in the last year of the war, and bring forth rusty melody from the yellowed keys.

"What a lovely voice she has!" thought Horace as she sang. No doubt he was right. I would take his word against that of a professor of music, who would have told you that it was a nice voice for a girl, and that the young woman had more natural dramatic expression than technical training.

They fished out Amanda Jane's music-books and went through "Juanita," and the "Evergreen Waltz," and "Beautiful Isle of the Sea"; and, finding a lot of war songs, severally and jointly announced their determination to invade Dixie Land and to annihilate Rebel Hordes, and adjured each other to remember Sumter and Baltimore, and many other matters that could have made but slight impression on their young minds twenty odd years before. Mrs. Poinsett, in the kitchen, stopped nagging her aid, and thought of John Tarbox Poinsett's name on a great sheet of paper in the Gloucester post-office, one morning at the end of April, 1862, when the news came up that Farragut had passed the forts.

The squall was going over, much as it had come, only no one paid attention to its movements now; for the sun was out, trying to straighten up the crushed grass and flowers, and to brighten the hurrying waves, and to soothe the rustling agitation of the poplars.

They must have one more song. Miss Rittenhouse chose "Jeannette and Jeannot," and when she looked back at him with a delicious coy mischief in her eyes, and sang

> "There is no one left to love me now,
> And you, too, may forget,"

Horace felt something flaming in his cheeks and choking in his breast, and it was hard for him to keep from snatching those hands from the keys and telling her she knew better.

But he was man enough not to. He controlled himself, and made himself very pleasant to Mrs. Poinsett about not staying to supper, and they set out for the hotel.

The air was cool and damp after the rain.

"You've been singing," said Horace, "and you will catch cold in this air, and lose your voice. You must tie this handkerchief around your throat."

She took his blue silk handkerchief and tied it around her throat, and wore it until

just as they were turning away from the shore, when she took it off to return to him; and the last gust of wind that blew that afternoon whisked it out of her hand, and sent it whirling a hundred yards out to sea.

"Now, don't say a word," said Horace; "it isn't of the slightest consequence."

But he looked very gloomy over it. He had made up his mind that that silk handkerchief should be the silk handkerchief of all the world to him, from that time on.

It was one month later that Mr. H. K. Walpole received, in care of Messrs. Weeden, Snowden & Gilfeather, an envelope postmarked Newport, containing a red silk handkerchief. His initials were neatly—nay, beautifully, exquisitely—stitched in one corner. But there was absolutely nothing about the package to show who sent it, and Horace sorrowed over this. Not that he was in any doubt; but he felt that it meant to say that he must not acknowledge it, and, loyally, he did not.

And he soon got over that grief. The lost handkerchief, whose origin was base and common, like other handkerchiefs, and whose sanctity was purely accidental—what was it to *this* handkerchief, worked by her for him?

This became the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace that had changed the boy's whole life. Before this he had had purposes and ambitions. He had meant to take care of his mother, to do well in the world, and to restore, if he could, the honor and glory of the home his father had left him. Here were duty, selfishness, and an innocent vanity. But now he had an end in life, so high that the very seeking of it was a religion. Every thought of self was flooded out of him, and what he sought he sought in a purer and nobler spirit than ever before.

Is it not strange? A couple of weeks at the sea-side, a few evenings under the brooding darkness of hotel verandas, the going to and fro of a girl with a sweet face, and this ineradicable change is made in the mind of a man who has forty or fifty years before him wherein to fight the world, to find his place, to become a factor for good or evil.

And here we have Horace, with his heart full of love and his head full of dreams, mooning over a silk handkerchief in open court.

Not that he often took such chances. The daws of humor peck at the heart worn on the sleeve; and quite rightly, for that is no place for a heart. But in the privacy of his modest lodging-house room he took the handkerchief out, and spread it before him, and looked at it, and kissed it sometimes, I suppose,—it seems ungentle to pry thus into the sacredness of a boy's love,—and, certainly, kept it in sight, working, studying, or thinking.

With all this the handkerchief became somewhat rumpled, and at last Horace felt that it must be brought back to the condition of neatness in which he first knew it. So, on a Tuesday, he descended to the kitchen of his lodging-house, and asked for a flat-iron. His good landlady, at the head of an industrious, plump-armed Irish brigade, all vigorously smoothing out towels, stared at him in surprise.

"If there's anything you want ironed, Mr. Walpole, bring it down here, and I'll be *more'n* glad to iron it for you."

Horace grew red, and found his voice going entirely out of his control, as he tried to explain that it wasn't for that—it wasn't for ironing clothes; he was sure nobody could do it but himself.

"Do you want it hot or cold?" asked Mrs. Wilkins, puzzled.

"Cold!" said Horace, desperately. And he got it cold, and had to heat it at his own fire to perform his labor of love.

That was of a piece with many things he did. Of a piece, for instance, with his looking in at the milliners' windows and trying to think which bonnet would best become her—and then taking himself severely to task for dreaming that she would wear a ready-made bonnet. Of a piece with his buying two seats for the theater, and going alone and fancying her next him, and glancing furtively at the empty place at the points where he thought she would be amused, or pleased, or moved.

What a fool he was! Yes, my friend, and so are you and I. And remember that this boy's foolishness did not keep him tossing, stark awake, through ghastly nights; did not start him up in the morning with a hot throat and an unrested brain; did not send him down to his day's work with the haunting, clutching, lurking fear that springs forward at every stroke of the clock, at every opening of the door. Perhaps you and I have known folly worse than his.

Through all the winter—the red handkerchief cheered the hideous first Monday in October, and the Christmas holidays, when business kept him from going home to Montevista—he heard little or nothing of her. His friends in the city, or rather his father's friends, were all ingrained New Yorkers, dating from the provincial period, who knew not Philadelphia; and it was only from an occasional newspaper paragraph that he learned that Judge Rittenhouse and his daughter were traveling through the South for the

Judge's health. Of course he had a standing invitation to call on them whenever he should find himself in Philadelphia; but they never came nearer Philadelphia than Washington, and so he never found himself in Philadelphia. He was not so sorry for this as you might think a lover should be. He knew that, with a little patience, he might present himself to Judge Rittenhouse as something more than a lawyer's managing clerk.

For, meanwhile, good news had come from home, and things were going well with him. Mineral springs had been discovered at Aristotle. Mineral springs may be discovered anywhere in north New York, if you only try, though it is sometimes difficult to fit them with the proper Indian legends. The name of the town had been changed to Avoca, and there was already an Avoca Improvement Company, building a big hotel, advertising right and left, and prophesying that the day of Saratoga, and Sharon, and Richfield was ended. So the barrens between Montevista and Aristotle, skirting the railroad, suddenly took on a value. Hitherto they had been unsalable, except for taxes. For the most part they were an adjunct of the estate of Montevista; and in February Horace went up to St. Lawrence County and began the series of sales that was to realize his father's most hopeless dream, and clear Montevista of all incumbrances.

How pat it all came, he thought, as, on his return trip, the train carried him past the little old station, with its glaring new sign, AVOCA, just beyond the broad stretch of "Squire Walpole's bad land," now sprouting with the surveyors' stakes. After all was paid off on the old home, there would be enough left to enable him to buy out Haskins, who had openly expressed his desire to get into a "live firm," and who was willing to part with his interest for a reasonable sum down, backed up by a succession of easy installments. And Judge Weeden had intimated, as clearly as dignity would permit, his anxiety that Horace should seize the opportunity.

WINTER was still on the Jersey flats on the last day of March; but Horace, waiting at a little "flag-station," found the air full of crude prophecies of spring. He had been searching titles all day in a close and gloomy little town-hall, and he was glad to be out-of-doors again, and to think that he should be back in New York by dinner-time, for it was past five o'clock.

But a talk with the station-master made the prospect less bright. No train would stop there until seven.

Was there no other way of getting home? The lonely guardian of the gothic shanty thought it over, and found that there was a way. He talked of the trains as though they were whimsical creatures under his charge.

"The's a freight comin' down right now," he said, meditatively, "but I can't do nothin' with her. She's gotter get along mighty lively to keep ahead of the Express from Philadelphia, till she gets to the junction and goes on a siding till the Express goes past. And as to the Express — why, I couldn't no more flag her than if she was a cyclone. But I tell you what you do. You walk right down to the junction — 'bout a mile 'n' a half down — and see if you can't do something with number ninety-seven on the other road. You see, she goes on to New York on our tracks, and she mostly's in the habit of waiting at the junction 'bout — say, five to seven minutes, to give that Express from Philadelphia a fair start. That Express has it pretty much her own way on this road, for a fact. You go down to the junction — walk right down the line — and you'll get ninety-seven; there aint no kind of doubt about it. You can't see the junction; but it's just half a mile beyond that curve down there."

So there was nothing to be done but to walk to the junction. The railroad ran a straight, steadily descending mile on the top of a high embankment, and then suddenly turned out of sight around a ragged elevation. Horace buttoned his light overcoat, and tramped down the cinder-path between the tracks.

Yes, spring was coming. The setting sun beamed a soft, hopeful red over the shoulder of the ragged elevation; light, drifting mists rose from the marshland below him, and the last low rays struck a vapory opal through them. There was a warm, almost prismatic purple hanging over the outlines of the hills and woods far to the east. The damp air, even, had a certain languid warmth in it; and though there was snow in the little hollows at the foot of the embankment, and bits of thin whitish ice in the swampy pools, it was clear enough to Horace that spring was at hand. Spring — and then summer; and, by the sea or in the mountains, the junior partner of the house of Weeden, Snowden & Gilfeather might hope to meet once more with Judge Rittenhouse's daughter.

The noise of the freight-train, far up the track behind him, disturbed Horace's springtime revery. A forethought of rocking gravel-cars scattering the overplus of their load by the way, and of reeking oil-tanks filling the air with petroleum, sent him down the embankment to wait until the way was once more clear.

The freight-train went by and above him with a long-drawn roar and clatter, and with a sudden fierce crash, and the shriek of iron upon iron at the end, and the last truck of the last car came down the embankment, tearing a gully behind it, and ploughed a grave for itself in the marsh, ten yards ahead of him.

And looking up, he saw a twisted rail raising its head like a shining serpent above the dim line of the embankment. A furious rush took Horace up the slope. A quarter of a mile below him the freight-train was slipping around the curve. The fallen end of the last car was beating and tearing the ties. He heard the shrill creak of the brakes and the frightened whistle of the locomotive. But the grade was steep, and it was hard to stop. And if they did stop, they were half a mile from the junction — half a mile from their only chance of warning the Express.

Horace heard in his ears the station-master's words: "She's gotter get along mighty lively to keep ahead of the Express from Philadelphia."

"Mighty lively — mighty lively," — the words rang through his brain to the time of thundering car-wheels.

He knew where he stood. He had made three-quarters of the straight mile. He was three-quarters of a mile, then, from the little station. His overcoat was off in half a second. Many a time had he stripped, with that familiar movement, to trunks and sleeveless shirt, to run his mile or his half-mile; but never had such a thirteen hundred yards lain before him, up such a track, to be run for such an end.

The sweat was on his forehead before his right foot passed his left.

His young muscles strove and stretched. His feet struck the soft, unstable path of cinders with strong, regular blows. His tense fore-arms strained upward from his sides. Under his chest, thrown outward from his shoulders, was a constricting line of pain. His wet face burnt. There was a fire in his temples, and at every breath of his swelling nostrils something throbbed behind his eyes. The eyes saw nothing but a dancing dazzle of tracks and ties, through a burning blindness. And his feet beat, beat, beat till the shifting cinders seemed afire under him.

That is what this human machine was doing, going at this extreme pressure; every muscle, every breath, every drop of blood alive with the pain of this intense stress. Looking at it, you would have said: "A fleet, light-limbed young man, with a stride like a deer, throwing the yards under him in fine style." All we know about the running other folks are making in this world!

Half-way in his course Horace stopped short, panting hard, his heart beating like a crazy drum, a nervous shiver on him. Up the track there was a dull whirr, and he saw the engine of the express-train slipping down on him — past the station already.

The white mists from the marshes had risen up over the embankment. The last rays of the sunset shot through them, brilliant and blinding. Horace could see the engine; but would the engineer see him, waving his hands in futile gestures, in time to stop on that slippery sharp grade? And of what use would be his choking voice when the dull whirr should turn into a roar? For a moment, in his hopeless disappointment, Horace felt like throwing himself in the path of the train, like a wasted thing that had no right to live, after so great a failure.

As will happen to those who are stunned by a great blow, his mind ran back mechanically to the things nearest his heart, and in a flash he went through the two weeks of his life. And then, before the thought had time to form itself, he had brought a red silk handkerchief from his breast and was waving it with both hands, a fiery crimson in the opal mist.

Seen. The whistle shrieked; there was a groan and a creak of brakes, the thunder of the train resolved itself into various rattling noises, the engine slipped slowly by him and slowed down, and he stood by the platform of the last car as the Express stopped.

There was a crowd around Horace in an instant. His head was whirling; but, in a dull way, he said what he had to say. An officious passenger, who would have explained it all to the conductor if the conductor had waited, took the deliverer in his arms — for the boy was near fainting — and enlightened the passengers who flocked around.

Horace hung in his embrace, too deadly weak even to accept the offer of one of the dozen flasks that were thrust at him. Nothing was very clear in his mind; as far as he could make out, his most distinct impression was of a broad, flat beach, a blue sea and a blue sky, a black steamer making a black trail of smoke across them, and a voice soft as an angel's reading Latin close by him. Then he opened his eyes and saw the woman of the voice standing in front of him.

"Oh, Richard," he heard her say, "it's Mr. Walpole!"

Horace struggled to his feet. She took his hand in both of hers and drew closer to him; the crowd falling back a little, seeing that they were friends.

"What can I ever say to thank you?" she said. "You have saved our lives. Not mine only — not mine — but ——" she blushed faintly, and Horace felt her hands tremble on

his; "Richard — my husband — we were married to-day, you know — and ——"

Something heavy and black came between Horace and life for a few minutes. When it passed away, he straightened himself up out of the arms of the officious passenger, and stared about him, mind and memory coming back to him. The people around looked at him oddly. A brakeman brought him his overcoat, and he stood unresistingly while it was slipped on him. Then he turned away and started down the embankment.

"Hold on!" cried the officious passenger, excitedly; "we're getting up a testimonial ——"

Horace did not hear it. How he found his way he never cared to recall; but the gas was dim in the city streets, and the fire was out in his little lodging-house room when he came home; and his narrow white bed knows all that I cannot tell of his tears and his broken dreams.

"WALPOLE," said Judge Weeden, as he stood between the yawning doors of the office safe, one morning in June, "I observe that you have a private package here. Why do you not use the drawer of our — our late associate, Mr. Haskins? It is yours now, you know. I'll put your package in it." He poised the heavily sealed envelope in his hand. "Very odd *feeling* package, Walpole. Remarkably soft!" he said. "Well, bless me, it's none of my business, of course. Horace, how much you look like your father!"

H. C. Bunner.

DIARY OF AN AMERICAN GIRL IN CAIRO, DURING THE WAR OF 1882.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND, April 4th, 1884.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

DEAR SIR: My daughter has corrected the proof of her diary which you sent her.

At your request I add a few words of explanation, giving some general account of the circumstances under which the diary was written.

As you are perhaps aware, I was at that time, and had been for a dozen years, the Chief of the General Staff of the Khédive of Egypt. My duties at that critical period required me to be a part of the time in Alexandria and a part of the time in Cairo. On the 6th of July I took the evening train for Alexandria, expecting to return on the 8th. On the 8th I found it impossible to leave, as matters looked very threatening, and I could not telegraph for my family to leave Cairo without creating more panic. I felt that it was probable that the British Admiral would eventually bombard Alexandria, but I could not conceive that he could bombard an open sea-port after having proclaimed that he entered its harbor "as a friend,"—certainly not without giving such clear and timely notice that the thousands of Europeans residing in the interior cities (to whom no notice was given) would have opportunity to leave; for he and all the British authorities must have known perfectly well that the bombardment of Alexandria by any European fleet would cause the enraged inhabitants to work vengeance on all Europeans who might be in the country, of whatever nationality.

To my astonishment the notice of only *twenty-four hours* was given, and that notice was given late in the afternoon of the 9th of July, *after the departure from Cairo of the last train on that day for Alexandria.* At the same time the foreign war-ships and ships of refuge were advised to quit the harbor *at noon on the 10th!*

This barbarous disregard on the part of the British of the lives of citizens of all other nationalities caused me, as well as thousands of others, fearful anxiety, and caused the horrible death of scores of Europeans — French, Germans, Austrians, and Italians.

I was forced to decide in a moment the best course to pursue to secure the safety of my wife and daughters a hundred and twenty miles in the interior. There was no train to leave Cairo until 8 o'clock A. M. on the 10th, and that train would be due at Alexandria at 3 o'clock P. M., three hours after the departure of the ships of refuge. I felt that four ladies struggling in a railway station for a place, in the midst of a crowd of panic-stricken Europeans, would have but small chance; and even should they succeed in securing places in the railway carriages, it was more than probable that they would be turned out at some point of the road to make place for soldiers on their way to the threatened city.

Even could they reach Alexandria, the ships would not be there to receive them, and I could find no place of safety for them in a town about to be bombarded. I hastened to the telegraph office and sent a dispatch to the senior officer of the Staff at Cairo, informing him that the British were about to act, that I remained at my post, and confided my family to the honor of the Staff. It was a desperate situation, but my decision proved to have been the correct one; for the families that left Cairo by the 8 A. M. train of the 10th arrived too late to get on board the ships, and were subjected to the horrors of the bombardment.

The following morning I placed my son on board the *Lancaster* frigate, and with a heart full of the deepest anxiety went about my duty near the Khédive, with as calm and cheerful a countenance as was possible.

During the day of the 9th of July, the palace of Ras-el-Tin was thronged with European officials of high grade. Even after the announcement of bombardment the English Consul-General, the English Postmaster-General (of Egypt), the English Collector of Customs, and the high functionaries of the various administrations were quietly eating their dinners and suppers in the city they were about to bombard, and jokingly discussing the probable effect of the heavy gun practice, apparently not thinking of or caring for the women and children of nationalities other than British in the interior. All British subjects had been carefully sent away.

On the 10th only five Western officials remained around the Khédive in his palace — one American and four Italians. One of these was myself; another, an Italian rear-admiral; another, the physician to His High-

ness; another, his secretary; the other, his master of the ceremonies. These five, with a few Turkish, Armenian, and Egyptian officers and officials, formed the little court of the Khédive through the scenes of the bombardment and the three days following, during which the palace of Ramleh was surrounded by troops sent to burn it and shoot down all who should attempt to escape.

Then came the British occupation of Alexandria, and the campaign against Arabi. During this campaign I did all of which I was capable to aid the allies of the Khédive; well knowing that while such was my duty, yet the performance of that duty, day by day, and act by act, must necessarily add to the dangers clustering around my family in their isolation. In my position every act was, of course, well known and conspicuous to the enemies of the Khédive.

This situation continued for my family and myself until the 8th day of August, when I had the happiness of receiving them on board the *Dakalieh* at Port Saïd.

This happy result was due principally to the prompt decision of Commander Whitehead, United States Navy, who, not fearing to take upon himself responsibility when an American family was in danger, promptly acceded to my request to enter the Suez canal, and at Ismaïlia to demand of the authorities at Cairo that the family should be brought there and delivered to him on the deck of the U. S. ship *Quinnebaug*.

Means were taken to cause information of his resolve to reach the ears of Arabi, and he acted before being subjected to a demand in the name of the U. S. Government.

Had Admiral Seymour given even forty-eight hours' notice of his intention to bombard, he and his Government would have been spared the frightful responsibility which now weighs upon them of causing the horrible death of European men, women, and children, who perished miserably in the interior, and of hundreds of Egyptian women and children who perished in the bombardment and in the panic flight from the hastily bombarded town.

During the so-called "massacre" of June 11th, 1882, in Alexandria, European *men* were struck down by the infuriated populace, but not a woman or child was injured. During the Christian bombardment of Alexandria scores of Egyptian women and children perished, and their husbands, brothers, and fathers wreaked vengeance, a little later, on the innocent and helpless Europeans at Tantah and Mehallet-el-Kebir.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES P. STONE,
Lieut.-General.

Cairo, July 6th, 1882.—This has been a day of excitement, and mamma looks pale and tired, in spite of her efforts to bear up bravely. This morning papa announced his intention of going by the evening train to Alexandria, and proposed taking Johnny with him. I saw a pained look in mamma's eyes, and knew she would suffer much from the separation from her dear boy, even for two days only, as proposed; but he looked so wistful and longing when she asked him if he would like to go that she gave her consent. I wish she had not. I think that perhaps she would have decided differently, if he had not come to her as she was packing his traveling-satchel, and said, with an affectionate gesture, "If you need me, 'marmee,' or would be happier to have me stay, I shall be much better pleased to be with you." That settled it; and with great tears dropping on his linen, she went on with the packing.

Since the massacre of last month in Alexandria mamma has been terribly anxious when papa has been called there; but as his service requires him to be there to-morrow, there is nothing left us but silent endurance and hope.

I had a wretched foreboding all day that some unhappiness was in store for us. The constant coming and going of the staff-officers, the pale faces of mamma and sister, and the alarming telegrams, all conspired to make me nervous and unhappy.

At about five o'clock I left my chamber, thinking I would go and try to comfort mamma. I met her maid in the corridor, who told me she was in her chamber, reading. Sister was with Todas Santas in the morning-room, and papa and Johnny in his cabinet (directly under mamma's room), with a staff-officer, examining a new rifle. While the maid was still speaking there came from below a loud report. I staggered back a few steps, and just then papa and Johnny came dashing upstairs, exclaiming, "Where is your mother?" I pointed to the chamber door, and followed them in. Mamma was sitting before her toilet-table, her book fallen from her hands, her hair covered with plaster from the ceiling, and a great hole a few inches from her feet, where a bullet had pierced the heavy Persian carpet. The bullet had gone up and buried itself in the ceiling overhead, bringing down a shower of plastering. The rifle had gone off while papa was handling it!

Papa and Johnny left for Alexandria by the 6 P. M. train.

July 7th.—Telegram from Johnny saying, "All well."

July 8th.—Letter from papa. He thinks that Admiral Seymour will finally bombard Alexandria; and that if he cannot find a pretext he will make one. Mamma had an interview with some of the staff-officers, and they say that Arabi will betray the Khédive; that he is determined to rule Egypt, and whatever the Khédive may say or do, Arabi will try to put him aside, even should it mean assassination.

July 9th. — No news from Alexandria.

July 10th. — After passing an anxious day we were startled by having the card of Ali Pacha Cherif (a cousin of the Khédive) brought to the drawing-room. We thought

he was with His Highness in Alexandria, and felt instantly that he was the bearer of bad news. He came in his *costume de voyage*, covered with dust, and looking very much agitated. He said: "Madam, I bring you news from Stone Pacha. Admiral Seymour has given notice that he will bombard Alexandria to-morrow. The Khédive has left the palace of Ras-el-Tin, and gone to Ramleh [which is a few miles east of Alexandria, on the shores of the Mediterranean]. We had only twenty-four hours' notice in which to escape from the city. The Christians have fled to the ships. The Mussulmans are scattered over the country trying to find safety. Stone Pacha desired me to say that he is with the Khédive at the palace of Ramleh, and your son John Bey is at sea, about ten miles out on the flag-ship *Lancaster*. The English threaten to keep up the bombardment twelve hours. After it is over the Pacha will return to the Hôtel d'Europe, and your son may return after a few days."

There is great excitement in the city of Cairo. The Arab women are going through the streets to-night wailing and covering their heads with dust.

July 11th.— The staff-officers came to the house in great numbers to-day to tell us there is no danger for us. The bombardment is said to have ceased at sunset to-day. Official telegrams state that several fine buildings were destroyed, all the forts silenced, and large numbers of Egyptian soldiers killed. Some of the English ships were struck, and report says many English were killed and wounded.

Mamma tried to send a telegram to papa, but failed, as all the European employees, both here and at Alexandria, have fled, and we must wait until they can be replaced by the Egyptian operators who were turned out when the English took charge of the telegraph department; so they say. Neither can we send letters, as the post-office department is also in confusion; however, that will soon be regulated.

Mamma came to the desperate determination of sending our faithful Oster Mohammed to Alexandria with a letter to papa, asking him to send Johnny home, and imploring him to give her definite instructions as to what we shall do.

The panic is simply frightful. The trains going to Port Saïd and Suez are crowded. I thought all the Christians had gone in the panic following the massacre; but I suppose these now going are the poor *ouvriers*, who hoped to stay on. The different foreign governments are paying their passage to some safe port. Mamma has ordered Mohammed to go to the Hôtel d'Europe, and if papa is not there to seek him at the Ramleh palace; and we expect him back to-morrow evening, as the express trains are stopped, and he must take any accommodation he can get. We felt very sad when we parted with the faithful creature; he has been with us for nearly thirteen years, and loves us better than he does himself. When he bade mamma good-bye he said, "My lady, I will find the Pacha if I live; and if he orders me to go to Johnny Bey, I shall go if I have to fight every step of the way." We trust him implicitly. Oh! if papa would only tell us to go, we might reach some safe spot. But, alas! Johnny is separated from us, and every hour that we must remain increases the danger of trying to escape. The railway stations are crowded with infuriated natives who insult Christians, and I hardly believe we could get permission to have a staff-officer accompany us, as these officers are already suspected of wishing ill to the "Arabi party." Mamma has busied herself all day in putting our clothes, or some of them, into trunks, hoping papa will tell us what to do.

July 12th.— Officers have been running in and out all day, bringing the wildest reports that are flying about the city. They say it would be extremely perilous for us to attempt to escape; at any rate, we must abide by papa's decision. Some of the staff-officers applied for a guard for our house, and two policemen were sent to stand at our gate; but to-day mamma demanded that papa's two orderlies from the War Department should be stationed in the garden, near the door.

They came, and we feel safer; for two finer, braver men never lived. They came to mamma to thank her for having applied for them. They said: "We never had a friend until Stone Pacha came to Egypt. He took us from poverty and wretchedness, and made us what we are, happy, well-fed, well-dressed men, with our families living in comfort. We swear by the heads of our dear children, by the bread that we have eaten, and better than all, by the Prophet, that no harm shall come to the Pacha's wife and children until we lie dead on your door-step."

We feel safer, but we long to have news of papa and our dear boy. I wish Mohammed would come; we thought surely he would be here this afternoon, as mamma ordered him to return by the first train after communicating with papa. Poor mamma! She ordered several nice dishes from our dinner to be kept warm, saying with a hopeful voice, "You know, girls, my boy will be ravenous after his journey." I wonder how she can even hope he will come.

It is nearly midnight. Sister is pacing up

and down her chamber, waiting. As I look from my window, I see the four armed men looking like statues in the moonlight, and two faithful servants sleeping on the graveled walk before the door.

July 13th. — Mohammed returned about two o'clock this morning, and brought a letter from papa, but, alas! not Johnny boy. He had a frightful journey down and back. The train was crowded with horses and munitions of war going down, and with wretched fugitives coming back. He was twelve hours *en route* to Alexandria, and found papa at midnight at the Hôtel d'Europe.

The next morning papa took Mohammed with him to see the forts. Many were utterly demolished, and he saw several dead soldiers still lying under the great cannon. They visited the hospital. It must have been a heart-rending sight; the wounded were lying on the bare stone floors, covered with blood and dust, gasping for water, and some dying for want of proper care, as there were only three doctors there. Oh, how could Arabi bring such misery on his country! Why did he not make some preparation for the sick and wounded? He evidently knows nothing of war, although he boasts of his patriotism, and makes such desperate threats against all foreign powers.

Papa's letter was only a few lines, telling us what we knew before, that Johnny was safe on the *Lancaster*, giving a short description of the bombardment, and thanking her for sending him clothing, but unable to give us a hint, under the circumstances, as to what we were to do, for while he was writing *the bombardment recommenced.*

I watched mamma's face as she read the letter. When I saw the tightly compressed lips, the despairing gesture with which she handed it to sister, saying, "Read it to the children, Hettie," I knew we were in a "bad fix," as Johnny says. We all crept off to our rooms without speaking, without even looking each other in the face. I knew positively that mamma would never leave Cairo without papa's orders; and he, knowing the danger of Christian ladies traveling alone, cannot yet advise us to leave.

Alexandria is in flames; the soldiers and low class of Arabs are pillaging and plundering, and Arabi is encamped near Ramleh.

This morning, after breakfast, mamma called us all to her, and said: "My children, we are in great trouble, but we must look it bravely in the face, and try to help each other to bear it. Papa has a good reason, of course, for leaving us here; he may rescue us yet; only we may have to undergo great suffering in the meantime. You know he left me money enough only for a few days' expenses. That is all gone, and I must use your little store; I shall be forced to exercise great economy, as it will last but a short time. Now, I want you to promise me to be patient, to be cheerful, and always brave. Go on with your studies, keep always busy, and trust to me to save you, if it is possible, when the worst comes. We have fire-arms enough in the house to defend ourselves until we can get help from the staff-officers; and if they fail us, you can be brave and face death like good soldiers. Only promise me never to let an Arab touch you. When it comes to that, remember I expect you to save yourselves by putting a bullet through your heart. Don't leave me to do it."

We all kissed her, and gave our sacred promise to do all she required; then we all went to our different duties. Johnny is safe, thank God!

We went out driving this afternoon, taking an orderly on the box with the coachman; but even he could not prevent our being insulted in words, and we shall in future be forced to remain in the house. That will be hard to bear in this hot weather; but we must be cheerful and patient, as we promised this morning.

The streets are crowded with wretched Arabs from Alexandria. They are the worst-looking people I ever saw — filthy, degraded women, and fierce, brutal men. We hear that the chief of police is almost desperate about having them pouring into the city in such numbers. What to do with them is the question. They left the trains shouting, "We have come to teach you Cairenes how to kill Christians;" and they are sleeping on their bundles of dirty rags on the sidewalks tonight.

July 14th. — Terrible news from Alexandria. The Khédive, they say, had all his preparations made to come to Cairo, where he might be with his people, and try to stop the English from taking the country. The royal train was ready and waiting for him, when the palace was surrounded by soldiers sent by Arabi to massacre him and all the court! The Khédive sent to know the meaning of the movement. When the officers of the regiment came into his presence they said: "We have been sent here to fire the palace, and shoot every person who may attempt to leave it; but we cannot do it. We want to remain with Your Highness, and guard you." They all swore fidelity to him, but advised him to fly to the palace of Ras-el-Tin, in Alexandria, and call upon the English to protect him, as Arabi was determined to take his life. Then there was a scene of

confusion—a general rush for the carriages. Those who could get none went on foot, the soldiers escorting them. They were fired upon by soldiers, or Bedouins, on the way. One carriage carrying four ladies of the court had a horse killed, and they were forced to make their way on foot through the sand and dust for two miles, in their delicate satin slippers and trained dresses. The sister of the vice-queen, Madame Daoud Pacha, who was dangerously ill, was carried on a mattress, and was so alarmed by the firing and confusion that she is in a dying condition. Not succeeding in their infamous designs, Arabi's troops went to the railway station and destroyed the beautiful railway carriages, smashing everything they could lay their hands upon.

The Khédive called upon the English admiral for protection, and is safe from Arabi; but oh!—God protect us!—we are in greater danger than ever, since the news has reached Cairo that General Stone remains faithful to the Khédive, even while he is with the English. We have no claim upon them now for protection. Even the staff-officers may desert us. Papa telegraphed them that he intrusted us to their honor; but at that time the Khédive was with his own people, and we were all in sympathy. Our dining-room servant was insolent to mamma at dinner to-day, and we heard him tell mamma's maid that "the Bashaw had gone over to the English."

Great excitement prevails in the city. All the horses are being seized for the service of the army, even the mules in the watering-carts. The dust on the streets is terrible. Sister ventured out to the chemist's this morning in the carriage, and to her horror found the horses seized by two policemen. She remonstrated, and they were on the point of taking her to the guard-house, when an officer rushed to the rescue, and explained to the policemen that the horses of officers were not yet to be taken.

The refugees from Alexandria are being quartered in the furniture magazines of the Khédive. Arabi has retreated to Kafr-Dowar, about fifteen miles from Alexandria. There is no hope of communicating with papa.

Midnight.—Sister has just left me. She came softly into my chamber an hour ago, followed by Todas, both looking like ghosts with their pale, frightened faces, and told me that she had been roused by a tapping at her window. She sprang up and found Mohammed standing below. He had thrown a handful of gravel to waken her, being afraid to call lest he should attract the attention of the policemen, whom he distrusts. His story is a terrible one. There has been a massacre of Christians at Tantah, a station on the railroad between Cairo and Alexandria. We have been sitting here shivering with horror for an hour, and finally determined not to tell mamma until to-morrow morning, as she gets so little sleep at the best.

July 15th.—This morning we heard that seven staff-officers had been ordered to Kafr-Dowar. They are all in a terrible strait. All their sympathies are with the Khédive, and they detest Arabi. But if they refuse to obey the orders of the Minister of War, they will doubtless be shot. Mamma advised them to go, and to take the first chance to escape to Alexandria.

Mamma sent Mohammed with them, telling him to try to get permission to go to Alexandria. She has written to papa imploring him to give her permission to leave, to send her money enough to get us to Palermo, and to send Johnny to join us there.

Several of the staff-officers have offered her as much money as she needs; but she invariably makes the same reply: "You know how much I thank you for your generous kindness, but I cannot leave Cairo until I have permission from the General."

We told her the news from Tantah, but she is firm, and will not leave until we can be sure of papa's approval. We have faithful friends in Moktar Bey, Omar Bey, Latif Bey, Sadic Bey, Abdul-Razak Effendi, and Ismaïl-Effendi Nazeem. All of them are staff-officers. Latif Bey has refused to serve Arabi, although he was offered the command of a regiment. All these officers have offered us refuge in their houses. They said to-day, "General Stone is the father of the staff; we will protect you with our lives."

Mamma says we must never show fear. As long as the people see that we are not afraid of them they will respect us. The instant we "show the white feather" our lives are not safe an hour. The officers are coming and going all day. Sometimes they are with us until eleven o'clock at night; and it is really amusing to see the wonder and admiration with which they regard mamma's courage.

Arabi says he will finish this war without calling upon the staff to help him. Bah! he is a fool; the staff are the only officers worth having in the Egyptian army, and he has already called seven of them. What is to become of us if the rest of them are called?

The Moudir of Tantah has called for a regiment to quell the infuriated populace.

Mamma read, as usual, to us to-night a chapter from the "Following of Christ"; and I seem still to hear her soft, low voice saying, "It is good for us now and then to have some troubles and adversities, for oftentimes they

make a man enter into himself, that he may know that he is in exile and may not place his hopes in anything of this world."

July 16th.— Nothing of importance has happened to-day. Moktar Bey left this morning with a thousand men for Damietta; but, as he is to return immediately, we do not feel much alarmed at his absence. Mamma is anxious about our health. The heat is very great. This morning she consulted with the orderlies, and they advised her to let us take a walk in the early morning before the Arabs are awake. They will accompany us; but we shall wait until the day after to-morrow, as Ramadan commences at sunset.

Ramadan is the thirty days of fasting and prayer kept by the Mussulmans every year. It is very hard on the poor creatures when it comes during the summer season, for they are forbidden to touch food or drink between sunrise and sunset. At sunset, when the evening gun is fired, they may eat and drink, and as often as they like during the night; but they suffer greatly through the long, hot summer days. Generally they carouse all night, and sleep a great part of the day. Therefore we may take our walk before they are stirring in the morning. Tradition says that Mohammed the Prophet prayed to God for help to make his followers humble, and that God sent the Archangel Gabriel to him, saying He required all Mohammedans to pray fifty times a day for thirty days, and during that time they were forbidden to touch food or drink from sunrise to sunset. Mohammed remonstrated, saying that his people were not strong enough to pray fifty times a day and fast all day; therefore they were ordered to pray five times and fast.

I think the Franciscan monks have left. The church doors are closed, and the bells have not been rung since last Sunday. I wish they had remained. I felt so ashamed when the English clergyman left, the first one of his flock, and it has been such a comfort to sit in my window and see the good fathers at their work in the garden; and the chime of the bells was sweet in my ears, reminding me that we were not the only Christians in this dreary, unhappy city.

Our baker has gone, and in future we shall have to eat Arab bread, as ours was the last European baker in the city. He told our cook the other day that he would escape in disguise, and perhaps he may, as he has been twenty-five years in the country, and speaks Arabic like a native.

July 17th.— Mohammed returned this morning. Alas! he did not reach Alexandria. When he arrived at Kafr-Dowar he went to an officer, and asked him if Stone Pacha was there. The officer turned upon him with an oath, and told him that Stone Pacha had joined the English. "But, thank God," said he, "we paid him well for it; for we burned him to death in the Hôtel d'Europe, before we left Alexandria." Then he ordered Mohammed to return to Cairo, and told him that if Arabi caught him there he would be shot. Poor fellow! he was in an agony of distress. He dreaded coming back to us with such heart-breaking news, and was walking slowly back to the railroad when a soldier spoke to him. Mohammed asked him if it were true that Stone Pacha was killed, and the soldier said, with a shrug of his shoulders: "Perhaps, but I doubt it. I think the Bey you have been talking to only said that to torment you. However, if you value your life, go back to Cairo at once. If you will come with me, I will disguise you as a fellah; and you had better lie down in a cattle-car, and pretend to be sleeping when you see any one approaching."

So Mohammed went with him to his tent, put on a disgustingly soiled old galibeer, and hid himself in a cattle-car.

Mamma is evidently determined to show us how a brave woman can bear trouble. She must be suffering greatly at this moment, not knowing whether she is widowed and we are fatherless; yet the only change in her that I can see is a sort of "hunted-down" look in her eyes, and a sharp, fierce way of speaking, which is unusual to her.

This morning sister came to her and said that Ali and mamma's maid were closeted in the pantry, and that she had overheard them speaking disrespectfully of us, calling us "dogs of Christians," and threatening us. After a few minutes mamma called them to her in the morning-room, and even now, as I think of the interview, I tremble. She told them that they had proved themselves to be faithless wretches; that she had fed them for years, and been like a mother to them; and now, in the first moment of trouble, they had turned traitors to her. Then she told them they were mistaken in thinking they could frighten her. "There never lived the Arab," said she, "who could frighten me. No, not Arabi and all his troops can do it. Go to your work, you miserable cowards, and the first time you *look* insolent I will have you thrashed. Never dare to threaten me again until you are beyond my reach!"

I never saw creatures so completely cowed and frightened as they were. They went sneaking from the room, but begged, before leaving, to be allowed to kiss her hand. They didn't do it, however, and got a reply which must have burned their ears. This evening,

when the staff-officers heard of it, they shook their heads and said that mamma was imprudent; but she fired up, and told them that her position was a desperate one and required desperate measures.

They say that the report that papa was killed is false.

July 18th. — Sister, Todas, and I took a short walk early this morning. We were accompanied by the two orderlies. We went to the little English chapel, hoping to be able to get in and get some books from the library. We found the boab sleeping at the door, and having roused him, he opened it for us. I was astonished at seeing the orderlies follow us in, and more astonished when they took cushions from the seats, and placed them on the floor to kneel upon. I asked them, "Is it possible that you are going to pray in a Christian church?" "Why not, my lady?" said they. "We Mussulmans can pray anywhere. Do we not all pray to the same good God? Jesus Christ belongs more to us than He does to you. You call Him the Son of God, which He was not. He was a great Prophet, and we love and respect Him. We love His blessed mother, too, the Sitta Miriam."

We left them to their prayers, and went into the little library to get our books. When we reëntered the chapel we found the orderlies looking with great curiosity at the organ; and when I told them it was a "musica," they begged me to play for them. I sat down and played "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and when I told them how our dead President loved it, they begged me to play it again.

Todas says she never saw such a rapt expression on a face as was on theirs until the music ceased. Poor fellows! they are such fine brave men, and do so long to see us safe with papa. I wonder what Arabi and his creatures would have said could they have looked in and seen a young Christian girl playing sacred music to two armed Mussulmans in a Christian church.

Moktar Bey returned to-day. He says the whole country seems to have gone mad. He was called a Christian by a rich merchant of Damietta, because he denounced the war. There was a great meeting of the notables to-day, and Raouf Pacha, Ali Pacha Moubarek, and others were appointed to go to Alexandria and discuss the situation with the Khédive. I doubt Raouf Pacha's getting permission from Arabi to pass. He (Arabi) very much fears that people may know the truth; they must believe his story, and he will throw every obstacle in the way of their hearing any other. Mamma is going to send a letter to papa by Raouf Pacha.

We are very fortunate in having a well-stocked store-room. Mamma says she can stand a siege of three months.

Ten more staff-officers have been called.

July 19th. — Our troubles are increasing. This morning Major Abdul Razak Effendi requested a private interview with mamma, which lasted nearly an hour. When he left she called us all to her, and told us that there had been a massacre of Europeans at Mehallet-el-Kebir; that two European officials of the cadastre had been killed, cut into small pieces, and carried about the town by a procession, while the dogs were fed with their flesh! The women made what they call "the cry of joy," and waved their handkerchiefs. The sheiks of the mosques saved several families by shutting them up in the mosques, and afterward concealing them in their houses; and one sheik saved a gentleman by shaving his head, putting him in *saïs* costume, and letting him run in front of his horse to a place of safety, about ten kilomètres away. Many of the sheiks have behaved well thus far. One of them (Sheik Ibrahim) in Alexandria saved a large number of men on the 11th of June, by shutting them up in his mosque and guarding them until the riot was over.

Abdul Razak Effendi* says we must leave our house without delay, and advised mamma to prepare to go to-night to Omar Bey's house. He said we ought to get away without allowing our servants (except our Mohammed) to know where we are going. Shortly after he left, Omar Bey and Ismaïl Effendi came also to urge us to leave, and Omar Bey said that we would be safe in his house. Mamma said she would consider the matter, and give them an answer at sunset.

Then we had a regular *pow-wow* among ourselves. Mamma told each one of us to give the best advice she could, which made us very proud, so that we chattered like three magpies, while she sat and listened. Finally she said: "Well, girls, I will tell you what I think about it. It is all nonsense to suppose we could leave this house without our destination being known; for I have seen three men watching the house the last three nights past, and they will follow us. I shall not run away from my servants like a coward, and leave my house to be pillaged. Omar Bey's servants would betray us to their neighbors, and in case of trouble we should be caged there, and probably be the cause of ruin to his family. His house is situated in the old part of the city, where the air is foul, and we should be

* Major Abdul Razak Effendi was afterward promoted to the grade of Colonel in the staff, and was killed in battle, while serving on Baker Pacha's staff, near Teb.

deprived of the comforts to which we are accustomed. The result would be disastrous in every way. We would be prisoners in an old Arab house, out of spirits, out of health, and so miserable that it would soon be a mercy if the Arabs should come and cut our throats. I propose that we stay at home like brave women, and live like Christians as long as we can."

We always agree when mamma speaks, and at sunset she told the officers of her decision. They left us looking very unhappy.

Sister called me into the library to-night, telling me to walk softly and not to bring a light. She led me to the window and whispered to me to look through the shutters. I did so, and saw a man crouching behind the shrubbery in the garden, watching the door of the vestibule. We went out of the house by the back door to notify the men, and crept round to the lodge, where they were taking their supper; but they, in their surprise at seeing us appear there, made such a stir that the man took fright and escaped. He must have come over the wall from a neighboring garden, and I do not doubt that he had listened to all the conversation with the officers; but as this was carried on in French, perhaps he may not have understood it.

Papa has always told us never to be afraid of spies, for a man who descends to such mean work is so low that he cannot be fully believed even by those who employ him.

July 20th.—The boab of the Khédivial Geographical Society came to mamma this morning, and said that his uncle had been ordered to Kafr-Dowar, and would leave at noon. He said that if mamma would send a letter to papa by him, it would surely reach him, for his uncle's intention was to desert and make his way to Alexandria as soon as possible. Mamma wrote a short letter, telling papa not to be anxious, and trying to comfort him by making the best of everything. We never speak of Johnny boy to mamma. A few days after he left we were all coming down-stairs to dinner, and as we turned on the first landing we saw his old straw hat hanging on the hat-rack. The boab had found it in the garden and hung it there. We fled in different directions to have our cry out, and since that day we talk of him only when the staff-officers are here. Five of them were here to-day. They do not cease urging mamma to leave our house, and take refuge in their families; and she finds it difficult to explain to them why she prefers to remain at home. Sadic Bey says we had better have our clothes packed in small trunks, as there will be no question as to the danger of our remaining in Cairo after the English attack Arabi, and the latter shall commence his retreat on Cairo. He intends to take us to Arabia with his family. We shall find it hard work traveling on camels in this hot weather.

The spy *did* understand our conversation, or at least enough of it to make trouble for us. Omar Bey was called to the War Department this morning, and told that he was reported as having talked treason in a certain house, and should it be repeated he would be put in irons in the citadel! We hear that several of the staff-officers have deserted Arabi, and arrived safely at Alexandria.

July 21st.—Our cook came to mamma to-day and begged her to discharge Ali, Fatmah, and the boab. He said they are all traitors to us, and he is afraid we will be poisoned by one of them. "I have been your servant for eight years," said he, "and it is my pride to serve you well; but I must leave you unless those servants are sent out of the house, and forbidden to enter your doors again. You know you are safe with me, but I don't trust those three, who have access to your dining-room; and should you be poisoned it would be my ruin. I will do Ali's work, and Mohammed will attend the door." He is a good, honest man, and I know papa trusts him perfectly. Poor mamma! she looks tired to death, and I know she hardly sleeps at all, for I frequently hear her walking about her chamber, when I wake in the night. I wish the English would hasten their preparations, and attack Arabi. He is growing stronger, and the people are beginning to believe it is a *holy war*. We do not receive much political news from Europe. I believe the Turks are fooling both England and Arabi; at any rate, Arabi says he is working under the Sultan's orders, and England seems to believe that Turkey will help her to restore order in Egypt. The Turks are cunning diplomatists; but I think it may end in Turkey's losing Egypt this time. Abdul Razak told us to-day that there are sixty Greeks left in Cairo, and they have all moved into a certain quarter of the city and are living together. They have put their houses in a state of defense, and only one-half of them ever leave at a time. They are all heavily armed, and have a signal for assembly in case of danger.

Every evening at about nine o'clock a band of children, led by a man, parade the streets crying, "Long live Arabi! God give him victory! Death to the Christians!" This evening they came and stood in front of our gate, crying, "Death to the Christians!" but the orderlies rushed out upon them with clubs, and frightened them well. Arabi's wife pays these children to do this, and they stand for an

hour at a time before her door, shouting like so many lunatics.

Mamma paid the three faithless servants, and sent them away at sunset. The two men were very sullen, but Fatmah cried, threw herself down at mamma's feet, and begged to stay; but mamma was firm, and Fatmah left the house in tears.

July 22d.— One officer after another has been here to-day, imploring us to leave our house; but mamma positively refused to do so. Then they begged her to keep the house closed and try to make the people believe we had gone. She only laughed at them, however. She insists that our only chance of safety lies in our courage; and at sunset she has every door and window opening to the front thrown wide open, and lamps lit in the rooms. At night, on retiring, we see that the ground floor is well barricaded; but on the floor above we sleep with all our windows open. We sit in the vestibule opening on the front balcony until eleven o'clock, with five lamps in the chandelier, the door and windows open, and mamma has had the piano moved in there. We receive the officers there, and talk freely about the events of the day; but I think it would puzzle a spy to make much of our conversation, as we have adopted the plan of speaking four languages at once. We do it in this way. One of the officers makes a remark in French, sister says a few words in Arabic, I go on in Italian, and mamma in English. Sometimes, when we get confused, we explain to each other in a low voice in French. All the officers speak French well, some a little Italian, and some of them English. They do not like sitting in a blaze of light, perfectly visible from the street; but mamma's word is law to them.

July 23d.— Mamma made an announcement at the breakfast-table this morning that fairly took our breath away. Our money will last only about a week longer! I don't know what she intends to do about it; but when Todas said to sister and me, "Don't fret, girls; 'mamma' will manage to have bread and beefsteaks for us every day, or I am a Dutchman, and she wont borrow the money for it either," my spirits rose, and I reproached myself for not having encouraged the dear mother, by saying we would not mind living on the stores in the magazine till the end of time. I often think of what Jo said in "Little Women," "*I wonder what girls do who have not a good mother.*"

To-night Todas saw a man perched in a tree, looking in at a window, and she gave the alarm; but he scrambled down and ran like a deer. The orderlies fired at him, but he got away through Rousseau Bey's garden.

July 24th.— Mamma sent a letter to Arabi Pacha this morning, demanding papa's pay for the month of July! The officers looked at her in perfect amazement when she told them, and said: "Madam, you will not get a centime. How could you do such an imprudent thing?" She replied: "I shall get it, but I may have to go to Kafr-Dowar before I succeed." One of them said: "If all American women are like you, I would not like to go to war against your men."

Mamma had a note from one of the staff-officers at noon, stating that he and another had been called to Kafr-Dowar, and that they would call in the evening to consult her about it. When they came she was ready for them in every sense of the word. She demanded to know if they had come to tell her that they were going to Kafr-Dowar *to serve Arabi against their sovereign.* When they said, "We must go," she rose from her chair, and said that she was disappointed in them, that she had believed they were faithful to the Khédive, and would resign rather than serve against him.

"I am a woman," said she; "but rather than obey an order of Arabi Pacha that would compromise my husband's fidelity to the Khédive, I would let them kill me. You are not faithful soldiers. I cannot understand how you can go. I was not brought up to understand fidelity in this way."

"Madam," said one of them, "they would not accept my resignation; they would shoot me, and how would that help the Khédive or me?"

"It would not help the Khédive," said she sternly, "but it would save your honor!"

They were very much agitated, and said:

"His Highness will understand that we were forced to go when Arabi called for us."

"And," said she, "will you dare to face His Highness and give the same excuse that will be given by every traitor in Egypt?"

Then they swore to her that they would do everything in their power to save their honor. She said:

"When you shall have succeeded in that, you may return and tell me so!"

Raouf Pacha has gone to Kafr-Dowar, and has carried a letter to papa. He and Ali Pacha Moubarek may be said to be the representatives of the Khédivial party here. I hope they may be allowed to pass to Alexandria.

July 25th.— The two officers are gone. They will try to escape if possible.

The moudirs [governors of provinces] who have failed to raise troops for Arabi are being brought in and put in irons at the citadel.

Among them is our acquaintance Ibrahim* Bey Tewfik, who was formerly one of papa's staff-officers. He is very firm and a courageous loyalist. His beautiful little daughter is one of our schoolmates.

Mamma complained to the Prefect of Police yesterday about the band of children who parade the streets, and it has been forbidden for the future. I wonder how she dares to be so bold, but she says it is the best plan, and by the results I know she is right.

Since Fatmah left we have to do the chamber-work, and I find it helps to pass the time, though it certainly does not improve the appearance of our hands; and it makes me give up a half-hour of my music lesson. I never worked so hard in my life. Mamma is always on the watch, to see that we are not idle; and even when she reads or plays on the piano for us, we are not allowed to "hold our hands." I shall have linen underclothing enough to last me until I am an old woman, if this lasts much longer.

How I shall enjoy being lazy by and by, if the Arabs do not kill us before the war is over!

We got a letter from papa this morning. It was brought into the lines by Monsieur de Lesseps' servant. Papa and Johnny are at Ras-el-Tin palace with the Khédive. They are very anxious about us, not having heard from us since Mohammed was at Alexandria on the 12th; though they had heard that he was afterward at Kafr-Dowar, trying to get through to them. Papa thanks mamma for being so brave, as was shown by her letter by Mohammed; tells her to keep up good courage, promising to rescue us. Johnny was a week on board the flag-ship, and saw all the bombardment. We have a cousin, who took care of Johnny. He is a midshipman, and one of the officers of the flag-ship told papa that he is one of the finest young men he ever met. So our Johnny boy was in good hands.

There was a great row in the garden today. The orderlies and Mohammed called the policemen idle, lazy vagabonds, and threatened to report them to the Prefect. The policemen were insolent, and it ended in the orderlies putting on their swords and marching them off to the guard-house. One of the policemen, seeing mamma on the balcony, shouted, "I am glad to go; I don't want to protect dogs of Christians." They will be severely punished, for the Prefect of Police is an inflexible officer, and I think he deserves the approbation of the civilized world for the way in which he has preserved order in Cairo. He is untiring in his vigilance; and, although an Arabist, he will save his head, I hope, even if the English take Cairo while he is in charge. Not a Christian has been hurt here, not a house robbed, and he has even succeeded in sending all the Alexandrian ruffians out of town.

July 26th. — The two officers returned this morning from Kafr-Dowar, and came direct from the station to see and tell mamma. They were travel-stained and weary, but they would not go to their families until they had apprised mamma of their return. I believe they were sent for to make maps; and one, being in poor health, declined for that reason, and the other, having suffered from ophthalmia, declared the work impossible for him, so they were let off.

Arabi has sent an order for £50 on account of papa's pay, to be given to mamma! and he sent her many compliments!!

We take our walk every morning. It is like walking through an enchanted city of the fairy tales. In the whole European quarter there is not a house open excepting our own. Even the few Arab families who have houses in this quarter have left them and gone into the heart of the city, fearing that in case of pillage they might be killed.

All the staff-officers in Cairo were here this evening, and mamma read parts of papa's letter to them.

July 27th. — Major Abdul Razak came this morning to tell us that he and Ismaïl-Effendi Nazim have resolved to escape to Alexandria. They will not serve Arabi, and they expect every day to be called upon to do so. They are planning to get away the day after they receive their month's pay. They implored mamma to make an effort to go with them in disguise, but she says it would be madness to attempt it.

"How could I disguise myself as an Arab peasant woman with my yellow hair and blue eyes? And it would be almost as difficult with the girls. We would be killed before reaching Ismaïlia."

"Well, madam," said Abdul Razak, "you will be killed if you remain. Every hour the danger is increasing; and even if we should resolve to stay, it is more than possible that we could not reach you in time of danger. We must, for your sake, try to get to Alexandria as soon as possible, and find help for you."

"I will consult the officers before I decide," said mamma, and so the matter stands.

July 28th.— Mamma sent for all the officers this morning and held a "council of war." She told them that she was thinking of making an attempt to escape, and wanted their advice.

* This Ibrahim Bey Tewfik is the same who afterward made the heroic defense of Sinkat, and perished with all his troops, bravely fighting to the last in the name of the Khédive, rather than surrender.

They were absolutely horrified at the idea, and told her that it would be impossible, that a *rat* could not escape from Cairo. Mamma did not, of course, speak of Abdul Razak's plan, as it might have compromised him; but she told them that she was determined to make every effort in her power to reach Alexandria.

While she was speaking Abdul Razak and papa's interpreter came in, and the former said that after leaving us yesterday he went to the War Department and learned there that two of mamma's letters to papa had been captured and translated, to be sent to Arabi. They were taken from two men who had promised to take them safely to papa. Fortunately they contained nothing that could be disapproved of.

Nothing was decided this morning, but mamma says she has a plan which she thinks will succeed.

Sadic Bey's wife and daughters spent the evening with us, and of course we did not see the officers again, as they cannot enter a room where Mussulman women are unveiled. Madame Sadic begged us to come to her house and try to escape with them to Arabia; but mamma told her that she had determined to reach Alexandria if possible; that since she had received papa's letter saying he wished we were with him she had resolved to make every effort in her power. "If I fail," said she, "I will go with you."

We had a bad fright last night. Just about one o'clock sister heard a sharp rap at her door. She sprang out of bed and called to me. We soon roused mamma and Todas, and then we boldly demanded, "Who is there?" Then we heard Mohammed say, "I must speak to Madame." Mamma threw on her dressing-gown, and opened the door. She found Mohammed waiting to tell her that Moktar Bey had come to get a letter for papa, as Raouf Pacha had finally obtained permission to pass Kafr-Dowar and enter Alexandria, and would leave Cairo at daybreak. We girls all crept back to bed again, and mamma wrote a few lines to papa. I know now by experience that I shall be terrified almost to death if the Arabs come to attack us in the night.

July 29th.— We have been busy packing all day. Mamma has written to Arabi asking permission to leave. She stated her reasons for wishing to go, and asked that a guard might be furnished her to Ismaïlia. The letter was sent to the War Department yesterday, and when the officers came here this morning mamma read a copy of it to them. They said it was perfectly useless to have sent it; but mamma replied that Americans believe that what is worth having is worth asking for. Abdul Razak was here this afternoon, and said that there is to be a council at the War Department to-night, and Arabi has ordered mamma's letter to be read, and the advisability of letting her go discussed.

July 30th.— There was a frightful noise in the streets last night. All the population seemed to be shouting and beating tin pans. We soon heard that an English prisoner had been brought in, and the poor foolish citizens thought it was Admiral Seymour who had been captured!

To-day all papa's papers have been packed in good strong boxes. Mamma had the iron safe, containing his diaries for twelve years, broken open, and we hope to save them even should we be unable to take them with us. Some of the officers came to-day to tell us that when mamma's letter was read last night at the council a Pacha rose and said: "She must not be permitted to go. She is a dangerous woman to our cause. Her house has been a rendezvous for traitors, and she is kept well informed as to everything we do."

Mamma is beginning to show the strain upon her. She looked as though she were dying yesterday when she heard papa had been shot while reconnoitering the outposts from Alexandria. We did not believe it; yet such reports increase our anxiety. The officers begin to bring sorrowful faces to us. They say we will not be permitted to go, and we get almost distracted by the different counsels they offer—Sadic Bey urging us to fly to Arabia; Omar and Latif Beys, to go to their houses and disguise ourselves as women of the country; Abdul Razak and Ismaïl Nazim, to let them save us by flight through the desert to Port Saïd.

If we went to Arabia, mamma would break her heart in anxiety about papa and Johnny, and we have not money enough for such a journey. Sadic Bey replies that we would be his honored guests, and looks grieved when we give that as an excuse; but he cannot, of course, understand mamma's pride. I think I have already given our reasons for not taking refuge in the houses of the officers, and the wild project of escaping across the desert to Port Saïd is not to be thought of. We would be killed by the Bedouins. Surely we shall be able to decide upon something before the army begins to retreat toward Cairo, for we shall have no hope afterward.

July 31st.— No reply comes yet to mamma's letter. They evidently intend to hold on to us. Abdul Razak and Ismaïl Effendi are waiting to hear the decision before they attempt to escape. Their alarm for us increases day by day. They say that every

evening they see men watching the house. Abdul Razak has left his own house, and sleeps at night in one nearly opposite ours, whence he could reach us quickly.

Mamma has finally decided what to do in case her demand is refused. She intends to send for the leader of that band of Greeks and ask their protection. At the first signal of danger we will go to them with Mohammed and the orderlies. Mamma was very pale when she told us of her plan, and I knew it was simple desperation that had forced her to such a decision. "We must have a fixed plan," said she. "The staff-officers may not be able to save us, as two of them are resolved to escape, and the others may be called to the seat of war any day. These Greeks are desperate men, but they are brave. I think — indeed, I believe — they would give their lives to save us, and we have Mohammed and our brave orderlies. And now, girls, I am going to give you another shock. To-night, about nine o'clock, put on your hats and wraps. I am going to reconnoiter Cairo in the open carriage." I thought she had gone mad, and felt so sick and weak that I could not stand. She quietly remarked, however, "You need fresh air, and I am going to try the effect of it on you, young lady."

True enough, after dinner she ordered the open carriage, and we all followed her to the gate. The streets were in a blaze of gas-lights, and the lamps on the carriage threw their light directly on mamma's and sister's faces. The servants remonstrated, but it was useless. One of the orderlies mounted on the box beside the coachman, and away we went straight into the heart of the city, where thousands of Arabs were congregated on the side-walks, eating, drinking, and smoking, after their day of fasting.

For once in our lives we created a sensation. Every man, woman, and child seemed petrified with astonishment on seeing four Christian ladies driving boldly through the streets at such a time.

We drove rapidly, as mamma said it would not do to leave them a moment in which to recover from their surprise, or we might be treated to a pistol-shot. We drove past nearly all the open-air cafés in Cairo, and only once heard a word spoken to us. One man cried after us, "*Affarum ya Nousranieh!*" *i. e.*, "Bravo! you Christians!"

When we returned two officers were waiting at the door, and came to meet us. They were in despair about us, of course; but we were in such high spirits after our dare-devil drive, as they called it, that we only laughed at them.

August 1st.—We have had no answer from Arabi Pacha. Raouf Pacha is in Alexandria, and we hope much from his interview with papa. A man came this morning to say that he had come from Port Saïd, and that the American Consul there had told him to tell us that papa is working hard to rescue us.

We have had the wives of all the staff-officers here to-day. They cried, and drew such pictures of the treatment we would receive on the railway train, that I was glad to see them go away. Of course we cannot go, even should Arabi give us permission, unless he provides us with a guard.

We drove again this evening, taking a different direction, through the European quarter and across the Nile to Gezireh.

All our clothing is packed, and so are all papa's papers.

August 2d. — Raouf Pacha arrived here last night from Alexandria, and brought a letter and money from papa. When he passed through Kafr-Dowar, Arabi told him that we might leave, and he would furnish a guard.

It seems that Raouf Pacha told Arabi that we were going to be demanded by the commander of the United States ship *Quinnebaug*, in the name of the United States Government, and that this ship would be at Ismaïlia on the 4th. He advised Arabi to let us go, and Arabi sent instructions to the War Department to give us notice.

This morning His Excellency Yacoub Pacha, Under Minister of War to Arabi, came to see mamma. We girls were curious to hear what he had to say, so Todas and I hid behind a portière, whence we could see as well as hear. He is a fine-looking man, very graceful and dignified, but there was a stern expression on his face, and I thought mamma would have trouble with him; for she had said laughingly, when his card was brought in, "Girls, I am going to get a special train for you, and select my guard, and Arabi's government will pay for it."

It was an interesting interview. I never heard before so many complimentary speeches. One would have thought that he was the best friend that papa ever had, although we know quite the contrary; and mamma was equally eloquent and skillful in her part of the conversation.

Finally he said, with a charming smile, that Arabi had ordered a special train and a guard for us. "But madam," said he, "take no care on yourself about it, whatever; I will see that you reach Port Saïd, and your expenses will be our affair. I have telegraphed Monsieur de Lesseps to have a steam-boat ready for you at Ismaïlia."

He then said she might take as much bag-

gage as she chose, and when she asked if it would be examined, he looked horrified at the very idea. Bravo! we shall be able to get papa's papers away.

Mamma asked if she might select her own guard and take three of her servants with her. He bowed, and said nothing could give him more pleasure than to gratify any request of hers. He then told mamma that it was reported in Alexandria that the English prisoner here was treated with the greatest cruelty, and he asked her if she would be so good as to visit the gentleman and talk with him freely. He said that he had given orders that everything should be done to make him comfortable, and he hoped that mamma would be satisfied with the treatment which the gentleman received. Mamma promised to go at four o'clock.

Moktar Bey accompanied him, and as he left the house he sent Moktar back to mamma to say that he feared she might have need of money on her arrival at Alexandria, and that he would be honored if she would permit him to place £500 or £1000 at her disposal. This offer was, of course, courteously declined.

At four o'clock Moktar Bey came to conduct mamma to the place where the prisoner is confined. I accompanied them, carrying several volumes of Dickens's, Thackeray's, and Lever's works. Arrived there, we found that the place looked like anything else than a prison. It was the school of the young Egyptian princes, a little palace in the center of a beautiful garden near Abdin palace. We entered a pretty reception-room, and a fair young English lad came forward, smiling, to meet us. He was the picture of youth and health, with all the surroundings of such luxury as can be seen in the Egyptian capital. The apartment that he occupies is that of the Khédive's eldest son, and his north-country clothing had been replaced by an elegant suit of white linen, much more suitable to the climate of Cairo in August.

Mamma laughingly told him that he looked to her more like a young English prince at home than a prisoner of war; and he replied that he was called the "guest of Arabi Pacha," and that he had only to express a wish for anything except liberty, and it was gratified if possible.

We remained with him an hour and a half in pleasant conversation, and mamma could find nothing in which to add to his comfort but some English books, a small addition to his wines, and a few drawing materials. Two young Egyptians who speak English remained constantly with him, and seemed to take pride in doing everything in their power to please him. These young men followed us to our carriage, and promised to serve him faithfully.

August 3d.—Mamma wrote to the under minister to-day, thanking him for his kindness to the young gentleman, and urging upon him the duty of humanity. He replied, giving her his sacred promise that he should be carefully guarded from violence, and well cared for, and all her suggestions carried out.

Mamma called up a colonel who is under great obligations to papa, and who is devoted to Johnny, and charged him to watch over the young prisoner, and protect him as he would her son under the same circumstances, and obtained his promise.

Should he need any pecuniary assistance, this officer has orders to do all that is necessary, on papa's account.*

Abdul Razak and Ismaïl Effendi have been ordered to Tel-el-Kibir, a station on the railroad to Ismaïlia, and they will leave to-morrow morning. Abdul Razak has been appointed Chief-of-Staff of that department, and thus will have many opportunities of escape, which he will take advantage of. He and mamma have arranged that she is to consult papa, and if he approves, she is to send a letter to Abdul Razak, through the United States Consul at Port Saïd, which letter is to contain a certain expression, which will be the signal. He hopes to take twelve other staff-officers with him to Alexandria. We had all our books packed to-day in strong boxes (nearly two thousand books and pamphlets) and sent to Latif Bey's house. All our drawing-room and vestibule furniture has been stored in our friends' houses. Mohammed and our cook are going with us. When mamma said she would take only Mohammed with us, the other servants set up a cry of woe, and implored her not to leave them behind. They kissed the hem of her dress, and said they would go anywhere with her, and serve without wages, etc. Finally, mamma decided to take the cook with us, and pacified the others by explaining that they could serve us better by staying at home and preserving our property. She has paid them two months' wages in advance.

August 4th.—His Excellency Yacoub Pacha wrote mamma a beautiful letter to-day. I make an extract from it to show how desirous he is to please mamma, and to remind me always to be grateful to him, whatever may happen in future.

"À Madame Stone Pasha.

. . . . . .

Quant à votre maison, vos meubles et vos chevaux, nous veillerons à leur conservation; de même les

* The above description of our visit to the prisoner is taken from a letter which mamma wrote to his mother shortly after we reached Alexandria.

fourrages dûs aux chevaux de Son Excellence votre mari seront livrés chaque mois au Colonel Moktar Bey. Maintenant permettez-moi de vous déclarer, que, quoique je n'ai pas eu l'honneur de faire votre connaissance personnelle que lors de ma visite, je vous ai quitté plein de regrets sur votre départ. Veuille la Providence que votre absence ne soit que de courte durée, afin que vous puissiez contempler souvent *mon* fils *Jean Bey*, lequel je n'ai pu voir qu'une seule fois à Alexandrie. Ainsi je vous prie de le contempler à ma place, et de l'embrasser une fois de plus pour moi.

Je termine en vous priant de vouloir bien être l'interprète de mes sentiments auprès de S. E. le Général Stone, et d'agréer mes salutations les plus empressées.

J'ai l'honneur d'être
le plus dévoué
le Sous-Ministre de la Guerre,
(cacheté) YACOUB SAMY."

All the families of the officers have been here to-day to bid us good-bye. Crowds of idle Arabs have been hanging about the place all day, and the orderlies have been busy chasing them away.

Ismaïlia, August 5th.—We left our house this morning and drove to Kasr-el-Nil. His Excellency Yacoub Pacha had arranged that we should leave from that place, saying it would be more private than at the general railway station. When we arrived at the palace (which serves as ministry of war) we found His Excellency and a number of officers of high grade waiting to receive us. About five hundred officials and soldiers were standing in the court of the war office, and the great vestibule was crowded. Yacoub Pacha offered his arm to mamma, and we followed, each accompanied by an officer. We passed through the vestibule, when everybody made a low salaam, and entered the minister's reception-room. What a gorgeous saloon it is! Mamma told me afterward that it is a saloon where she has been received many times at the entertainments of the ex-Khédive Ismaïl. When we were seated His Excellency ordered sherbets, and turning to mamma said that our train was not quite ready, and in the meantime he would like to converse with her. They exchanged many compliments, and finally His Excellency arose, and, opening a desk, took from it several papers. These papers proved to be a confidential letter from Monsieur de Lesseps to Arabi, and two telegrams from Monsieur de Lesseps concerning the Suez Canal. These documents will no doubt form a part of the official publications, and it is not for me to estimate their importance.

Finally His Excellency folded up the papers and ordered coffee. After taking coffee, and another exchange of compliments, we went out to take our departure, followed by a crowd of soldiers. The final leave-taking was oriental and elaborate. We soon found ourselves going with great speed toward Ismaïlia, accompanied by Moktar Bey, a guard of soldiers, our two orderlies, and our servants.

When we reached Tel-el-Kibir, Abdul Razak sprang into the carriage, and whispered: "Don't forget the signal. We are waiting."

When we arrived here to-day at three o'clock P. M. we found Monsieur de Lesseps's carriage waiting to convey us to a hotel, but he did not present himself.

We shall have to wait here two days for a steamer for Port Saïd.

We find that a fine sea-going steamer sent expressly and most graciously by His Highness the Khédive is awaiting our arrival at Port Saïd. I hope such grandeur will not make me too proud. However, I don't think anything is too grand for mamma.

August 6th.—We have had a tiresome day. We walked an hour through the deserted little town and went to look at the iron-clads on Lake Timsah. Moktar Bey and the orderlies are devoted to us; they long to escape with us; but, as one of the orderlies said to-night: "Madame's honor is concerned, and we must return to Cairo, even if we must die without seeing the Pacha." Moktar Bey has sworn on the Koran to return from Ismaïlia and bring back the soldiers with him.

August 7th.—This is weary waiting; we have had two telegrams from the United States Consul at Port Saïd to know when we are coming.

August 8th, night.—On board steamship *Dakalieh.* We left Ismaïlia this morning, and arrived at Port Saïd at two o'clock P. M. The United States Vice-Consul-General met us at the landing, and took us to this beautiful great ocean steamer *Dakalieh*, where, to our joy, we found papa waiting to surprise us! Johnny is at Ras-el-Tin palace, Alexandria. Papa left there the day before yesterday to come and search for us, having become uneasy by reason of the delay, and he left Johnny there to receive us, in case by chance we should cross each other on the way between Alexandria and Port Saïd. The telegraphic cable has not yet been laid down between the two ports, and Arabi has cut the wires of the land telegraph line.

Alexandria, August 9th.—We did not leave Port Saïd until ten o'clock last night, our anchor having been entangled with that of a Russian steamer. We had a delightful voyage, and I can now understand how glorious it must be to be a prince, and have at one's disposal a fine large steamer. As we neared Alexandria the captain hoisted the Pacha's pennant at the main to indicate that papa was on board, and the American flag at the

fore to inform the American sloop-of-war that the family was on board.

The British iron-clads at the entrance of the harbor exchanged salutes of flags with our ship; the United States corvette *Quinnebaug* did the same as we passed her; and as we got further in there was Johnny with some staff-officers in one of the Khédive's barges, on the watch for us. As soon as we dropped anchor, a little steam-launch from the *Quinnebaug* came alongside with the compliments of Captain Whitehead, to take us ashore, where we found a carriage sent by His Highness to the arsenal wharf to await us.

Oh! what joy to be safe, and all together again. We are temporarily established in an exquisite little palace belonging to Baron de Menasce, the United States Consul here, which was kindly placed at our disposal. His family is absent in Europe, and the palace was partly pillaged after the bombardment; but the place is beautiful still, and enough furniture was spared by the pillagers to make us very comfortable. It was very pleasant on entering this refuge to pass under the shield of the United States, which is beautifully painted over the door-way.

August 11th.—Admiral Seymour and several high English officials called to-day to congratulate mamma on her escape, and to thank her for what they termed her kindness to the young English midshipman in Cairo.

August 22d.—Immediately after our arrival here, papa submitted to His Highness the plan for giving signal to Abdul Razak, and His Highness having approved it, the letter was sent. Now we have had the satisfaction of seeing the result, for Abdul Razak and several staff-officers with him have safely arrived here, and have been received by the Khédive.

Fanny Stone.

THE PEOPLE'S VOICE.

FIRST NIGHT.

HOARSE with their cries of rage,
Brandishing torch and blade,
They beat on the gates of the prison cage,
"Is this for what our prisons are made?
Bring the murderer out!"
Like wild beasts they shout,
"Blood is of blood the only wage;
Throw him out! Throw him down,
Or we sack the town!
'Twere but justice for him,
Were he torn limb from limb!
Prate not to us about his age!
'A boy?' Let him not then live to be man!
We will stamp out the murderers' breed if we can!
'His mother?' Ay, he whom he killed
Had mother! Let justice be filled!
A life for a life! Bring him out!"
Like wild beasts they shout,
And beat on the walls, and climb, and tear,
And with cries like demons' fill the air,
And shots ring quick, and the streets run red,
And men, right and left, are falling dead,
And the mob goes surging through the town,
"Give the murderer up, then! Throw him down,
Heed what the voice of the people has said!"

SECOND NIGHT.

Lurid the fire shoots out,
Window, and roof, and door,
A thousand voices despairing shout,
As it leaps from floor to floor.
"Good God! that boy on the window sill!
Don't leap, brave lad! You can cling if you will!"

High above all the din and rout,
Shrieks, and screams, and whistles, and bells,
And seething smoke like the mouths of hells,
Rises shrill and clear the crowd's loud call
To the cowering lad, "Hold fast! Don't fall!
You will be saved, beyond a doubt.
The ladders are coming! Look! They are here!
God bless you, boy; bless you! Keep cool! Don't fear!
He's saved!" Hark, what cheers! They deafen the air,
"Hurrah! Hand him down now to us, to bear!"
On a hundred arms upstretched as one,
The boy like a helpless babe is borne.
"He is safe! Thank God!" they shout, they cry,
Their voices break; not an eye is dry.
The fire rages on; the house must fall,—
Fortunes are buried beneath that wall!
And rich men's losses mean dearer bread;
But the crowd never thought of that at all,—
"The boy is safe!" was all they said.

Helen Jackson (H. H.).

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Reaping the Whirlwind.

THE editorial article entitled "Mob or Magistrate," in the April number of this magazine, was read by the light of the burning court-house in Cincinnati. Articles in THE CENTURY are often illustrated, but not often by pictures so vivid and impressive as those with which this one was furnished by the Cincinnati mob. Our figures showed the appalling failure of criminal justice; the country beheld, in one of its chief cities, a jail full of murderers waiting impatiently, but confidently, for their release, assured by their lawyers that they were not in any serious danger, since, although homicides were of almost weekly occurrence, but two capital convictions and one execution had occurred in that city during the past eighteen years. Our argument proved that such a failure of criminal justice was likely to result in mobs and lynchings; and almost before the ink was dry the demonstration was written in blood on the streets of Cincinnati. We showed how utterly futile are all attempts to rectify by mob violence the failure of the laws, since a mob is always a wild beast, without discrimination, with no method in its madness; and the abortive and idiotic savagery of this outbreak gave fearful point to the words. It is a terrible retribution that has fallen upon Cincinnati; the sacrifice of more than fifty lives, many of them valuable lives, and the wounding and maiming of thrice as many more upon her streets, are the natural consequence of the laxity and corruption that have long infested her criminal courts. Out of seventy-one prosecutions for murder and manslaughter in the courts of Hamilton County during the two years ending June 30, 1883, four resulted in acquittal, two in quashed indictments, six in imprisonment, and fifty-nine were still pending. Of such a paralysis of justice the logical results are, first a carnival of crime, and then anarchy. No wonder that the trade of burking had sprung up in Cincinnati, and still less wonder that a desperate populace trampled under foot the laws that had no longer any claim on their respect. If Cincinnati had convicted and punished half, even, of the homicides prosecuted in her courts during the last two years, this riot would never have happened, a fearful loss of property and of life would have been averted, and she would have escaped a blot upon her good name.

The immediate causes of this failure of the criminal courts in Cincinnati are easy to discover. A preposterous jury law made it simply impossible to secure a capable jury in any murder case. No man could be accepted as juror who had read a newspaper report of the preliminary examination of the accused, and the lawyers for the defense always took pains to furnish the persons summoned for this service with marked copies of newspapers containing such reports. Besides, the defense was allowed twenty-three peremptory challenges, while the State was allowed but six. Under such provisions the impaneling of a jury was an almost impossible task; the lawyers for the prisoner would admit no man whom they did not believe to be either ignorant or corruptible; and the law put it into their power to fill the jury box with such men. Both these anomalies have now been corrected by the Legislature, though too late to affect the cases out of which the riot grew. The reading of newspaper reports of the coroner's inquest no longer disqualifies jurors in Ohio, and the prisoner's peremptory challenges are reduced from twenty-three to six. If these changes in the law had been made a year ago, the riot might not have occurred.

Added to these gross defects of the statute was the culpable negligence that everywhere prevails respecting the choice of jurors. No matter what the laws may be, men of intelligence and standing generally contrive to avoid jury duty. Since they will not serve themselves, it is no wonder that they neglect to secure the selection of men who are fit for the service. In Ohio the lists of jurors are returned to the court by the councilmen of the city wards and the trustees of townships; and these councilmen and trustees are such men as come to the surface in our municipal politics. The duty of choosing jurors is generally performed by them with great carelessness; and they often pay off small political obligations to their dirty vassals by putting them into the jury lists. Thus the class of persons returned to the courts is generally below the average of intelligence and character; and when the panel is exhausted, it is replenished by the sheriff from loafers in the court-room or on the street-corners. A glance into the faces of the jury in one of our city courts is often sufficient to convince any man of the hopelessness of looking for justice to such a tribunal. This is an evil which is by no means confined to Cincinnati; but it must be taken into account in estimating the causes of the failure of criminal law in that city.

Another element in the case is the presence of a set of criminal lawyers unusually astute and unprincipled. For money these men have made themselves virtually the accomplices after the fact of the criminals; and instead of honoring and supporting the law, as they swore to do when they were admitted to the bar, they have employed all their craft to defeat and paralyze the law. With such statutes as tools, and such materials to work with in the jury boxes, they had their own way in the criminal courts.

Such were some of the more immediate causes of that collapse of justice which resulted in the outbreak at Cincinnati. There were other causes, more remote, but not less important. The inefficiency of the courts in dealing with murder cases is a natural result of a trifling with law which is too common everywhere, but which has prevailed in Cincinnati to an unusual extent. Many good laws, especially those intended for the restraint of drunkenness, have been treated with the utmost contempt by the courts of Cincinnati, and the majority of the people have been well content to have it so. The public sentiment of Cincinnati has said, in effect: "We do not intend to

have all the laws enforced; we shall pick and choose among them, and enforce such as suit us; those that we do not like we will repudiate and nullify." Two years ago a strong attempt was made to enforce the law forbidding the sale of liquor on Sunday. A test case was made, in which the illegal sale was not only proved, but confessed by the defendant on the witness-stand. The jury promptly pronounced him not guilty. To defeat this law every juror committed perjury, and Cincinnati looked on, if not with complacency, at least with no clear indications of popular distress or horror. Doubtless there was a remnant to whom this judicial perjury appeared in its true light; but the remnant was so small as to exercise no appreciable influence upon the politics of the city. This notion, that a magistrate who swears to enforce the law, or a juror who swears to uphold it by his verdict, may keep his oath if he likes or break it when he pleases, is not confined to Cincinnati. If perjury is an unpardonable sin, there must be among the custodians of peace, in all our cities, a great multitude who will never see Paradise; but there have been few places where this perfidious doctrine has been so brazenly avowed and so generally tolerated as in Cincinnati. When a method of this sort is once initiated as a part of the machinery of the courts, it is easy to extend it. If a juror is taught that it is perfectly respectable to perjure himself in one class of cases, it is not improbable that he will think it equally respectable to perjure himself in other cases. Such wanton contempt for one law will spread to all laws. This is the process that has been going on for the last two years in Cincinnati. Is it any wonder that her legal machinery became fearfully out of repair? Is it any wonder that the last two years have witnessed a great increase in the number of homicides, and an utter failure of the courts to deal with them? Who is to blame for this failure? It is altogether probable that a large share of the men who constituted the mob that attacked the jail and burned the court-house — the mob that was so enraged because criminal justice had failed — are themselves as much to blame as anybody for this failure. Beyond question, many of the men who composed this mob had themselves resisted and defied the Sunday laws and the liquor laws, and had applauded the courts and the juries that had perjured themselves to defeat these laws. What else could they expect but that the seed of lawlessness which they had helped to sow would bring forth this very harvest?

There is one other cause of this outbreak, not less efficient than those we have mentioned. Cincinnati has been exceptional among American cities in its treatment of our weekly Day of Rest. Sunday in Cincinnati has been a carnival of noise, of conviviality, of drunken and boisterous mirth. In any city that spends its Sundays after this manner such outbreaks are likely to occur. This Sabbath rest is based not merely on the Biblical order, it is founded on the constitution of man. The law which bids us to observe it is as much a part of the natural moral order as the law which affirms the sacredness of life or of property; no more than the law against theft or murder can it be trampled under foot with impunity. It is as important to human beings that they have a periodical rest-day — not a day of carousal and drunkenness, but a quiet rest-day, secured to them by law — as it is that they be secured by law in their rights of property; and there is no people in the world that needs this quiet rest-day so much as this American people needs it. A city that tolerates such Sundays as those of Cincinnati — that opens its theaters and its dance-houses and its liquor shops, and bids its people carouse and dissipate on this day of rest — will have always its streets full of a multitude, restless, excitable, turbulent, ready to be stirred up to all sorts of demoniac enterprises. And when the whirlwinds are reaped, it will be easy to tell how and when the seed was sown.

The Militia of the United States.

ONE of the first measures undertaken by the founders of the government was the organization of the militia of the States. The plan proposed by General Knox, in his report to Congress in 1790, contemplated the formation of a species of Landwehr. The service was to be general and compulsory, no citizen being entitled to vote until he had served two years (thirty days in each being spent in camps of instruction), and the general government was to bear the expense. While the militia may be regarded as a mere police force within the several States, and to that extent to be supported by them, they are an important part of the army in time of war, and the expense of fitting them to act in that capacity ought to be borne by the general government. General Knox's plan was intended to be carried out by the militia law passed by Congress in 1792, which is still in force. This law enjoins service upon all citizens between eighteen and forty-five, and authorizes an annual appropriation for arms and equipments for the militia, which in 1804 was fixed at two hundred thousand dollars. In those days this was a good deal of money. At the present it it is not; but, small as it is, it is the only fund from which the militia of Missouri, Tennessee, Kansas, and other Western and Southern States draw their support, the Legislatures of those States making no appropriations for military purposes.

The federal law of 1792 has also become antiquated. The general levy composing the "ununiformed militia," armed at their own expense with "a good musket or rifle," a certain quantity of powder and bullets, and a "hanger or spontoon," and turning out annually upon general training days, has become a myth. Although Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Harrison, in fact, almost every President, has recommended amendment, Congress has hitherto failed to improve the law. But while the militia contemplated by this law has ceased to exist, there has arisen in nearly every State a much smaller but more effective body, usually known as its "National Guard." These are uniformed, and meet regularly for drill. Since the war they have been earnestly endeavoring to do away with the old "fuss and feather" business and to substitute military efficiency. To them is due the introduction of rifle practice as a part of military instruction in this country; and further improvements may be expected.

These troops are of greater value to the country than their numbers would indicate, for they are really schools for officers. In time of war our small regular army could scarcely furnish the general officers re-

quired to command the volunteers. Consequently it is only from the National Guard that the other officers could be obtained.

There is a "National Guard Association"* composed of delegates from the active militia of each State, who meet annually to compare their experiences and to discuss how general efficiency may best be obtained. They are also seeking to have the annual appropriation increased to something proportionate to the present population of the country, and to secure a reformation of the obsolete militia law of 1792. For this purpose they have presented two bills to Congress: the Sewell bill, which simply increases the appropriation to $600,000, and the Slocum bill, which seeks to reform the present law. If these bills become laws (as we hope they will before this appears), the money appropriated will be divided only among the States having an active or uniformed militia, and the States receiving aid will be required to place their militia in camp every other year, to instruct them in rifle practice, and to provide for an annual inspection. The Slocum bill also authorizes the use of United States forts for artillery practice by the militia, assisted by an artillery officer of the regular army; with a provision for the issuing of necessary ammunition and rations. This bill has been considerably altered since it was originally framed, so as to meet the various objections made to it, and particularly to avoid any interference with State control over the militia.

The last Convention of the Association was held at Cincinnati on March 16 and 17. It attracted but little attention from the public, but the subsequent riot has done much to call attention to the necessity and value of rendering the militia generally efficient. It is noticeable that one of the best speeches made at the Convention in regard to the impossibility of predicting when the services of the militia would be required, and the necessity of their being so supported by the community as to be always prepared, was made by Captain John Desmond, who two days after was killed at the head of his company while endeavoring to save the court-house and its valuable records from destruction by the mob.

It is the habit of Americans to think that our country differs from all others in requiring no military force. Yet not a year passes but that some portion of the militia is called to arms to sustain the law. If they are not able to respond promptly, and are not well and efficiently handled, the loss to the community inflicted in a few hours may far exceed what has been saved in years in militia appropriations. The draft riots in New York and the railroad riots of Pittsburgh, not to mention the affair at Cincinnati, conclusively show this. In many instances, and notably in New York City, the knowledge that an efficient militia was at hand has more than once prevented rioting.

*The officers of the "National Guard Association" are: President, General George W. Wingate, New York City; First Vice-President, Adjutant General G. T. Beauregard, New Orleans, La.; Second Vice-President, Adjutant-General E. B. Finlay, Columbus, Ohio; Corresponding Secretary, Colonel Charles E. Bridge, New York City; Recording Secretary, Adjutant-General William L. Alexander, Des Moines, Iowa; Treasurer, Adjutant-General Sidney A. Sheppard, Denver, Col.; Executive Committee—From the New England States, General Elisha M. Rhoades, Providence, R. I.; from the Middle States, Major Andrew D. Hepburn, Philadelphia, Pa.; from the Southern States, Adjutant General Johnston Jones, Morgantown, N. C.; from the Western States, Colonel James M. Rice, Peoria, Ill.; from the Pacific States, Colonel Harry T. Hammond, San Francisco, Cal.

Few appreciate how much the militia needs fostering. The time required from its members is great, and their military duties necessarily interfere with business pursuits. The system is, therefore, not popular with employers. When called into service, the accommodations are scant and the service is hard and dangerous. The citizen soldier who, at a moment's notice and without pay, abandons everything to help sustain the law, is expected to face a storm of brickbats and pistol-shots without resistance. If he shrinks, he is called a coward. If, after his comrades have been shot down, he fires upon the violators of the law, he is termed a murderer; and, as was the case in Cincinnati, he finds himself ostracised upon his return from duty. If injured, he receives no pension. In fact, it is surprising that the voluntary service is kept up at all. If the tone of some of the Western newspapers correctly represents the public sentiment, it certainly will not be kept up much longer.

In most riots the neglect of a few simple principles by both civil and military authorities has caused most of the bloodshed. The militia should be assembled promptly. If this is delayed, their armories may be surrounded and their assemblage prevented. Besides, the knowledge that troops are in readiness strengthens the police and intimidates the mob. They should not be paraded until the last moment. The bayonet and rifle are deadly weapons, and not suited for mere police work. But as soon as there is danger of the police being overpowered the militia should march to their aid, and then all sentimentality should be dispensed with. A mob is a gang of law-breakers, with the criminal class coming to the top as it gains power; and the very existence of society depends upon its being promptly put down. Half-way measures are cruelty. Any militia officer who permits his men to be shot or stoned without resistance deserves a court-martial. A mob never appreciates forbearance. Blank cartridges simply inspire them to fresh assaults. Firing in the air has the same effect, besides killing innocent people at a distance. Volleys are seldom necessary. To detail a few sharp-shooters to pick off the leading aggressors is far preferable. If the thrower of the first brick is shot, as a rule no more will be thrown. Four shots at Cincinnati which killed four leaders dispersed the mob that attacked Powell's gun-store. The same number fired with like effect would have scattered that which attacked the jail, *if they had been the first which had been fired* by the troops. It must be remembered that no troops will stand being stoned or being shot at without firing in return. If the officers wait too long (as was the case in the Orange riots in New York), some one is sure to fire without orders, bringing on a general fire which unnecessarily destroys many lives. The troops should not allow themselves to be besieged. Strong detachments should traverse the streets, aiding the police in dispersing all crowds and in clearing the streets. The mob, when once broken, will never again collect. If the militia are strong and well disciplined, and it is understood distinctly that they will permit no trifling, their mere appearance is usually sufficient. If their condition is such that the mob do not fear them, many lives have to be sacrificed before peace can be restored.

With each day's advance in population, the country must necessarily rely more and more upon its militia. It is of no value unless effective, and it is therefore of national importance that it should be made so.

Forgotten Lessons.

THERE is hardly a chapter in human history more instructive to those who have to deal with public questions than the story of the rise and development of the trade in the thirteen American colonies as told by Dr. Eggleston in the present number of THE CENTURY. One may here observe all the great laws of political economy acting nakedly and without complications; one may here see all the great forces of trade in their rudimentary conditions.

No more striking illustration can be found of the futility of governmental meddling. Pennsylvania and Carolina endeavored to build up whale-fisheries. All the Southern colonies strove to establish ship-building and general trade. But, by laws too strong for legislative control, the New-Englanders who proposed to themselves to follow agriculture became renowned in ship-building, cod-fish and mackerel catching, and far-away commercial ventures; while all the bounties and customs-exemptions offered to country-built ships at the South left these colonies agricultural—dependent on New-Englanders, Scotchmen, and English merchants for the little mercantile life to be found in them. The restraint put upon colonial trade in the interest of English merchants promoted smuggling, gave birth to American manufactures in competition with the English, alienated the commercial classes from the mother country, and helped to destroy entirely the dependence of America on England. One may do incalculable mischief by seeking to thwart the action of the great economic forces; but one can never permanently turn them out of natural channels by legislation.

There has been no plan broached in our time for making money by mere ordinance that was not tried in substance by our forefathers. Massachusetts made cheap shillings as we now make cheap silver dollars; Virginia allowed debased coin to pass in order to "make money plenty"; and all the colonies tried to make their people rich by stamping values on paper. In every instance the action of financial gravitation sunk each coin and bill to its just level. Then, as now, fine words failed to butter parsnips.

The story of ante-revolutionary commerce is pregnant with the lesson that trade in a large sense can never permanently flourish unless it is kept within the limits of commercial rectitude. The thieving Indian trader gradually undermined the traffic by which he lived. The "rich mynheers" of New York whose ships came home with ill-gotten booty bought from the Madagascar pirates were fostering an evil fatal to their own commerce. Charleston and Newport made money by piracy, but Newport saw the time when alarms were beaten in her own streets on account of peril from pirates off the coast, and Charleston found the rice trade likely to be throttled at its birth by pirates who captured nearly every ship that sailed out of its harbor. Judge Sewell tells us of a curious superstition in New England at the end of the seventeenth century. Whenever Arabian coins appeared in circulation in large numbers, there were those who refused to receive them, lest by taking a single coin that had formed part of a pirate's plunder they might introduce a canker that would eat up their whole estate. Without putting too much faith in poetic justice, one may clearly trace in the well-understood laws of public economy a principle that bears a considerable likeness to the notion that led the cautious Yankee sometimes to refuse Arabian gold pieces. Certainly, on any broad scale and in any long run, no trade is securely prosperous that has an element of injustice in it. Those who are loath to permit the book-trade to give up its practice of despoiling foreign authors might well consider whether the canker is not already eating out its prosperity.

OPEN LETTERS.

What the Choirs Say.

THERE is a well-known book called "Rejected Addresses," consisting of poems and sketches purporting to have been denied insertion in the literary periodicals of their day. When I began this series of open letters on music in the churches, I had in mind almost constantly some lines of poetry which I formerly read in that volume; and, indeed, several times I wrote them down to be published, as presenting the most exact picture of the modern quartet, in its characteristic attitude, taken as it flings its supercilious gaze over upon its employers, and delivers itself thus:

> "I had a grandmother: she a donkey kept:
> And when that donkey looked her in the face,
> Its look was sad—and you are sad, my Public!"

It was as if the music-people stood, grandmother-like, looking down with pity on us, the sad religious public, and gave us all we deserved, their commiseration, as they perceived we had at last reached the full force of the conclusion that we had fastened them on ourselves for the slow twelve months to come; and yet it was comical to mark how stupidly melancholy we were over it. Could we not see that we were outwitted? And must Christians be weak enough to whine when they were whipped?

One of the best preachers, pastors, and musicians in this country, now settled in a New England city, went forth from his own pulpit, just a little while since, to minister for a single Sabbath in another. He says that an "Order of Service" was put in his hands as he entered the church by the organist, who was also the leader of the music. This slip of printed paper contained whatever he was expected to content himself with singing during the worship. He tells us under his signature that the morning was beautifully bright

with sunshine, and there was no sign of a funeral anywhere. Yet the first hymn was the dirge:

> "Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
> Take this new treasure to thy trust."

And the second was of the same description. But, as if in order to prove there was not even method in such madness, the anthem between the prayers was "Protect us through the coming night!"

The stranger, however, could not bear to have his service destroyed; so he effected a compromise in some delicate fashion, and left no result more perilous to the peace of the church than the evident displeasure of the musician whose pretty tune was put aside. Probably the next preacher caught that the week after.

Now this is my constant picture; I cannot get it away out of my reach. But more and more, as I have written on, I have bethought myself of so many excellent people, so many genuine musicians, so many devout worshipers of God, who, in these twenty-five years of my observation, have shown how earnest were their aspirations, how intensely eager their wish to be decent, honorable, and true to every obligation and proper rule; how plainly they purposed to be considerate to all parties concerned; how reverent were their hearts in the service of God; how charitable and patient were their sentiments, even toward those who sometimes were rough in criticisms and harsh in behavior,— so many memories of such persons have returned to me, as my pen has moved along, that a certain uneasy sense of unfairness has crossed the lines of my conscience. If I leave these sketches just as they stand up to this moment, I shall not be satisfied. Every story I have told has been unexaggerated. But have I not declared that there must have been, and that there are at this instant, charlatans in the profession who ought to be sent out of it by that better public opinion we all recognize as ruling among the few of its members? Have I not asked earnestly that those musicians whom most of us know and honor would speak out in a revision of the "common law" of maxim and behavior, thus giving us a new basis of association and engagement more equitable and becoming, upon which we may proceed for the future?

There are two sides to most of these questions which come under constant friction of discussion. There are choirs and organists, and there are choirs and organists. And these are not always the same, nor always just alike. We are agreed that many of those who are paid highest prices, and are filling most conspicuous places, are utterly unfit to lead in church services, because their whole vitiating principle of action is found in personal display; they introduce into the church the ideas and suggestions of the concert-room; they give us solos of artistic exhibition, instead of leading the people in their worship.

To this the reply is proffered in good faith, and without any acrimony of feeling. It is said that the leading positions are bestowed upon those who can make the most show and attract the most notice, no matter who or what they are. Those on whom we might hope to depend for genuine help declare that we render them powerless by associating them with the mere mercenaries of the profession against their taste and will, and still seem to expect worship from them. It is hard beyond description for two women of refinement and taste to stand between two members of some burnt-cork minstrel band on the Lord's Day, and see behind their ears the grime not yet washed off from Saturday night's concert, and still preserve the honorable silence which it is not their business to break with words. Such persons know the difference between the false and the true as well as any one; they have to take what is brought to them by those who select. They frequently mourn over what they are not responsible for, and cannot in the least control. And they publicly do what they think inappropriate and fairly detest, because the leader directs, and the authorities endure, the wrong.

Are these intimations true? The writer of this paper was once a passenger on a steamship which carried a large minstrel troupe. He preached on the Sabbath at the invitation of the captain of the vessel, who also told him that a company of musicians would intone the responses of the liturgy and sing the canticles and hymns. The performance of that day on the ocean was fairly exquisite; and when the preacher openly expressed his wonder that such men could be so familiar with every part of the ritual, one of the wives accompanying the band pointed out eight of the singers who had been for years members of church-choirs on Sundays, and told him that four of them had relinquished positions as leaders to go on this foreign trip of six months with their company. And to that the writer of this paper would also add that he can give the name of a prominent soprano in New York who, immediately after Sabbath evening service was over, went to a beer-drinking saloon to sing at the concert.

Some things there are which we feel sure might be corrected. The contention for places in most of our great cities and large towns is most violent and oppressive. Some churches will try to steal a settled and favorite singer with the proffer of higher salary, and behave as contemptibly in the transaction as a shoddy woman, who, under guise of distributing tracts, calls in a neighbor's kitchen, and seeks to pervert the cook. These singers, therefore, never know whether they are to be in the same position another year, or are going to be compelled to change. Some shrewd agent may be "prospecting" secretly to ascertain whether such and such a one can be enticed away in the spring. Then, at the final moment, there comes a rush and a strife of factions, and out upon the street stand a discharged crowd with all the dishonors of a defeat which they never anticipated or deserved, and certainly never dreamed of provoking.

This is started by some of our quietest singers as a genuine complaint; they insist that it is a grievance. And any one who has instincts which make known to him what is right and generous and true, must admit that such a form of treatment and behavior cannot have any apology. The whole thing is miserably unjust; and, if there ever be any extenuating circumstances for bad blood in a Christian's heart, this is a fair case for some show of temper. For if the discharged singers had done to the congregation precisely what the gleeful maidens now engaged in their places did to the churches they left, that is, if they in tricky secrecy had suffered themselves to be bought like mer-

cenaries, then that congregation would have turned upon them with indescribable spitefulness; and there is no word of reproach in forcible speech that the sewing society would not have employed to free female minds against them for such behavior — which, by the way, it is likely the church just despoiled is now doing in its own fashion, and with a sense of most righteous indignation. Hence this is a state of things more frequent than it is honorable; and, on the whole, it is more noisy than it is Christian.

In such an unsettled condition, there must be some measure of anxiety. Hence arise these unseemly struggles for place. I am acquainted with a minister who was present when seventeen women and four men, young and old, married and unmarried, experienced and unskilled, timid and dauntless, painfully embarrassed and ambitiously confident, Italian, American, Spanish, German, and French, all tried in one evening before an audience of ten or twelve cool critics, who of course grew tired and petulant as the time moved along; and he says he went around among them constantly, answering their questions, and trying to cheer them up a little, to suggest here and prompt there, and help in some measure in some way, for three hours and a half, until his brain whirled and his heart ached with sympathy for singers and committee and everybody else; and all the following night, he declares, he dreamed he was somewhere where he heard what never since has he proposed to describe, never since to recommend.

No one knows, until he has tried it, how hard this ordeal is to a lady or gentleman. The criticism on mere musical conditions is severe enough; but, beyond this, choirs tell us, there is a suspicion that all will be hopeless and useless in the end. While one is looking about him he sees here and there a singer, perhaps two with their heads together, so cool, so composed, and so confident, that he finds himself growing disconcerted; he says to himself over and over again, "These persons have learned that a decision has been reached already; the selection to-night will depend, not on capability, but on patronage or favoritism; money is scant, and that bass performer has a friend in the congregation who is to send in a check for a subsidy in case he is elected, and he, of course, will select his friends. So the leader gets his own way, as he meant to get it when he came; for we know the minister is opposed to a choir anyhow, and they all intend to head him off from securing a precentor. It is a farce, all this coming here for a fair competition."

Now if any one says that these thoughts, thoroughly human as it is to be confessed, never flit through such serene minds as those of quartet singers, let him put the question to some who every spring have to candidate for a situation, and then he may be content to trust their answer. It would seem as if such a charge might be thrown back with some show of feeling, and so absurd a suspicion might be rebuked as unworthy of fair Christian dealing. But during these years at least three significant facts have come to my own knowledge; which may not show that congregations are tricky, but which seem to show that there are some employés in the church-choir profession who would be glad to make congregations put themselves in a false position. A neighboring pastor once suddenly corrected my remark that a certain soprano singer was accustomed to receive two hundred and fifty dollars for taking part in a concert, and that few committees could afford to pay such a sum. On private inquiry afterward, I ascertained that her formal bill had been made out for that sum; but that she had always settled for less than a third of it, without any request, only saying that her professional position required that she should be able to exhibit the account at that price. On another occasion, I learned that a bass leader was paid a thousand dollars a year; and that he took a pew rented at two hundred and fifty, which he never occupied, of course, but which went for so much cash in the reckoning. Again, I read a letter in which a friend outside of the congregation made the deliberate offer of a check of five hundred dollars toward the salary of a lady who demanded an engagement for a thousand dollars as mentioned in the agreement. The reason openly pressed was that she must have her "position" recognized among the leading singers of the city, or she would experience a falling off in her reputation. The offer was refused. I submit, it would not be fair to suspect that congregations are insincere, on the knowledge that there are some professionals whose engagements do not tally with the terms of their bills and receipts. Possibly they do not get such salaries as they claim they do.

Many of the most thoughtful men in the congregations are coming to the conclusion that the usual form of candidating for places is wrong and hurtful to every one concerned. Some of us have known a diffident singer, who was incomparably the best in the whole list, calmly give away her chance — which meant a chance of supporting her widowed mother and of sending a brother to college — because, in the pride of her womanhood, she could not suffer her sensibility to be paraded before the committee of decision. Ask her what was the reason, and most likely she would answer: "Oh, I could not sing that fine old piece then as it ought to be sung!" Ask them, and they would perhaps say: "What a pity! she spoiled an excellent solo; she has some good notes in her voice, but she lacks in feeling!" While the fact was, all the time, she shrank from profaning her wealth of feeling there in the empty church by exhibiting it in tremulous volume, just to be pronounced upon. Let it be borne in mind that musicians must be of a keenly sympathetic temperament, or we do not want them; but that means keenly sympathetic suffering, when they happen to be snubbed or misconstrued.

Thus she would tell her own story; and there is some show of justice in the protest she makes. It is the universal protest; nobody likes this way of testing and engaging singers for choirs. But it is useless to charge the awkwardness of it upon either one of the parties concerned. It does not improve matters to call committee-men ignorant, or musicians egotistic. Some committee-men are intelligent, and some musicians are modest. It has been suggested that churches might choose some fit leader, and put the appropriated sum of money in his hands; let him select the members of the choir, and be responsible for giving satisfaction; or, that some interested Christian musician in the congregation, some one whose taste might be trusted, and whose judgment would command respect,

should take the whole matter in charge; or, again, that some prudent expert outside the congregation could bring proper parties together. It is very difficult to decide what should be done in order to avoid such embarrassing complications. But of one thing we may all be certain: the last spark of hopefulness will expire when we go to calling each other names, and to doubting each other's purposes.

Charles S. Robinson.

"Music in America."

On January 8th, 1884, Mr. R. G. White published a letter in the "Evening Post," insinuating that my work, "Music in America," is untruthful; also saying that it "contains many errors and misstatements, all of a misleading, and many of an injurious, character"; and informing the public that "this will be shown in an article to be published in The Century Magazine." This attack on my book was pointed out to me by a friend, several days after. I then took up Mr. White's gauntlet in the "Evening Post" of January 25th, announcing my intention to meet his onslaught *en preux chevalier*, as I shall now endeavor to do.

Mr. White's attack on my book, which, in its terms "injurious," etc., may be stretched to an extent undreamed of, let me hope, by Mr. White, was apparently called out by the simple fact that I, fulfilling my duty as historian and critic, corrected in my book, in a courteous and moderate spirit, two errors in musical statement by Mr. White, which fell in the path of my labors. I did this also in the case of men immeasurably Mr. White's superiors as musical writers, such as Fétis, Sir George Grove, etc.; such corrections, when justifiable, being naturally expected from a historian. Had I intended to *criticise* Mr. White seriously, I should indeed have taken another course; for he is lamentably ignorant in musical matters, and thus open to criticism as a musical writer, his works being, as I stated in my "Evening Post" reply, crowded with errors. Now let us examine Mr. White's "show," as published in his "open letter" in the April Century.

When closely analyzed, this is reduced to a few objections which Mr. White makes to certain unimportant points in my book. First, as to my two corrections of him, Mr. White is angry because I discovered that the first performance of "Der Freischütz" in New York took place two years later than the date affixed to it by Mr. White in his article on "Opera in New York" published in The Century in March, 1882. He thought it necessary to say, in a note to the same article, that in 1825 there was only one theater in New York; in my book I quoted Wemyss and Ireland to prove that there then were two. He thereupon falls foul of me again, and sneers at my authorities. But "the humor of it is too hot" when he glows with a white heat upon me for copying a certain criticism of Ireland's, and honestly asserting that I did not know from what source Ireland took his criticism. Mr. White now declares that Ireland compiled it from two different articles in the "Evening Post." But when I read Ireland's criticism, and Mr. White's (in "Opera in New York"), I was puzzled by the discrepancy between the two; I now acknowledge that I feel deeply for Mr. White, and am indignant with Ireland for playing us both such a trick. Next (to proceed to his "open letter"), Mr. White accuses me of being in the dark, and leaving my readers there, in regard to the old St. Cecilia Society, which was, he says, "the first to perform orchestral music in the country." Now, in order to cast a little light on this profound detail, I will avail myself of Mr. White's dark lantern, which he so obligingly places at my disposal. I was perfectly aware of the existence of the old St. Cecilia Society between 1790 and 1800; but, in a number of one of the obsolete American musical journals, I happened to read so severe a criticism upon it, copied, as I afterward found, from letters published by a traveling Englishman, that I thought the kindest thing I could do for the St. Cecilia Society was to leave it to its repose, among many hundred pages of rejected matter which I have not published, and which would lend no further interest or credit to "Music in America." This Englishman, not given to mincing words, apparently, observes of this society: "They have an orchestral band here, dubbed the St. Cecilia Society; but the fellows play damnably! I wish they could once hear Salomon's excellent band," etc. (It will be remembered that Salomon induced Haydn to come to England in 1791 to compose symphonies for his band.) Here again I am forced to correct Mr. White. This St. Cecilia Society was not, as he says, "the first to perform orchestral music" in this country; that was done by an older — at least ten years older — society, the "Apollo," but I have not been able to fix the exact date of its first establishment. Here is a chance for Mr. White to exercise his boasted spirit of research. Mr. White rubs his hands victoriously over a great "find" of his, the Pilkington dictionary, which he seems to think me unacquainted with, and which he therefore magnifies into "a manual so thorough and so sound," and terms an "original" work. Here is the title of this work, which is not "thorough" nor "sound," and is now also obsolete and antiquated. Let every reader of the English language judge for himself of its "originality."

A
Musical Dictionary
comprising the
Etymology, and different meanings of
all the terms that most frequently
occur in modern composition.
Compiled and arranged by
H. W. Pilkington
musician
Boston,
published by
Watson and Bangs
1812

84 printed pages.

You can "mock a leek," but can you "eat a leek," good Pistol?

I was not only aware of the existence of this compilation, but I also knew the sources whence Pilkington compiled and arranged it. But as "the gentleman from Alsatia," who wants "to teach us," has not the faintest desire to number Mr. White among his scholars, he has no idea of appending a list of those, or of the hundreds of books, personal reminiscences, papers, pamphlets, manuscripts, etc., etc., from which, combined with his own experience, he

drew the information that enabled him to write his "Music in America." Is it upon such musty pages as those of poor old Pilkington that Mr. White throws the light of his dark lantern, in order to obtain from them his theories of musical taste and knowledge? If so, I am not so much surprised that he seems to think I have neglected the Church Music Association, and that he alludes to its performance of Beethoven's "Mass in D Minor." My ancient, will you permit "Captain Fluellen," good honest fellow, or "the gentleman from Alsatia" (both of which you politely dub me), *à votre service*, to correct you as to "the matter of fact" that the great Beethoven mass, "that musical crux," as you call it, is in D major, and not in D minor, as you say. However, although in musical affairs Mr. Richard Grant White often thinks that c-a-t spells dog, I am not surprised at Mr. White's error in this case. I, too, alas, was present at that performance of the C. M. A. It haunted me long after, like the echo of an audible nightmare. And if Mr. White has one particle of æstheticism, one drachm of fastidious taste in his composition, it must have so "befogged" him that he unconsciously fell into what the old psalm-tune teachers called the minor, "melancholic mode," and thought the fall was Beethoven's. Eheu, poor Pistol! Avaunt, Pilkington! and mislead us no more with your seven-league-booted "misstatements." *Mais revenons à nos moutons.* Mr. White, finding himself at his wits' end to pick flaws in my book, proceeds to what he calls the "contemptible business" of pointing out some errors of press. Those who live in glass houses, etc. To return the compliment, I beg to refer to only a few of Mr. White's press errors. On page 878, and on (CENTURY for April, 1882), he mentions a singer, Fortunata Tadesco, several times; probably the velvet-voiced Fortunata Tedesco, born in Mantua in 1826, was "the person whom he is groping for." In the same number, page 874, we read that *Auber* composed *Donizetti's* "La Fille du Régiment." On page 703 (March number), Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio Segreto" is shorn of an o at the end of "Matrimonio," and reads Matrimoni; on page 195 (June number), "that admirable tenor, Antognini," I "made a mess of" in my book, makes an evolution in Mr. White's article, and reappears as Antoguini; on page 34 (May number), Catarina Barili takes it into her head to adopt the masculine plural, Catarini; on page 197 (June number), Tasso's Clorinda is metamorphosed into Clarinda, etc., etc. You see, my ancient, that even with you it is *tout comme chez le* "foreigner," who "wants to correct us," and dares to talk like the American citizen (which he is) of what "we" have done, and of "our" music!

Although Mr. White has a good deal to say about Mr. Lynch, he nevertheless is in doubt about his having been Garcia's manager or not. I shall therefore let him stand as manager, as I have seen him thus designated in several fragments of reminiscences of New York operatic affairs, and in other books. Mr. Pirsson was described to me by a gentleman who knew him well, and who often went to his musical gatherings, as a musician of incomplete, amateurish, scarcely professional attainments; therefore, I charitably termed him an amateur. However, the principal fact remains, viz.: that chamber music was played at Pirsson's house. Mr. White, for once, agrees with me in this. It is *not true* that I said on page 274 of "Music in America," "that the first concerts of such [chamber] music were given in 1849," as Mr. White says I did. Here are my words: "In 1849 Saroni's 'Musical Times' arranged four concerts of classical music, to be given by subscription, at which the best resident artists were to appear. The first [of the four, of course] took place in December, 1849."

But did Mr. White really expect me to embalm the memories of all those persons who may have happened to keep a few old violins, 'cellos, or music-books lying about loose at home? Why, there are not half a dozen musical libraries worthy of the name in the entire country yet, and there are as yet few collectors of instruments. We cannot expect it in so young a country; wealth and leisure, and high culture, have not yet, of course, existed long enough, or obtained influence enough, to make such luxuries of art possible. They will come, no doubt; but they are yet to come. Mr. White gives me one correct date, — so he says, at least,— for which I thank him, as I shall, in a future edition of my book, thank all old residents for any local data which I may desire to add to it. This one date, however, is all that his threatened "show" amounts to; he establishes the date of the first performance of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" as six years earlier than that I gave. But Mr. White displays a singular method of looking at objects under debate. When he unearths a mouse, he brings his microscope to bear on it, jumps up, and cries out, "Look, look, what a large, beautiful white elephant!" But let his opponent run an elephant down, he stares at it through the wrong end of his well-worn opera-glass, and contemptuously declares that it is only a very sordid little mouse, after all. Mr. White foolishly observes that I depended for New York information on "what I could (or could not) find in newspapers, and upon the personal communications of foreign professional musicians, most of them Germans of late importation." Aha, friend Pistol, you "hate the curs of Iceland," I see; ancient Pistol "scorns the term of host," too, when the guest is a "foreigner." But why should I, who lived and labored so many years in New York, be supposed to have forgotten my personal experience? Mr. White should know by this time that a historian seeks and weighs every authority, small and large, significant and insignificant; and this I certainly did in the eight years during which I was occupied with "Music in America." I could have doubled the bulk of my book, had I cared to do so; yet I am proud to say that, in spite of its small size, there is not a leading point in the development of musical culture here that I have omitted. This fact, and my just recognition of all merit that deserved it, native and adopted, has been liberally recognized by the best informed among my critics. A few errors of press, a few wrong dates, can be easily corrected in future editions.

At the close of his open letter, Mr. White seizes one of his critical old violoncellos, places on it new strings with all the modern improvements, screws them up considerably above D major, draws the long, long bow, and with one ear-splitting reminiscence of "that musical crux, Beethoven's Mass in D Minor," shatters the instrument, and scatters dust and gun-

powder around him in most approved "Freischütz" style. The incantation ended, this blood-curdling sentence stares his audience in the face: "Violation of good faith in the garbling of quotations and the falsification of evidence, the highest literary crime." Be careful, good Pistol; dynamite hath an awkward knack of hitting the dynamiter. *Dona nobis pacem.* Seek consolation in the pages of Pilkington's dictionary, that "sound and original manual"; may it lend a flavor to thy leek!

The "show" is over; let the curtain fall.

Frédéric Louis Ritter.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: I learned to-day, with some surprise, that Professor Ritter had sent an answer to my open letter of self-defense, which appeared in the April CENTURY. Yet why should I be surprised? Do we not all know that there are men who would jauntily undertake to answer the multiplication table, and to refute the law of gravitation? Permit me to say, without seeing Professor Ritter's letter, that I shall write no rejoinder; because from the beginning I had no intention of controversy with my assailant, because I know that the letter can contain nothing worthy of my attention. The chief and only important purpose of my open letter in the April CENTURY was to set forth the following state of things:

Assertions in Ritter's "Music in America."	*Facts.*
"The following extract from a newspaper article that appeared the next day after the first performance."—P. 186.	There was *no* such article; and the garbled article that is given did *not* appear the next day after the first performance, but six days afterward.
"Mr. R. Grant White, in his article 'Opera in New York,' in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for March, 1882, gives the same criticism."—P. 187.	Mr. R. Grant White did *not* give the same criticism.
"—somewhat altered and mixed with other matter."—P. 187.	What Mr. Grant White gave was *not* altered, and was *not* mixed with other matter; but that which appeared in Ritter's "Music in America" *was* thus altered and thus mixed.
"Saying it is from the 'Evening Post' of the 30th Nov., 1825."—P. 187.	Mr. Grant White did *not* say so.
"I have looked carefully through the columns of the 'Evening Post,' and have not been able to find it there."—P. 187.	All the articles, the garbled one given in "Music in America," as well as the two literally copied paragraphs in "Opera in New York," *are* in the "Evening Post."
"Mr. R. Grant White also says in a note, 'There was then but one theater in New York.' This is a mistake."—P. 188.	*Not* a mistake. There was but one place recognized as a theater: it was called simply "The Theater." Mr. Grant White himself mentions a place of amusement called the Chatham *Garden* Theater.
"Schlesinger, with Boucher and Kirchoefer, played trios together every week (beginning of the cultivation of chamber-music in New York)."—P. 232.	*Not* the beginning of the cultivation of chamber-music in New York; *no* Kirchoefer.
"About 1848 a Mr. Pirsson, who lived in Leonard street, had regular quartet-playing at his house. He was then almost the only amateur in New York who appreciated chamber-music."—P. 274.	Mr. Pirsson was *not* an amateur, nor a New-Yorker, but a professional British double-bass player. At least eight years before this time there was one chamber-music club, if not more, in New York, of native amateurs.
"They [Saroni chamber-music soirées] at any rate proved that there was a small public in New York that began [1849] to take delight in that style of music."—P. 275.	Six years before, in 1843, a series of chamber-music soirées of the very highest order had been given under the direction of U. C. Hill.
"Mr. Timm also brought out Rossini's 'Stabat Mater' for the first time [1848] in America."—P. 277.	Not true.—It had been performed by eminent artists six years before (Oct. 2, 1842), within a few months of its production in Paris.
"In order to give my readers an idea of the style of music cultivated by the American amateur at this period [1815–1825] I will copy the titles of some of the pieces then advertised by music-dealers . . . 'overtures, battles, sonatas, duets for four hands, airs with variations, songs, glees, catches, . . . marches, waltzes, dances, Mozart's songs.' However, dance-pieces and ballads sold best."—P. 142.	At this time the full [piano] scores of Cimarosa's, Mozart's, and Rossini's operas were imported immediately on their publication in Europe, and advertised for sale as ordinary musical merchandise, and large collections of them and of classical chamber-music were in the houses of many native amateurs.

I pass over the multitude of minor errors,—results partly of ignorance, partly of inadvertence (like the concert of the Musical Fund at the "City Hall," for example),—which were pointed out in my former open letter, and then only because Professor Ritter had placed himself in the position of my unprovoked assailant. For, as I then remarked, I regard such petty flaw-picking as contemptible business.

It will be seen that all that remained for Professor Ritter to do, as a man of sense and right feeling, was to apologize for his attack upon me, to remove it from his pages, to do all that he could to repair the injury he had done me, and his readers, by misrepresenting me (which mere acts of justice I shall assume that he means to do until I have proof to the contrary), and to correct silently in his "History" the many errors of fact in it which I pointed out. He will also, I assume, withdraw his false and libelous assertion that "errors and misstatements crowd the pages" of my musical writings. This done, there is an end of controversy between him and me, to my great pleasure, and with not the least feeling of ill-will on my part.

I will add only that I should not, I believe, have taken any notice of Professor Ritter's misstatements in regard to me, had they not been accusations of the gravest literary crime, that of misrepresenting facts and garbling quotations, and had they not been made in a book which will go into all libraries and be regarded as having more or less of what is called "authority"; and moreover, had I not been subjected to not a little of such accusation, and always as untruly as in Professor Ritter's case. Adverse criticism, however severe, of style, or method, or teaching, no man of sense will reply to, however disagreeable it may be, nor however unjust he may think it. But accusations of misrepresentation of fact, whether from design or from incompetence, are of another order, as well as a much graver. The more do I feel and resent the injustice of such attacks (usually made in a very evil spirit), because since my pen became my tool and my weapon, I have never written one severe or even one sharp word against another man, unless in self-defense against injurious personal attack. So far have I carried this reserve that, as the editors of the "New York Times" and "New York Tribune" could bear me witness, were it necessary, I have returned books sent to me for review, because their authors or their

publishers had done me wrong, and I feared that my criticism might not be without prejudice. I like to meet an assailant openly. With a coming defense, just written, of myself against a craftily devised array of injurious misstatements, of which the Riverside Shakspere has been made the occasion, I hope and intend that my casual and compelled contributions to this unlovely department of literature shall end.

Richard Grant White.

April 14, 1884.

Recent Improvements and Inventions.

IN photography the most recent improvement is a new style of camera for the rapid gathering of photographic memoranda. The instrument we have examined makes a picture 4 × 5 inches; it is a simple wooden box with a handle on top, and looks like an ordinary traveling bag or sample case. It is designed to be used only with instantaneous dry plates, and as such work does not require a fixed support, it needs no tripod. The adjustment for focus is attained in the usual way, by means of a ground-glass slide placed at the back of the box. To move this there is a brass arm on the top of the box, pivoted at one end, the free end traversing a segment, and fitted with a set-screw so that it can be secured in any position. By moving this arm over the segment the glass slide is moved forward or back in the box, and shifted as the focus requires. The camera is set up before some object, say twenty feet away. The arm is moved while looking at the glass, and when the focus is sharp a mark is made on the segment to indicate that in that position of the arm the focus is good for that distance. In like manner the focus is found and marked for other distances, when the glass is removed, and the rear of the box permanently closed. Thereafter, to get the focus, estimate the distance of the subject, bring the arm to the proper mark on the segment, and fix it there by means of the screw. The focus can even be decided upon in advance, and the exposure can be made when the operator, walking toward the subject, sees that the distance decided upon has been reached. To secure the picture evenly upon the plate, a small "finder" or supplementary camera is placed in the box near the top, and by raising a wooden lid a small square of ground glass is seen, on which the projected image is visible in the same relative position in which it will appear on the plate. To make an exposure a finger-knob is pressed, and the shutter within the box is moved. The lens, plate-holder, and shutter are all inclosed in the box, so that the apparatus has nothing of the conventional camera about it. In using the camera, it is held in the hand or on the arm or supported on any convenient object. Instantaneous pictures can be taken while running, while on a boat or car, and in the most crowded streets, without attracting attention. Portraits and pictures of groups, incidents in the street, or the behavior of men and animals can be caught during the most rapid action, and without the knowledge of the subjects. For reporters, detectives, and amateurs the camera will, no doubt, prove of great value in obtaining legal evidence in case of accidents, fires, robbery, or riot, and in studying the habits of birds and wild or timid animals. The camera is called Schmid's detective camera, and costs, with good lens and one 4 × 5-inch plate-holder, about fifty-five dollars.

While the number of patents issued each month in this country for electrical appliances is very great, only a few appear to be of general interest or to mark any great and radical advance in this field. Two recent patents appear of interest from their suggestiveness or promise of future usefulness to the people. The most simple one (properly a new application of an older invention), is the application of the incandescent electric lamp to dentistry. The lamps examined by the writer are inclosed in glass bulbs of the usual shape, an inch long and less than half an inch wide, the source of power being a simple battery of four cells holding perhaps one quart each. To protect the mouth of the patient from the heat of the lamp, the bulb is placed in a casing of hard rubber having an opening at one side covered with glass. The whole apparatus exclusive of the handle is about as large as a teaspoon, and is easily held in the mouth. Placed in the mouth with the lips closed over the handle, the entire front formation of the patient's face was visible, showing the position and shape of every bone and tooth through the skin, even the interior of the nasal passages being plainly visible. On holding the lamp behind the teeth with the mouth open, the entire formation of the teeth could be fully seen. A filling could be traced completely, and the progress of decay in the interior of one tooth (which was not visible at all on the outside) could be plainly seen. In like manner every portion of the mouth could be completely explored in a manner that could not be done by any mirrors reflecting daylight or lamp-light into the mouth. The lamp was left in the patient's mouth for some time, and yet no more inconvenience was said to be experienced than from a drink of hot coffee. To the dentist and surgeon the invention certainly seems, from the examination made, to promise a useful method of diagnosis. It gives information of the interior portions of the bones of the face and the teeth that could be obtained in no other way. When developed and perhaps tried in other shapes, and with different styles of lamps, holders, and reflectors, the invention will no doubt prove of great value.

Another invention examined seems to mark a very decided step toward a reduction in the cost of telegraphy. In its main idea it is a modification and improvement of inventions made before, so that its novelty, as well as its value, consists in the bringing of older ideas to a practical result. It is essentially the subdivision of a telegraph wire so that a great number of messages may be sent over one wire at the same time. To accomplish this, M. La Cour's phonic wheel is employed as a means of connecting the ends of a line-wire with a series of branch wires. M. La Cour's wheel consists of a horizontal wheel divided into, say, sixty radial sections or spaces. Above the wheel is a trailing arm supported by an upright spindle that passes through the center of the wheel. Every alternate section is connected through the apparatus with the ground or "to earth." The intervening sections are connected through the trailing arm with the line-wire. It may be supposed that the wheels at each end of the line-wire are so placed that the trailing arm of each is

resting, say, on section No. 1. The two wheels are now connected and a current will pass. Both wheels move forward together, and the trailing arms at the same instant reach No. 2, which is to earth, and the line is discharged. The two wheels advance together to No. 3, and the circuit is closed again. Now it is easy to imagine that every tenth section of each wheel is connected with a branch wire. Every fifth section is connected with another branch wire. Now, if the two wheels are moving rapidly and exactly together, say at a speed of sixty sections a second, one branch is connected with the line and thrown off again six times a second, while the other branch is connected five times and a half in one second, or at the same speed as the other, but alternating with it. Six times a second each operator on one branch has the line to himself, and, if he telegraphs slowly, he will hardly perceive that the line has been taken from him and returned again. Increase the proportion and connect the branch, say, ten or twenty times a second, and the operator cannot realize that he is sharing the line with any one else. This division of the sections may be even more minute. One branch may be connected with the line at the first, third, sixth, ninth, etc., section, and another with the second, fifth, eighth, etc. Each branch will have the line so many times in a second, but so rapid is the movement of the wheel that to the operators there is no break. Each operator at the end of his branch sends or receives, and to the ear no loss of continuity can be perceived. By using a printing telegraph at the end of each branch, the connections with the line need not exceed twice a second, and by means of wheels of the proper proportion of sections seventy-two messages can be sent slowly over one wire at apparently the same time. Actually the seventy-two messages are marching in procession one after the other in confused fragments. Tap the main line, and nothing can be learned of the messages, as each is traveling in detached parts of words and letters; yet at the end of the line the wheel distributes to each branch its proper fraction from the confused medley of signals, and each printing apparatus pieces together its own letters to spell out its message. It will be seen that this multiplex telegraphic system depends wholly on exact correspondence between the two wheels. If one is in Boston and the other in Providence, they must move together or the messages will be confused. There appears to be no mechanical device for accomplishing this, and it has been thought that it could not be accomplished. The chief value of the improvement of the system is found in an invention for moving the wheels, and for causing one wheel to control the other. The motive power is a local battery that by means of an electro-magnet sets in vibration a tuning-fork. The swing of the arms of such a vibrating-fork makes and breaks a second circuit, that by means of an electro-magnet causes the wheel to revolve. On the wheel are two sections somewhat wider than the others. When the two wheels, each moved by its tuning-fork electro-motor, are moving exactly together, they reach the wider sections at the same instant. If one for any reason reaches the section before the other, it operates, by means of a special branch and magnet, a switch that tends to throw more resistance into the motor circuit, and the tuning-fork vibrates more slowly, and the wheel is retarded till the second wheel overtakes it, when they move together again. This correction takes place continually, many times in a minute, so that the variations will never be so great as to impair the continuity of any one of the seventy-two branches using the single main line. This, in brief, is the Delany synchronous multiplex telegraphy. At an examination of the system in operation over the equivalent of two hundred miles of line-wire, six Morse instruments were in use at once, and each had the line virtually to itself. The printing telegraph worked fast enough for all business purposes, and it certainly had the merit of being quite independent of any Morse instruments or other printers that might be used at the same time. The system is soon to be tried on a commercial scale, and its results will be watched with interest, as it is in its present experimental stage the most promising invention in this field of work.

Charles Barnard.

The Tax on Whisky.

THE national tax on spirits should not be repealed. Thirty-two quarts of corn make almost sixteen quarts of whisky. The corn is worth from fifty to sixty cents, and the wholesaler will receive for the whisky from ten to twelve, and the retailer from twenty to twenty-five dollars. Profits so great appeal with irresistible force to the cupidity of men, and the result is twelve hundred and fifty registered distilleries and two hundred thousand liquor-dealers in the United States. The average consumption of domestic spirits is about 75,000,000 gallons a year; but the greed of the distillers has, for the last four years, raised the production to an average of over 90,000,000 gallons; so that on June 30th, 1883, there was a stock on hand in the United States of 116,000,000 gallons, of which 80,000,000 were still in the bonded warehouses and the tax unpaid. By means of warehouse receipts this has passed largely into the hands of speculators, or capitalists who have advanced money on it. Seventy-two million dollars' tax on this whisky will soon be due the Government, much of it in the next few months.

If the tax could be repealed, this money would remain in the pockets of the whisky owners, who are the most active and energetic workers for the removal of the excise. A second class who favor repeal are the "moonshiners" of the South, who regard the right to convert the product of their own fields into "a necessary article of daily diet" as an "inalienable" right secured by the Constitution; their representatives therefore favor the repeal. But the chief strength of the movement for free whisky lies in another direction. The internal revenue, mostly from liquors and tobacco, amounts to more than $100,000,000 a year. The import duties amount to $200,000,000 more. These sums, with the other sources of income, furnish $100,000,000 a year more than the Government needs, and shrewd men foresee that the people will not long continue to pay into the national treasury such a surplus to serve as a corruption fund to Congress. Hence the friends of the present tariff would willingly strike off the tax on spirits and tobacco, in order that the Government shall be compelled to retain the present high duties. One or the other must go, either the tax on

rum or the tax on necessaries. Which? Cheap rum means, to them, high prices on woolens, steel, iron, crockery, and glass. Hence many respectable men, and even professed friends of temperance, will silently lend their influence to cheapen the one article which is the greatest curse of our land.

Let us consider the iniquity of the proposition in the light of political economy. The tax on spirits is larger in amount, more uniform, and more certain than that on any other article. The Secretary of the Treasury can compute more definitely the prospective revenue from this source than that from any other. It is almost the only tax that the people pay of which every cent goes into the coffers of the Government. It has taken twenty years to perfect the system of internal revenue so that it shall work smoothly and efficiently, and the past year it paid into the Treasury $120,000,000, at a cost of collection of less than four per cent. The tax lays its hand on no useful labor. It bars the way of no healthy enterprise. It raises the price of no one of the comforts of the home. It is largely levied on dens of infamy, and is contributed by vice and crime. It is a check on luxury and debauchery and idleness. In short, every principle of political economy is in favor of the tax. There is not one sound argument against it. The tax on whisky should never be repealed so long as our Government needs a revenue. England has given this article the first place in her permanent system of revenue, and raises $150,000,000 a year from spirits and wines.

And after we have labored twenty years to perfect the laws and machinery for collecting this, the only really beneficent tax that our Government has levied, here come the reformers and propose to sweep it from our statute books, on the plea that it is a "war tax," and we must "remove the burdens from the people." But who are the "people" in this case? Do the wife and children of the drunkard clamor for cheaper rum, or for cheaper stockings and blankets? Does the laborer ask for more whisky or more clothing for his money? Does the industrious artisan complain of dear liquors, or of dear books and tools? No; the only "people" who are clamoring for this repeal are the scores of paid lobbyists hammering at the doors of Congress, and the only "people" to be benefited by it are the whisky-owners and the monopolists. The appeal is for special legislation of the very corruptest kind. To serve the interest of a single class, they would cut off the best revenue branch of our Government and flood the land with cheap rum.

Let us look at the probable effect of the repeal on the temperance cause. While the production of spirits has, for the last four years, reached an average of only ninety million gallons, the registered capacity of the distilleries is over *two hundred million* gallons per annum. To prevent a ruinous competition, the distillers have pooled their interests in the "Western Export Association" and the "Kentucky League." These pools regulate the amount produced each month, pay bounties for exportation and non-production, and adopt other measures to keep down competition and maintain the monopoly price in the market. The price of bonded whisky is but a little above one dollar a gallon. The payment of the government tax raises the cost to two dollars. So that, by the removal of the tax, the price of spirits would be at once reduced almost one-half; and with the removal of the tax would be swept away all governmental inspection, registration, and bonded warehouses, which are vexatious and efficient checks upon the competition of petty local distilleries. It would then be difficult for the pools to control the market, and we might confidently expect that, as in the case of matches, the removal of the excise would produce a fall in price far greater than the amount of the tax, and that we should see intoxicating drink plentier and cheaper in our village streets than it has been for thirty years. We may then reverse the Iowa motto and cry, "A distillery on every hill-top and *two* saloons in the valley." The repeal would indeed be a calamity to the treasury, but it would be a thousand times greater calamity to the cause of temperance and every noble reform. This tax is not prohibition; but free rum, at one-half or one-fourth its present price, will greatly multiply dealers and drunkards, and be a huge bowlder in the way of every temperance movement.

A year ago last December Mr. Kelley, chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, called his committee together before Congress met, and secured a vote to report a bill for the repeal of the tax on spirits and tobacco. But there were so many conflicting schemes that, notwithstanding the support of the Democratic caucus, the bill dragged, and it was proposed to pave the way for ultimate repeal by a bill, called "the bonded extension bill," extending indefinitely the period allowed for the payment of the tax. The measure was rushed through the House under suspension of the rules, twenty-nine votes only opposing. It was urged by Senator Sherman in the Senate with a vigor worthy of a better cause, but it failed to pass on account of the shortness of the session. Both bills were revived early in the present Congress. The bonded bill was pushed to the front, and the repeal bill held in reserve.

Though the bonded bill has just been beaten in the House, it was killed by the votes of protectionists, who hope thus to force the passage of the repeal bill. They frankly stated this in their speeches in the caucus and in the House. The resolution of the House of April 7th means only temporary abandonment of the scheme. It had two purposes: first, to strengthen the market, and thus enable certain holders of whisky to unload their stock without loss; and secondly, to avoid in the coming election the odium that would attach to the repeal, or the embarrassing questions which might be asked of candidates in case of any general public discussion of the project. The repeal bill will next be pressed to the front, and if it fails the extension bill will be revived. If indefinite extension, or extension for two years, is awarded to the whisky owners, they will continue to pile up the stock until they can accumulate sufficient influence to pass the repeal, and then it will be futile to oppose the remittance of the unpaid tax on whisky in bond. In fact, the passage of the bonded bill would be virtually the beginning of the manufacture of free whisky.

Every rejection of either bill is a repulse and not a defeat. The interested parties have too much at stake to accept defeat. They are watchful and tireless, and the present cross-purposes of Congress afford frequent opportunities for log-rolling. They will not

retire from the contest till the people have placed their condemnation on a measure which is fraught with more injury to the country than any measure since the fugitive-slave bill.

James F. Claflin.

LOMBARD, ILL., April, 1884.

The School-House *versus* the Liquor Saloon.

THOUGH for years an interested reader of THE CENTURY, I have been especially interested of late in the Open Letters, and their discussion of the many phases of the temperance reformation.

The Compulsory Temperance Education bill which, through the efforts of the department I represent, has just passed the Senate and Assembly at Albany, is a new phase in our State, and we believe a most hopeful remedy for the evils of intemperance.

Dr. Chalmers, after listening to an eloquent address upon these evils, is said to have exclaimed, "Sir, we know enough of the evils; in God's name give us the remedy." For years we have been striving to answer this cry, which comes from thousands of hearts and homes. Of all the answers yet given, we believe none is as practical in operation, as permanent in effect, and as easy of accomplishment, as that which proposes to set the school-house over against the saloon. Whatever difference of opinion there is as to other remedies, we find all are in favor of instructing the young in the physical effects of strong drink.

The sad experiences in work among liquor-dealers and liquor-drinkers naturally led the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to this idea of prevention through education. This education was first attempted in the Sabbath schools, but the opposition encountered was so great that little could be accomplished in that direction. Juvenile unions and Bands of Hope were next established, and the hundreds gathered into them were faithfully taught the effects of alcohol upon the body and mind. But as there was nothing compulsory about attendance upon this teaching, the children could only be held while the novelty lasted. Finally our hopes gathered about the public schools. There, more largely than anywhere else, are found the children of our nation. There are the children of the foreigners who cannot be reached in any other way. To teach these children, as thoroughly and systematically as they are now taught geography, spelling and history, "what alcohol is, what it will do to us if we drink it, and what it will make us do," became the aim of our temperance workers. Encouraged by the fact that in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Michigan a compulsory temperance education bill had passed the Legislature, the department of scientific temperance instruction in New York State undertook to secure a similar bill this winter.

Petitions were scattered broadcast over the State. Letters were written to five thousand clergymen, to each senator and representative, to the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House, to the regents, commissioners, superintendent of public instruction, and many others, while hundreds of pages of literature accompanied these letters. Large audiences in our most conservative churches, and in halls, normal schools, and teachers' institutes, have been addressed by the national and state superintendents of scientific instruction.

The bill which has passed Senate and Assembly reads as follows:

"An act relating to the study of physiology and hygiene in the public schools.

"The people of the State of New York, represented in the Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

"§ 1. Provision shall be made by the proper local school authorities for instructing all pupils in all schools supported by public money or under State control in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics upon the human system.

"§ 2. No certificate shall be granted any person to teach in the public schools of the State of New York, after the 1st day of January, 1885, who has not passed a satisfactory examination in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics upon the human system."

New York State now takes its place with Vermont, New Hampshire, and Michigan; and if the law is but properly enforced, our million and a half of children will be forewarned and forearmed in reference to the temptations which await them.

Dr. J. G. Holland uttered, in this magazine, these prophetic words: "What we want in our schools is to do away with the force of a pernicious example and a long-cherished error, by making the children thoroughly intelligent on this subject of alcohol. The more thoroughly we can instruct the young concerning this dominating evil of our time, the better it will be for them and for the world."

This noble prophecy has its fulfillment to-day in the passage of this bill. Could we but add to this teaching in our public schools lessons upon virtue, reverence, honesty, and morality, juvenile crime might be lessened, and a more hopeful outlook greet the nation.

Elizabeth W. Greenwood,
Supt. Scientific Instruction Dept. N. Y. State W. C. T. U.
151 REMSEN STREET, BROOKLYN, March, 1884.

Miss Mary Anderson in London.

WHEN Miss Mary Anderson first appeared in London as *Parthenia* in "Ingomar," it appeared to me that she had considerable talent, that her faults were more her teacher's than her own, and that a much misused word, "charming," was, rightly taken, the best adjective with which to describe the general effect of her performance. Since then Miss Anderson has appeared in the "Lady of Lyons," in Mr. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea," and in the same author's play "Comedy and Tragedy." Except in the last-named piece, no demands have been made on Miss Anderson's powers greater than were made in "Ingomar," and it has been generally acknowledged, rightly, as I think, that she has talent, and that she has the distinction of "charm," which is peculiarly valuable to an actress who is conscious that such a possession gives her a start in the race, but is also conscious that with that possession alone she can never win a really big prize. Much in Miss Anderson's acting seems to me to show that she has no idea of relying upon merely personal qualifications; that she has a distinct conception of what she ought to do upon the stage, and tries with all the earnestness of a gentle and artistic nature to do it. But much seems to me to show also that, whether from want of good schooling or want of perception, she is in great danger of going so wrong a way to

work that she may grow less instead of more perfect in her art, in spite of or even because of her good intentions; and it would be a thousand pities if this happened. Why she is in danger of its happening, I will try to explain as briefly as possible.

In "Ingomar," Miss Anderson was instinct with force and with simplicity. She had just the delicate yet firm touch which the character in its main lines demands; and it is a character made up for the most part of broad outlines. Yet here and there comes a passage where fine shading is wanted; and such a passage is the rejection of the tricky *Polydor's* suit. Then Miss Anderson was absolutely, hopelessly as it seemed, at fault. She had to reject the disgusting old man with a laugh, and the impression produced was that the actress had learned a laugh,— not *the* laugh necessary for the circumstances and situation, but simply a laugh,— and that she reproduced this echo of an abstract laugh with an accuracy which made its sound all the more incongruous and insincere. Also,— but this is a fault of a different kind,—the diction was frequently very indistinct. Yet, with all faults admitted, the acting was full both of promise and of performance, and of broad conviction that Miss Anderson had won the admiration of American audiences by something more than beauty and grace alone.

So, again, in "The Lady of Lyons," an eminently artificial piece, with an eminently artificial heroine's part, Miss Anderson was graceful, statuesque, intelligent, or more than intelligent and charming. But there was, so far, nothing to show whether she had a claim to be considered as an actress in the true sense of the word. If her power of impersonation seemed faulty, or even altogether wanting, why, that might be the fault of the plays rather than of the player.

Then Miss Anderson appeared as the vivified statue in Mr. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea,"— one of the very vulgarest and commonest plays ever written by an author of cleverness; and in this she set herself a hard task. The result of the experiment is the spectacle of a lady, gifted with singular grace and earnestness, delivering lines which are anything rather than graceful with a manner so opposed to the whole notion of the piece that the effect is indescribably odd. It is as if a pretty and harmless tenor were suddenly to attempt some swaggering baritone, without a perception of the swaggering element. This is, however, a merely general impression. Going into particulars, I find that wherever Mr. Gilbert has been unable or uncareful to coarsen the beautiful legend, and wherever trusting to a fine and simple perception of the legend's poetry is enough for the acting's needs, there Miss Anderson is charming, and singularly charming. Such a moment is the first awakening of the statue, which could hardly be bettered in voice, manner, or look. But when the complex emotions come into play, then, even when one makes fullest allowance for the common and stupid inconsistencies attributed by Mr. Gilbert to the statue, and for an actress's difficulty in glossing over their stupidity, I think Miss Anderson fails for want of perception, and for want of "instruction" in the French, rather than the English, sense of the word. Here she underplays and there she overplays her difficult part. With *Chrysos*, the art-patron, she is overpoweringly smiling; with the warrior *Leucippe* (why does Mr. Gilbert call a Greek warrior *Leucippe? Leucippe* is the *French*, and *only* the French, form of the Greek name) — with *Leucippe* she is overpoweringly horrified. And the sense of exaggeration is no doubt due to a want of true power of composing the part. The gradations are not observed or not thought of. The capital points are accentuated, and often ill-accentuated, without enough reference to what goes before and after; and there is as much want of power in the penultimate scene as there is too much insistence in scenes that precede it. The very first scene and the very last are, to my thinking, out of eight, the best, so far as Miss Anderson is concerned. But the fact remains that when all its faults are counted up, the performance has charm and, I think, talent which might become very remarkable if its possessor were not in great danger of being spoilt by unthinking applause.

In "Pygmalion and Galatea" the actress is, as I have said, handicapped by the inconsistency of the part. This is not so with the part of *Clarice* in Mr. Gilbert's new play, "Comedy and Tragedy," the central situation of which happens to be identical with that of *Tabarin*. It is needless now to dwell upon Mr. Gilbert's wanton and unhandy perversion of all historical fitness in the construction of this piece. He has sinned conceitedly, in the old if not in the new sense of the word, against all artistic feeling in this matter; but he has also written a very strong part, couched in excellent words, for a fine actress — a part, moreover, thoroughly "composed" by the author, so that the actress need not be tasked to do more than fitly interpret the author's words with voice, gesture, and manner. This, Miss Anderson, I fear, cannot be said to do with any complete success. In the first part of the little piece, which is very striking in spite of its odd mistakes, she has to represent the ideal actress of the Français in the old days, and to represent her also as hiding a great sorrow with a light manner. Here there is absolute failure. The method adopted is that which one associates with the words, "But I must dissemble." There is a very agony of putting dots on the i's — an agony which appeared in "Pygmalion and Galatea" in the milder form of three or more significant looks, when the bare suggestion of one such look was wanted. Then there is a scene with the husband who is still a lover, and here the directness and consistency of Miss Anderson's acting assert themselves pleasantly. Then again we have the light manner masking the true feeling, and then again the method is inadequate or incongruous. Then comes the "recital" in a comic vein for the entertainment of *Clarice's* friends, while *Clarice's* heart is wrung with anxiety and terror, of a strolling actor's pleasures and pains. The speech is excellently written by Mr. Gilbert, and correctly illustrated by Miss Anderson. But "illustrated" is all that one can say. The action suits the word; but there is no heart, and but a superficial and imperfectly learnt art, in either. For the concluding speech, where assumed jest becomes needful seriousness, there is more to be said. This has vigor, force, feeling even; but it lacks "that one little thing, instruction." Miss Anderson, as I judge her from the performances on which I have commented, has remarkable grace and also decided talent, which, with a more deeply attuned emotion and a bettering of instruction (this is needed even in so elementary a matter as the management of the vocal registers),

might carry her far. But while with a crude art she can command unbounded admiration from the general, will she care to work hard enough to merit a generous recognition from the judicious? On the answer to that question rests her best claim to fame as an actress in the future.

Walter Herries Pollock.

Petroleum in Peru.

IN a recent number appeared an article, very ably written, on the petroleum oil industry. The writer has, however, overlooked a very important oil-field, and one that in the near future must be a prominent one. The whole coast of Peru, from Punta de Aguja to Tumbes, a distance of two hundred miles, is saturated with petroleum,— the center of the field, and that having the most surface indications, being Negritos, situated some thirty miles to the northward of Payta. Seven years since, a well was put down at this place which produced three hundred barrels a day,— the oil being of a superior quality and free from sulphur and bitumen, with which all oils thus far found outside of Pennsylvania are strongly impregnated. Inexperienced management and the approach of war led to an abandonment of the business. Now that the production in the United States is rapidly falling off, this oil-field of Peru will probably come to the front.

PAYTA, PERU, S. A. *E. Fowks.*

ALL the facts embodied in the above letter are correct. At the same time, I should not call it an important field in the near future. What makes the Pennsylvanian fields so valuable is that the formation of the oil-rock is most suitable for *drilling*, enabling the producer to procure oil at a very low figure. This is leaving out entirely the superior character of the crude oil. In Peru, the rock to be drilled is of an entirely different formation, and as soon as the drill touches it, it sheers off, and will not descend perpendicularly, as in Pennsylvania.

As a competitor, therefore, to the American oil-fields it has at present no place, its cost to produce being stated to me to be from five dollars to ten dollars against, say, one dollar and twelve cents here, which I believe pays well. Besides all this, the coast has no harbors, the means of communication are bad, and there is *no fuel* but the oil itself for drilling purposes.

Oil is found in quantities all over the world, but nowhere do all the surroundings for getting out a superior oil exist as in Pennsylvania. All the advocates of new fields forget entirely that to bring their fields into the market a very much higher price must rule for the article, and the very fact of such a price existing will stimulate the production in Pennsylvania.

George R. Burnaby.

Petrography in America.

I SHOULD like the opportunity of supplementing Mr. Kennedy's communication on petrography in the February number of THE CENTURY. The interest in this branch of investigation is already much greater on this side of the Atlantic than your correspondent seems to be aware.

At Columbia College, petrography has been taught for several years, and there has recently been opened at the Johns Hopkins University a petrographical laboratory, which it is intended shall offer advantages in this line equal to any in the country. It is already equipped with all the apparatus necessary for the microscopical examination of rocks, and is under the direction of Dr. G. H. Williams, who has just returned from Europe, having spent nearly three years at Heidelberg, studying under the direct supervision of Prof. Rosenbusch. The advantages offered here for the prosecution of advanced petrographical study, it may safely be said, are not inferior to those offered by any other institution outside of Germany.

It would hardly be just to the United States Geological Survey to leave this subject without at least alluding to the excellent manner in which petrographical researches in America, so auspiciously inaugurated by Dr. Hawes, have been and are still being carried out by his successors on the Survey. The names of Cross, Becker, Iddings, and Irving are already well known from their publications, and there are others who will not be long in securing recognition for their enthusiastic and earnest work.

BALTIMORE. *W. S. Bayley.*

Let Him Try It.

PERHAPS THE CENTURY may wish to record, as not inappropriate to the present time, a slight but characteristic anecdote of President Lincoln, which I have frequently heard related by the late Ashbel Welch, who at the time of his death, in 1882, was President of the American Society of Civil Engineers. Mr. Welch was associated in business with the late Edwin A. Stevens, the originator of the "Stevens Battery," and called, with other gentlemen, upon the President, during the early days of our civil war, with relation to the proposed completion of the "Battery."

It happened to be the first anniversary of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration. During the interview, having occasion to write something, he inquired the date. Mr. Welch, who sat near, replied, "The fourth of March, Mr. President." Mr. Lincoln slowly repeated, "The fourth of March"; and then, looking up, added: "I have been President of the United States just one year, and if either of you thinks it a nice thing to be President of the United States, *just let him try it.*"

J. A. Anderson.

The Death of Tecumseh.

TECUMSEH, the Shawnee chief, was killed at the battle of the Thames, which took place near Moravian Town, in Upper Canada, on the 5th of October, 1813, and not at Tippecanoe, as recently stated by a writer in THE CENTURY,— the Indian and British forces under Tecumseh and Proctor respectively being beaten by the American forces under Harrison. Colonel Johnson has generally been supposed to be the person by whose hand Tecumseh fell, although there is some doubt on this point.

Tecumseh was not even present at the battle of Tippecanoe, which took place near Lafayette, in Indiana, on November 7th, 1811, nearly two years before Tecumseh's death,— the American forces being under Harrison, and the Indians under Lauliwaskau, "the Shawnee Prophet," a brother of Tecumseh.

J. C. Hughes.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Love in the Willow.

HER curly locks tied wi' a gold-flowered ribbon,
And her gown o' the crimson gay,
But she lost her love in a thicket o' willow,
All on a merry May day.

"I pray ye, where is my true love hiding?
For the gold-green dazzles me so:
His flaxen ringlets, his cheeks like cherries,
I never can see, I know."

She found her love on a violet-pillow,
When the light through the leaves was dim,
And she wove her a rope o' the young green rushes,
And merrily fettered him.

She plaited a chain o' the meadow daisies,
And shackled her true love's feet,
And wound him over, and round, and under,
Wi' strings o' her Mayflowers sweet.

And, last of all, she cruelly tied him,
Wi' a curl o' her nut-brown hair,
To her own door-latch, and left him weeping
And mournfully sighing there.

Then she folded her arms, and ruefully eyed him.
"What aileth thee now, my dear?"
"Oh, I would that my love were lost i' the willow;
For fairer he was than here!"

Mary E. Wilkins.

Misunderstood.

A FABLE.

I HOLD it is a solemn truth which bears a lesson good,
'Tis better not to speak at all than be misunderstood.
In silence there may be a balm, in speech a deadly bane,
Therefore, 'tis best to silent be: and always thus remain.
And lest you doubt the fact which I so earnestly declare,
Please call to mind the story of the Lambkin and the Bear.

A Lambkin sported gay and free, life was a joy to him,
When in his pathway there appeared a Bear morose and grim.
"Good day," quoth Bruin, with a grin, "how is your dear ma-ma?"
The Lambkin trembled with affright, and only answered "Ba-a."
"And do you dare say 'Bah' to me?" the monster fiercely cried;
"I'll eat you up," and so he did, and thus the Lambkin died.

So, I hold it is a solemn truth which bears a lesson good,
'Tis better not to speak at all than be misunderstood.

Stanley Wood.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom. (Second Series.)

SOLITUDE would be a good place for a man to go to, if he could leave himself behind, and take only his virtues along with him.

DON'T be afraid to strike for your rights. The world will give you only what you reach for, and it will keep shoving that a little further off all the time.

THE man who is a good guesser is half a prophet, and is a hard disciple to beat, in any kind of common dicker.

THERE is much joy in a laugh, but there is no luxury to the soul equal to a tear free from sadness.

MEN will swear by their religion, will fight for it, will be martyrs for it, will persecute others for it, will do anything and all things for it, except observe it themselves.

HE who forgives, and doesn't forget, is trying to settle with the Lord for fifty cents on the dollar.

MEN talk a great deal about exercising their judgments, when it is their prejudices they exercise the most.

THE man who has nothing but honesty to recommend him is sure of a reward hereafter, but he can't get a job here on earth.

YOUR UNCLE ESEK is no prophet, nor a child of a prophet, but he wants to bet a new whetstone that the Devil never was known to play any kind of a game, except for keeps.

A Summer Evening.

'TWAS a summer evening cool and charming;
Every seat upon the common held its blissful twain.
Boomed the beetles by them quite alarming,
And the foliage rustled like the dropping of the rain.

Perfumes from the beds of roses rising
Woke ecstatic raptures from the rose lips of the fair.
That soft hands were pressed is not surprising,
Nor that waists were clasped and kisses stolen unaware!

I too sat with Mary 'neath the awning
While the sickle moon with Venus gemmed the golden West,
And I felt the tender passion dawning
Like a moon-rise o'er the heaving ocean of my breast.

"Dearest Mary, wilt thou be my star, pet?
Yes, 'tis thou alone on earth, 'tis thou whom I adore!
When we're married, Mary, not a carpet
Need we have upon the lovely inlaid wooden floor!"

Ah, how confidentially we whispered,
Cheek to cheek, while melancholy toads chirped in the trees,
And our mothers not the slightest lisp heard,
As they sat within the parlor talking charities.

Many years are garnered since we planned it
That our house should have no carpet on the inlaid floor;
Gentle reader, canst thou understand it?
I was six then — and my neighbor, Mary, she was four!

Nathan Haskell Dole.

Translations.

RAMEZ — DORMEZ — AIMEZ.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

TELL us how, they said,
With our barques to flee,
And the alguazils evade.
Pull your oars! said we.

Tell us how, said they,
To forget the woes we weep,
And the thorns that hedge our way.
Sleep! we answered — Sleep!

Tell us, oh! they cried,
What the philtre, what the spell,
Wins the Fair to love us well.
Love them! we replied.

DAYBREAK.*

A SERENADE OF PROVENCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

DAY dawns, and still thy door is closed:
My Beautiful, why sleepest thou?
It is the hour when wakes the rose,
Then why art thou not waking now?
O my Fair One, listen,
The morning hour hath wings,
And the lover 'neath thy window
Is weeping while he sings!

All things are knocking at thy door for thee:
The Dawn comes softly murmuring, "I am day!"
The song-bird warbles, "I am harmony!"
And "I am Love!" sweet lady, hear me say!
O my Fair One, listen,
The morning hour hath wings,
And the lover 'neath thy window
Is weeping while he sings!

SONG.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

I GAZE not now, O maiden,
On the stars that gem the night,
For the orbs beneath thy forehead
Are more beautiful and bright.

The coy and modest roses
I cull not from the spray,
For the roses on thy young cheek
Are lovelier than they!

I heed no more the song-birds
That carol all day long,
For sweeter is the melody
That melts me in thy song.

And I ask not that the angels
With their bright wings I may see,
For thou in thy young beauty
An angel art to me!

Alice K. Sawyer.

* In Provence serenades are always given at dawn.—TR.

Celestial Torments.

AN evil day it was for me
When, young and bold, with option free,
I wended to a shop my way,
To choose a paper bright and gay
For my own sunny room.

For moments long I lingered there
And tossed and turned in pleased despair,
Until, at last, I chose a kind
The like of which one does not find
Quite everywhere one goes.

A Chinese landscape blossomed out,
With mandarins and junks about,
And purple skies, and rivers pink,
With fishes squatting on the brink
In true Celestial style.

Pagodas hung with myriad bells,
Dread cliffs o'er-frowning smiling dells,
Surrounding idols, tea-chests, kites,
While men and maidens met in fights
For one another's cues.

With help of shears and pints of paste,
The paper straightened up in haste;
And I in triumph gazed
For hours upon this art upraised
Forever on my walls.

It happened, though, that I fell ill,
And in that sunny room so still
From noon till night each day
Upon my aching back I lay,
And saw those Chinese scenes.

Some fever in my blood there lurked,
That 'mid my dreams mad antics worked,
And, strange to say, that Chinese world
Among my mazy thought-acts whirled,
In most astounding ways.

The bells rang loud, the winds wild blew,
Each mandarin with iron cue
Belabored my poor quiv'ring form;
While junks, urged onward by the storm,
Sailed down my parching throat.

With flaming swords the idols fierce
My pulpy body oft did pierce;
Yet still the silly fishes lay,
And, smiling in a scaly way,
Snapped up the passing kites.

These dreams, repeated night by night,
Awoke in me a morbid fright,
And, as each day I woke and found
That dreadful paper still around,
I vowed that it should go.

My fate was kind, I lived through all,
And gained sufficient strength to crawl
Once more down to that paper shop,
And, picking out the roll on top,
Saw Chinese lands no more.

But, though I live a dozen lives,
And marry twice that many wives,
That paper, drawn upon my brain,
Will stay, a horrid, haunting stain,
Alas, forevermore!

F. B.

"'Späcially Jim."

I WUS mighty good-lookin' when I was young,
Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Späcially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
Chipper, an' han'som', an' trim,
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd,
'Späcially Jim!

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
An' I wouldn't take stock in *him!*
But they kep' up a-comin' in spite o' my talk,
'Späcially Jim!

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'
('Späcially Jim!)
I made up my mind I'd settle down
An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim;
'Twas the only way to git rid of 'em all,
'Späcially Jim.

B. M.

An Afterthought.

'TWAS in the garden chatting
Amid the mignonette,—
She with her snowy tatting,
I with my cigarette.
I still can see her fingers
Flit softly in and out;
With rapture memory lingers
To view her lips a-pout.

A happy sunbeam glancing
Upon a wayward curl
Set every pulse to dancing,
And turned my brain a-whirl;
And when she looked up shyly,
I could not help, you see,
But stoop and kiss her slyly
Behind the apple-tree.

Strange that some mote forever
Should mar the rays of bliss!
Though conscious I had never
Yet won so sweet a kiss,
Alas! the act of plunder
So gracefully she bore,
I could not choose but wonder,
Had she been kissed before?

Samuel Minturn Peck.

The Ballad of Cassandra Brown.

THOUGH I met her in the summer, when one's heart lies round at ease,
As it were in tennis costume, and a man's not hard to please;
Yet I think at any season to have met her was to love,
While her tones, unspoiled, unstudied, had the softness of the dove.

At request she read us poems in a nook among the pines,
And her artless voice lent music to the least melodious lines;
Though she lowered her shadowing lashes, in an earnest reader's wise,
Yet we caught blue gracious glimpses of the heavens that were her eyes.

As in paradise I listened. Ah, I did not understand
That a little cloud, no larger than the average human hand,
Might, as stated oft in fiction, spread into a sable pall,
When she said that she should study Elocution in the fall!

I admit her earliest efforts were not in the Ercles vein;
She began with, "Lit-tle Maaybel, with her faayce against the paayne,
And the beacon-light a-trrremble,"—which, although it made me wince,
Is a thing of cheerful nature to the things she's rendered since.

Having learned the Soulful Quiver, she acquired the Melting Mo-o-an,
And the way she gave "Young Grayhead" would have liquefied a stone.
Then the Sanguinary Tragic did her energies employ,
And she tore my taste to tatters when she slew "The Polish Boy."

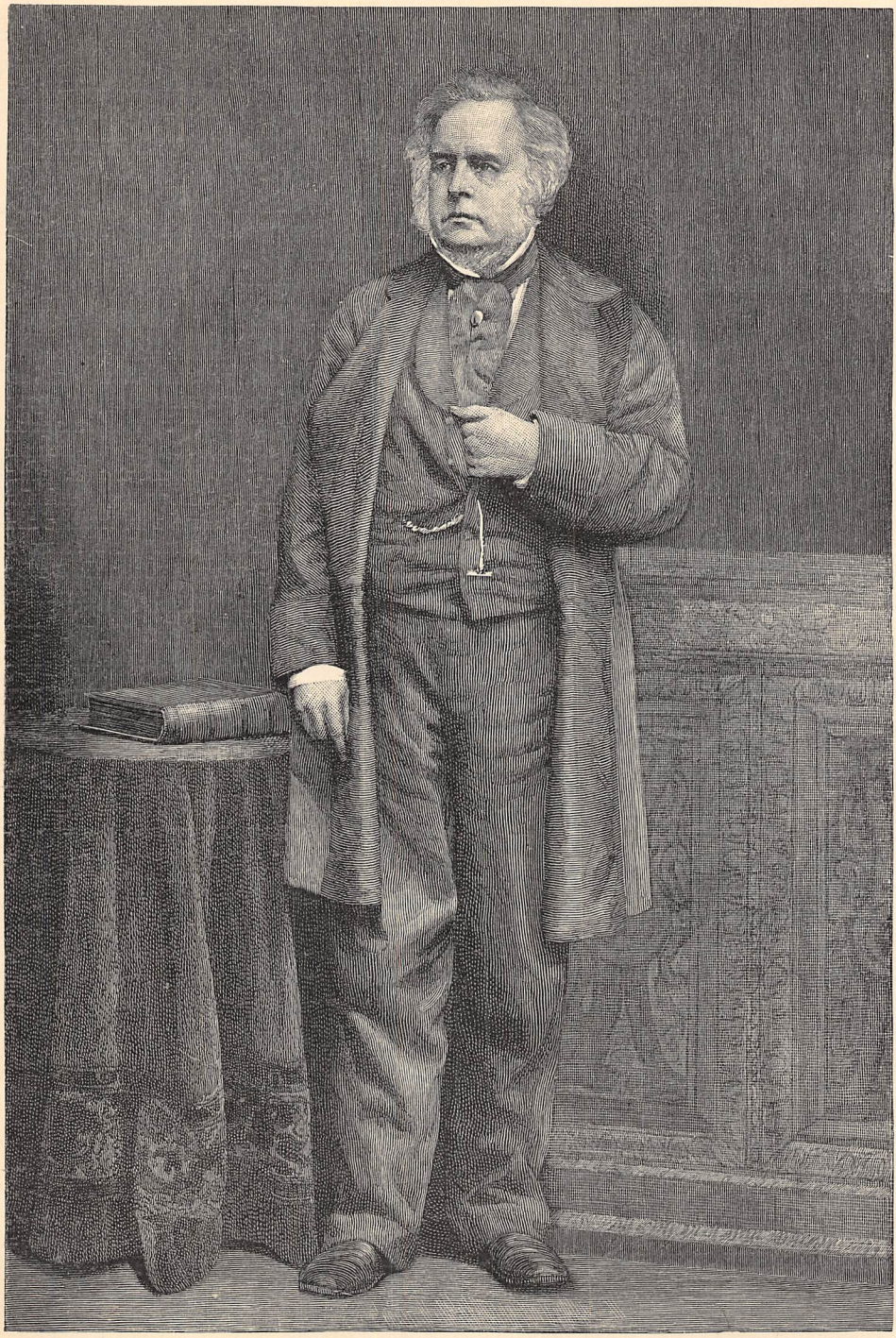
It's not pleasant for a fellow when the jewel of his soul
Wades through slaughter on the carpet, while her orbs in frenzy roll:
What was I that I should murmur? Yet it gave me grievous pain
That she rose in social gatherings and Searched among the Slain.

I was forced to look upon her, in my desperation dumb,
Knowing well that when her awful opportunity was come
She would give us battle, murder, sudden death at very least,
As a skeleton of warning, and a blight upon the feast.

Once, ah! once I fell a-dreaming; some one played a polonaise
I associated strongly with those happier August days;
And I mused, "I'll speak this evening," recent pangs forgotten quite.
Sudden shrilled a scream of anguish: "Curfew SHALL not ring to-night!"

Ah, that sound was as a curfew, quenching rosy warm romance:
Were it safe to wed a woman one so oft would wish in France?
Oh, as she "cull-imbed" that ladder, swift my mounting hope came down.
I am still a single cynic; she is still Cassandra Brown!

Coroebus Green.



Edwin Booth

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA.

II.—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—(CONTINUED).

IN this present paper I shall conclude all I have to say about those among our recent architectural works which come under the head of public buildings — excepting only churches, which demand a chapter to themselves. Since my limits are but brief, since our country is geographically unfavorable to even the most energetic observer, and since our new works succeed each other to-day with great rapidity, it must not be supposed that the list I give is at all exhaustive. I can pretend to do no more than mention the most conspicuous structures which lie within a moderate radius from THE CENTURY'S home. If, indeed, even within that radius it were possible for me to name *everything* that is good,— conspicuously or modestly good,— my task would be far less interesting than it is, and any commentary at all would be far less clearly called for. Certainly I ought to change the broad title I have chosen, unless the good things I note may be taken as types of more. If I could give a full *catalogue raisonné* of all our recent buildings which are distinctly an improvement on those that were typical a score of years ago,— especially as concerns the principles that have guided and the aims that have inspired their authors,—it would be a proof that they themselves would have no right to be called typical to-day. My excuse for writing lies in the fact that to a great extent they *are* thus typical; the fact that an ever-growing number of our architects are now doing really rational and artistic work, that the profession as a whole is getting into the right path with more or less celerity; that most of our younger architects, and many of their elders too, are striving to attain success of a similar sort to that which has already been conspicuously achieved by some among their number. Especially will this be true when I shall come to speak of those departments in which, naturally, more work is being done than in the one here under notice — of commercial buildings, for example, and of private dwellings in town and country. But even with regard to public buildings, I am glad to say that my little list is *not* all-embracing. Of very many good things, both far away and near at hand, I doubtless have no knowledge; and even among those I *do* know there are many which, good though they be, do not present such striking individual characteristics as fit them for description here. We may, however, gather great encouragement from the mere general statement that they are honest, sensible, expressive, excellently planned, and modestly artistic structures. That is to say, they are in the strongest and most hopeful possible contrast to the majority of our similar works put up in other and not long-distant years. Particularly do many of the unambitious civic structures of the smaller New England towns deserve this praise. Town-halls and libraries and school-houses are rapidly rising in such places which are admirably suited to their purpose, which are skillfully and truthfully built, and often characterized by no small degree of artistic worth. Desperate vagaries still occur among them, it is true — Gothic and "Queen Anne" and nondescript abominations of all sorts. But year by year they are yielding place to better art. Year by year we mark, I think, an ever-growing tendency to make simple common sense the guide toward beauty as well as toward convenience and stability, instead of an adherence to some conventional

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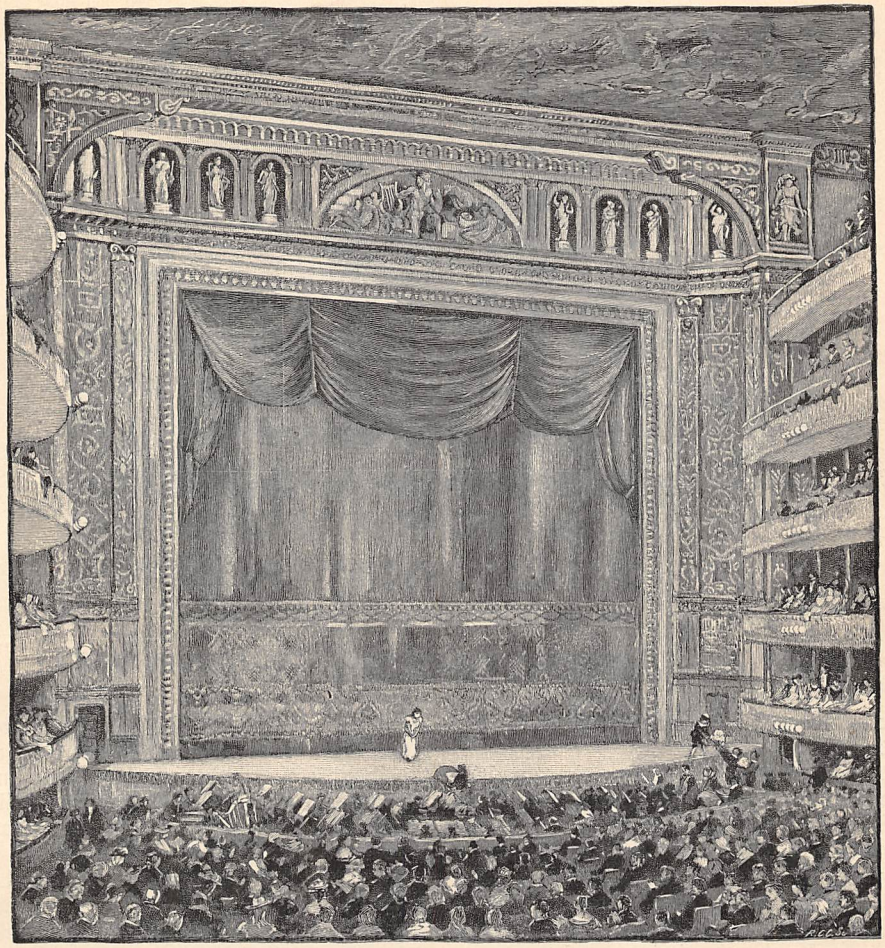
type of design and decoration, or a straining effort after obvious "originality." I may stop to note in this connection a Memorial Library which Messrs. Rotch & Tilden have built at Bridgewater, Conn., and a town-hall of Mr. Arthur Dodd's at Sharon, Mass. They are not great works of architecture, I allow; nor are they either ambitious, ornate, or "striking." But they are *good* works none the less; they are sensible, rational, and expressive, accomplishing the given task in a most adequate way, and turning necessary features to artistic account. Just by reason of their modesty, and because they are typical of many more or less successful similar essays, they seem to me important. For, as I have already said (perhaps too often for my readers' patience), we are just now laying the foundation of what we hope may grow to be a creditable development of architectural art; and for this foundation the absolutely necessary beginning is that our artists should cultivate their common sense and practical ingenuity; should rely for their main success on structure, not on ornament; should first of all be *rational*, whether in original or in imitative ways. Even in those humbler works in which wood largely takes the place of sterner materials, we may note much improvement of recent years. A little half-timbered cottage-hospital built by Messrs. Ficken & Smith at Plainfield, New Jersey, for example, is interesting as a proof that in the cheapest structure (this one cost less than $4000) something better may be given us than the time-honored shell sheathed in clapboards or in shingles.

It has been a rule with me throughout that no buildings should be mentioned here which exist on paper only. But nothing is of more importance to the future of our architecture than that good art should be introduced into our simpler, cheaper kinds of work. And so I will make an exception in favor of a design which Mr. Janes, of Albany, prepared a year or two ago for a school-house to be erected in a New York village. It was so sensible, and yet so novel and so charming, that the committee could not make up its mind to indorse it, but substituted instead a brick box, to which no Philistine could take exception. Mr. Janes's design showed brick below and half-timbering and plaster above, and had a natural picturesqueness resulting from the wise arrangement of its plan and fashioning of its obligatory features. Nothing could be more simply rational or more attractive in effect than the large, round-arched windows that rose beneath the gables, their framing and mullions composed simply of oaken timbers corresponding to those of the adjoining walls. It seems strange that we, who often follow precedent so blindly and so foolishly in other directions, should be so loth to look to the past for examples when we work in wood. Only very lately have the admirable half-timbered old houses of England, France, and Germany been consulted for hints that might be followed in our practice with the utmost profit; and even yet we see but rare instances where those hints have been cleverly followed up. And so I wish, indeed, that Mr. Janes's design had been given an actual body, for then it might here have been reproduced.

FRONT OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.

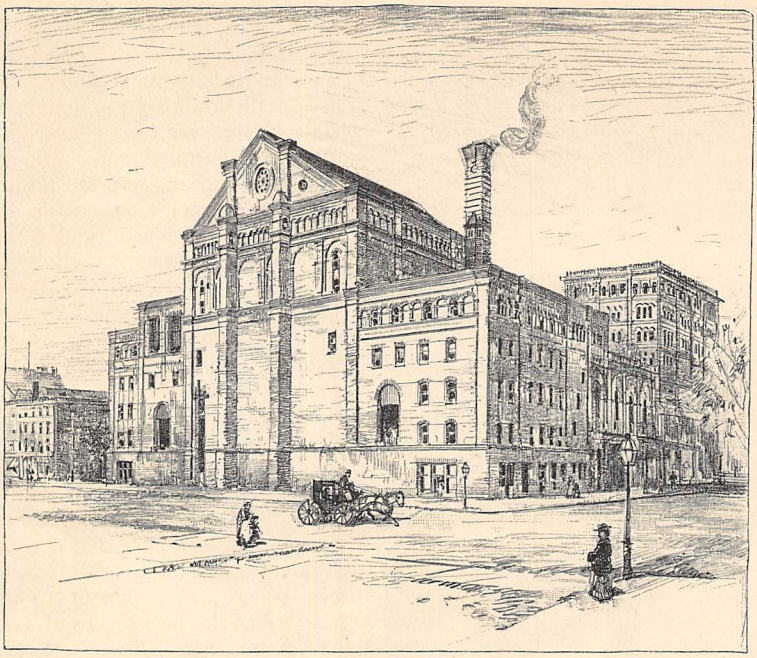
To Boston I must go back again for a moment, and speak of the Art Museum, which was built some ten years ago by Messrs. Sturgis & Brigham. As to plan, it is perhaps the best work of the sort we have yet erected, and its exterior is not inexpressive. But its chief interest lies in the fact that it was one of our first attempts in the use of strong exterior color, and the very first, I think, upon a large scale, in which terra cotta was employed for this purpose. A successful attempt we cannot call it. The color is in itself glaring and inharmonious — color which the hand of time will never soften or subdue; and the manner of its employment is rather unfortunate, taken together with the nature of the decorative forms it accents. Simple forms may be elaborately colored, but elaborate forms need greater



STAGE OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.

chromatic sobriety; else the result, as here, is almost sure to lack unity, repose, breadth, and clearness of expression. But we should not be hard upon a first attempt. It was a good thing for us to have the propriety of strong external color insisted upon, a good thing to have the resources of our architects increased by the addition of terra cotta to their list. It has since rapidly grown in favor, and is now used much more discreetly than in this first instance, though we can hardly claim that its full possibilities are yet revealed, or its limitations always respected in our work. Too often, for example, we use it to replace in constructional or semi-constructional features some more costly material of sturdier nature. But we may hope that our growing feeling for honesty will relegate it before long to its proper functions. If so, it may do us excellent service, for its coloristic value is great, and under our brilliant skies and in our usually pure and smokeless atmosphere color decoration is especially well in place. Our teachers here, I think, should be those southern races who are not our physical forefathers, rather than those northern peoples from whom we trace descent. Artistic needs are spiritual, not physical, and climate and natural surroundings mold them more, perhaps, than do the instincts we inherit. And climate, moreover, is certainly a truer *material* guide in architecture than is the mere fact of kinship. As a people we are in many ways unlike our English or our Dutch forefathers — in many ways more like the eager, restless, impressionable nations of the south. And certainly our climate is neither Dutch nor English. For both which reasons, I repeat, we are more nearly concerned with questions of color than are Englishmen or Dutchmen. But more of this when we shall come to speak of style and taste and intellectual needs in a future chapter.

Now let us look very briefly at a branch



REAR OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.

we have not yet approached—at theatrical architecture.

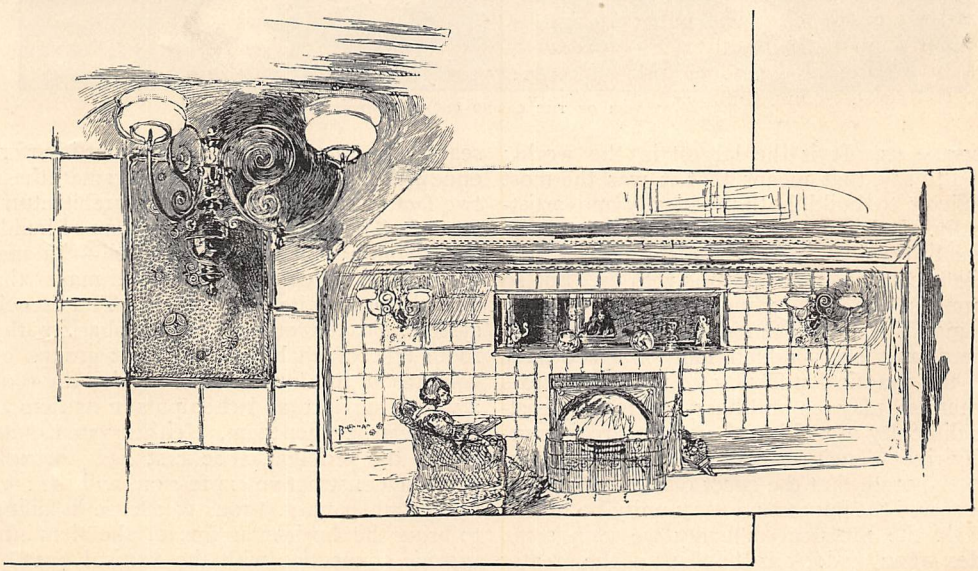
Inclosed theaters are comparative novelties in architectural history. They date only from late Renaissance days, and since those days the needs of stage and audience alike have so vastly altered that we can now get little help from Palladian precedents. Indeed, this is one department of our art in which we find, to our refreshment, that imitation plays a comparatively minor rôle. The public at large is peculiarly interested in a theater—interested, not in a languid, vicarious fashion, or for æsthetic reasons only, but because the comfort and pleasure of thousands are nightly dependent upon its success. Effort, experiment, and self-reliance are positively imposed upon its builder; for even yet our needs and wishes are being modified from year to year, and constant variations in plan and structure are demanded. So, as a sincere respect for utility and an earnest application of rational thought to practical and æsthetic problems are the true nurses of architectural excellence, we are not surprised to find in the theatrical interiors of the century our best evidence that architecture is still a living and progressing art, if not an art as easily and triumphantly artistic as it was in certain epochs of the past. In the interiors of our theaters, I say,—but by no means in their exteriors. Here to a greater degree the imitation of alien works of other days is possible to the architect, and consequently he calls the "orders" most often indolently into play to adorn (in inexpressive and inappropriate and so in inartistic ways) the exterior of buildings where inside he proves himself not incapable of real inventive power. Garnier's new house in Paris, for example, has an interior which is in many ways most admirable; but outside, in spite of sumptuous display and marvelously clever decoration, it is an architectural sham—nothing more than a splendid piece of scene-painting done in the round instead of upon canvas.

With such a house as Garnier's it would be unjust to compare the great new theater which has recently been put up in New York. When Mr. Cady undertook to build the Metropolitan Opera-House he accepted a task of the utmost difficulty—doubly discouraging, too, since his result was certain to be brought into some such unfair comparison. Both his site and the demands of his clients precluded the possibility of his making it a monumental structure such as all buildings of the sort should be. He was given merely brick for his material, and only a single city block to build upon,—a block, too, which has no open space about it. Even upon this block, moreover, he was not allowed to dispose his theater as he would, but was obliged to fill in every foot of ground it left unoccupied with tall, overshadowing wings destined for another use. It would,

therefore, manifestly be unjust, I repeat, to ask for monumental grandeur in his house, or even for an adequate degree of external expressiveness. We can only congratulate ourselves that we have got as much as we have —an honest, unaffected, scholarly, dignified pile, as well designed in mass as was possible under the circumstances, expressive, at all events, of its structural fashioning, and happy in the composition of its voids and solids. So simple and scholarly and unaggressive is it, indeed, that I fear "the public" does not half realize the debt of gratitude it owes the architect. But would it not be well if in our other theaters the same sort of excellence prevailed? Is it not a vast improvement on such a hideous nullity as our old Academy of Music? And, on the other hand, should we not be happier if the Casino Theater had been less fantastic, and if the Eden Museum on Twenty-third street had relied on structural beauty and appropriate, subordinated decoration for its effect, instead of upon a showy accumulation of superficial details, mechanical in spirit, and thrice too plentiful for the size of its façade?

But there was one part of his exterior upon which Mr. Cady could work in a more untrammeled way than upon his principal fronts. It is to the back of the house on Seventh Avenue that I would especially direct the reader's attention. It is nothing, he may protest, but an immense and almost unbroken brick wall, nearly devoid of ornament and quite devoid of any attempt at decorative effectiveness. I believe there are even persons who claim that it is not different in any way from the breweries which deform our suburbs. But, believe me, it is very different. Mere mass may be, of course, an immense element in architectural power, and the mass of this wall counts for much in its impressiveness. But this is because it has been intelligently handled. We are all at one in feeling that our biggest malt-houses are not impressive, are not even satisfactory as proving their real strength and solidity to the eye. But the ponderous bulk of Mr. Cady's wall is *designed*, not merely built, and designed so as to prove its strength most clearly; it has parts and features which are organic, and, though simple, are potent and expressive. Below, it is solid and unadorned but agreeable in its proportions and in the lines of the great buttresses which secure and demonstrate its huge solidity; and above, where a lighter treatment is in place, it is ornamented in a quiet but charming way. Taken for what it is, the back of an opera-house which throughout is a utilitarian and not a monumental structure, I think that a jury of architects would call it one of the best pieces of design the city has to show. And I do not despair of a day when the public will feel the distance that divides it from a typical brewery wall—all the distance that stretches between a simple work of art and an unintelligent pile of bricks. Nay, I am of so optimistic a frame of mind while contemplating the fact that one of our architects has done so well when daring to do so honestly and simply, that I can even look forward to a day when a malt-house itself may do us credit, not dishonor.

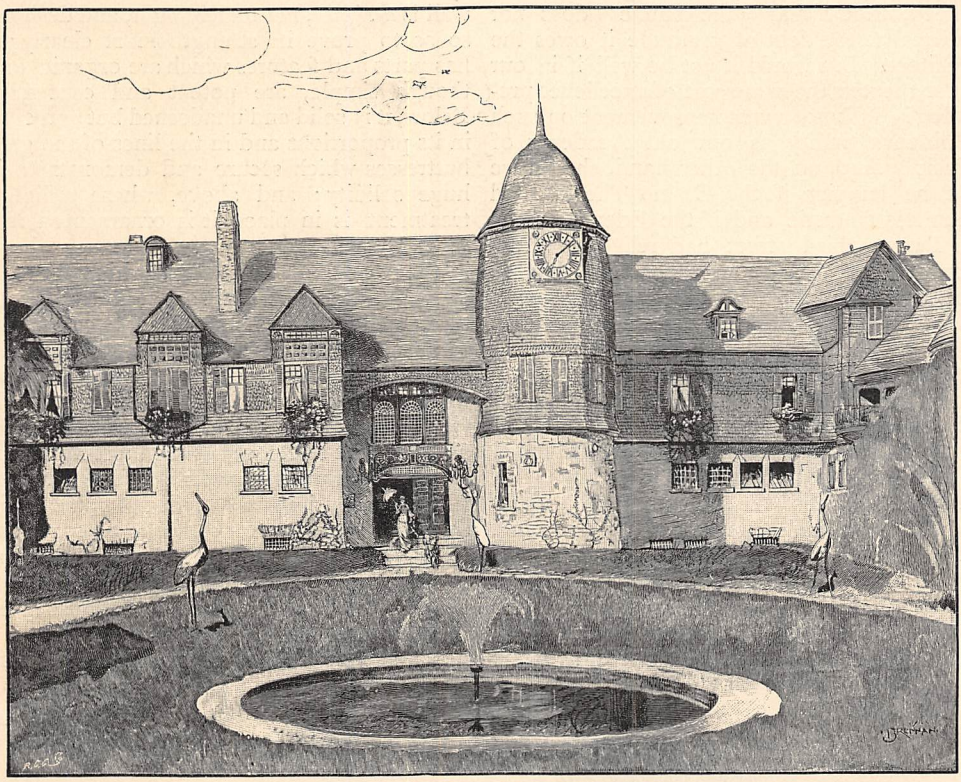
When we enter Mr. Cady's house we must



BRACKET OF HAMMERED BRASS AND SCHEME OF FIRE-PLACE—CONVERSATION ROOM, CASINO, NEWPORT.

still remember the difficulties under which he worked. The unmajestic size and simple fashion of the stairways and passages may be laid to the limitations of the site and the necessity for using fireproof materials. With nothing but iron and cement, and with no outlay permitted for sumptuous painted decoration, it would have been hard to make them either festal or elegant. Even in the auditorium itself the same charity must not forsake us. It is the largest in the world; and to say that means that it was the most difficult to build, both practically and artistically. It is not very hard to build a good small theatrical interior, unless, indeed, the site is cramped, as it often is with us. But so immense an auditorium as a lyric theater demands is among the most difficult of problems, and every added foot of space adds to the practical difficulty of providing seats where all may see and hear, and to the artistic difficulty of making the result architecturally right — neither bald in its simplicity nor so elaborate that the effect of size will disappear and the impression of its unity be lost.

Of the practical difficulty we gain some idea when we look at the plans of the greater European houses. We see that no curve has yet been decided upon as giving the best possible sweep for the tiers of boxes. Each house differs from every other; in each the architect has experimented afresh, and all leave something for the future to improve upon. If we look again at sectional views of these same buildings, we see that the artistic problem is equally far from a definite solution. It prescribes an immense rectangular apartment, surrounded on three sides by curved tiers of seats. The question is how, without interference with sight or hearing, to amalgamate these two factors and bring them into architectural accord. The so-called Italian system of building — common in Germany as well — ignores the room as much as possible, and makes the tiers themselves its sole concern. The French system, on the other hand, emphasizes the room first of all by setting great groups of columns at the four corners to give the roof a visible support, and then puts in its tiers as best it can between them. Neither system quite solves the problem. The first sins through want of constructive expression, and the second stumbles upon a rock of offense in failing to bring the horizontal line of the tiers into organic connection with the vertical lines of the roof supports. We need not stop, how-



TOWER OF THE CASINO COURT, NEWPORT.

ever, to consider which sort of semi-failure is the better, which offers the more favorable prospect for a perfect solution in the future. We are discussing Mr. Cady's house alone, and the Italian method was positively forced upon him. Only by its means could he answer the demand of his clients that each and every box should be just like its fellows — in its apparent importance, in its size, and in its facilities for sight and hearing.

FIRE-PLACE IN THE LADIES' READING-ROOM, CASINO, NEWPORT.

In answering this demand, moreover, he was obliged to give up those proscenium *loges* with enframing columns, upon which even Italian builders rely for accent and variety in their scheme, though not for structural expression. Mr. Cady had to solve a new question when he was bidden, in a house of this great size, to run his tiers up to the proscenium wall without diversity or break. It would be too much to say that he found its truest architectural solution; that his design produces that impression of organic unity between all adjacent parts which is essential to perfect architectural composition. The ends of his tiers simply abut upon the proscenium pilasters, avoiding impingement upon base or capital, but not producing an effect of true independence and concord. But the result, if not quite satisfactory to critical analysis, is not unpleasant to the eye. And we should remember that Mr. Cady fails no more conspicuously here than do French architects when they piece in their tiers between their columns.

Great simplicity was prescribed throughout the auditorium, again, by the nature of the materials, which are here, as in the corridors, iron and cement alone. Mr. Cady placed his chief reliance for beauty on the lines of his box and gallery tiers, which repeat each other up to the very top of the house — and beautiful lines they are, both in their many sweeps and in the slight dip they take toward the stage. I may note that when the proscenium *loges* were outlawed, a divergence from the customary horseshoe form was necessitated in the tiers. Here the curve is lyre-like instead, bending forward and then backward again a little near the stage.

The chief points in the modeling of the proscenium are that the opening is, fortunately, kept square, and that the great iron girder which supports the stage wall above the roof of the auditorium plays a boldly visible part in the scheme. The ornamental detail throughout is in very low relief, and carefully studied from early Italian Renaissance models. The general effect of the interior, and of its detail as well, would vastly have gained by a more emphatic color-treatment on the part of the decorator — but with his performance we are not here concerned.

Simplicity, repose, and refinement characterize Mr. Cady's portion of the work. Since these are among the best of architectural qualities, since they are the rarest in our work (especially in buildings of this sort), and since they are those which we must first learn to appreciate and master if we would rise to success in more elaborate and ambitious ways, we can hardly be too thankful for their presence.

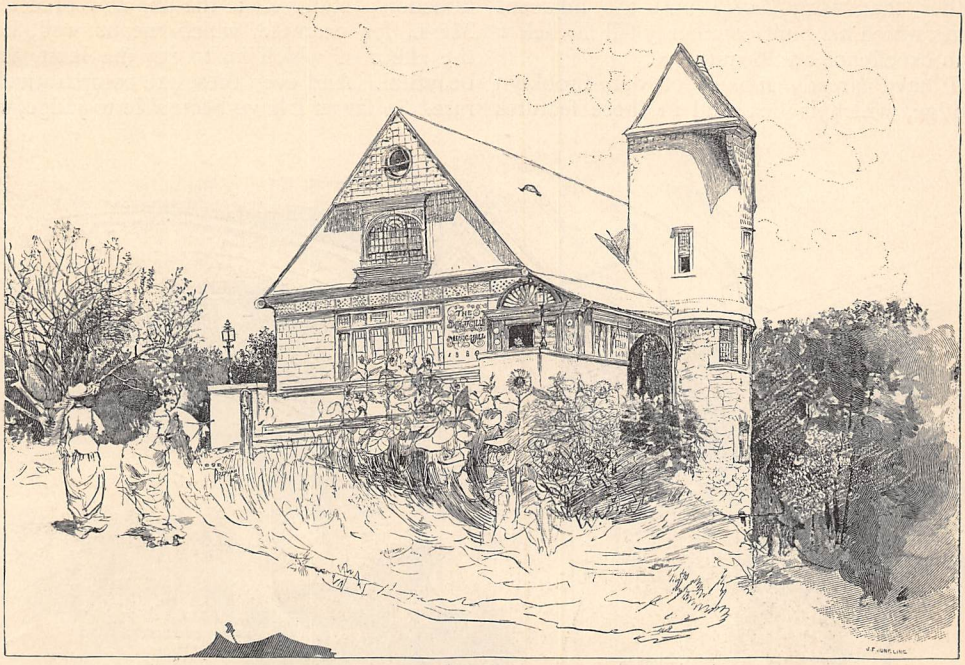
If the gay world at Newport had built itself a Casino some twenty or even some ten

years ago, I wonder what we should have had? Possibly an imitation of the formal, stately, classicized *Kurhaus* of some German bath. Perhaps a cousin of those fantastically hideous travesties of Oriental pleasure-houses which we find in so many small foreign watering-places. More probably still, a "Queen Anne" structure which would have looked like an agglomerate of English model-almshouses. At all events, it is safe to say we should not have had anything intimate, cheerful, with just a touch of fantasy not out of place in a structure whose ends are distinctly frivolous — a Casino which is a mere summer-house for "society's" amusement.

An ideal Newport Casino would, of course, have stood free from all other buildings, and have had an entire exterior to exhibit. It would have found its place upon the cliffs, and delighted us with a matchless outward view as well as entertained us with a sight of the

INTERIOR OF CASINO THEATER, NEWPORT.

so sensible yet novel, so simple yet picturesque, so useful yet charming, as Messrs. McKim, Mead & White have given us. The problem was a new one in many respects, both as to the practical ends that were proposed and as to the general expression and sentiment that were desirable to bring the building into harmony with the place itself and with the life whose central point it forms. And the architects were fortunately inspired to set their own wits to work and find a new solution based on common sense and a feeling for beauty, and not on precedent or formula. In its general expression the building is, I think, very adequate and characteristic. It is dignified enough without being formal or pretentious; rural, but not rustic; graceful, butterfly life within its own inclosure. But with their land worth dollars an inch, even the millionaires of Newport may be pardoned for not making such a sacrifice to beauty. As it stands, the Casino shows but a single simple street façade. Only when we pass under the great archway beneath the club-rooms do we see its really distinctive features. It is hard to describe it, and I regret to say that our single view gives no idea of its attractiveness. Its low, two-storied walls, partly of brick and partly shingled, surround two large quadrangles, the first one filled with plants and flowers, and the second longer one giving space for the tennis courts. And it has the most charming sweep of latticed balcony, breaking here and there into window-



THE SHORT HILLS MUSIC HALL.

like openings giving freer outlook. Nothing could be more sensibly arranged for comfort and convenience, and nothing could be prettier or more picturesque than the general effect of its varied features—irregularly disposed, not for picturesqueness only but to meet actual needs and ends. And within, the club-rooms and restaurants are admirably planned, and are decorated with sufficient elegance to suit their occupants, but with a simplicity and airiness that mark them as for use in summer only. The so-called theater, which closes the inner quadrangle, is in reality a large galleried ball-room with a stage at one end for occasional use. Here the color decoration is in ivory and gold, making an excellent background under gaslight. It, too, is simply treated, but the carving and turning of the wood-work are executed with great delicacy and beauty.

With all the variety and picturesqueness of the Casino's exterior (by this I mean its quadrangle fronts), harmony and unity are preserved throughout—except, perhaps, in the great clock-tower which flanks the entrance arch on its inner face. This we can hardly call as local and sensible in feeling as are the other features. It is a distinct reminiscence of earlier days, a bit of imported mediævalism—a dungeon-keep, I have heard it said, and not a Casino clock-tower. Yet, as I have already protested, a bit of fantasy is not out of place in such a work, and we may excuse this bit all the more since it gives a touch of solidity and strength that we should miss, perhaps, had it taken a lighter form.

At Short Hills, New Jersey, the same architects have built another Casino of a more modest sort, but rejoicing in a visible exterior. My readers can judge of it as well as I, however, since I too know it only through our reproductions.

The railway station is a far more recent invention than even the inclosed theater. It is a child of our own century—a child of that century in which the engineer, as opposed to the architect proper, has come to play so large a rôle. It is unfortunate that there is this distinction, even opposition, between the two professions—unfortunate that with the advent of the railway age the architect allowed to pass entirely out of his control those structures in which the engineer had of necessity to do his part. The consequence is that while this part is often performed in the most admirable way, the part which should have been the architect's falls as well to the engineer—to him who *as* an engineer cannot comprehend it, whom an architectural training alone would have fitted for its mastery. Nothing could be finer in its way than the interior of many a great station, especially in Germany or France, with its colossal, powerful, yet light and graceful iron frame-work. But such a frame-work can hardly be called architectural. It is spun, woven, wrought,

rather than truly *built;* and the adjacent parts which *are* built commonly fall far below it in excellence and beauty.

I have already spoken of our Brooklyn Bridge, which is beautiful in those features that fell naturally to engineering skill, in the lines of its cables and wires and in the delicate spring of its long roadway,— as vital and graceful as though it were but a single tense strip of steel. But the towers — the really architectural features — are as poor as the iron web is fine. So it is with our great railway stations. Their walls and constructive features usually are bad *per se*, and have no organic relation to those other parts which we must be content to have unarchitectural themselves, but which might be brought into harmony with their architectural environment. A better accord between the two professions, or a wider training which will make certain men at once architects and engineers, may yet, it is to be hoped, produce more fortunate results. Exceptions to the general rule there are indeed already, especially in Germany, where we find certain great railway termini that are built with a dignity, a simplicity, an appropriateness, and an expressiveness that deserve all praise. Unfortunately we have not much to show at home as yet, beyond abortive attempts in the same direction — stations like the one at Worcester, Mass., for example, which means well, but the effect of which is, to say the least, unbeautiful. And even these are comparatively rare. So far as I have been able to judge, we usually vibrate between ambitiously inappropriate and ugly efforts, like the Forty-second street station in New York, or platitudes of an unambitious and factory-like description. A variant we do find, indeed, in the Broad street station at Philadelphia, but not a quite successful one. With its well-planned, comfortable, and even sumptuous interior we have no fault to find. It is a striking proof, by the way, of our growing demand for luxurious surroundings — a proof that would astonish the original creators of the Pennsylvania Railroad or the travelers of a generation ago. The exterior of the building, too, has excellence, if we consider it from an abstract standpoint; and certain among its features, prescribed by necessity, have been so fortunately fashioned as to be amply expressive,— I mean the basement, with its great arches for the admission of vehicles, and the large windows which light the waiting-room above. But the expression of the building as a whole is far from being what it ought to be. A railroad station, above all things on earth, is utilitarian. It may and should be made beautiful, but its

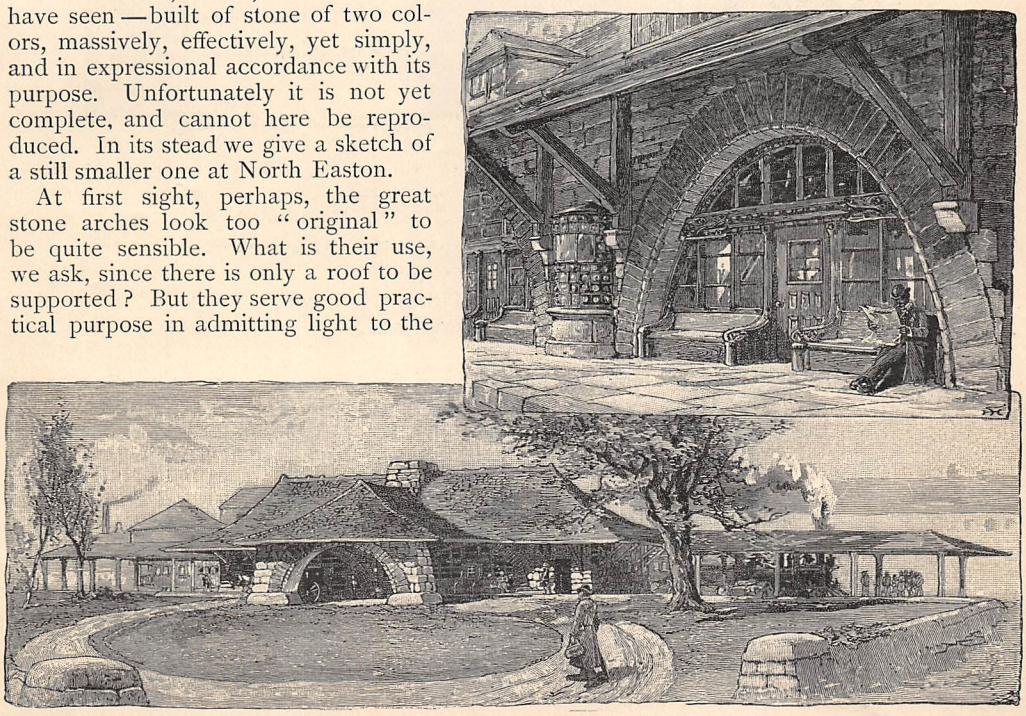
INTERIOR OF THEATER, SHORT HILLS MUSIC HALL.

beauty should be of a simple, severe, and, so to say, business-like character. But for this Philadelphia station a florid type of Gothic was chosen, and was elaborated in the most ornate fashion. The design is good in many ways, and a great deal of the decoration is quite charming, *intrinsically considered.* But the effect is not in keeping with the structure's purpose. We gladly accept the Messrs. Wilsons' building as distinctly ornamental to a city which is in rather bad need of architectural adornment; but we cannot accept it as a laudable precedent in its own way. It is attractive, but I do not think it is very *rational.*

Our smaller wayside stations offer, of course, very much easier problems. They are merely waiting-rooms flanked, perhaps, by external sheds to protect the passengers and traffic ; and there is, therefore, no question about bringing them into harmony with huge engineering efforts. Some improvement has been made in them of recent years, but there is room for more. The best among them are rarely more than pretty "Queen Anne" cottages, well arranged within, but hardly laying claim to architectural dignity. But more substantial work is coming into vogue, as we may see, among other instances, in several small stations Mr. Richardson has lately been building in New England. The one at Palmer, Mass., is the finest I have seen — built of stone of two colors, massively, effectively, yet simply, and in expressional accordance with its purpose. Unfortunately it is not yet complete, and cannot here be reproduced. In its stead we give a sketch of a still smaller one at North Easton.

At first sight, perhaps, the great stone arches look too "original" to be quite sensible. What is their use, we ask, since there is only a roof to be supported ? But they serve good practical purpose in admitting light to the waiting-rooms in spite of overhanging eaves, and they are expressionally fortunate, too, as it seems to me. Is not the general effect of the building just what it should be ? Do we not see that it is the roof, not the wall, which is the main thing; that here is not a place to dwell *in*, but to stop *under;* that it is not a house at all, but a *shed* — a shed made permanent, stable, sturdy, and picturesque besides ? And I must enforce the point that in such work as this Mr. Richardson, who can be so exuberant at times, and at times so refined and elegant (as in Leroy Hall, for instance), changes his tone entirely, and becomes eminently business-like, uncompromising, and severe. The Palmer Station is much more ambitious than this, but it, too, is strictly utilitarian, though by no means inartistic, depending for its effect entirely upon its structural features and the contrasted color of its materials.

If we have had one class of structures which more than another has been the very type of sordid, shabby, brutal ugliness, it has comprised those hideous receptacles for a long-suffering community known as the ferry-houses of New York harbor. But even these are coming under the healing touch of art. I may note as the most striking instance a ferry-house of Messrs. Ficken & Smith's at Hoboken — a modest wooden structure, nicely

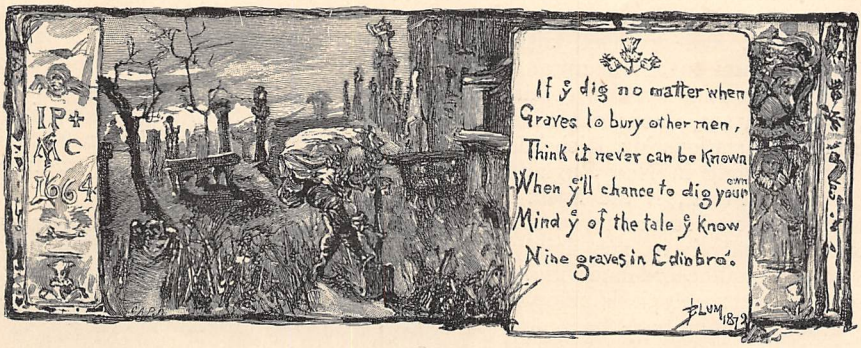


RAILROAD STATION AT NORTH EASTON, MASS.

built, tastefully decorated, and showing a street front in "Queen Anne" fashion that is pleasantly picturesque and sensible withal. Here for once we have been given a sufficiently agreeable resting-place for decent human creatures; and could there be a stronger proof that the good leaven is at work, and in a really radical way?

One word I want to say — and this, perhaps, is as good a place as any — with regard to the illustrations which accompany these papers. I should be glad indeed if they could be made *illustrative* in the fullest sense of the term, but that is quite impossible. Lovers of architecture will be aware that even drawings or photographs on the largest scale are never truly illustrative of the general effect of an entire building — so much depends upon our perceiving and feeling of its mere brute size as well as its color, location, surroundings, and every detail of its ornament, and of what I may call its *structural finish*. How, then, must it be with pictures so small as those which fit our page? I need hardly say that they have been prepared with the greatest possible care; and yet I should be sorry to have my readers gauge the accuracy of my criticism by their evidence alone. I am not afraid that I should be found too enthusiastic in any instance if my words were considered in presence of the work itself. But I *am* afraid that I may be, if our pictures only are used as tests by eyes unaccustomed to the discrepancy between good architectural works and any flat reproduction of their forms. This much I had to say, not only in justice to myself, but still more in justice to the architects whose results have come under our notice.

M. G. van Rensselaer.



NINE GRAVES IN EDINBRO.

In the church-yard, up in the old high town,
The sexton stood at his daily toil,
And he lifted his mattock and drove it down,
And sunk it deep in the sacred soil.

And then as he delved he sang right lustily,
Aye as he deepened and shaped the graves
In the black old mold that smelled so mustily,
And thus was the way of the sexton's staves:

"It's nine o' the clock, and I have begun
The settled task that is daily mine;
By ten o' the clock I will finish one —
By six o' the clock there must be nine:

"Just three for women, and three for men;
And, to fill the number, another three
For daughters of women and sons of men
Who men or women shall never be.

"And the first of the graves in a row of three
  Is his or hers who shall first appear;
All lie in the order they come to me,
  And such has been ever the custom here."

The first they brought was a fair young child,
  And they saw him buried and went their way;
And the sexton leaned on his spade and smiled,
  And wondered, "How many more to-day?"

The next was a man; then a woman came:
  The sexton had loved her in years gone by;
But the years *had* gone, and the dead old dame
  He buried as deep as his memory.

At six o' the clock his task was done;
  Eight graves were closed, and the ninth prepared—
Made ready to welcome a man—what one
  'Twas little the grim old sexton cared.

He sat him down on its brink to rest,
  When the clouds were red and the sky was gray,
And said to himself: "This last is the best
  And deepest of all I have digged to-day.

"Who will fill it, I wonder, and when?
  It does not matter: whoe'er they be,
The best and the worst of the race of men
  Are all alike when they come to me."

They went to him with a man, next day,
  When the sky was gray and the clouds were red,
As the sun set forth on his upward way;
  They went—and they found the sexton dead.

Dead, by the open grave, was he;
  And they buried him in it that self-same day,
And marveled much such a thing should be;
  And since, the people will often say:

If ye dig, no matter when,
Graves to bury other men,
Think — it never can be known
When ye'll chance to dig your own.
Mind ye of the tale ye know—
Nine graves in Edinbro.

NOTE.—The following is related concerning the death of Jemmy Camber, one of the jesters of King James I. during his reign in Scotland:

"Jemmy rose, made him ready, takes his horse, and rides to the churchyard in the high towne, where he found the sexton (as the custom is there) making nine graves—three for men, three for women, and three for children; and whoso dyes next, first come, first served. 'Lend me thy spade,' says Jemmy, and with that digs a hole, which hole hee bids him make for his grave; and doth give him a French crowne. The man, willing to please him (more for his gold than his pleasure), did so; and the foole gets upon his horse, rides to a gentleman of the towne, and on the sodaine within two houres after dyed; of whom the sexton telling, he was buried there indeed."—ROBERT ARNIM, "The Nest of Ninnies." (A. D. 1608.)

Irwin Russell.

LADY BARBERINA.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "An International Episode," etc.

V.

"ON Sundays, now, you might be at home," Jackson Lemon said to his wife in the following month of March, more than six months after his marriage.

"Are the people any nicer on Sundays than they are on other days?" Lady Barberina replied, from the depths of her chair, without looking up from a stiff little book.

He hesitated a single instant before answering:

"I don't know whether they are, but I think you might be."

"I'm as nice as I know how to be. You must take me as I am. You knew when you married me that I was not an American."

Jackson Lemon stood before the fire, toward which his wife's face was turned and her feet were extended; stood there some time, with his hands behind him, and his eyes dropped a little obliquely upon the bent head and richly draped figure of Lady Barberina. It may be said without delay that he was irritated, and it may be added that he had a double cause. He felt himself to be on the verge of the first crisis that had occurred between himself and his wife,—the reader will perceive that it had occurred rather promptly,—and he was annoyed at his annoyance. A glimpse of his state of mind before his marriage has been given to the reader, who will remember that at that period Jackson Lemon somehow regarded himself as lifted above possibilities of irritation. When one was strong, one was not irritable; and a union with a kind of goddess would, of course, be an element of strength. Lady Barb was a goddess still, and Jackson Lemon admired his wife as much as on the day he led her to the altar; but I am not sure that he felt as strong.

"How do you know what people are?" he said in a moment. "You have seen so few; you are perpetually denying yourself. If you should leave New York to-morrow, you would know wonderfully little about it."

"It's all the same," said Lady Barb; "the people are all exactly alike."

"How can you tell? You never see them."

"Didn't I go out every night for the first two months we were here?"

"It was only to about a dozen houses,—always the same; people, moreover, you had already met in London. You have got no general impressions."

"That's just what I have got; I had them before I came. Every one is just the same; they have just the same names—just the same manners."

Again, for an instant, Jackson Lemon hesitated; then he said, in that apparently artless tone of which mention has already been made, and which he sometimes used in London during his wooing:

"Don't you like it over here?"

Lady Barb raised her eyes from her book.

"Did you expect me to like it?"

"I hoped you would, of course. I think I told you so."

"I don't remember. You said very little about it; you seemed to make a kind of mystery. I knew, of course, you expected me to live here; but I didn't know you expected me to like it."

"You thought I asked of you the sacrifice, as it were."

"I am sure I don't know," said Lady Barb. She got up from her chair and tossed the volume she had been reading into the empty seat. "I recommend you to read that book," she added.

"Is it interesting?"

"It's an American novel."

"I never read novels."

"You had better look at that one; it will show you the kind of people you want me to know."

"I have no doubt it's very vulgar," said Jackson Lemon; "I don't see why you read it."

"What else can I do? I can't always be riding in the Park; I hate the Park," Lady Barb remarked.

"It's quite as good as your own," said her husband.

She glanced at him with a certain quickness, her eyebrows slightly lifted. "Do you mean the park at Pasterns?"

"No; I mean the park in London."

"I don't care about London. One was only in London a few weeks."

"I suppose you miss the country," said Jackson Lemon. It was his idea of life that

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he should not be afraid of anything,—not be afraid, in any situation, of knowing the worst that was to be known about it; and the demon of a courage with which discretion was not properly commingled prompted him to take soundings which were perhaps not absolutely necessary for safety, and yet which revealed unmistakable rocks. It was useless to know about rocks if he couldn't avoid them; the only thing was to trust to the wind.

"I don't know what I miss. I think I miss everything!" This was his wife's answer to his too-curious inquiry. It was not peevish, for that is not the tone of a goddess; but it expressed a good deal — a good deal more than Lady Barb, who was rarely eloquent, had expressed before. Nevertheless, though his question had been precipitate, Jackson Lemon said to himself that he might take his time to think over what his wife's little speech contained; he could not help seeing that the future would give him abundant opportunity for that. He was in no hurry to ask himself whether poor Mrs. Freer, in Jermyn street, might not, after all, have been right in saying that, in regard to marrying the product of an English caste, it was not so simple to be an American doctor—might avail little even, in such a case, to be the heir of all the ages. The transition was complicated, but in his bright mind it was rapid, from the brush of a momentary contact with such ideas to certain considerations which led him to say, after an instant, to his wife, "Should you like to go down into Connecticut?"

"Into Connecticut?"

"That's one of our States; it's about as large as Ireland. I'll take you there if you like."

"What does one do there?"

"We can try and get some hunting."

"You and I alone?"

"Perhaps we can get a party to join us."

"The people in the State?"

"Yes; we might propose it to them."

"The trades-people in the towns?"

"Very true; they will have to mind their shops," said Jackson Lemon. "But we might hunt alone."

"Are there any foxes?"

"No; but there are a few old cows."

Lady Barb had already perceived that her husband took it into his head once in a while to laugh at her, and she was aware that the present occasion was neither worse nor better than some others. She didn't mind it particularly now, though in England it would have disgusted her; she had the consciousness of virtue,—an immense comfort,—and flattered herself that she had learned the lesson of an altered standard of fitness; there were, moreover, so many more disagreeable things in America than being laughed at by one's husband. But she pretended to mind it, because it made him stop; and above all it stopped discussion, which with Jackson was so often jocular, and none the less tiresome for that. "I only want to be left alone," she said, in answer—though, indeed, it had not the manner of an answer—to his speech about the cows. With this she wandered away to one of the windows which looked out in the Fifth Avenue. She was very fond of these windows, and she had taken a great fancy to the Fifth Avenue, which, in the high-pitched winter weather, when everything sparkled, was a spectacle full of novelty. It will be seen that she was not wholly unjust to her adoptive country: she found it delightful to look out of the window. This was a pleasure she had enjoyed in London only in the most furtive manner; it was not the kind of thing that girls did in England. Besides, in London, in Hill street, there was nothing particular to see; but in the Fifth Avenue everything and every one went by, and observation was made consistent with dignity by the quantities of brocade and lace in which the windows were draped, which, somehow, would not have been tidy in England, and which made an ambush without concealing the brilliant day. Hundreds of women—the curious women of New York, who were unlike any that Lady Barb had hitherto seen—passed the house every hour; and her ladyship was infinitely entertained and mystified by the sight of their clothes. She spent a good deal more time than she was aware of in this amusement; and if she had been addicted to returning upon herself, or asking herself for an account of her conduct,—an inquiry which she did not, indeed, completely neglect, but treated very cursorily,—it would have made her smile sadly to think what she appeared mainly to have come to America for, conscious though she was that her tastes were very simple, and that so long as she didn't hunt it didn't much matter what she did.

Her husband turned about to the fire, giving a push with his foot to a log that had fallen out of its place. Then he said,—and the connection with the words she had just uttered was apparent enough,—"You really must be at home on Sundays, you know. I used to like that so much in London. All the best women here do it. You had better begin to-day. I am going to see my mother; if I meet any one, I will tell them to come."

"Tell them not to talk so much," said Lady Barb, among her lace curtains.

"Ah, my dear," her husband replied, "it isn't every one that has your concision." And he went and stood behind her in the window,

putting his arm around her waist. It was as much of a satisfaction to him as it had been six months before, at the time the solicitors were settling the matter, that this flower of an ancient stem should be worn upon his own breast; he still thought its fragrance a thing quite apart, and it was as clear as day to him that his wife was the handsomest woman in New York. He had begun, after their arrival, by telling her this very often; but the assurance brought no color to her cheek, no light to her eyes; to be the handsomest woman in New York evidently did not seem to her a position in life. Moreover, the reader may be informed that, oddly enough, Lady Barb did not particularly believe this assertion. There were some very pretty women in New York, and without in the least wishing to be like them—she had seen no woman in America whom she desired to resemble—she envied some of their looks. It is probable that her own finest points were those of which she was most unconscious. But her husband was aware of all of them; nothing could exceed the minuteness of his appreciation of his wife. It was a sign of this that after he had stood behind her a moment he kissed her very tenderly. "Have you any message for my mother?" he asked.

"Please give her my love. And you might take her that book."

"What book?"

"That nasty one I have been reading."

"Oh, bother your books!" said Jackson Lemon, with a certain irritation, as he went out of the room.

There had been a good many things in her life in New York that cost Lady Barb an effort; but sending her love to her mother-in-law was not one of these. She liked Mrs. Lemon better than any one she had seen in America; she was the only person who seemed to Lady Barb really simple, as she understood that quality. Many people had struck her as homely and rustic, and many others as pretentious and vulgar; but in Jackson's mother she had found the golden mean of a simplicity which, as she would have said, was really nice. Her sister, Lady Agatha, was even fonder of Mrs. Lemon; but then Lady Agatha had taken the most extraordinary fancy to every one and everything, and talked as if America were the most delightful country in the world. She was having a lovely time (she already spoke the most beautiful American), and had been, during the winter that was just drawing to a close, the most prominent girl in New York. She had gone out at first with her sister; but for some weeks past Lady Barb had let so many occasions pass that Agatha threw herself into the arms of Mrs. Lemon, who found her extraordinarily quaint and amusing, and was delighted to take her into society. Mrs. Lemon, as an old woman, had given up such vanities; but she only wanted a motive, and in her good-nature she ordered a dozen new caps, and sat smiling against the wall while her little English maid, on polished floors, to the sound of music, cultivated the American step as well as the American tone. There was no trouble in New York about going out, and the winter was not half over before the little English maid found herself an accomplished diner, rolling about, without any chaperon at all, to banquets where she could count upon a bouquet at her plate. She had had a great deal of correspondence with her mother on this point, and Lady Canterville at last withdrew her protest, which in the meantime had been perfectly useless. It was ultimately Lady Canterville's feeling that if she had married the handsomest of her daughters to an American doctor, she might let another become a professional *raconteuse* (Agatha had written to her that she was expected to talk so much), strange as such a destiny seemed for a girl of nineteen. Mrs. Lemon was even a much simpler woman than Lady Barberina thought her; for she had not noticed that Lady Agatha danced much oftener with Herman Longstraw than with any one else. Jackson Lemon, though he went little to balls, had discovered this truth, and he looked slightly preoccupied when, after he had sat five minutes with his mother on the Sunday afternoon through which I have invited the reader to trace so much more than (I am afraid) is easily apparent of the progress of this simple story, he learned that his sister-in-law was entertaining Mr. Longstraw in the library. He had called half an hour before, and she had taken him into the other room to show him the seal of the Cantervilles, which she had fastened to one of her numerous trinkets (she was adorned with a hundred bangles and chains), and the proper exhibition of which required a taper and a stick of wax. Apparently he was examining it very carefully, for they had been absent a good while. Mrs. Lemon's simplicity was further shown by the fact that she had not measured their absence; it was only when Jackson questioned her that she remembered.

Herman Longstraw was a young Californian who had turned up in New York the winter before, and who traveled on his mustache, as they were understood to say in his native State. This mustache, and some of the accompanying features, were very ornamental; several ladies in New York had been known to declare that they were as beautiful as a dream. Taken in connection with his

tall stature, his familiar good-nature, and his remarkable Western vocabulary, they constituted his only social capital; for of the two great divisions, the rich Californians and the poor Californians, it was well known to which he belonged. Jackson Lemon looked at him as a slightly mitigated cowboy, and was somewhat vexed at his dear mother, though he was aware that she could scarcely figure to herself what an effect such an account as that would produce in the halls of Canterville. He had no desire whatever to play a trick on the house to which he was allied, and knew perfectly that Lady Agatha had not been sent to America to become entangled with a Californian of the wrong denomination. He had been perfectly willing to bring her; he thought, a little vindictively, that this would operate as a hint to her parents as to what he might have been inclined to do if they had not sent Mr. Hilary after him. Herman Longstraw, according to the legend, had been a trapper, a squatter, a miner, a pioneer,— had been everything that one could be in the romantic parts of America, and had accumulated masses of experience before the age of thirty. He had shot bears in the Rockies and buffaloes on the plains; and it was even believed that he had brought down animals of a still more dangerous kind among the haunts of men. There had been a story that he owned a cattle-ranch in Arizona; but a later and apparently more authentic version of it, though it represented him as looking after the cattle, did not depict him as their proprietor. Many of the stories told about him were false; but there is no doubt that his mustache, his good-nature, and his accent were genuine. He danced very badly; but Lady Agatha had frankly told several persons that that was nothing new to her; and she liked (this, however, she did not tell) Mr. Herman Longstraw. What she enjoyed in America was the revelation of freedom; and there was no such proof of freedom as conversation with a gentleman who dressed in skins when he was not in New York, and who, in his usual pursuits, carried his life (as well as that of other people) in his hand. A gentleman whom she had sat next to at dinner in the early part of her stay in New York remarked to her that the United States were the paradise of women and mechanics; and this had seemed to her at the time very abstract, for she was not conscious as yet of belonging to either class. In England she had been only a girl; and the principal idea connected with that was simply that, for one's misfortune, one was not a boy. But presently she perceived that New York was a paradise; and this helped her to know that she must be one of the people mentioned in the axiom of her neighbor — people who could do whatever they wanted, had a voice in everything, and made their taste and their ideas felt. She saw that it was great fun to be a woman in America, and that that was the best way to enjoy the New York winter,— the wonderful, brilliant New York winter, the queer, long-shaped, glittering city, the heterogeneous hours, among which you couldn't tell the morning from the afternoon, or the night from either of them, the perpetual liberties and walks, the rushings-out and the droppings-in, the intimacies, the endearments, the comicalities, the sleigh-bells, the cutters, the sunsets on the snow, the ice-parties in the frosty clearness, the bright, hot, velvety houses, the bouquets, the bonbons, the little cakes, the big cakes, the irrepressible inspirations of shopping, the innumerable luncheons and dinners that were offered to youth and innocence, the quantities of chatter of quantities of girls, the perpetual motion of the german, the suppers at restaurants after the play, the way in which life was pervaded by Delmonico, and Delmonico by the sense that though one's hunting was lost, and this so different, it was almost as good — and in all, through all, a kind of suffusion of bright, loud, friendly sound, which was very local, but very human.

Lady Agatha at present was staying, for a little change, with Mrs. Lemon, and such adventures as that were part of the pleasure of her American season. The house was too close; but, physically, the girl could bear anything, and it was all she had to complain of; for Mrs. Lemon, as we know, thought her a quaint little damsel, and had none of those Old World scruples in regard to spoiling young people to which Lady Agatha now perceived that she herself, in the past, had been unduly sacrificed. In her own way — it was not at all her sister's way — she liked to be of importance; and this was assuredly the case when she saw that Mrs. Lemon had apparently nothing in the world to do (after spending a part of the morning with her servants) but invent little distractions (many of them of the edible sort) for her guest. She appeared to have certain friends; but she had no society to speak of, and the people who came into her house came principally to see Lady Agatha. This, as we have seen, was strikingly the case with Herman Longstraw. The whole situation gave Lady Agatha a great feeling of success,— success of a new and unexpected kind. Of course, in England, she had been born successful, in a manner, in coming into the world in one of the most beautiful rooms at Pasterns; but her present triumph was achieved more by her own effort

(not that she had tried very hard) and by her merit. It was not so much what she said (for she never could say half as much as the girls in New York) as the spirit of enjoyment that played in her fresh young face, with its pointless curves, and shone in her gray English eyes. She enjoyed everything, even the street-cars, of which she made liberal use; and, more than everything, she enjoyed Mr. Longstraw and his talk about buffaloes and bears. Mrs. Lemon promised to be very careful, as soon as her son had begun to warn her; and this time she had a certain understanding of what she promised. She thought people ought to make the matches they liked; she had given proof of this in her late behavior to Jackson, whose own union was, in her opinion, marked with all the arbitrariness of true love. Nevertheless, she could see that Herman Longstraw would probably be thought rough in England; and it was not simply that he was so inferior to Jackson, for, after all, certain things were not to be expected. Jackson Lemon was not oppressed with his mother-in-law, having taken his precautions against such a danger; but he was aware that he should give Lady Canterville a permanent advantage over him if, while she was in America, her daughter Agatha should attach herself to a mere mustache.

It was not always, as I have hinted, that Mrs. Lemon entered completely into the views of her son, though in form she never failed to subscribe to them devoutly. She had never yet, for instance, apprehended his reason for marrying Lady Barberina Clement. This was a great secret, and Mrs. Lemon was determined that no one should ever know it. For herself, she was sure that, to the end of time, she should not discover Jackson's reason. She could never ask about it, for that, of course, would betray her. From the first she had told him she was delighted, there being no need of asking for explanations then, as the young lady herself, when she should come to know her, would explain. But the young lady had not yet explained; and after this, evidently, she never would. She was very tall, very handsome, she answered exactly to Mrs. Lemon's prefigurement of the daughter of a lord, and she wore her clothes — which were peculiar, but, to her, remarkably becoming — very well. But she did not elucidate; we know ourselves that there was very little that was explanatory about Lady Barb. So Mrs. Lemon continued to wonder, to ask herself, "Why that one, more than so many others, who would have been more natural?" The choice appeared to her, as I have said, very arbitrary. She found Lady Barb very different from other girls she had known, and this led her almost immediately to feel sorry for her daughter-in-law. She said to herself that Barb was to be pitied if she found her husband's people as peculiar as his mother found *her;* for the result of that would be to make her very lonesome. Lady Agatha was different, because she seemed to keep nothing back; you saw all there was of her, and she was evidently not homesick. Mrs. Lemon could see that Barberina was ravaged by this last passion, and that she was too proud to show it. She even had a glimpse of the ultimate truth; namely, that Jackson's wife had not the comfort of crying, because that would have amounted to a confession that she had been idiotic enough to believe in advance that, in an American town, in the society of doctors, she should escape such pangs. Mrs. Lemon treated her with the greatest gentleness — all the gentleness that was due to a young woman who was in the unfortunate position of having been married, one couldn't tell why. The world, to Mrs. Lemon's view, contained two great departments,— that of people, and that of things; and she believed that you must take an interest either in one or the other. The incomprehensible thing in Lady Barb was that she cared for neither side of the show. Her house apparently inspired her with no curiosity and no enthusiasm, though it had been thought magnificent enough to be described in successive columns in the American newspapers; and she never spoke of her furniture or her domestics, though she had a prodigious quantity of such possessions. She was the same with regard to her acquaintance, which was immense, inasmuch as every one in the place had called on her. Mrs. Lemon was the least critical woman in the world; but it had sometimes exasperated her just a little that her daughter-in-law should receive every one in New York in exactly the same way. There were differences, Mrs. Lemon knew, and some of them were of the highest importance; but poor Lady Barb appeared never to suspect them. She accepted every one and everything, and asked no questions. She had no curiosity about her fellow-citizens, and as she never assumed it for a moment, she gave Mrs. Lemon no opportunity to enlighten her. Lady Barb was a person with whom you could do nothing unless she gave you an opening; and nothing would have been more difficult than to enlighten her against her will. Of course she picked up a little knowledge; but she confounded and transposed American attributes in the most extraordinary way. She had a way of calling every one Doctor; and Mrs. Lemon could scarcely convince her that this distinction was too precious to be so freely

bestowed. She had once said to her mother-in-law that in New York there was nothing to know people by, their names were so very monotonous; and Mrs. Lemon had entered into this enough to see that there was something that stood out a good deal in Barberina's own prefix. It is probable that during her short stay in New York complete justice was not done Lady Barb; she never got credit, for instance, for repressing her annoyance at the aridity of the social nomenclature, which seemed to her hideous. That little speech to her mother was the most reckless sign she gave of it; and there were few things that contributed more to the good conscience she habitually enjoyed than her self-control on this particular point.

Jackson Lemon was making some researches, just now, which took up a great deal of his time; and, for the rest, he passed his hours abundantly with his wife. For the last three months, therefore, he had seen his mother scarcely more than once a week. In spite of researches, in spite of medical societies, where Jackson, to her knowledge, read papers, Lady Barb had more of her husband's company than she had counted upon at the time she married. She had never known a married pair to be so much together as she and Jackson; he appeared to expect her to sit with him in the library in the morning. He had none of the occupations of gentlemen and noblemen in England, for the element of politics appeared to be as absent as the hunting. There were politics in Washington, she had been told, and even at Albany, and Jackson had proposed to introduce her to these cities; but the proposal, made to her once at dinner before several people, had excited such cries of horror that it fell dead on the spot. "We don't want you to see anything of that kind," one of the ladies had said, and Jackson had appeared to be discouraged,—that is if, in regard to Jackson, she could really tell.

"Pray, what is it you want me to see?" Lady Barb had asked on this occasion.

"Well, New York; and Boston, if you want to very much — but not otherwise; and Niagara; and, more than anything, Newport."

Lady Barb was tired of their eternal Newport; she had heard of it a thousand times, and felt already as if she had lived there half her life; she was sure, moreover, that she should hate it. This is perhaps as near as she came to having a lively conviction on any American subject. She asked herself whether she was then to spend her life in the Fifth Avenue, with alternations of a city of villas (she detested villas), and wondered whether that was all the great American country had to offer her. There were times when she thought that she should like the backwoods, and that the Far West might be a resource; for she had analyzed her feelings just deeply enough to discover that when she had—hesitating a good deal—turned over the question of marrying Jackson Lemon, it was not in the least of American barbarism that she was afraid; her dread was of American civilization. She believed the little lady I have just quoted was a goose; but that did not make New York any more interesting. It would be reckless to say that she suffered from an overdose of Jackson's company, because she had a view of the fact that he was much her most important social resource. She could talk to him about England,—about her own England,—and he understood more or less what she wished to say, when she wished to say anything, which was not frequent. There were plenty of other people who talked about England; but with them the range of allusion was always the hotels, of which she knew nothing, and the shops, and the opera, and the photographers; they had a mania for photographs. There were other people who were always wanting her to tell them about Pasterns, and the manner of life there, and the parties; but if there was one thing Lady Barb disliked more than another it was describing Pasterns. She had always lived with people who knew of themselves what such a place would be, without demanding these pictorial efforts, proper only, as she vaguely felt, to persons belonging to the classes whose trade was the arts of expression. Lady Barb, of course, had never gone into it; but she knew that in her own class the business was not to express, but to enjoy; not to represent, but to be represented,—though, indeed, this latter liability might convey offense; for it may be noted that even for an aristocrat Jackson Lemon's wife was aristocratic.

Lady Agatha and her visitor came back from the library in course of time, and Jackson Lemon felt it his duty to be rather cold to Herman Longstraw. It was not clear to him what sort of a husband his sister-in-law would do well to look for in America,—if there were to be any question of husbands; but as to this he was not bound to be definite, provided he should rule out Mr. Longstraw. This gentleman, however, was not given to perceive shades of manner; he had little observation, but very great confidence.

"I think you had better come home with me," Jackson said to Lady Agatha; "I guess you have stayed here long enough."

"Don't let him say that, Mrs. Lemon!" the girl cried. "I like being with you so very much."

"I try to make it pleasant," said Mrs.

Lemon. "I should really miss you now; but perhaps it's your mother's wish." If it were a question of defending her guest from ineligible suitors, Mrs. Lemon felt, of course, that her son was more competent than she, though she had a lurking kindness for Herman Longstraw, and a vague idea that he was a gallant, genial specimen of young America.

"Oh, mamma wouldn't see any difference!" Lady Agatha exclaimed, looking at Jackson with pleading blue eyes. "Mamma wants me to see every one; you know she does. That's what she sent me to America for; she knew it was not like England. She wouldn't like it if I didn't sometimes stay with people; she always wanted us to stay at other houses. And she knows all about you, Mrs. Lemon, and she likes you immensely. She sent you a message the other day,— and I am afraid I forgot to give it you, — to thank you for being so kind to me and taking such a lot of trouble. Really she did, but I forgot it. If she wants me to see as much as possible of America, it's much better I should be here than always with Barb,— it's much less like one's own country. I mean it's much nicer — for a girl," said Lady Agatha, affectionately, to Mrs. Lemon, who began also to look at Jackson with a kind of tender argumentativeness.

"If you want the genuine thing, you ought to come out on the plains," Mr. Longstraw interposed, with smiling sincerity. "I guess that was your mother's idea. Why don't you all come out?" He had been looking intently at Lady Agatha while the remarks I have just repeated succeeded each other on her lips,— looking at her with a kind of fascinated approbation, for all the world as if he had been a slightly slow-witted English gentleman and the girl had been a flower of the West — a flower that knew how to talk. He made no secret of the fact that Lady Agatha's voice was music to him, his ear being much more susceptible than his own inflections would have indicated. To Lady Agatha those inflections were not displeasing, partly because, like Mr. Herman himself, in general, she had not a perception of shades, and partly because it never occurred to her to compare them with any other tones. He seemed to her to speak a foreign language altogether,— a romantic dialect, through which the most comical meanings gleamed here and there.

"I should like it above all things," she said, in answer to his last observation.

"The scenery's superior to anything round here," Mr. Longstraw went on.

Mrs. Lemon, as we know, was the softest of women; but, as an old New Yorker, she had no patience with some of the new fashions. Chief among these was the perpetual reference, which had become common only within a few years, to the outlying parts of the country, the States and Territories of which children in her time used to learn the names, in their order, at school, but which no one ever thought of going to or talking about. Such places, in Mrs. Lemon's opinion, belonged to the geography books, or at most to the literature of newspapers, but not to society nor to conversation; and the change — which, so far as it lay in people's talk, she thought at bottom a mere affectation — threatened to make her native land appear vulgar and vague. For this amiable daughter of Manhattan, the normal existence of man, and still more of woman, had been "located," as she would have said, between Trinity Church and the beautiful reservoir at the top of the Fifth Avenue,— monuments of which she was personally proud; and if we could look into the deeper parts of her mind, I am afraid we should discover there an impression that both the countries of Europe and the remainder of her own continent were equally far from the center and the light.

"Well, scenery isn't everything," she remarked, mildly, to Mr. Longstraw; "and if Lady Agatha should wish to see anything of that kind, all she has got to do is to take the boat up the Hudson."

Mrs. Lemon's recognition of this river, I should say, was all that it need have been; she thought that it existed for the purpose of supplying New Yorkers with poetical feelings helping them to face comfortably occasions like the present, and, in general, meet foreigners with confidence,— part of the oddity of foreigners being their conceit about their own places.

"That's a good idea, Lady Agatha; let's take the boat," said Mr. Longstraw. "I've had great times on the boats."

Lady Agatha looked at her cavalier a little with those singular, charming eyes of hers,— eyes of which it was impossible to say, at any moment, whether they were the shyest or the frankest in the world; and she was not aware, while this contemplation lasted, that her brother-in-law was observing her. He was thinking of certain things while he did so, of things he had heard about the English; who still, in spite of his having married into a family of that nation, appeared to him very much through the medium of hearsay. They were more passionate than the Americans, and they did things that would never have been expected; though they seemed steadier and less excitable, there was much social evidence to show that they were more impulsive.

"It's so very kind of you to propose that," Lady Agatha said, in a moment, to Mrs.

Lemon. "I think I have never been in a ship,— except, of course, coming from England. I am sure mamma would wish me to see the Hudson. We used to go in immensely for boating in England."

"Did you boat in a ship?" Herman Longstraw asked, showing his teeth hilariously, and pulling his mustaches.

"Lots of my mother's people have been in the navy." Lady Agatha perceived vaguely and good-naturedly that she had said something which the odd Americans thought odd, and that she must justify herself. Her standard of oddity was getting dreadfully dislocated.

"I really think you had better come back to us," said Jackson. "Your sister is very lonely without you."

"She is much more lonely with me. We are perpetually having differences. Barb is dreadfully vexed because I like America, instead of — instead of——" And Lady Agatha paused a moment; for it just occurred to her that this might be a betrayal.

"Instead of what?" Jackson Lemon inquired.

"Instead of perpetually wanting to go to England, as she does," she went on, only giving her phrase a little softer turn; for she felt the next moment that her sister could have nothing to hide, and must, of course, have the courage of her opinions. "Of course England's best, but I dare say I like to be bad," said Lady Agatha, artlessly.

"Oh, there's no doubt you are awfully bad," Mr. Longstraw exclaimed, with joyous eagerness. Of course he could not know that what she had principally in mind was an exchange of opinions that had taken place between her sister and herself just before she came to stay with Mrs. Lemon. This incident, of which Longstraw was the occasion, might indeed have been called a discussion, for it had carried them quite into the realms of the abstract. Lady Barb had said she didn't see how Agatha could look at such a creature as that,— an odious, familiar, vulgar being, who had not about him the rudiments of a gentleman. Lady Agatha had replied that Mr. Longstraw was familiar and rough, and that he had a twang, and thought it amusing to talk of her as "the Princess"; but that he was a gentleman for all that, and that, at any rate, he was tremendous fun. Her sister to this had rejoined that if he was rough and familiar, he couldn't be a gentleman, inasmuch as that was just what a gentleman meant,— a man who was civil, and well bred, and well born. Lady Agatha had argued that this was just where she differed; that a man might perfectly be a gentleman, and yet be rough, and even ignorant, so long as he was really nice. The only thing was that he should be really nice, which was the case with Mr. Longstraw, who, moreover, was quite extraordinarily civil — as civil as a man could be. And then Lady Agatha made the strongest point she had ever made in her life — she had never been so inspired — in saying that Mr. Longstraw was rough, perhaps, but not rude,— a distinction altogether wasted on her sister, who declared that she had not come to America, of all places, to learn what a gentleman was. The discussion, in short, had been lively. I know not whether it was the tonic effect on them, too, of the fine winter weather, or, on the other hand, that of Lady Barb's being bored and having nothing else to do; but Lord Canterville's daughters went into the question with the moral earnestness of a pair of Bostonians. It was part of Lady Agatha's view of her admirer that he, after all, much resembled other tall people with smiling eyes and mustaches, who had ridden a good deal in rough countries, and whom she had seen in other places. If he was more familiar, he was also more alert; still, the difference was not in himself, but in the way she saw him,— the way she saw everybody in America. If she should see the others in the same way, no doubt they would be quite the same; and Lady Agatha sighed a little over the possibilities of life; for this peculiar way, especially regarded in connection with gentlemen, had become very pleasant to her.

She had betrayed her sister more than she thought, even though Jackson Lemon did not particularly show it in the tone in which he said: "Of course she knows that she is going to see your mother in the summer." His tone, rather, was that of irritation at the repetition of a familiar idea.

"Oh, it isn't only mamma," replied Lady Agatha.

"I know she likes a cool house," said Mrs. Lemon, suggestively.

"When she goes, you had better bid her good-bye," the girl went on.

"Of course I shall bid her good-bye," said Mrs. Lemon, to whom, apparently, this remark was addressed.

"I shall never bid you good-bye, Princess," Herman Longstraw interposed. "I can tell you that you never will see the last of me."

"Oh, it doesn't matter about me, for I shall come back; but if Barb once gets to England, she will never come back."

"Oh, my dear child," murmured Mrs. Lemon, addressing Lady Agatha, but looking at her son.

Jackson looked at the ceiling, at the floor; above all, he looked very conscious.

"I hope you don't mind my saying that,

Jackson dear," Lady Agatha said to him, for she was very fond of her brother-in-law.

"Ah, well, then, she sha'n't go, then," he remarked, after a moment, with a dry little laugh.

"But you promised mamma, you know," said the girl, with the confidence of her affection.

Jackson looked at her with an eye which expressed none even of his very moderate hilarity. "Your mother, then, must bring her back."

"Get some of your navy people to supply an iron-clad!" cried Mr. Longstraw.

"It would be very pleasant if the Marchioness could come over," said Mrs. Lemon.

"Oh, she would hate it more than poor Barb," Lady Agatha quickly replied. It did not suit her mood at all to see a marchioness inserted into the field of her vision.

"Doesn't she feel interested, from what you have told her?" Herman Longstraw asked of Lady Agatha. But Jackson Lemon did not heed his sister-in-law's answer; he was thinking of something else. He said nothing more, however, about the subject of his thought, and before ten minutes were over he took his departure, having, meanwhile, neglected also to revert to the question of Lady Agatha's bringing her visit to his mother to a close. It was not to speak to him of this (for, as we know, she wished to keep the girl, and somehow could not bring herself to be afraid of Herman Longstraw) that when Jackson took leave she went with him to the door of the house, detaining him a little, while she stood on the steps, as people had always done in New York in her time, though it was another of the new fashions she did not like not to come out of the parlor. She placed her hand on his arm to keep him on the "stoop," and looked up and down into the brilliant afternoon and the beautiful city,— its chocolate-colored houses, so extraordinarily smooth, in which it seemed to her that even the most fastidious people ought to be glad to live. It was useless to conceal it; her son's marriage had made a difference, had put up a kind of barrier. It had brought with it a problem much more difficult than his old problem of how to make his mother feel that she was still, as she had been in his childhood, the dispenser of his rewards. The old problem had been easily solved; the new one was a visible preoccupation. Mrs. Lemon felt that her daughter-in-law did not take her seriously; and that was a part of the barrier. Even if Barberina liked her better than any one else, this was mostly because she liked every one else so little. Mrs. Lemon had not a grain of resentment in her nature; and it was not to feed a sense of wrong that she permitted herself to criticise her son's wife. She could not help feeling that his marriage was not altogether fortunate if his wife didn't take his mother seriously. She knew she was not otherwise remarkable than as being his mother; but that position, which was no merit of hers (the merit was all Jackson's in being her son), seemed to her one which, familiar as Lady Barb appeared to have been in England with positions of various kinds, would naturally strike the girl as a very high one, to be accepted as freely as a fine morning. If she didn't think of his mother as an indivisible part of him, perhaps she didn't think of other things either; and Mrs. Lemon vaguely felt that, remarkable as Jackson was, he was made up of parts, and that it would never do that these parts should be rated lower one by one, for there was no knowing what that might end in. She feared that things were rather cold for him at home when he had to explain so much to his wife,— explain to her, for instance, all the sources of happiness that were to be found in New York. This struck her as a new kind of problem altogether for a husband. She had never thought of matrimony without a community of feeling in regard to religion and country; one took those great conditions for granted, just as one assumed that one's food was to be cooked; and if Jackson should have to discuss them with his wife, he might, in spite of his great abilities, be carried into regions where he would get entangled and embroiled,— from which even, possibly, he would not come back at all. Mrs. Lemon had a horror of losing him in some way; and this fear was in her eyes as she stood on the steps of her house, and, after she had glanced up and down the street, looked at him a moment in silence. He simply kissed her again, and said she would take cold.

"I am not afraid of that; I have a shawl." Mrs. Lemon, who was very small and very fair, with pointed features and an elaborate cap, passed her life in a shawl, and owed to this habit her reputation for being an invalid,— an idea which she scorned, naturally enough, inasmuch as it was precisely her shawl that (as she believed) kept her from being one. "Is it true Barberina wont come back?" she asked of her son.

"I don't know that we shall ever find out; I don't know that I shall take her to England."

"Didn't you promise, dear?"

"I don't know that I promised; not absolutely."

"But you wouldn't keep her here against her will?" said Mrs. Lemon, inconsequently.

"I guess she will get used to it," Jackson answered, with a lightness he did not altogether feel."

Mrs. Lemon looked up and down the street again, and gave a little sigh.

"What a pity she isn't American!" She did not mean this as a reproach, a hint of what might have been; it was simply embarrassment resolved into speech.

"She couldn't have been American," said Jackson, with decision.

"Couldn't she, dear?" Mrs. Lemon spoke with a kind of respect; she felt that there were imperceptible reasons in this.

"It was just as she is that I wanted her," Jackson added.

"Even if she wont come back?" his mother asked, with a certain wonder.

"Oh, she has got to come back!" Jackson said, going down the steps.

VI.

LADY BARB, after this, did not decline to see her New York acquaintances on Sunday afternoons, though she refused for the present to enter into a project of her husband's, who thought it would be a pleasant thing that she should entertain his friends on the evening of that day. Like all good Americans, Jackson Lemon devoted much consideration to the great question how, in his native land, society should be brought into being. It seemed to him that it would help the good cause for which so many Americans are ready to lay down their lives, if his wife should, as he jocularly called it, open a saloon. He believed, or he tried to believe, the *salon* now possible in New York, on condition of its being reserved entirely for adults; and in having taken a wife out of a country in which social traditions were rich and ancient, he had done something toward qualifying his own house — so splendidly qualified in all strictly material respects —to be the scene of such an effort. A charming woman, accustomed only to the best in each country, as Lady Beauchemin said, what might she not achieve by being at home (to the elder generation) in an easy, early, inspiring, comprehensive way, on the evening in the week on which worldly engagements were least numerous? He laid this philosophy before Lady Barb, in pursuance of a theory that if she disliked New York on a short acquaintance, she could not fail to like it on a long one. Jackson Lemon believed in the New York mind,— not so much, indeed, in its literary, artistic, or political achievements as in its general quickness and nascent adaptability. He clung to this belief, for it was a very important piece of material in the structure that he was attempting to rear. The New York mind would throw its glamour over Lady Barb if she would only give it a chance; for it was exceedingly bright, entertaining, and sympathetic. If she would only have a *salon*, where this charming organ might expand, and where she might inhale its fragrance in the most convenient and luxurious way, without, as it were, getting up from her chair,— if she would only just try this graceful, good-natured experiment (which would make every one like *her* so much, too),— he was sure that all the wrinkles in the gilded scroll of his fate would be smoothed out. But Lady Barb did not rise at all to his conception, and had not the least curiosity about the New York mind. She thought it would be extremely disagreeable to have a lot of people tumbling in on Sunday evening without being invited; and altogether, her husband's sketch of the Anglo-American saloon seemed to her to suggest familiarity, high-pitched talk (she had already made a remark to him about "screeching women"), and exaggerated laughter. She did not tell him — for this, somehow, it was not in her power to express, and, strangely enough, he never completely guessed it — that she was singularly deficient in any natural, or indeed acquired, understanding of what a saloon might be. She had never seen one, and for the most part she never thought of things she had not seen. She had seen great dinners, and balls, and meets, and runs, and races; she had seen garden-parties, and a lot of people, mainly women (who, however, didn't screech), at dull, stuffy teas, and distinguished companies collected in splendid castles; but all this gave her no idea of a tradition of conversation, of a social agreement that its continuity, its accumulations from season to season, should not be lost. Conversation, in Lady Barb's experience, had never been continuous; in such a case it would surely have been a bore. It had been occasional and fragmentary,— a trifle jerky, with allusions that were never explained; it had a dread of detail; it seldom pursued anything very far, or kept hold of it very long.

There was something else that she did not say to her husband in reference to his visions of hospitality, which was, that if she should open a saloon (she had taken up the joke as well, for Lady Barb was eminently good-natured), Mrs. Vanderdecken would straightway open another, and Mrs. Vanderdecken's would be the more successful of the two. This lady, for reasons that Lady Barb had not yet explored, was supposed to be the great personage in New York; there were legends of her husband's family having behind them a fabulous antiquity. When this was alluded to, it was spoken of as something incalculable, and lost in the dimness of time. Mrs. Vanderdecken was young, pretty, clever, incredibly pretentious (Lady Barb thought), and had a wonderfully artistic house. Ambition, also,

was expressed in every rustle of her garments; and if she were the first person in America (this had an immense sound), it was plain that she intended to remain so. It was not till after she had been several months in New York that it came over Lady Barb that this brilliant native had flung down the glove; and when the idea presented itself, lighted up by an incident which I have no space to relate, she simply blushed a little (for Mrs. Vanderdecken) and held her tongue. She had not come to America to bandy words about precedence with such a woman as that. She had ceased to think about it much (of course one thought about it in England); but an instinct of self-preservation led her not to expose herself to occasions on which her claim might be tested. This, at bottom, had much to do with her having, very soon after the first flush of the honors paid her on her arrival, and which seemed to her rather grossly overdone, taken the line of scarcely going out. "They can't keep *that* up!" she had said to herself; and, in short, she would stay at home. She had a feeling that whenever she should go forth she would meet Mrs. Vanderdecken, who would withhold, or deny, or contest something,—poor Lady Barb could never imagine what. She did not try to, and gave little thought to all this; for she was not prone to confess to herself fears, especially fears from which terror was absent. But, as I have said, it abode within her as a presentiment, that if she should set up a drawing-room in the foreign style (it was curious, in New York, how they tried to be foreign) Mrs. Vanderdecken would be beforehand with her. The continuity of conversation—oh! that idea she would certainly have; there was no one so continuous as Mrs. Vanderdecken. Lady Barb, as I have related, did not give her husband the surprise of telling him these thoughts, though she had given him some other surprises. He would have been very much astonished, and perhaps, after a bit, a little encouraged, at finding that she was liable to this particular form of irritation.

On the Sunday afternoon she was visible; and on one of these occasions, going into her drawing-room late, he found her entertaining two ladies and a gentleman. The gentleman was Sidney Feeder, and one of the ladies was Mrs. Vanderdecken, whose ostensible relations with Lady Barb were of the most cordial nature. If she intended to crush her (as two or three persons, not conspicuous for a narrow accuracy, gave out that she privately declared), Mrs. Vanderdecken wished at least to study the weak points of the invader, to penetrate herself with the character of the English girl. Lady Barb, indeed, appeared to have a mysterious fascination for the representative of the American patriciate. Mrs. Vanderdecken could not take her eyes off her victim; and whatever might be her estimate of her importance, she at least could not let her alone. "Why does she come to see me?" poor Lady Barb asked herself. "I am sure I don't want to see her; she has done enough for civility long ago." Mrs. Vanderdecken had her own reasons; and one of them was simply the pleasure of looking at the Doctor's wife, as she habitually called the daughter of the Cantervilles. She was not guilty of the folly of depreciating this lady's appearance, and professed an unbounded admiration for it, defending it on many occasions against superficial people, who said there were fifty women in New York who were handsomer. Whatever might have been Lady Barb's weak points, they were not the curve of her cheek and chin, the setting of her head on her throat, or the quietness of her deep eyes, which were as beautiful as if they had been blank, like those of antique busts. "The head is enchanting—perfectly enchanting," Mrs. Vanderdecken used to say irrelevantly, as if there were only one head in the place. She always used to ask about the Doctor; and that was another reason why she came. She brought up the Doctor at every turn; asked if he were often called up at night; found it the greatest of luxuries, in a word, to address Lady Barb as the wife of a medical man, more or less *au courant* of her husband's patients. The other lady, on this Sunday afternoon, was a certain little Mrs. Chew, who had the appearance of a small but very expensive doll, and was always asking Lady Barb about England, which Mrs. Vanderdecken never did. The latter visitor conversed with Lady Barb on a purely American basis, with that continuity (on her own side) of which mention has already been made, while Mrs. Chew engaged Sidney Feeder on topics equally local. Lady Barb liked Sidney Feeder; she only hated his name, which was constantly in her ears during the half-hour the ladies sat with her, Mrs. Chew having the habit, which annoyed Lady Barb, of repeating perpetually the appellation of her interlocutor.

Lady Barb's relations with Mrs. Vanderdecken consisted mainly in wondering, while she talked, what she wanted of her, and in looking with her sculptured eyes at her visitor's clothes, in which there was always much to examine. "Oh, Dr. Feeder!" "Now, Dr. Feeder!" "Well, Dr. Feeder!"—these exclamations, on the lips of Mrs. Chew, were an undertone in Lady Barb's consciousness.

When I say that she liked her husband's *confrère*, as he used to call himself, I mean that she smiled at him when he came, and gave him her hand, and asked him if he would have some tea. There was nothing nasty (as they said in London) in Lady Barb, and she would have been incapable of inflicting a deliberate snub upon a man who had the air of standing up so squarely to any work that he might have in hand. But she had nothing to say to Sidney Feeder. He apparently had the art of making her shy, more shy than usual, for she was always a little so; she discouraged him, discouraged him completely. He was not a man who wanted drawing out, there was nothing of that in him, he was remarkably copious; but Lady Barb appeared unable to follow him, and half the time, evidently, did not know what he was saying. He tried to adapt his conversation to her needs; but when he spoke of the world, of what was going on in society, she was more at sea even than when he spoke of hospitals and laboratories, and the health of the city, and the progress of science. She appeared, indeed, after her first smile when he came in, which was always charming, scarcely to see him, looking past him, and above him, and below him, and everywhere but at him, until he got up to go again, when she gave him another smile, as expressive of pleasure and of casual acquaintance as that with which she had greeted his entry; it seemed to imply that they had been having delightful talk for an hour. He wondered what the deuce Jackson Lemon could find interesting in such a woman, and he believed that his perverse though gifted colleague was not destined to feel that she illuminated his life. He pitied Jackson; he saw that Lady Barb, in New York, would neither assimilate nor be assimilated; and yet he was afraid to betray his incredulity, thinking it might be depressing to poor Lemon to show him how his marriage — now so dreadfully irrevocable — struck others. Sidney Feeder was a man of a strenuous conscience, and he did his duty overmuch by his old friend and his wife, from the simple fear that he should not do it enough. In order not to appear to neglect them, he called upon Lady Barb heroically, in spite of pressing engagements, week after week, enjoying his virtue himself as little as he made it fruitful for his hostess, who wondered at last what she had done to deserve these visitations. She spoke of them to her husband, who wondered also what poor Sidney had in his head, and yet was unable, of course, to hint to him that he need not think it necessary to come so often. Between Dr. Feeder's wish not to let Jackson see that his marriage had made a difference, and Jackson's hesitation to reveal to Sidney that his standard of friendship was too high, Lady Barb passed a good many of those numerous hours during which she asked herself if she had come to America for that. Very little had ever passed between her and her husband on the subject of Sidney Feeder; for an instinct told her that if they were ever to have scenes, she must choose the occasion well, and this odd person was not an occasion. Jackson had tacitly admitted that his friend Feeder was anything he chose to think him; he was not a man to be guilty, in a discussion, of the disloyalty of damning him with praise that was faint. If Lady Agatha had usually been with her sister, Dr. Feeder would have been better entertained; for the younger of the English visitors prided herself, after several months of New York, on understanding everything that was said, and catching every allusion, it mattered not from whose lips it fell. But Lady Agatha was never at home; she had learned how to describe herself perfectly by the time she wrote to her mother that she was always "on the go." None of the innumerable victims of Old World tyranny who have fled to the United States as to a land of freedom, have ever offered more lavish incense to that goddess than this emancipated London *débutante*. She had enrolled herself in an amiable band which was known by the humorous name of "the Tearers,"— a dozen young ladies of agreeable appearance, high spirits, and good wind, whose most general characteristic was that, when wanted, they were to be sought anywhere in the world but under the roof that was supposed to shelter them. They were never at home; and when Sidney Feeder, as sometimes happened, met Lady Agatha at other houses, she was in the hands of the irrepressible Longstraw. She had come back to her sister, but Mr. Longstraw had followed her to the door. As to passing it, he had received direct discouragement from her brother-in-law; but he could at least hang about and wait for her. It may be confided to the reader, at the risk of diminishing the effect of the only incident which in the course of this very level narrative may startle him, that he never had to wait very long.

When Jackson Lemon came in, his wife's visitors were on the point of leaving her; and he did not ask even Sidney Feeder to remain, for he had something particular to say to Lady Barb.

"I haven't asked you half what I wanted — I have been talking so much to Dr. Feeder," the dressy Mrs. Chew said, holding the hand of her hostess in one of her own,

and toying with one of Lady Barb's ribbons with the other.

"I don't think I have anything to tell you; I think I have told people everything," Lady Barb answered, rather wearily.

"You haven't told *me* much!" Mrs. Vanderdecken said, smiling brightly.

"What could one tell you?—you know everything," Jackson Lemon interposed.

"Ah, no; there are some things that are great mysteries for me," the lady returned. "I hope you are coming to me on the 17th," she added, to Lady Barb.

"On the 17th? I think we are going somewhere."

"Do go to Mrs. Vanderdecken's," said Mrs. Chew; "you'll see the cream of the cream."

"Oh, gracious!" Mrs. Vanderdecken exclaimed.

"Well, I don't care; she will, wont she, Dr. Feeder?—the very pick of American society." Mrs. Chew stuck to her point.

"Well, I have no doubt Lady Barb will have a good time," said Sidney Feeder. "I'm afraid you miss the bran," he went on, with irrelevant jocosity, to Lady Barb. He always tried the jocose when other elements had failed.

"The bran?" asked Lady Barb, staring.

"Where you used to ride in the Park."

"My dear fellow, you speak as if it were the circus," Jackson Lemon said, smiling; "I haven't married a mountebank!"

"Well, they put some stuff on the road," Sidney Feeder explained, not holding much to his joke.

"You must miss a great many things," said Mrs. Chew, tenderly.

"I don't see what," Mrs. Vanderdecken remarked, "except the fogs and the Queen. New York is getting more and more like London. It's a pity; you ought to have known us thirty years ago."

"You are the queen here," said Jackson Lemon; "but I don't know what you know about thirty years ago."

"Do you think she doesn't go back?—she goes back to the last century!" cried Mrs. Chew.

"I dare say I should have liked that," said Lady Barb; "but I can't imagine." And she looked at her husband—a look she often had—as if she vaguely wished him to do something.

He was not called upon, however, to take any violent steps, for Mrs. Chew presently said, "Well, Lady Barberina, good-bye;" and Mrs. Vanderdecken smiled in silence at her hostess, and addressed a farewell, accompanied very audibly with his title, to her host; and Sidney Feeder made a joke about stepping on the trains of the ladies' dresses as he accompanied them to the door. Mrs. Chew had always a great deal to say at the last; she talked till she was in the street, and then she did not cease. But at the end of five minutes Jackson Lemon was alone with his wife; and then he told her a piece of news. He prefaced it, however, by an inquiry as he came back from the hall.

"Where is Agatha, my dear?"

"I haven't the least idea. In the streets somewhere, I suppose."

"I think you ought to know a little more."

"How can I know about things here? I have given her up; I can do nothing with her. I don't care what she does."

"She ought to go back to England," Jackson Lemon said, after a pause.

"She ought never to have come."

"It was not my proposal, God knows!" Jackson answered, rather sharply.

"Mamma could never know what it really is," said his wife.

"No; it has not been as yet what your mother supposed! Herman Longstraw wants to marry her. He has made me a formal proposal. I met him half an hour ago in Madison Avenue, and he asked me to come with him into the Columbia Club. There, in the billiard-room, which to-day is empty, he opened himself—thinking evidently that in laying the matter before me he was behaving with extraordinary propriety. He tells me he is dying of love, and that she is perfectly willing to go and live in Arizona."

"So she is," said Lady Barb. "And what did you tell him?"

"I told him that I was sure it would never do, and that at any rate I could have nothing to say to it. I told him explicitly, in short, what I had told him virtually before. I said that we should send Agatha straight back to England, and that if they had the courage they must themselves broach the question over there."

"When shall you send her back?" asked Lady Barb.

"Immediately; by the very first steamer."

"Alone, like an American girl?"

"Don't be rough, Barb," said Jackson Lemon. "I shall easily find some people; lots of people are sailing now."

"I must take her myself," Lady Barb declared in a moment. "I brought her out, and I must restore her to my mother's hands."

Jackson Lemon had expected this, and he believed he was prepared for it. But when it came he found his preparation was not complete; for he had no answer to make—none, at least, that seemed to him to go to the point. During these last weeks it had come over him,

with a quiet, irresistible, unmerciful force, that Mrs. Dexter Freer had been right when she said to him, that Sunday afternoon in Jermyn street, the summer before, that he would find it was not so simple to be an American. Such an identity was complicated, in just the measure that she had foretold, by the difficulty of domesticating one's wife. The difficulty was not dissipated by his having taken a high tone about it; it pinched him from morning till night, like a misfitting shoe. His high tone had given him courage when he took the great step; but he began to perceive that the highest tone in the world cannot change the nature of things. His ears tingled when he reflected that if the Dexter Freers, whom he had thought alike abject in their hopes and their fears, had been by ill-luck spending the winter in New York, they would have found his predicament as entertaining as they could desire. Drop by drop the conviction had entered his mind — the first drop had come in the form of a word from Lady Agatha — that if his wife should return to England, she would never again cross the Atlantic to the west. That word from Lady Agatha had been the touch from the outside, at which often one's fears crystallize. What she would do, how she would resist,— this he was not yet prepared to tell himself; but he felt, every time he looked at her, that this beautiful woman, whom he had adored, was filled with a dumb, insuperable, ineradicable purpose. He knew that if she should plant herself, no power on earth would move her; and her blooming, antique beauty, and the general loftiness of her breeding, came to seem to him — rapidly — but the magnificent expression of a dense, patient, imperturbable obstinacy. She was not light, she was not supple, and after six months of marriage he had made up his mind that she was not clever; but, nevertheless, she would elude him. She had married him, she had come into his fortune and his consideration,— for who was she, after all? Jackson Lemon was once so angry as to ask himself, reminding himself that in England Lady Claras and Lady Florences were as thick as blackberries,— but she would have nothing to do, if she could help it, with his country. She had gone in to dinner first in every house in the place, but this had not satisfied her. It *had* been simple to be an American, in this sense, that no one else in New York had made any difficulties; the difficulties had sprung from her peculiar feelings, which were, after all, what he had married her for, thinking they would be a fine temperamental heritage for his brood. So they would, doubtless, in the coming years, after the brood should have appeared; but meanwhile they interfered with the best heritage of all — the nationality of his possible children. Lady Barb would do nothing violent; he was tolerably certain of that. She would not return to England without his consent; only when she should return, it would be once for all. His only possible line, then, was not to take her back,— a position replete with difficulties, because, of course, he had in a manner given his word, while she had given no word at all, beyond the general promise she murmured at the altar. She had been general, but he had been specific; the settlements he had made were a part of that. His difficulties were such as he could not directly face. He must tack in approaching so uncertain a coast. He said to Lady Barb presently that it would be very inconvenient for him to leave New York at that moment: she must remember that their plans had been laid for a later departure. He could not think of letting her make the voyage without him, and, on the other hand, they must pack her sister off without delay. He would, therefore, make instant inquiry for a chaperon; and he relieved his irritation by expressing considerable disgust at Herman Longstraw.

Lady Barb did not trouble herself to denounce this gentleman; her manner was that of having for a long time expected the worst. She simply remarked dryly, after having listened to her husband for some minutes in silence: "I would as lief she should marry Dr. Feeder!"

The day after this, Jackson Lemon closeted himself for an hour with Lady Agatha, taking great pains to set forth to her the reasons why she should not marry her Californian. Jackson was kind, he was affectionate; he kissed her, and put his arm around her waist; he reminded her that he and she were the best of friends, and that she had always been awfully nice to him; therefore he counted upon her. She would break her mother's heart, she would deserve her father's curse, and she would get him, Jackson, into a pickle from which no human power could ever disembroil him. Lady Agatha listened and cried, and returned his kiss very affectionately, and admitted that her father and mother would never consent to such a marriage; and when he told her that he had made arrangements for her to sail for Liverpool (with some charming people) the next day but one, she embraced him again, and assured him that she could never thank him enough for all the trouble he had taken about her. He flattered himself that he had convinced, and in some degree comforted her, and reflected with complacency that even should his wife take it into her head, Barberina would never get ready to embark for her native land between a Monday and a Wednesday. The next morning

Lady Agatha did not appear at breakfast; but as she usually rose very late, her absence excited no alarm. She had not rung her bell, and she was supposed still to be sleeping. But she had never yet slept later than midday; and as this hour approached, her sister went to her room. Lady Barb then discovered that she had left the house at seven o'clock in the morning, and had gone to meet Herman Longstraw at a neighboring corner. A little note on the table explained it very succinctly, and put beyond the power of Jackson Lemon and his wife to doubt that by the time this news reached them their wayward sister had been united to the man of her preference as closely as the laws of the State of New York could bind her. Her little note set forth that as she knew she should never be permitted to marry him, she had determined to marry him without permission, and that directly after the ceremony, which would be of the simplest kind, they were to take a train for the Far West. Our history is concerned only with the remote consequences of this incident, which made, of course, a great deal of trouble for Jackson Lemon. He went to the Far West in pursuit of the fugitives, and overtook them in California; but he had not the audacity to propose to them to separate, as it was easy for him to see that Herman Longstraw was at least as well married as himself. Lady Agatha was already popular in the new States, where the history of her elopement, emblazoned in enormous capitals, was circulated in a thousand newspapers. This question of the newspapers had been for Jackson Lemon one of the most definite results of his sister-in-law's *coup de tête*. His first thought had been of the public prints, and his first exclamation a prayer that they should not get hold of the story. But they did get hold of it, and they treated the affair with their customary energy and eloquence. Lady Barb never saw them; but an affectionate friend of the family, traveling at that time in the United States, made a parcel of some of the leading journals, and sent them to Lord Canterville. This missive elicited from her ladyship a letter addressed to Jackson Lemon which shook the young man's position to the base. The phials of an unnamable vulgarity had been opened upon the house of Canterville, and his mother-in-law demanded that in compensation for the affronts and injuries that were being heaped upon her family, and bereaved and dishonored as she was, she should at least be allowed to look on the face of her other daughter. "I suppose you will not, for very pity, be deaf to such a prayer as that," said Lady Barb; and though shrinking from recording a second act of weakness on the part of a man who had such pretensions to be strong, I must relate that poor Jackson, who blushed dreadfully over the newspapers, and felt afresh as he read them the force of Mrs. Freer's terrible axiom,—poor Jackson paid a visit to the office of the Cunarders. He said to himself afterward that it was the newspapers that had done it; he could not bear to appear to be on their side; they made it so hard to deny that the country was vulgar, at a time when one was in such need of all one's arguments. Lady Barb, before sailing, definitely refused to mention any week or month as the date of their prearranged return to New York. Very many weeks and months have elapsed since then, and she gives no sign of coming back. She will never fix a date. She is much missed by Mrs. Vanderdecken, who still alludes to her—still says the line of the shoulders was superb; putting the statement, pensively, in the past tense. Lady Beauchemin and Lady Marmaduke are much disconcerted; the international project has not, in their view, received an impetus.

Jackson Lemon has a house in London, and he rides in the Park with his wife, who is as beautiful as the day, and a year ago presented him with a little girl, with features that Jackson already scans for the look of race,—whether in hope or fear, to-day, is more than my muse has revealed. He has occasional scenes with Lady Barb, during which the look of race is very visible in her own countenance; but they never terminate in a visit to the Cunarders. He is exceedingly restless, and is constantly crossing to the continent; but he returns with a certain abruptness, for he cannot bear to meet the Dexter Freers, and they seem to pervade the more comfortable parts of Europe. He dodges them in every town. Sidney Feeder feels very badly about him; it is months since Jackson has sent him any "results." The excellent fellow goes very often, in a consolatory spirit, to see Mrs. Lemon; but he has not yet been able to answer her standing question: "Why that girl more than another?" Lady Agatha Longstraw and her husband arrived a year ago in England, and Mr. Longstraw's personality had immense success during the last London season. It is not exactly known what they live on, though it is perfectly known that he is looking for something to do. Meanwhile, it is as good as known that Jackson Lemon supports them.

THE END.

CATALINA'S BETROTHAL.

My lover lived by sea and shore; he sailed the Spanish Main;
Oh! the long round wave comes rolling up to shore;
From Port au Prince to Barbadoes, and fair Cadiz in Spain,
O Summer, keep the summer seas until he comes again:
For loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.

We said the creed, to festas went, we danced the bolero;
And the long, round wave comes rolling up to shore;
Geneta frowns, Pepita pouts, because he loves me so;
He told me so a hundred times, before I let him go;
And loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.

With purple dyes and scented wood, the ship went down the bay,
And the long, round wave comes rolling up to shore;
As sinks the light below the sea, I saw it float away,
To bring me silks and Spanish lace against the wedding-day;
And loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.

I told the padre how the wind comes crying every night
And the long round wave comes rolling up to shore;
He gave me three *novenas*, for the south winds low and light,
To clothe the silken seas in lace and veils of Spanish white;
But loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.

And all night long *Los Nortes* came; I heard them shriek and cry,
And the long, round wave comes rolling up to shore;
And fearful things far out at sea, that neither live nor die,
Laid their long wings along the hills and beat the sea and sky;
And loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.

I heard a ship, gun after gun, through all the stormy night,
And the long, round wave comes rolling up to shore;
And something like a bird that comes, with breast and wing of white,
To wives of sailors lost at sea, against the window light,
And loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.

I chose the dress he loved the best, the windows opened wide,
And the long, round wave comes rolling up to shore:
I knelt before the crucifix, as if close to his side;
As something seemed to speak for him, I answered like a bride,
And loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.

I heard the neighbors at the church, through all the storm and strife,
And the long, round wave comes rolling up to shore;
At mass, before the uprisen Host, that is the Lord of Life;
And knew He heard the vows that made me widowed, wedded wife;
And loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.

And though they frown to hear me say: He sails the Spanish Main,
Where the long, round wave comes rolling up to shore,
I know my life is like the sea. Below its cross of pain
It keeps its treasures hidden safe until he comes again,
Though loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.

Will Wallace Harney.

CRUISING AROUND CAPE BRETON.

THE CRUISE OF THE "ALICE MAY."—VI.

AT day-break of August 18th we had hoped to see the high land of Cape Breton Island, but were greeted instead by a boisterous south-west gale, attended with fog, which turned into violent squalls of wind and rain and a savage sea, which, by its short, steep waves, showed that we were coming under the lee of the land. When the south-west wind concludes to swell to a strong gale it is of short duration, either backing around to south-east or shifting to west-nor'-west. We kept a sharp lookout in the rapid squalls, and at noon the wind shifted to north-west. At once the murky horizon began to clear away, and the lookout at the mast-head cried "Land ho!" There, indeed, was the land, twenty miles away; but the prospect of reaching it before night was slim, as the wind now fairly screeched, raising an ugly, cobbling sea which, with the strong tide and current, scarcely allowed the little *Alice May* to hold her own under the short canvas to which she was stripped.

But toward evening the wind moderated, and, with the change of the tide, we stood in quite near to the land, and gazed astonished on the noble coast lost to view far away in the broading north. After sunset the wind came out stronger than ever, and, as Captain Welsh was unfamiliar with the harbor of Sydney, to which we were bound, we gave up all hope of getting in that night, greatly to our disappointment, as the time allotted to our cruise was now getting short and every day was valuable. While we were discussing the prospect below in no very amiable mood, the mate put his head down the companion-way and shouted:

"There's a tug alongside, sir, bound in! Do you want to hail her?"

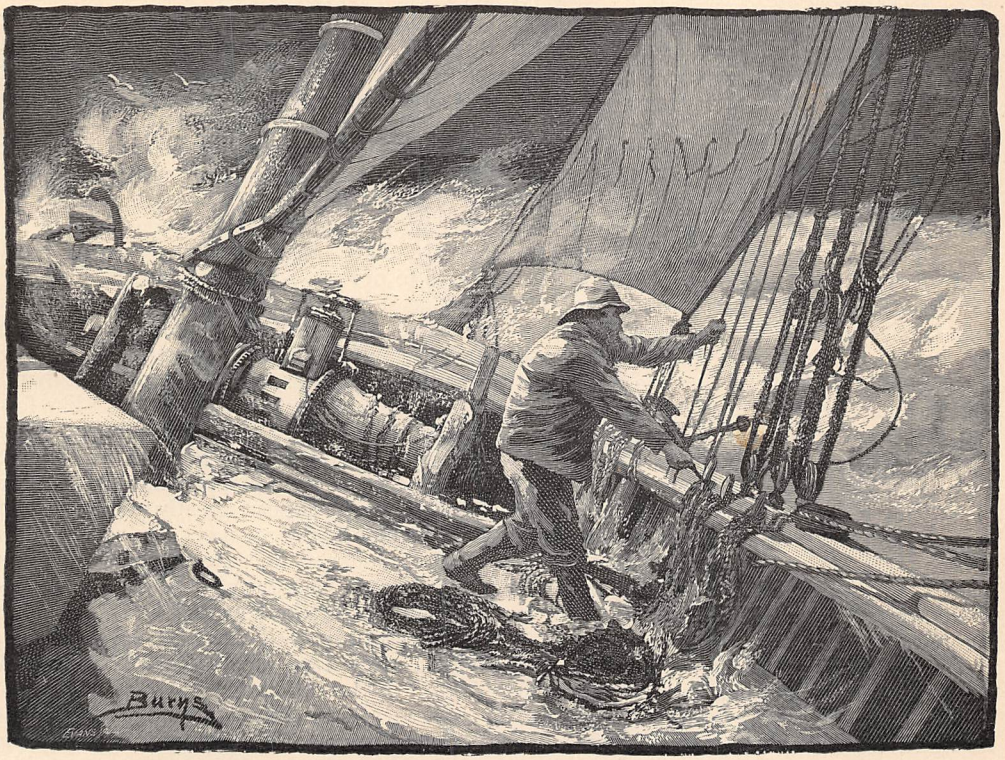
We cleared the stairs at a bound, and, as we saw the tug passing us at the rate of twelve knots, did not stop an instant to deliberate, but hailed her with, "What do you ask to take us in?"

"Ten dollars!"

"All right; lay alongside and take a line aboard!"

In two minutes we were attached to the tug, our canvas was lowered and furled, and in an hour we dropped anchor in a snug haven amid a cluster of ships' lights twinkling in the water around us. We had arrived at Sydney. This port depends entirely for its importance upon its coal mines. The island of Cape Breton is completely seamed with veins of coal, which are worked at various places. Louisburg and Sydney are, however, the chief mining centers, and the latter has a large export trade. The harbor is large and secure, but owing to the character of the weather, insurance is doubled on ships going there between the first of October and the first of April. Sydney really consists of North and South Sydney, which are situated five miles apart on the same bay. The former, although the larger of the two places, has little to attract. But South Sydney, where our courteous consul, Mr. Lever, resides, is a charming village, with green, sloping banks gracefully meeting the placid waters of a beautiful cove. The water is so deep near the land that the largest vessels can moor within a few yards of the shore. This is a magnificent bay for boating, and South Sydney can be safely recommended as a summer resort. Two large French ships of war were lying there at the time of our visit. The house of the French consul comes close to the water; its ample veranda, overhanging willows, and smooth-shaven lawn aided to give a semi-tropical air to the town. Both here and at North Sydney churches abound, and the kirk and the papacy seem to be diligent in gathering flocks into the fold, the Catholics outnumbering the Protestants. The natural limits of each would appear, however, to have been reached for the present. The emigration from Cape Breton to the United States keeps pace with the natural growth of the population, which is very meager. It does not exceed seventy-five thousand, on an area larger than Massachusetts. North of the Bras d'Or, between St. Anne and Cape North, is an immense tract covered with primeval woods, which has never been fully explored. The axe has not touched the dense forests, nor has the rifle of the settler disturbed the bear, the deer, and the caribou, which still roam there at will. Judging from the character of the coast, which is broken and sublime, the interior must be rich in attractions to the artist, the sportsman, and the adventurer. There is little enterprise at Cape Breton. "What our people want," said a gentleman to me, "is money."

But something more is needed, and that is that willingness to dare which is called enterprise. It must be conceded that the long winters



STRUCK BY A SQUALL.

tend to check immigration and to foster emigration, while the yield of the mines and the fields and the large exportation of beef cattle are sufficient to keep the people comfortable, at least, if not wealthy. It is rare to see any signs of poverty at Cape Breton. The result is to make them generally contented. They all own their farms and homesteads, and every commodity is cheap. Most of the worthy islanders are of Scotch descent, and a hale, hearty, buxom race they are. Those who come thence to the United States should be welcomed, for they are of a nature to add real strength to the race now building up in this country out of the various peoples flocking to our shores.

There was nothing to detain us long at Sydney, while the famous Bras d'Or yet remained to be seen. Louisburg we decided not to visit, because our time was short and little remains of the former town. We therefore took a fresh stock of water and provisions on board, and the second morning at dawn stood out to sea. It was a superb day, one of those which make the heart light, and we had a fair wind to carry us to the Bras d'Or, only two hours' sail from Sydney.

The conformation of Cape Breton Island is peculiar. It is divided into two nearly equal portions by an arm of the sea some sixty-five miles in length. These two halves are united at the western end by a neck only a mile wide. A canal was cut through this some years ago, allowing the passage of ships of one thousand tons, and the island now virtually forms two islands. At the eastern extremity the entrance is nearly occupied by Boulardrie Island, and the narrow passages on two sides are called the Great and Little Bras d'Or entrances. The latter is very narrow and tortuous, and hardly accessible except to boats. But the former is nearly a mile wide in parts, and the approach is, in nautical language, clear, or free from reefs. On emerging from this strait, one comes into two noble sheets of water, called the Great and Little Bras d'Or Lakes. It is evident at a glance that this conformation of land and water must offer a fine opportunity for inland cruising.

Our fair wind suddenly shifted into our front, and we now found we should have a dead beat under press of sail to get in before night. The winds around these highlands are very puffy and capricious, but we were amply repaid by the beauty of the frowning cliffs toward which we were heading; the colors of land, water, and sky were the

most harmonious and beautiful we had yet seen during our cruise. The light showers and magnificent rolling masses of cloud added grandeur to the cliff, over one thousand feet high, trending north and south, and suffused with the most exquisite gray and purple and blue and pale green.

In the afternoon, as we were drawing near to St. Anne's Bay, the wind shifted again with a violent squall, carrying away our staysail. But it was in our favor, and the little craft responded to the blast with wild glee, bounding through the water at a rate which soon carried us past Cape Dauphin's cliffs to the entrance of Bras d'Or. The channel widened after we entered, but the wind failed when we had proceeded two or three miles, and we anchored under a magnificent precipitous mountain, ten hundred and fifty feet high. It is called Mount St. Anne, or Kelly's Mountain, and forms part of a range which extends along the coast to Cape North. Farmhouses were to be seen snugly situated on velvety slopes, and the crow of chanticleer floated over the water like a welcome to this favored region.

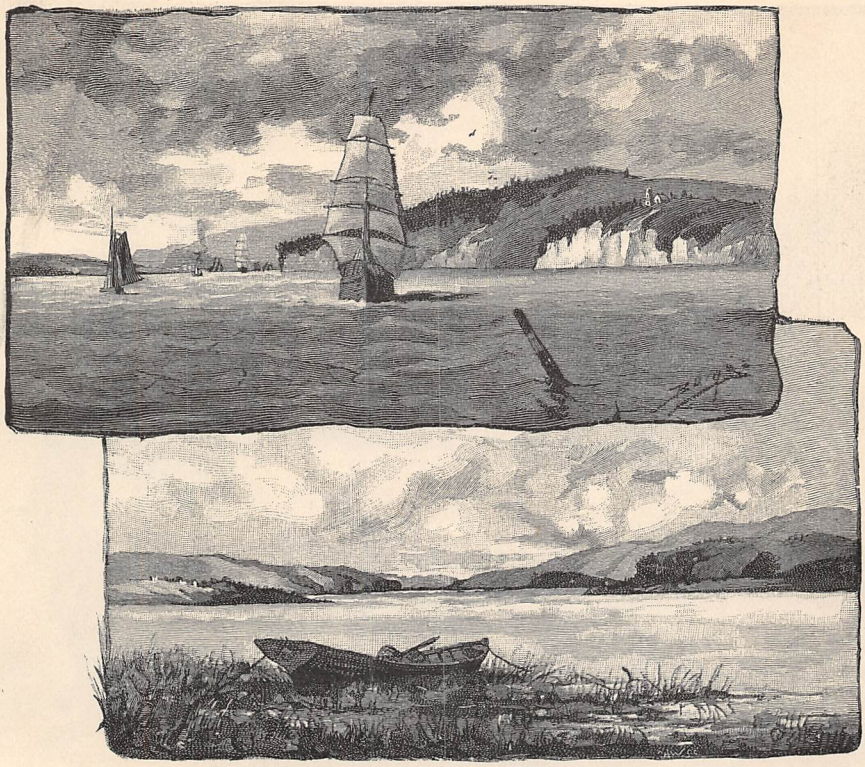
The following morning at day-break we were aroused by the familiar click of the windlass, orders having been given to start for Baddeck as soon as it should become sufficiently clear to sail without running ashore. But the wind was ahead, and we had ten miles to beat with short tacks against a strong current. Only one shoal lay in the channel, and that was buoyed. We therefore gave ourselves, without thought, to preparation for breakfast, and were discussing the probabilities of dining at Baddeck, when a harsh, grating sound was heard under the keel, as the schooner lifted her bow and brought up all standing with an ominous shock.

"Isn't this a pretty way to end our cruise—in broad daylight, too!" we all exclaimed in chorus, as we tumbled on deck. We were hard and fast on a rocky shoal, and the prospect was good that we should stay there, or at least be forced to heave out our ballast. The wind was light, and we could get little help or comfort from that quarter. The vessel had missed stays when near the shoal, and the current had carried her right upon it. There was a good depth under the stern, fortunately, and once more we carried the anchor out in the boat and dropped it in deep water; but no one on board had any idea that it would prove of any avail, the vessel seemed to be so firmly fixed on the rocks. We all bowsed on the cable with a will, but were not surprised to find that our efforts made no impression. We had about concluded to start the ballast, and a general feeling of depression and disgust prevailed, altogether too deep for tears, when, to our surprise, the ship made a sudden movement, then yielded yet further to the gentle coaxing of the hawser, and finally slid easily into deep water and floated. We could only account for her getting off on the presumption that she had lodged on a ledge which had split away by the pressure of the keel. But apprehensions and surmises now gave place to rejoicing. Soon after, a staving easterly wind added to our good luck, and drove us up the strait as if we were bound to the gold mines instead of the Bras d'Or. The approach to the first, or smaller, of the two lakes is exceedingly beautiful; the hills, receding on either hand from the shore, are crowned with tuft-like forests, nodding over the lovely slopes. The scenery here is much like that of the Hudson. As we opened the lake, palisade-like plaster cliffs began to appear, greatly adding to the effectiveness of the prospect. In some places they were shaped like the columnar bastions of the Giant's Causeway; or, anon, their grayish-white rocks, spotted with lead-colored tints and overgrown with vines or dwarf cedars, bore a marvelous resemblance to some of the old castles of Europe.

These plaster cliffs form one of the prominent features of the scenery in many parts of Cape Breton, not only by the water-side, but inland as well. When the rock is broken, it has a beautiful creamy-white color; but the weather gradually tones this down into mellow, harmonious grays. The plaster is a deposit of lime, which has proved a considerable source of profit to the island — more, perhaps, in the past than at the present — both for plastering houses and for enriching the soil.

At last a light-house appeared, perched on the brow of a lofty cliff. It seemed strange to see light-houses in a small lake, conveying the impression that it was a miniature sea. This idea was emphasized when another small light-house was discovered at the end of a wee bit of an islet which helps to form the quaint little harbor of Baddeck; and there, too, lay Baddeck itself, a miniature sea-port in a miniature sea! The effect was almost whimsical. Here is a capital city, compact and complete as cities abroad, with its light-houses, its ship-yard, its wharves, its custom-house, its bank, its court-house, its jail, its suburbs, its hotels, its old mansions, and what not besides, and yet numbering only about a hundred houses and a population of five hundred!

We arrived at Baddeck, the capital of Cape Breton, about three P. M., and immediately landed to get the letters we expected to find there. From the day we left Charlottetown



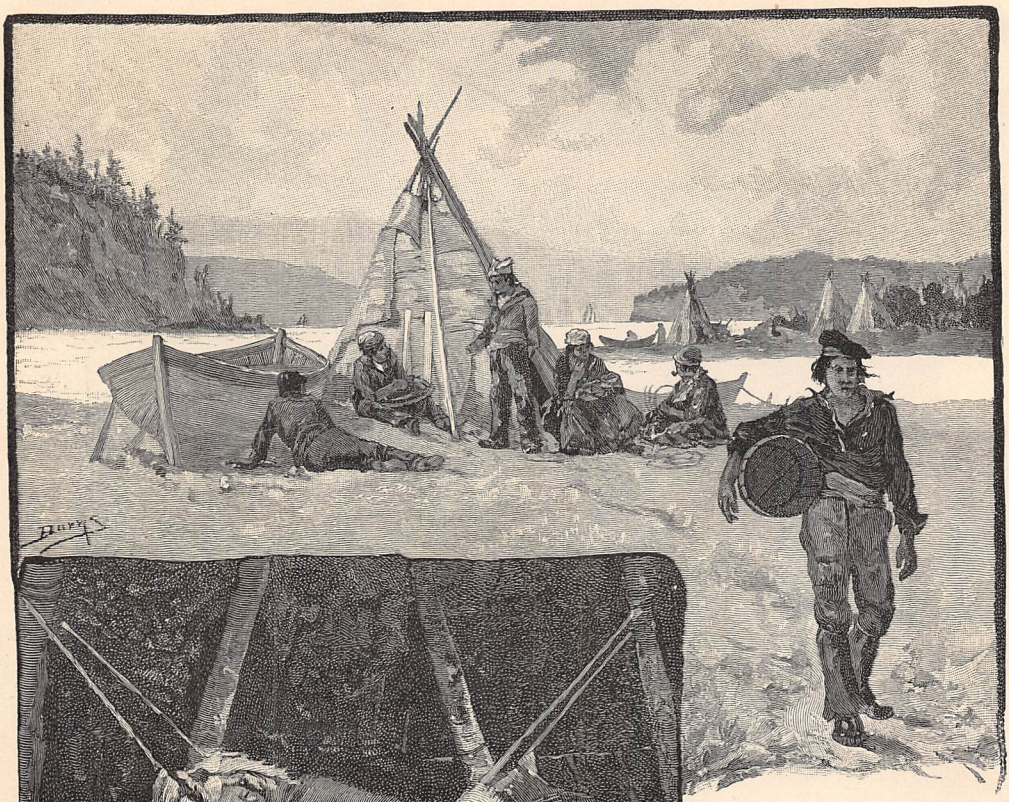
THE BRAS D'OR LAKES, CAPE BRETON ISLAND.

we had not heard from home, nor for six weeks had an opportunity been offered us to send letters that would reach home sooner than if mailed by us at Cape Breton, so meager are postal communications in some of the places we had visited, while, in several cases, the monthly boat had sailed the day before we could reach it. It was Sunday afternoon, and, of course, the post-office would be closed. But we determined to make an effort to get a sight of our correspondence before another sun should set.

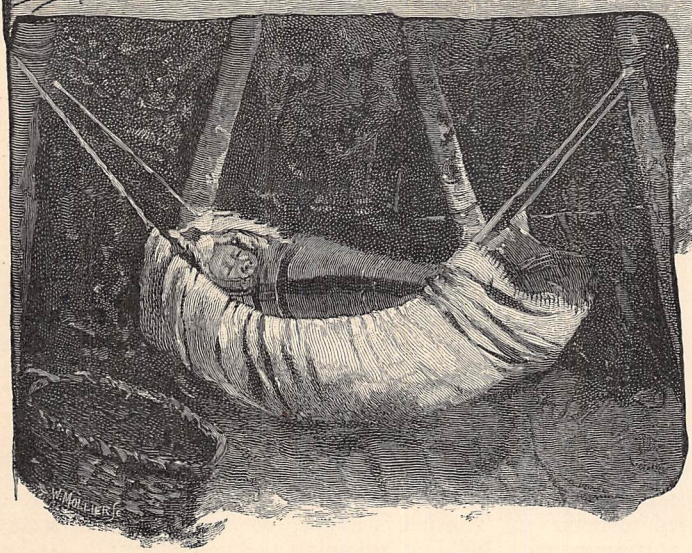
The post-office was in the residence of the post-master, a picturesque cottage half concealed in shrubbery. That dignified official had been to church, and was at home reading the weekly newspaper and the latest monthly magazines from the United States. He received us politely, but blandly declined to desecrate the Sabbath by entering the office and giving us our letters, which, he kindly informed us, were there awaiting us and would be given to us on Monday. But he was willing to listen to reason, and, when we told him we had not had a word from home for two months, he saw the point, and graciously relented. In a few minutes we had a pile of letters in our hands, and hastened to the hotel to read them.

The situation of Baddeck is exceedingly beautiful, on the slope of a steep hill whose summit commands a superb view over the Bras d'Or lakes. One of the most interesting houses in Baddeck is the residence of Mr. Campbell, who represents this district at Ottawa. A fine stone wall, bearing marks of age, and a venerable row of poplars give a certain air of decayed gentility to the place. The jail is a low, brown, black-roofed stone building adjoining the post-office. It is the oldest as well as the most interesting structure in the town. It stands directly on the street, without any inclosure, but the windows are secured by iron bars, which give a grim aspect to what might otherwise be taken to be a granary. No prisoners were confined in the jail at the time of our visit, nor was there evidence that any had been there for a long time. But the jailer's family occupied it; and it was not unusual to see two pretty faces gossiping idly behind the bars, and embroidering the while, as one sometimes sees gayly tinted flowers clambering over the crumbling walls of an old fortress.

On market day the streets of Baddeck are lively with Highlanders coming in from the country-side to barter their produce, and Gaelic is heard on all sides. It is by no means



INDIAN CAMP AT BADDECK.



A WIGWAM CRADLE.

uncommon to find some among them still who speak only Gaelic. We saw a lassie at the school-house door gayly discoursing with a grave young man, possibly one of the trustees, and her flaxen elf-locks, bright blue-gray eyes, rosy cheeks, tall, shapely form, and elastic step were for all the world so thoroughly Scotch one might have sworn she was Burns's Highland Mary.

The suburbs of Baddeck extend east and west along the water-side. The east suburb, if we may so term it, consists of a most beautiful and romantic road, somewhat elevated about the beach, and extending to the bottom of a deep cave where ships load coal and lime. It is skirted on the water-side by birch and cedar, gracefully overhanging the bank. Attractive cottages are on the other side at rare intervals, hidden in groves of natural growth thinned out. A church, finely situated on a knoll mid-way, gives a *point d'appui* for the eye, and accentuates one of the loveliest drives in British America. Along the entire distance one gazes upon the grand heights of Mount St. Anne and the island-studded waters of the Bras d'Or. Anywhere near New York, this noble natural esplanade would be greedily seized by land speculators, and would soon be lined with elegant country-seats. For a combination of attractions, including views, driving, boating, fishing, hunting, and a delightful air during the summer, Baddeck is undoubtedly one of the finest spots in the gulf provinces, and it is a great matter of surprise that some of our people do not make it a summer resort. Land and provisions are at present exceedingly cheap. The difficulty is, in going to any new place, that no sooner do the people imagine there is to be a demand for their property than they ask inflated prices, which tend to

drive away the new-comers, who might eventually give land a fixed and reasonable value.

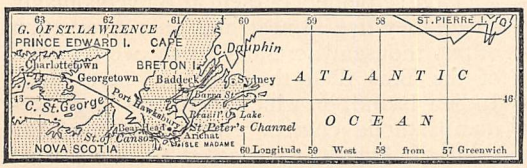
The other suburb of Baddeck is on a low point adjoining the western end of Cape Breton's capital. Doubtless without deliberate intention, this has been made very attractive to tourists. The houses are exceedingly picturesque, and give the impression that their occupants are enjoying a sort of perpetual picnic. To be more precise, we will say that we found there a genuine aboriginal camp, composed of bark wigwams and inhabited by real Indians, who, in spite of the tattered vestments which a neighboring civilization has forced upon them, retain a certain savage aspect that is not without interest and piquancy. As one approaches the camp, through a grove of dwarf cedars, he discovers unmistakable evidence of Indian life in the groups of dogs sleeping on the turf or fighting over a bone. Then, papooses, more or less nude, are seen tumbling on the grass in rude sport — black-eyed, black-haired, copper-colored, and unspeakably filthy and stupid. There is no mistake in the symptoms. We are on the edge of an Indian settlement pure and simple. The wigwams are constructed wholly of birch bark, and are occupied, summer and winter, in preference to any other habitations. We found the inhabitants of this suburb not unwilling to receive visitors with a gruff, surly courtesy. Their speech is pure Algonquin, although some of them speak broken English. In two or three of the wigwams we noticed stoves — a concession to a progressive civilization which was very amusing, especially when the pipe could be seen peering above the pointed roof of the conical bark structure. The infant papooses, tightly swathed in swaddling bandages, were suspended in leather hammocks, and were curious and nondescript objects, little dreaming that they were the rightful owners of Cape Breton Island, yet were destined to be robbed of their inheritance by the law of the strongest. It is a fact that the Indians of Cape Breton still consider themselves to be the rightful owners of the island, and, while living on friendly terms with the whites because obliged to do so, bear them no good will. It is not so many years since an open attempt was made to assert these views, when, under the influence of liquor, a number of them undertook to break into a house, violently declaiming against the invasion of their rights. At present no one is allowed to sell liquor to these Indians, and they are, for the most part, an inoffensive race, devoted to a life of indolence, with intervals given to fishing and the making of tubs and baskets. The Indians of Cape Breton are Micmacs, and number, perhaps, two thousand. There is a large settlement of them at Whycocomagh, where they live in neat huts on a reservation of two thousand acres. Near the western end of the Bras d'Or they own an islet, called Indian Island, on which there is a large Roman Catholic church. Once a year, on the third of August, they assemble there from all this region, put up wigwams for the occasion, and spend a week in reviving Indian games and ceremonials. Religious services are also performed in the church, which are intended to sanctify them for the ensuing

ON THE ROAD TO BADDECK.

twelvemonth. Each individual is expected to give the priest ten cents before he can be absolved. As these Indians are wretchedly poor, receiving pay in kind for what they produce, it is said that many find it difficult to contribute even this minute offering.

The day after our arrival at Baddeck it blew a violent gale of wind. But the weather moderated the following day, and, after laying in the usual stock of fresh provisions, we headed our little vessel once more to the westward. The Little Bras d'Or Lake is about ten miles square, although really much larger, owing to the deep bays which make in several directions. It comes to a narrow passage, when it merges in the Great Bras d'Or Lake, which is called Barra Strait, or Grand Narrows. This is one of the prettiest parts of the Bras d'Or. The large lake is about fifteen miles in width. The northern side is picturesquely clustered with islets; but the southern side is fringed with vertical plaster palisades, which tend to make this lovely sheet of water dangerous to small vessels in northerly gales, owing to the under-tow. The short waves raised here in a storm are sometimes quite dangerous, and small vessels have been known to founder in the Great Bras d'Or. It came on thick with rain and half a gale, which made it a little difficult to discover the outlet for which we were heading; especially as the mate and the captain were at variance as to the location of the gray headlands looming faintly through the mist. But the Sydney steamer came along at this time, and by watching her course we were able to find the point we were seeking.

When it was no longer of much consequence whether it was clear or cloudy, the sun came out in a blue sky and a lovely afternoon attended our onward course. As we entered the narrow channel of the west Bras d'Or, we had Indian Island close on the port beam, and obtained a clear view of the church and the wigwams. On the starboard was the light-house of Cape George. The light-keeper occupied a unique residence; it was the cabin of a large vessel which had been wrecked there some years before.



FROM ST. PIERRE TO GEORGETOWN.

At this place we met a fleet of rakish schooners, standing eastward and looking very saucy as they danced over the waves and careened over in the brisk breeze.

We now entered on a very enjoyable and interesting part of the Bras d'Or, suggesting by its features the Thousand Isles. It is thronged with little islands, and the shores are deeply indented with fairy-like coves. The channel is very tortuous, requiring many short tacks and the greatest circumspection to avoid getting aground. The farm-houses were scarce, and sometimes we seemed to be in a primeval solitude. There was an abundance of water-fowl, and the gray eagle could be seen soaring far up in the azure above. The air was soft and balmy, and the temperature ranged at sixty-five. The wind was dying out, and it soon became evident that we should be unable to pass the canal at St. Peter's that day, as we had hoped. But there were compensations in the delay. We anchored between two lovely islands, and went on shore to forage and "view the landscape o'er." Stopping at the farm-houses, we found the people courteous and ready for a chat, and we decided that one might find less agreeable ways of passing an August afternoon. At sundown some of our party took the boat and tried a few shots at the ducks, which abounded, but with rather indifferent success; our boat was not suited to such sport. But there is no question that, with the right apparatus, a good sportsman could bag many a fine bird in the Bras d'Or. The abundance of animal life in the woods was vividly impressed on us at sunrise. The placidity of the scene was phenomenal; the smoke arose in spiral columns from the farm-houses, the cattle bells tinkled in the meadows; and, in every grove and thicket about us, we heard or saw plover, yellow-hammers, and squirrels. Indians were also on the shallows in canoes spearing eels. One of them came alongside and begged for a crust of bread. He was a miserable, sickly, blear-eyed being, the very last dregs of a race that has run out. A Highlander also visited us, with a lamb killed that morning in the hope of supplying some passing schooner. We bought it for five cents a pound, and found it sweet and tender. The wind and tide favoring, we now sailed up to St. Peter's, at the extreme end of the Bras d'Or. This canal is of great advantage to coasters, especially during the autumn. Of course, there is no navigation here during the winter and spring, owing to the ice. Eleven hundred vessels pass through this canal annually. Our crew towed the *Alice May* to the lock, and at dinner-time we were once more afloat on the waters of the broad Atlantic, in St. Peter's Bay, and heading for the Lennox passage between Madame Island

and Cape Breton. The scenery was quiet but pleasing, and Indian encampments were seen in several places on the sea-shore. As we sailed out we met a most dilapidated schooner coming in, on the way to the Bras d'Or for plaster. She belonged to Charlottetown and was of unknown antiquity. She and her skipper, Captain Foley, who was also the owner, had sailed together for some thirty years. As she went by us, Captain Welsh hailed him, but received only a sardonic grin in return, although they had been acquainted since boyhood.

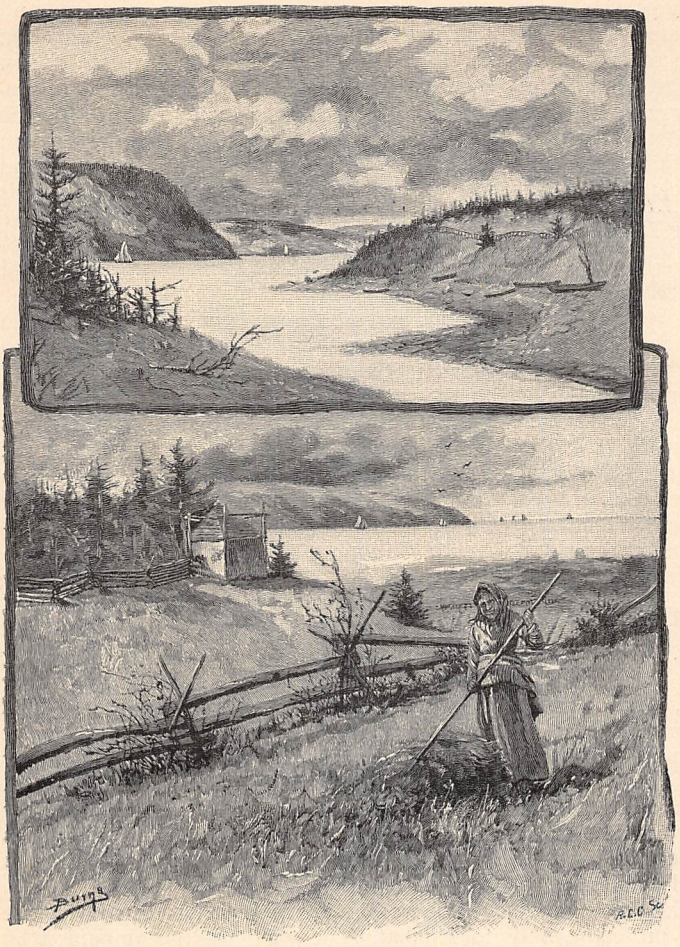
This Captain Foley was just such a character as Victor Hugo likes to portray, being, indeed, an example of human nature exaggerated to caricature. The schooner herself was a character. Her rusty sides had once been painted black; her rotten rigging hung slack from the gray masts; and the evening wind seemed to sing through her sere, tattered sails, as she slowly glided by us on the glossy tide with the silence and weirdness of a phantom ship. Often had Captain Foley sailed her alone; once he took her without assistance from Charlottetown to Arichat. The constant watching, together with the bad weather, exhausted the old fellow, and, after dropping anchor, he went below for forty winks; but the winks ran together in an uninterrupted sleep of three days. When the old man awoke he had lost his reckoning, as he had likewise nearly lost the number of his mess, and he had to go on shore and inquire the day of the week. Latterly this nautical hermit had selected a humpbacked companion to accompany him, as guide, protector, and friend. This precious specimen of misshapen humanity seemed to be well suited for the exalted position to which he had been elevated. He was seated on the taffrail, looking over the shoulder of Captain Foley, who was steering. He was, without exception, the most satanic-looking being I have ever seen. His distorted features were covered with a ragged black beard; he was blind of an eye, and one of his teeth projected like a tusk. The pair reminded me of Caliban and an ape holding idyllic converse on a bark "built in th' eclipse," and "rigged with curses dark." Although the evening was fine, there were numerous indications besides the falling barometer that we were about to have a heavy storm. There was a large ring around the moon, and that sad, foreboding wail in the rigging which strikes the mariner with apprehension. The signs rapidly accumulated which indicated a gale before morning; and here we were, becalmed and unable to get anywhere. We launched the boat, and the crew made an attempt to pull us around a certain vexatious buoy, which being once passed we could keep away several points and take advantage of the sou'-west air now trying to blow. After rowing awhile, the crew began to grumble; the captain went out on the forecastle, fairly aroused to senile wrath, and, in the quavering tones of old age, thundered out: "Row away like good fellows! get her around that buoy! don't let's hear any more of this laziness! What are you made of, I should like to know, that you can't pull an oar ten minutes without howling? Shut up now, and pull away!"

This had the true ring in it; the men fell to with a vim, and struck up a song whose variations were vocal more than verbal, as all there was to it was "Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!" The time of sea songs is, alas, over! The poetry of the sea is not found in studied lyrics or epics now, but in the hearts of those who love to wander over its wide and desolate wastes of gray and listen to the piping of its storms.

By midnight the breeze had considerably freshened, and, as we were then near the land, we anchored for the nonce until we could have daylight. At dawn it whistled a living gale of wind out of the north-east. As we were in an exposed position, we made sail and ran for a lee. We found a snug place at Grand Digue, and rode with both anchors close to the shore of Madame Island. A number of other schooners also ran in there for shelter. It blew violently all day, and, as we afterward learned, a number of wrecks occurred on the coast.

But we seized the occasion to enjoy a ride to Arichat. The wind was accompanied by a pelting rain, but, armed with India-rubber coats and heavy boots, we could afford to defy its worst. We hired two open buggies and started. The distance was seven miles across Madame Island, over solitary, rolling, russet-lined moorlands, whose monotony was broken by thickets of whortleberry bushes, or clumps of alder and dwarf cedar, or here and there a rain-dashed lake nestling like a dimple in a hollow, the haunt of water-fowl. On our left we saw the village of Biscouche, a small seaport on the northern side of the island. The landscape, if not strictly pictorial, was full of sentiment and delicate suggestions of color, and conveyed a grand impression of space. It reminded me of Millais's famous painting, "Over the Hills and Far Away."

Arichat is in reality a French town under the English flag. It was at one time a place of considerable importance on account of its fisheries, in which were employed a large number of pinks and schooners. From one cause and another this source of revenue has fallen off. But the great firm of Robin & Co., of



CAPE PORCUPINE. CAPE ST. GEORGE, FROM HASTINGS.

whom I have already spoken, have one of their establishments at Arichat, conducted with their usual method and neatness. A cannon announces the hours for work and rest, while the bell of the convent rings over the isle at the same hours. An island across the entrance to the harbor is called Jersey, after the island where Robin & Co. originated. Their establishment at Arichat was first on Jersey; but it was burned, together with a number of their ships, by American privateers during the Revolution, and they then removed it to its present location. The cod sent from here goes chiefly to Spain.

Arichat is a very interesting little town, albeit now in its sere and yellow leaf. It straggles chiefly along one street, facing the sea on a bluff. It was at one time a place of considerable wealth, evidences of which remain in some of the very pretty cottages, decorated with carved cornices and embowered in shrubbery. As these houses face the sea, they all have a covered porch, to protect the entrance from the cold sea-winds of winter. The willow appears to thrive better there than any other tree, and a number of venerable and noble examples are seen in the main street. As at St. Pierre, the windows are all filled with house-plants. The physician of the place advertises himself by a large pink-colored mortar, peeping through the shrubbery in front of his house. His name is De L'Espérance,—not a bad cognomen for a doctor. There is a large church at Arichat, and a conventual school for young ladies, which has a wide repute throughout the maritime provinces. I thought to myself that the poor girls who go away from home to study in that dormer-windowed hall, without a tree around it, and overlooking the vast solitude of ocean, must sometimes think it a bleak and sad place, and especially those whose windows overlook the hill-side cemetery adjoining, which reminded me of the old grave-yard at Plymouth. It is affecting to ramble through the old cemetery at Arichat; for, in the frequently repeated family names and the tokens of affection, which appear oftener than in any other cemetery I have seen, one seemed to read the sad story of a society once happy and prosperous, but now gone to decay. The McNiels seem to have been one of the leading families of Arichat, who, although of Scotch descent, often intermarried with their French coreligionists.

We dined at the minutest and quaintest of little inns, kept by Mr. Finlay, whose wife laid before us a capital meal for only thirty cents each, and seemed so anxious to please that it is only just to call the attention of strangers to their house. A curious and absurd breed of dogs was pointed out to us as peculiar to Arichat. They are like Newfoundland dogs, large, black, and shaggy, but some waggish fate has robbed them of their tails, leaving only a shortish stump.

We had a wild, windy ride back to the *Alice May*, but one of Henry's choice ragouts

and smoking cups of tea in a cosy cabin were ample compensations. On the following morning we sent our boat across the strait to procure some potatoes from the farmers. The sailors were directed to dig them out of the ground themselves. With the aid of the spy-glasses we could easily perceive the rogues flirting with the rural maidens.

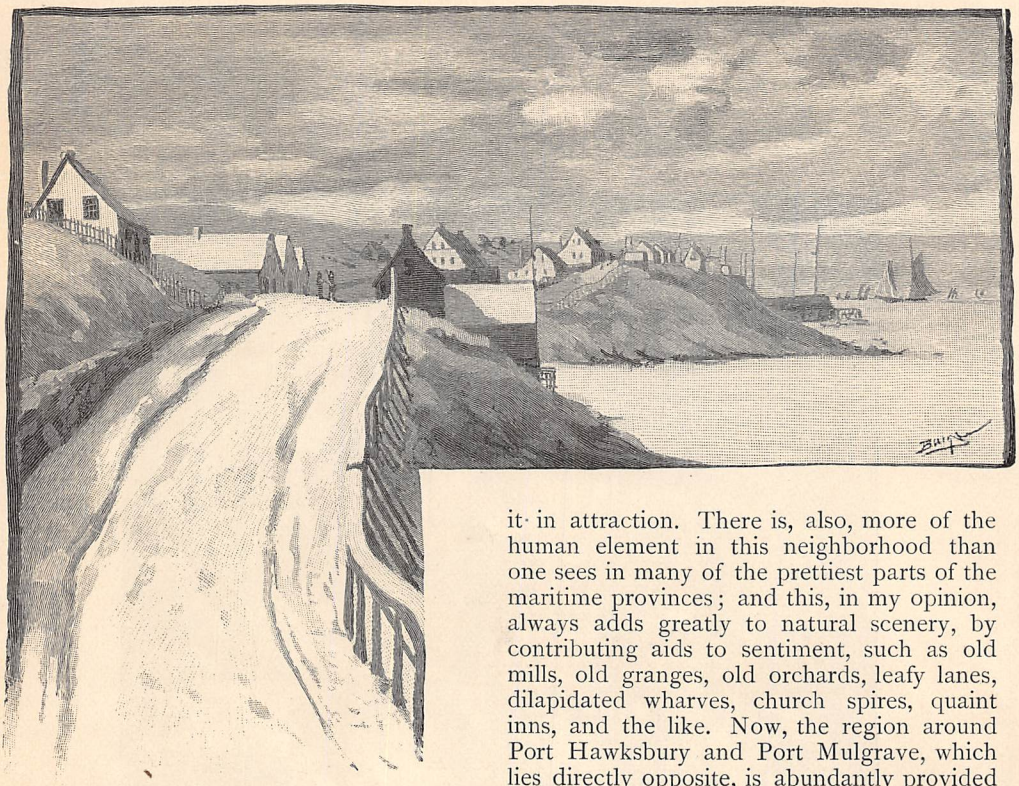
After dinner the gale had sufficiently moderated for us to beat up the Lennox Passage, and we made sail. The channel is well marked by buoys, but care should be taken, nevertheless, to cast the lead, and not venture too near in shore. The *Alice May* raked up the mud once, but got off immediately. Both she and her captain did their prettiest that day. Toward night we opened the strait of Canso. It was still blowing a very fresh breeze, making it next to impossible to work up the strait. A fleet of vessels was, therefore, lying in the Habitants' River Roads, near Bear Head, waiting for a change of wind. We followed suit, and came to anchor for the night. Ere long we were visited by the captains of two square-rigged vessels, bound, like ourselves, for Charlottetown. This interchange of courtesies by ships on a voyage is a very pleasant feature of sea life. Good-will is at once established, and notes of experience are exchanged in a friendly, chatty manner, with perhaps a social glass, and then they part, probably never to meet again in their wide wanderings.

The wind was still ahead the following morning, but we concluded to take advantage of the in-going tide and beat up as far as Hawksbury. But the rest of the fleet decided to wait for a change of wind. The tide through the strait of Canso, or Canseau, when going with the current, runs from five to seven miles an hour, and, when opposed by a southerly wind, produces a violent sea, which it is impossible for a vessel to breast. But with the aid of this tide a fore-and-aft schooner can beat up when it is not blowing too hard. The strait averages from one to two miles in width, and is about twenty-five miles long. The entrance is very beautiful and impressive, and the prospect increased in loveliness and variety as we proceeded. On one side we had Cape Breton Island, and on the other the shores of Nova Scotia.

LOVERS' LANE, HASTINGS.

Previously we had had much reason to find fault with the captain during a dense fog, when we discovered him sleeping in his bunk below, and only one man in charge of the wheel and the deck. No fog-horn was blowing, nor was a lookout kept at the bow.

"Where's your fog-horn, Captain Welsh?" we demanded with indignation. "Is this the weather to lie below? You ought to have a



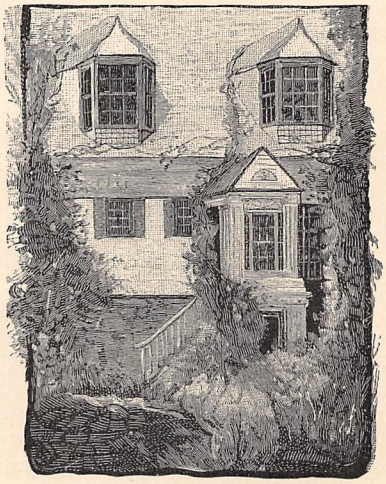
A STREET AT ARICHAT.

sharp lookout on the bow, and keep the horn going!"

"Oh, never you bother yourselves about the ship; I'm looking out for her. It don't make much odds about blowing the horn; other vessels coming this way will blow their horn, and we can keep out of the way when we hear them."

"Suppose every shipmaster should reason in the same way, where should we be?" we cried, thoroughly out of patience with such inane and childish recklessness. And thereafter we compelled him to keep a lookout forward, and to have the horn blown every two minutes whenever there was any fog.

By noon we succeeded in anchoring in a snug berth at Port Hawksbury, where we were forced to lie two days with a fleet of vessels waiting for a change of wind, which had set in with vexatious persistency from the north-east. But we might have been in a worse place, for the scenery is of the most exquisite character, and I often wondered while there that so little has been written about the loveliness of the Strait of Canso. The shores of Cape Breton are here more varied and picturesque than in any other part of the island, while the opposite shore of Nova Scotia rivals it in attraction. There is, also, more of the human element in this neighborhood than one sees in many of the prettiest parts of the maritime provinces; and this, in my opinion, always adds greatly to natural scenery, by contributing aids to sentiment, such as old mills, old granges, old orchards, leafy lanes, dilapidated wharves, church spires, quaint inns, and the like. Now, the region around Port Hawksbury and Port Mulgrave, which lies directly opposite, is abundantly provided with all these features, which make it of especial interest to artists, and, in fact, to all of cultivated minds. In a lesser way, of course, it reminded me frequently of the finest parts of the Bosporus. There are some delicious bits of picturesqueness at Port Mulgrave, to which we crossed by a steam ferry-boat, and found ourselves at last in the land of railroads. On that side, also, a little further up the strait, broods Cape Porcupine, a magnifi-



AN OLD COTTAGE AT ARICHAT.

cent, precipitous headland, six hundred and forty-three feet high, but easily looking as if it were ten hundred feet. From its shape and position Cape Porcupine commands the entire strait, and gives character and force to every prospect from all points.

But, if we had to choose between the two shores, in a region where a comparison would seem especially invidious and superfluous, give us the inexhaustible beauty of the Cape Breton side. For three days we explored its attractions on foot, proceeding well up toward Port Hood on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and it seemed as if it exceeded all the beautiful scenery through which we had passed, for giving the largest variety of pleasure to the summer tourist.

On the third day we managed to beat up to Port Hastings, the most beautiful spot on the strait, and anchored there in a small cove, desiring to have the vessel near at hand, in order that we might the more readily study the neighboring scenery. The high sea and wind forbade any attempt to proceed further. A fleet of schooners was lying there, also wind-bound. When rounding up to anchor, the *Alice May* fouled with one of them, carrying away her starboard cathead, and receiving some slighter injury. The result was a vigor of speech on both vessels which nearly terminated in blows.

Port Hastings was formerly called Plaister Cove. Some noble cliffs are there, at the mouth of a beautiful stream which empties into the strait. The town is built upon an abrupt height, and from a distance seems to be about to slide into the sea.

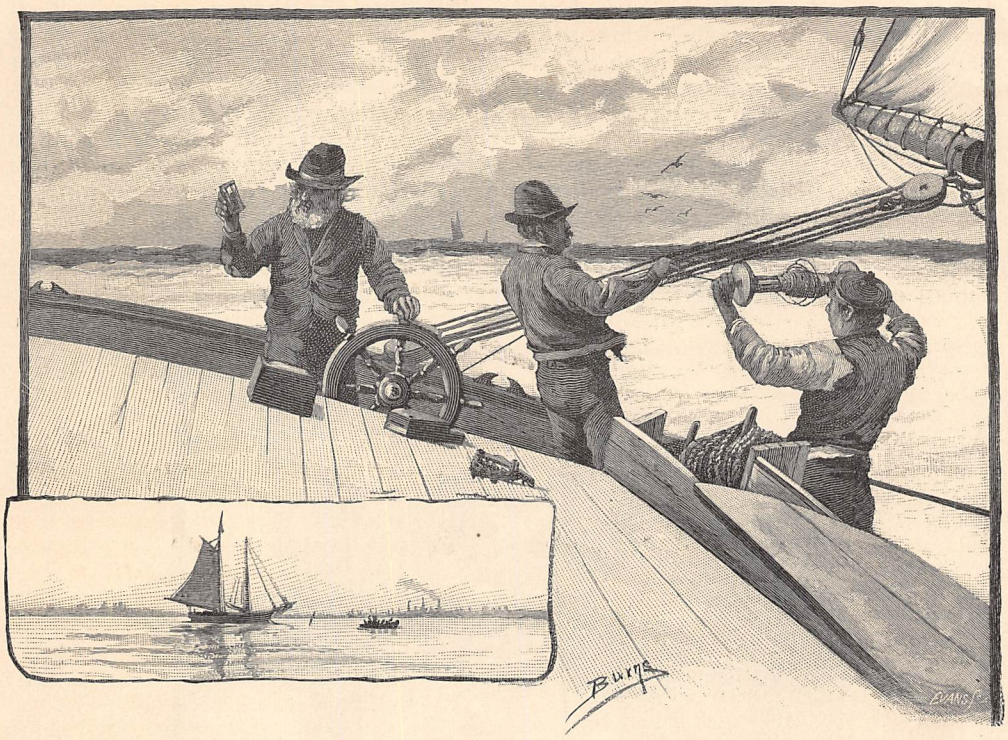
Port Hastings might easily pass itself off for a village on the Rhine, with its rambling lanes embowered with willows, its houses straggling down a steep, and its church perched on the highest coigne of vantage. The road toward Port Hood follows a plateau, below which the farmers were raking in their hay, close to the sea; beyond, on the left, towered Cape Porcupine; while on the right towered the craggy coast ranges of Cape Breton. Many a buxom Maud Müller, raking hay in a straw hat, was to be seen in the meadows, and the whole scene was pervaded by an air of pastoral peace, and rounded into completeness by the blue waters of the sea, fading into the cloudless azure above us.

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The wind at last seemed inclined to relent and give us a chance to get home. Accompanied by a fleet of schooners, we beat out into the gulf past Cape Jack on a beautiful quiet morning. But the wind freshened again, and we had a hard beat all day to get around Cape St. George, after passing which we could keep away and have the wind abeam.

The breeze fell at night and the moon arose at the full, sheening the oily surface of the swell with a broad band of quivering silver. The presiding spirit of that region evidently intended that we should have pleasant recollections of the last night of our cruise.

At daylight we had a chance to form one of the quick decisions common in sea life. By our charter, we could leave the schooner at any port in Prince Edward Island. The captain and the owner were anxious that we should take her back to Charlottetown; but it was a matter of time with us now. The



HEAVING THE LOG.

wind seemed to favor continuing to Charlottetown, and we were heading in that direction, when the wind suddenly canted several points. Instantly the word was given to alter our course and head for Georgetown, at the eastern end of the island, where there was a railroad station. In an hour we sighted land; at noon we found ourselves passing through a crowd of fishing schooners, and toward evening we entered the port of Georgetown and beat up to an anchorage off the town. Ten minutes later the anchor was down, our traps were in the yawl, we shook hands all around, and took our last farewell of the good little schooner *Alice May*, which had carried us to many places and safely over many waters.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

TO SLEEP.

SWEET wooded way in life, forgetful sleep!
  Dim, drowsy realm, where restful shadows fall,
  And where the world's glare enters not at all,
Or in soft glimmer making rest more deep;
Where sound comes not, or else like brooks that keep
  The world's noise out, as by a slumbrous wall
  Of gentlest murmur; where still whispers call
To passive gladness those that waking weep.
Beneath the dense veil of thy stirless leaves,
  Where no air is except the calm of space,
    Vexed souls of men have grateful widowhood
Of sense; there thoughts are gathered into sheaves
  By hands unseen and silent as the place,
    And man, not sinning, feels all nature good.

Maybury Fleming.

ACADEMICAL DEGREES:

ESPECIALLY HONORARY DEGREES IN THE UNITED STATES.

OUR system of learned and higher education in the United States has been borrowed, with some changes, from that of England; and the English universities were themselves built on the plan which was originated in continental Europe in the fourteenth century. One feature of the university system was the degrees, given on satisfactory evidence of proficiency to such as offered themselves, after a certain term of study, for examination. In process of time, to these literary honors earned by study, others, purporting to be of the same value, were added, which did not necessarily imply previous study or examination, or even residence at a learned school, and were often bestowed apart from any evidence of learning or literary merit. These degrees, conferred *honoris causâ*,—honorary degrees, as they were styled,—were not very uncommon, by the side of such as were conferred on examination, at the time when our earliest colleges were founded. But our earliest colleges themselves did not give to their graduates, or to any distinguished persons not educated within their halls, any such honorary testimonials for quite a number of years after their foundation. A person who may have the curiosity to satisfy himself on this point has only need to look at the first pages of the catalogues containing the names of graduates of Harvard or Yale to see that this is true; he will find there doctorates in theology, and a few in law, conferred by the universities of Scotland, by one or two of those of Holland, and by Oxford and Cambridge — the latter, however, conferring their honors principally on those in the colonies who had forsaken the Puritan plans of church government, and had gone over to the Church of England. That the right to confer such honorary degrees existed in the new colleges of the colonies was a matter of doubt at first will be made to appear in the sequel. But these doubts gave way after a long interval, and a precedent was established for the action of every new college, which, for a little more than a century, has been freely and constantly followed. The multiplication of colleges, which are generally schools of philosophy and the arts only, has led to an increase of honorary degrees even in law and theology, to say nothing of degrees in other branches; so that at present many friends of sound learning are inquiring whether this conferring of the highest degrees without examination is not a cause of harm to the whole system of education, and whether it might not be better to give up altogether such degrees so conferred, or, if that be impracticable, in some way greatly to diminish their number. To this and other points relating to honorary degrees the present article will be devoted. But since a judgment on this matter cannot well be formed without some historical statements, our aim will be, first of all, to take a brief look at the degrees given in the early universities on examination, and at the honorary degrees as they crept in, both before and since the time when the earliest colleges in the English colonies were founded. We shall confine ourselves chiefly to degrees in law and theology.

The word "university," as a term of Roman law, denoted a *corporation* or *commune*, whether of a civic or a social kind; and in its mediæval acceptation, when used of a community of teachers and scholars, it was readily applied to such as were engaged in the studies of a single department of knowledge, or even to teachers and scholars from a particular part or country of Europe so united together. Thus at Bologna, where law was first studied on a large scale, there was early in the twelfth century a university of citramontanes or Italians, and another of ultramontanes or students from beyond the Alps. Not long afterward a third such institution, called the *universitas artium*, arose, where the study of the liberal arts was pursued; and to this that of medicine was added about A. D. 1316. In the same fourteenth century a fourth or theological university was added, and at length these corporations were united together. Canon law was taught in connection with civil law, and not in connection with theology. About the same time that Bologna became a school of law, at Salerno, in southern Italy, there arose a school of medical art, which, however, after some time, ceased to flourish, and gave way to other medical schools, especially to one founded at Montpellier in southern France. The theological school of Paris grew, at an early date, out of a monastic school into what may be called a theological university. In process of time the liberal arts, including philosophy and the

science of medicine, were here taught with theology; but by the management of the popes, who directed matters relating to learned studies in the interests of the Bologna law faculty, this important department of instruction was kept out of the curriculum in the University of Paris.

From these three centers universities, with minor differences and peculiarities, yet adhering on the whole to a single general form and idea, spread over Europe. We must omit to speak of the *nations*, as they were called, or groups of students from the same quarter or country united together, of the relations of the universities to the popes, and of the internal constitutions of the universities themselves.*

At first the *personnel* of these institutions consisted of teachers, quite independent in their instructions, and of students freely attending their lectures; but afterward usage and law determined who should teach, and prevented collisions which might arise between the teachers in the same departments. The end of the course, for each student who desired to become a teacher or to enter into some position in practical life, was an examination conducted by a faculty of promotion according to the statutes or usages of the university. If the examination was satisfactory, it was signified by the title which he acquired of bachelor, as in law, or theology, or arts. The bachelor seems to have acquired his name first in Provence and France, where *bachalar* was used to signify an owner of a peasant's estate of considerable size, which ranked below a knight's property, just as this first degree was below that of a fully qualified teacher. The term *licentiate*, although not properly denoting a distinct degree, was used of a person who was permitted to teach in the interval between his first and second or higher examination.

The titles for persons admitted to the higher degrees were drawn from the simple Latin words *magister*, in its relation to the scholar or pupil, and *doctor* or teacher. They meant nothing more than the right of teaching: the first, of teaching in the liberal arts; the second, of teaching in law, civil or canon or both, or in theology or medicine. Sometimes the student in law might offer himself for both civil and canon law, in which case his degree would be J. U. D., *juris utriusque doctor*, or for one of the two, as J. C. D., *juris civilis doctor*, etc., other terms being D. C. L., LL. D., etc. The candidate for the office of Doctor of Law in the early times, as at Bologna, was first subject to a private examination, for which two texts were put into his hands, both from Roman or both from canon law; or one from each of these branches of law if he sought for graduation in both. He exhibited his work the same day on which it was laid before him; the doctor who presented him conducting the examination, and others, if they saw fit, making objections to his expositions. If when his trial was over he was accepted, he was called a *licentiate*, and might remain in this intermediate condition for some time; or, if he wished, he might appear at an early day in the cathedral, where after a discourse and a juristic prelection, at which students might dispute against him, he was proclaimed a doctor amid appropriate formalities.†

There were in different countries, in the course of time, different practices which it would be beyond our limits to speak of, or which we are not acquainted with. In regard to a usage which dispensed with final examinations, although not with attendance on lectures and a stated time of study, we beg leave to cite a passage from Ersch and Gruber's Encyclopedia, vol. XVI., *voce Doctorat:*

"The honor of a doctorate was bestowed ordinarily by special promotion, on application of a candidate made to the proper faculty; and it was an exception when distinguished men were graduated by free movement of a faculty, in order to give them a public proof of respect. The opposite state of things took place only among the theologians [where and to what extent?], who got their promotions regularly *causâ honoris*. Many faculties granted a diploma at once [*i. e.*, without examination] after the proper fees were paid, and a scientific [or scholastic] treatise had been handed in. Such doctors were wont to be treated with some want of respect, and were called *doctores bullati* [in allusion probably to the Roman boys who wore the *bulla*], as contrasted with those who had passed through a full examination. In reference to those, the saying was in use, *Sumimus pecuniam et mittimus asinum in patriam*. In most of the faculties the candidates were promoted only after a complete and rigorous examination. First, the aspirant had to undergo a trial of his fitness before the appropriate officer, as, for instance, before the archdeacon of the cathedral church at Bologna, or at Paris before the superintendent of the cathedral school, out of which, in part, the University of Paris was developed. If the candidate was, on examination, found worthy of a further test, there was set before him a problem or question to be solved in Latin. When this was laid before the faculty of promotion and was found satisfactory, the examination, properly so called, began; after which, if he had passed through it successfully, there remained for him to hold a disputation; and then the dean went through the ceremony of promotion, and the candidate took an oath that he would fulfill the duties of the doctorate."

He thus had a right to remain and lecture at the university, in the department where he

* An article entitled "The Rise of Universities," drawn chiefly from Savigny's "History of Roman Law in the Middle Age," and written by the author of this article, appeared in the "New Englander," vol. X., No. 1, 1852, from which much here is drawn.

† Compare the article in the "New Englander" already cited, vol. XI., p. 31.

had been found to be a proficient; or he might be called to some office in the state or in the ecclesiastical system, which must have had great need of canon lawyers. The rules and usages of Bologna prevailed more or less in southern Europe; those of France in France, Germany, England, and other northern countries.

Hitherto we have found no higher degrees which were not won without some previous study; and probably the degree of bachelor was never given without examination, even where the theologians got their doctorates on the easier terms above described. But a practice began of promoting distinguished men to the higher degrees, we know not when; and such honors were given not only to those who had had them in their own universities, but also to others who were without liberal education, or whose life at the university had been interrupted. This usage has existed for a long time, and, if we are not in an error, through all the countries of Europe, wherever there are universities. Sometimes degrees are given in the way of honor to persons who have acquired special distinction out of their own department. Thus, not many years since, a military officer in Germany received the degree of Doctor in Theology on account of an extensive and learned biography of Calvin.

The English universities, so far as pertains to the conditions for being admitted to the higher degrees, have not materially departed from the practice of the mediæval times. They have in substance the same system of graduation and interval of time between a lower and a higher degree, and the same examinations before a public officer of the university and others, which were in use centuries ago; but for the higher honors study at the university is not strictly required.

For the rules we must refer to the calendars, which, however, will show some considerable departures from the early usage, especially in recent times. It is enough if a formal connection is kept up with the university. As we have no space for details, we give here only the rules which regulate the granting of the degrees in theology. At Oxford the degree of Doctor of Divinity may be obtained four years after admission to that of Bachelor in Divinity, and this again, if we understand the rule, three years after taking the degree of Master of Arts. As the degree of Master of Arts cannot be taken until in the twenty-seventh term from matriculation, the whole time, there being four terms in the year, from the beginning to the D. D. is nearly fourteen years. A candidate for the degree of B. D. is required to read two dissertations before the Regius Professor of Divinity, and a candidate for the degree of D. D. to read three exegetical lectures on parts of Scripture. At Cambridge a master of arts or law may be admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Divinity in the seventh year from his graduation, and the candidate for D. D. must be a B. D. of not less than five years' standing. The rules in regard to the proceedings require the candidate for the lower degree to keep an "act," or read a dissertation in English or Latin on some subject connected with Scriptural exegesis or theology, and the candidate for the higher to prepare a similar dissertation in Latin or English, his particular subject having been approved beforehand by a majority of the professors of divinity. The dissertation must be printed before the degree can be obtained. We must omit the regulations for degrees and examinations of bachelors and doctors in law.

If the lists of the highest degrees on examination in theology and law to which we have access can be any guide for forming a general judgment, few proceed so far in their course. At Oxford, in 1879, we find seven doctorates in theology and one in law to have been thus given; and at Cambridge, in 1882, one in divinity and five in law.

How far the higher degrees are held in estimation, and how far they fulfill the end for which they were originally designed, may be questionable points. All are not of one opinion in this respect. Archbishop Whately, in his very entertaining evidence before the Oxford Commission, does not hold them in very high repute (Report, etc., Lond., 1852). He says that "if any Oxford man were asked whether the degree of M. A., and those in law and divinity, do not convey, at least to *some* of our countrymen, *some* notion of merit or proficiency, more or less, of some kind, and whether, therefore, a university *so* conferring these degrees as to create or keep up a false impression is not guilty of a kind of fraud on the public, I do not know what he could answer." And again he says: "I can think of but one remedy—to limit the number of these degrees, allowing only a certain proportion of the whole number of members of the university to obtain them, or so many annually." * Whately, be it observed,

* An appendix to Newman's translation of Huber's "History of the English Universities" is instructive, as showing how canon law ceased to be taught and candidates for degrees in this branch of law fell off as the Reformation prevailed; and also how degrees in civil law became gradually fewer in the sixteenth century. After 1533 there were no doctorates in canon law given at Cambridge, of which there had been 54 between 1500 and that year. There was, indeed, no use for them after appeals to the Pope had been prohibited. From 1500 to 1662 the doctorates of civil law, conferred on examination, were in all 184.

refers here to degrees given on examination. It is probable that, since he wrote, a great improvement for the better has taken place. But is there really any difficulty in making the examinations hard enough to deter or reject those who are not real scholars? Could a body of learned men fail of coming to the conclusion that the examinations must be severe enough to frighten away those who are unqualified? And may not the number of honorary doctorates disincline some persons to offer themselves for an examination who otherwise would pass it with honor?

The practice of granting honorary degrees has long prevailed in England, and was in full blast when the earliest colleges in the English colonies were founded. These are given for a variety of reasons besides scholarship—as to persons of rank, foreign envoys in Great Britain, distinguished writers, political leaders, and so on. Confining ourselves to the statistics of the present time, we find that at Oxford, between 1848 and 1879, the honorary doctorates in civil law (D. C. L.) and in theology conferred were 307 of the former and 39 of the latter, besides 23 degrees of Master of Arts. These were published chiefly at the "Encænia," or days of commemoration of founders and benefactors, which are held annually in June. At Cambridge a distinction is made between honorary and *titular* degrees. The latter, answering to honorary degrees as ordinarily understood, were, in twenty-four years, between 1859 and 1883 inclusive, 143 LL. D.'s and 12 M. A.'s. No doctorates in theology are found among degrees of this class. The honorary degrees, so called, which seem to be confined to persons of rank or official station, are conferred on privy councilors, bishops, or bishops designate or elect, judges of the Supreme Court, deans of cathedrals, heads of colleges, and peers and sons of peers, unless they come as *juvenes* to the university, when they can have only the degree of B. A.

We now pass over to a very important feature of the English universities, as forming the original model after which the places of higher learning and science in the United States took their first form. We refer, of course, to the colleges, which, although not peculiar to England, have had a prominence given to them there which they attained and retained nowhere else. These colleges were somewhat monastic, and consisted of students who were, especially at first, from the same part of the country, gathered around a master (for whom the titles were various, such as master, president, provost, principal, dean) and his assistants, who were called *socii* or *fellows*—that is, fellow-teachers and governors of the college or school. It shows the connection and tradition followed in the New England colleges, that at Harvard and at Yale the corporations, although not teachers, are in the first acts relating to the foundations styled presidents (or rectors) and fellows. These officers led a common life with their students in a building, the property in which did not necessarily at first belong to the university, but might, with all the original endowments, have been contributed by friends of religion and learning to the earliest founder, or might have been given by the founder himself. The principal work of the president and his fellows, besides that of watching over the life and character of the pupils, was to aid them in understanding the prelections of the professors, who were, as such, university officers, but might be connected with some college also. The common life, the moral and religious training, the preparation for university duties, were a very good work, but not a work essential to the existence nor to the earliest form of the universities. The professors, the lecturers, the examinations, the degrees, the honors, all belonged to the universities. After the invention of printing and the easier access to books and to texts (which at first, in civil law at least, were written out by copyists and sold to students), lectures declined in importance, and the fellows and others in the colleges became the principal instructors in study; and thus the college side of education, which now chiefly consisted in Greek, Latin, logic, and mathematics, prevailed to a great degree over the oral instruction by public lecturers. Meanwhile some of the most important sciences, such as law and medicine, were transported to the city of London; and to a great extent that which was the original work of the professors and of the faculties was taken from the officers of the old university system, the examinations and the conferring of degrees remaining in their hands as their exclusive, as it had been their original, province. As for degrees, and honorary ones in particular, a change of the old plan, committing these into the hands of the college authorities, would have been most injurious to the whole system by introducing into it rivalry and disharmony in their worst shapes. And, on the other hand, to take away the power of conferring degrees from the universities would have been still more disastrous—if, for instance, a plan could have been adopted of transferring the power to grant them to officers appointed by the state. The removal of the studies of law and medicine to a great extent from the old centers of study, although it abridged and lowered the impor-

tance of those institutions, was perhaps inevitable, and may never be repaired; but the new sciences, and the enlargement of the field of study in metaphysics, philology, and history, if earnestly taken advantage of, as they now seem to be, may make up for the loss of branches which have found a more convenient home in the great capital. Certainly it does not look at present as if the English universities would be necessarily injured and be obliged to fall behind by any new advances of human knowledge.

When the first New England colonies were founded it was nothing strange that the Puritan ministers, who were chiefly graduates of the two universities, should copy the college system, which was the most living part of the university system. It was the part of the education which admitted of immediate application in the circumstances of the new settlements, and one which would open to the heads and fellows an influence religious and moral over the undergraduates. It is also evident that the poverty of the new colonies was quite unequal to the great burden of erecting so vast a structure as that of an English university.

That degrees in arts, as well the degree of bachelor as that of master, should be felt to be essential in the newly founded institution at Cambridge is quite natural. Rules made during President Dunster's administration, in 1642,— the year of the foundation of the college,— contain forms relating to the conferring of degrees in arts *pro more academiarum in Anglia*. In the act of June 27, 1692, it was enacted (in section four) that "the president and fellows of said college shall have power from time to time to grant and admit to academical degrees, as in the universities in England, such as in respect of learning and good manners they shall find worthy to be promoted thereunto." Under this act Increase Mather received the degree of S. T. D., being then president. The reason given for this shows that higher degrees in the several branches taught in universities were thought of: "And whereas it is a laudable custom in universities . . . to confer academical degrees or titles on those who by their proficiency as to knowledge in theology, law, physic, mathematics, or philosophy have been judged worthy thereof, it is hereby enacted," etc. Under this act Increase Mather, as we said above, was created a Doctor of Theology, and two others, John Leverett, afterward president of the college, and William Brattle, both graduates of 1680, received the honor of Bachelors of Theology. But the Privy Council in England, having rejected this act in 1695, practically denied also any right under the original charter to the conferring of such honorary degrees; although what was done between 1692 and 1695 remained in force, because neither the legislature of the colony nor the Privy Council disallowed it. Things continued thus until 1771, when Nathaniel Appleton, a graduate of 1712, was honored with the degree of S. T. D. with no intervening precedent after the degree given to Increase Mather spoken of above. The first degree of Doctor of Laws ever granted in Harvard College was given to Washington in 1776. The Constitution of Massachusetts, framed in 1781, gave the first undoubted authority that existed to confer any degrees whatever, if indeed we can go so far as to find this right granted even there in undoubted terms.*

The act for liberty "to erect a collegiate school" in his Majesty's colony of Connecticut, October 9, 1701, gives express power to the undertakers, partners, etc., " . . . to grant degrees or licenses, as they or those deputed by them shall see cause to order or appoint." And the charter of 1745, which was substituted for the earlier one at the instance of the President and Fellows of Yale College, provides that said corporation "shall have power to give and confer all such honors, degrees, or licenses as are usually given in colleges and universities to such as they shall think worthy of them." This charter remains until now, except so far as it has been altered by the president and fellows' own consent and request.

In neither of these institutions, with the exceptions already mentioned, was any higher honorary degree conferred until the near approach of the Revolution, although quite a number of graduates of both received academical honors from abroad. Cotton Mather was honored in this way in 1710, and Benjamin Colman in 1731, both of them by the Univer-

* The reprint of this Constitution in Poor's edition of the "Federal and State Constitutions" (i. 969) contains the following provision: "The president and fellows of Harvard College in their corporate capacity, etc., shall have, hold, etc., all the powers, authorities, rights, etc., which they now have or are entitled to have, hold, etc., and the same are confirmed unto them, etc., forever." It may be still asked whether they then had, and so whether they now have or are entitled to have, the right of conferring degrees or higher degrees under this charter. The question, however, is not of any practical moment.

It deserves remark that the term "university" is here made synonymous with "college." "Our wise ancestors laid the foundation of Harvard College, in which university," etc. We may add that Cotton Mather in his "Magnalia" (IV., pp. 132 *et seq.*) uses the word in the same way: "I see not why such marks of honor may not be properly given by an American University as by an European," etc.

sity of Glasgow; and Rector Cutler of Yale College, a graduate of Harvard, received the same honor from Oxford in 1723, but not until he had conformed to the Church of England and had been deposed from his rectorate. In the course of years a number of other ministers of the gospel, graduated at Yale, who followed Cutler in his movement, were in like manner rewarded; as Johnson, afterward president of King's College—now Columbia—in New York, Caner, Chandler in 1745, and somewhat later Seabury, subsequently bishop of the Episcopal Church in Connecticut, and first prelate of the Church of England in America. Many others from both institutions, and from other colleges in the colonies, had such degrees from Scotch or Dutch universities, the motive for which must have been to honor prominent men of non-Episcopal churches. As for honorary degrees given by American institutions themselves in the eighteenth century, we have room only for one or two particulars in addition to what has been said of Harvard. Yale College gave the degree of S. T. D. for the first time, in 1774, to Benjamin Lord, a graduate of 1717, and of LL. D., in 1787, to Chief Justice Dyer, first of all its graduates. During and after the Revolution this practice extended, so that every newly founded college exercised this power without scruple; and a person who could take the trouble to search the charters given in the last century, as well as the vastly greater number given in this, would probably find that they all received the power to grant such degrees as were then in use, if they did not acquire a wider privilege. Thus Dartmouth College, under a charter of 1769, honored with the degree of S. T. D. Benjamin Pomeroy, who had been at Yale a classmate with Wheelock, Dartmouth's first president; and Princeton College, founded in 1746, and opened in 1757, exercised this power before the Revolution, as in the case of a president of Yale in 1774.

It is perhaps deserving of remark that the frequency of honorary degrees in theology during the latter part of the century had no perceptible effect in calling forth talent and learning. The speculations in theology and metaphysics proceeded from the followers of Jonathan Edwards more than from any other source; but this eminent man did not live into the time when the theological honors were freely dispensed by places of learning in the colonies, nor was he as highly estimated in his life-time as he has been since his death. As the century proceeded in its course, however, and especially after the Declaration of Independence, the colleges then existing took the providing for academical honors into their own hands, and the youngest of them started in this career at not far from the same point of time with the oldest. The habit thus fastened on the United States began by a kind of necessity, if we would follow the same path which had been pursued in Great Britain and on the Continent. Yet in so doing we adopted not the original plan of conferring the highest degrees on examination upon those who offered themselves for that purpose, but the plan of selecting men of age and prominence, who rather conferred honor on the colleges than acquired honor for themselves. As the country spread, the demand for new colleges and for what began to be styled universities * spread *pari passu*, and the names of the new institutions grew larger the more humble was their origin. All of these acquired by charter, it would appear, the same right of conferring degrees, honorary or other, which the oldest had been permitted to exercise, with no limitation of their power in this respect. The extent to which this power has been exercised it is not easy to ascertain with accuracy; yet statistics in this matter are needed to test our opinions. To these statistics we now come, and shall endeavor in all brevity to show first, by a statement of the higher honorary degrees conferred by the two oldest colleges (which are selected as being fair representatives of the rest), what the condition of things has heretofore been; and then, by other statements, what the number of such degrees is at the present time.

The degrees conferred *honoris causâ*, without examination, are S. T. D. and LL. D. These may be placed under two heads, one of which includes such as are given to graduates of these two institutions, whether by the Alma Mater herself or by some other seat of learning; the other includes the same kinds of honorary degrees given to other persons, whether graduates of other institutions or not graduated at all. The honorary degree finds its place on the catalogue of graduates, whenever it is conferred on them, after the person's name, and under the year of graduation. For instance, the literary honors of John Adams, President of the United States, will be found in the cat-

* The confusion of college and university appears as early as 1701, in "proposals for erecting a university in the renowned colony of Connecticut." So the writer afterward speaks of a Synod being gathered for settling a university, etc.; and again says: "There have been many famous universities without colleges." The writer may have been a Massachusetts minister who was not in sympathy with the leading persons at Harvard.

alogue of Harvard graduates under the year 1755, when he received his degree of Bachelor in Arts, although his academical honors were given to him long afterward—between 1780 and 1797.

The degrees of Doctor in Law and in Theology conferred on graduates of Harvard by their Alma Mater or by other places of learning before 1801 were in all, if our count is right, 179, of which 108 were conferred by Harvard itself, and 71 came from other quarters. Between 1801 and 1879, 206 graduates of Harvard received honorary degrees, 91 in law and 115 in theology. Of the degrees in law 56 came from Harvard itself and 36 from other sources. Of the degrees in theology 64 were conferred by Harvard and 51 proceeded from other sources.

The honorary degrees of a similar rank granted by Harvard to non-graduates or to persons graduated at other institutions were in all 218 in number, of which 55 were in theology and 163 in law. The first honorary doctorate in law, if Increase Mather's in 1692 is not counted, was conferred on General Washington in 1776.

The higher degrees conferred on the graduates of Yale College down to 1801 (between 1702 and 1800) were in all 144, of which 55 were in law and 89 in theology. Of these 90, 22 in law and 68 in theology were conferred by other institutions, and 33 in law and 21 in theology by Yale College itself. From 1800 to 1880 the higher degrees were in all 360, in theology 220, in law 140. Of the honorary degrees in theology, Yale conferred 15 and other institutions 205; of those in law, Yale conferred 50, and other institutions conferred the doctorate in law upon 90.

The higher honorary degrees given by Yale to persons not there graduated were in the second period in all 91, 37 in theology and 54 in law. The first of these degrees was given in 1766.

We beg leave to make two remarks on the lists pertaining to the last period, one of which is that the degrees received by graduates of Yale were very numerous, exceeding by about 150 those conferred by other colleges on graduates of Harvard, while Yale itself conferred only 15 on its own graduates. The causes which brought this state of things about were the great number of students at Yale then having the ministry in view and their dispersion over a large part of the United States. This of late years has in a measure ceased. And, again, the reason why only 15 honorary doctorates in theology were bestowed by Yale on its graduates out of 220 was chiefly owing to the feeling which some of the "fellows" or corporation had in respect to honorary degrees, and especially to degrees in theology. From 1835 to 1869 there were no such degrees given, we believe, either to its own alumni or to any other persons. Not long after this feeling had given way to some extent, a rule of the corporation made a limit to the number of such honorary degrees which could be given in any one year, and a committee, consisting of professors from the several faculties or departments, was appointed, whose annual duty it was to examine a report made on names proposed for such honors. It is worthy of mention that the policy of the college authorities did no harm, apparently, to the graduates or to the college. The doctorates in theology were more numerous than before, from the opening of other channels, yet the feeling against higher degrees was not confined to the place of learning spoken of.

These statements will show what the older colleges have been doing in the way of bestowing academical honors since the time of the Revolution. As for the annual number of such honors conferred by all the institutions in the United States exercising this power, our materials are scanty, and are chiefly drawn from Commissioner Eaton's reports for 1879, 1880, and 1881. In the first of these years the doings of 281 places of learning with degree-conferring powers are published; in the second there are reports from 285 such institutions. There were created in 1879 150 doctors in divinity and 85 in law, and in 1881 128 of the former and 65 of the latter—in all for two years 428. For 1881 we have had no complete account until this article was all but furnished. We now learn from Mr. Eaton's report for this year that the honorary degrees of D. D. or S. T. D. conferred in that year were 165, and of LL. D. 86. The reports come from 306 institutions, many of which, described as agricultural colleges or industrial universities, etc., would not think of conferring the degrees with which we have to do.

An article in the "Independent" of August 17, 1882, throws light on the number of ministers then living who had had the degree of D. D. or S. T. D. conferred upon them. Among the Congregationalist ministers in Massachusetts, one out of eleven was found to bear the title, but if the retired ministers were reckoned in, the ratio would be as 1 to 8. In the Presbyterian Church (of the Northern States?) there were, according to the same authority, 610 Doctors of Divinity, or 1 to about 8.3 of the 5086 then belonging to the denomination. In the Episcopal Church there were in 1882 545 clergymen who had received doctorates, or 1 out of 6.5. The propor-

tionate number among the Methodists and Baptists must be much less, but is sure to increase with the learning and zeal which are putting the ministers of these bodies on a level with their compeers belonging to denominations formerly stronger.

Of the doctorates of law, which are far from being few, we have but meager statistics; and as our main object in this essay is the value and estimation of degrees in theology, we feel less interest in hunting doctorates of law out from college catalogues and other documents. We may, however, mention here a single fact which shows how the tendency to use new degrees in awarding scientific honors has begun to show itself. The degree of Ph. D., which in Germany is what M. A. has been in England and the United States, has been used for a few years among us as a degree conferred on examination upon students in science. There certainly can be no objection to this novelty, if the examination is severe and thorough. But some colleges, chiefly if not entirely seated in the Western States, went beyond this, and gave the degree to some who, without an examination for it, had gained some distinction in physical sciences. It was according to logic and analogy so to do; but a convention of scientific men, more than a year since, protested against this extension of the field of honors, and their protest has been received, we judge, with no dissatisfaction by the country.

From what has been said thus far in regard to honorary degrees, we may safely draw the conclusion that by ancient usage the *colleges* of the United States have no right to confer any degrees whatever, whether honorary or as the reward of scholarship determined by examination. If we depart from the precedent of earlier times, it may fairly be pleaded that in the circumstances in which the early colonists found themselves the conferring of degrees on examination was a necessity, whether supported by precedent or not; but the giving of higher degrees never was in the hands of colleges properly so called, and only pertained to bodies properly styled universities, where faculties of instruction were united together in one corporation. To the university alone it belonged to make laws in regard to examination, to prescribe what studies should be required for degrees, to fix the length of residence before a student could offer himself for a degree; nor, so far as we are aware, had the single colleges, in those universities where they existed, the least right of interfering in the general system of education so far as to put one study in the place of another prescribed by the general statutes: the governing board alone, however it might be called, could ordain what criterions and tests for scholarship should be made use of. Still less could a college in the university, if there were any colleges there, give degrees *honoris causâ*. The king might express his wish to have such and such honors conferred on particular persons; but the wish had no effect until complied with by the university acting through its officers or senate. The university, perhaps, might introduce new degrees by its inherent power; but the whole subject of degrees was outside of the province of a college, whose business was to train up persons who could have degrees from the university, if they were found worthy on examination. Hence, to confer the power of giving degrees, such as are usually given in universities, on an infant college in a new colony, seems to imply some ignorance of what universities were, or a strong hope that one faculty would expand into three or four.

But another point deserves consideration. The degrees on examination followed the approval of the particular faculties, or of committees from their members. This implies that the universities, for their own credit or even self-preservation, committed the examinations in a department of study to professors or instructors in that department; nor can we suppose that teachers belonging to other departments interfered with their office. This, we presume, is the case in all respectable colleges; the corporation or fellows or supreme authorities, by whatever name called, will not give degrees, unless to those students whom the teachers pronounce worthy of such honor. Some universities did not have the full complement of four departments or faculties; thus that of Paris had for a long time, as we have already said, no faculty of law. Now, suppose that such a university, with the faculty of law wanting, should have undertaken to give degrees in law, common or civil or both, without examination, would that have been endured? If the University of Paris, in its earlier times, had taken this license, would there not have been a general outcry, and would not the Pope have considered it an indirect attack on his authority? This is but acting according to the very fair rule that neither examinations nor degrees ought to be permitted in any branch of an institution, where there is no corps of instructors in that branch competent to decide on the merit of a candidate to receive such a degree. According to this principle, where in a place of learning a certain branch of study is not taught, there ought to be no degrees given in it. If, for instance, law or theology is not taught, there should be no degrees in law or theology. As well might a medical school give degrees in

the arts or in theology, or a theological school make doctors of medicine; as well, we mean, so far as analogy is concerned; for in matter of fact such a passing over into another department of study would be unauthorized, complained of, and condemned. And yet among us, small colleges, where there is only a faculty of arts, are, as we find from year to year, in the constant exercise of such power, even to the using of new degrees unknown before.

But there is a ready reply to what we have said, drawn from established usage. The distinctive characteristic of the American colleges has been, it will be said, growth, without legislation, both in the colonial and in the national form of our existence. In answer, we say that the progress of the American higher education has indeed been, in most respects, more rapid and more satisfactory than could have been anticipated. But if there are excrescences in the system, such as seem to be hurtful to the advance of real study, every educated man ought to desire that they should disappear. Such we hold to be honorary degrees, especially doctorates in law and in theology; and we believe them to be so little in accord with solid learning that we could wish them to be suppressed, or, if that is impossible, checked and regulated. We intend, however, in this article to go no further than to urge the propriety of going back to the original system of granting such degrees, like all others, to persons who, on their own responsibility, offer themselves for examination. As for the present system of high degrees without examination, we intend to do no more than to show what its evils are, and to inquire whether a return to the old plan, still pursued, we believe, in all the universities of Christendom where faculties of law and theology are found, may not have a good influence on the standard of learning and on the value of the higher degrees themselves in all parts of the country.

The higher honorary degrees, as it has been made to appear, were not conceived to be within the competence of the earliest colleges in the colonies to bestow; and with one exception they were not conferred by them between the founding of Harvard and the years just before the Revolution, or nearly a century and a half. If, at that time, a plan could have been introduced of granting such degrees on examination, it might have been preventive of much evil; but the Revolution cut off to a great extent the former sources of supply, and it is remarkable how all the colleges within a few years provided for themselves in this respect. From this time onward the stream of honorary degrees has run in a smooth channel, nor has the supply ever failed. But the abundant supply has brought with it a sense of the evil which attends such a way of helping ourselves to honors. Some of the evils are the following:

In the first place, these honorary degrees are bestowed on no evidence of thorough learning in theology or in law, and thus are in no way certificates of deserving the honors, saving that, for some reason or other, the corporation of a college regards the person thus honored as a man worthy of notice beyond most of his fellows. But whether he was a scholar or not, whether he was a theologian or an accomplished lawyer or not, in the estimate of the board governing a college, does not appear. There are so many causes for a man's taking rank above his fellows in the same profession, so much ambition for notoriety in some persons, and so much shrinking from it in others of equal abilities and learning, that, as an actual distinction between those who deserve a degree and those who do not deserve it, such honors are of very little worth. Add to this that the ways of obtaining them often take away what would otherwise be their value. By this we do not mean to intimate that a person eager for such an honor will use unworthy means to secure it, or that his friends, understanding his wishes, will so act in his stead; but we mean that the trustees of a college have no sure means of judging of the relative, and still less of the absolute, merit of names brought before them; that the trustees themselves are not a body capable, in the time which they can afford, of forming a judgment in such a case; and that, if the object in view is to find among its own graduates or in the body of graduates of all the colleges the man who ought to be honored before all others, this is by no means an easy problem to solve. We are acquainted with the method which one of the largest institutions in the land has for a dozen years or more acted upon, which in substance is this: The number of honorary degrees is limited by a standing rule, and a committee from all the departments or faculties is called together to act on names submitted to them, without which no honor can by ordinary rules come before the corporation. This shows a conscientious desire to do a duty fairly and deliberately; but whether the committees from the faculties would pronounce the plan to be satisfactory we very much doubt.

We have also a right to say that this distribution of honorary degrees is to a great extent unmeaning. It fails of selecting the most worthy; it disappoints many, as is probable,

and gratifies a few, and those few not, of course, the best fitted to fill the place; it by no means selects the most learned and useful scholars, but rather those who have an artificial or undeserved prominence. The desire to obtain the honor is a desire which no man should indulge, and yet the uncertainty and unreasonableness of the rules of selection provoke such a desire especially in persons who have no good claims by which it can be justified. If the honor of a doctorate in theology is given to ministers of one denomination, it will in the end be given to those of another,—not in order to encourage a learned ministry, but owing, in part, to the sway of the spirit of equality, and because, in part, it gives a title which is as good as if the largest university had conferred it, as well as a standing in the upper section of one's fellow ministers. Perhaps, too, it may help him in getting a good parish. The social distinction conferred on a man by an academical honor, whether deserved or not, is not an inconsiderable motive for desiring and even for seeking it; and the value of titles is perhaps nowhere more highly estimated than in a democratic country like ours. Thus the official title which attaches itself to a person in a civil, military, judicial, or political sphere is commonly given rather than the christian name, not merely because it is shorter to say Colonel or Major or Mr. Smith, but also because it is supposed to afford pleasure to the person so addressed. It is owing to these causes that addresses by word of mouth, or on the covers of letters, have gradually fallen down from their original honorary meaning, so as to be open to almost all men,—such titles, we mean, as Esquire, Master or Mr., and Honorable. In this widening of the use of titles, they come to mean at length little or nothing, and instead of distinctions are bestowed on all men. Who that adds the title of *Esquire* to a name on a letter ever thinks of the aristocratic employment which it once denoted? It is getting to be very much the same in regard to doctorates in theology. They carry with them no evidence of learning, but only a certain indefinite superiority above others in the same sacred calling.

The estimate of the value of honorary degrees will be, of course, affected by the number of institutions which have the authority to confer them. There are more than three hundred colleges which can confer honorary degrees, and over their trustees there is no control. As it is generally unknown from what source these honors in each particular case proceed, those who wear the honors will pass on an equality, and the number of the institutions will only diminish the respect for the title when it accompanies the name of a minister of the gospel; for men will be slow to believe that the opinion of so many unknown boards of trustees, giving the highest distinction in learning, is to be greatly respected, any more than they can trust as many mints throwing out coin over the country with no general board of control, or banks issuing paper at discretion. In England the small number and great size of the universities make their judgments to be respected over the literary world; but even there the honorary degrees can do very little good to the system. It is rather the system which in a measure supports this excrescence of literary honors conferred without examination.

What we have said thus far of honorary doctorates in theology will apply to the same honors in law, only that the latter are honors in a more exclusive sense. They are used with less frequency than the theological ones, either as suffixed to individual names on the title-pages of books or in addresses. Thus a judge who had the title would hardly choose to have it attached to his name in court, or, indeed, anywhere else, since his official name commands respect. Add to this that, as an honorary degree, it is more frequently bestowed on men of political distinction, on distinguished writers or other men of mark, than on lawyers; so that it is given to a very miscellaneous class of important men, and thus indicates no special kind of talent or proficiency. It is thus more a compliment than anything else; it might be spared without being missed, and is not very much valued when it is conferred. But why should compliments invade places dedicated to the realities of learning and science?

It is somewhat humiliating to have to mention here the forged degrees which have within a few years been detected and exposed in the United States; and yet, as they bear upon our subject, they deserve mention, because but for honorary degrees such forgeries would hardly have been attempted. The most notorious of these dealers in *bogus* degrees, nearly all of which were pretended degrees in medicine, was one Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, whose career is exposed by Mr. Eaton in his Report on Education for 1880, pages 157–165. To his purchases of charters as early as 1858, his opening a market for certificates of doctorates in medicine, his detection and pretended death by drowning, his subsequent arrest and confinement for trial, we can only allude. One remarkable circumstance attending his career was that a commerce was opened between him and a man in Great Britain, who was without doubt aware

of the fraud. This person writes from London to ascertain whether he could "grant him a degree, honorary or otherwise," for gentlemen to be introduced by him, "they proving themselves proficient to write a suitable petition in Latin, and forwarding their testimonials and manuscripts and printed works, or to pass an examination in this college (at London), the questions to be proposed by yourself. If you would oblige me by doing this, I will guarantee you £1000 a year, or £8 or £10 for each degree."

The detection of this fraud did not put an end to the species to which it belongs. One Stickney obtained a charter from the Legislature of New Hampshire, and sold degrees of the Nova-Anglica (!) Universitas Artium et Scientiæ, which had no real existence; and in the winter of 1882–3 the managers of a medical college, which, if we mistake not, had procured a charter, and was removed from its original place of work to Boston, were entering on the same career, when the law put a stop to further proceedings. We are aware that the responsibility for such frauds is not wholly to be imputed to the bestowal of honorary degrees, and that the medical art is that one which especially offers a chance of successful imposture, since the pretenders in it well know how easily the poor and the ignorant are exposed to the deceptions of quacks; but this much may be said at least: that honorary degrees, although they have lost their repute to some extent, are yet held in esteem by very many, and carry with them an impression that other degrees also, somewhat resembling them, proceed from respectable sources.

If, now, honorary degrees in the very important departments of theology and law are liable to the charges which we have made against them, and especially to that of doing harm to thoroughness and honesty in learning, what is the cure for this? Either they should be thrown aside altogether or be retained under restrictions; while the old system, in use since the foundation of modern universities, of degrees given on examination in law and theology, which still exists all over Europe, ought to be restored. To abandon honorary doctorates altogether may be found impracticable, and cases may occur in which a study begun in all fidelity is interrupted by sickness or poverty. In such cases, which are not very numerous, where the lower degrees of various kinds had been sought for by earnest study, but were not regularly attainable owing to the misfortune of the student, it has been not unfrequently the practice to give the degree at a subsequent time, even without examination. This comes near to an honorary degree, yet the intimate knowledge of the student's acquisitions, until illness or poverty blocked the way, places this on a different ground from those degrees which are simply honorary. It might be well, also, to reward discoverers of important principles in science, who had had, perhaps, no public education whatever, with the honors which incorporate them among those who rose by regular stages to the higher platform of learning; but if this should be found desirable, let such rewards be reserved for cases which would be rare and of distinguished merit. As for the rest, let the way be opened to any graduate, if he feels it important, to prepare by the study of years for the highest degree within his reach, and that whether he resides within the college walls or outside of them. This is the bravest course for the individual himself. He offers himself, we will suppose, for the lower degree or baccalaureate in law or theology. The time when this first degree after graduation could take place should be not so very early; it might be at the end of four years from his graduation. Then the higher examination for his doctorate should be long enough afterward to give him time to become a proficient in the science which he pursues—eight years, perhaps, from his graduation as a bachelor in law or theology. The tests of his fitness for this higher degree, which would generally demand a separate examination, might be selected as they have been hitherto, and the examiner or examiners would naturally belong to the faculty within which the studies are included. In theology, for instance, exegesis of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures would naturally be one of the most important subjects, then the history of the church and of theological science, together with some essay, selected by the candidate but approved by the examiners, on some branch of theological study. In law the examination would naturally take the same course, with an essay as before. If the essay offered by any candidate were thought to be of peculiar value, it might be published by order of the examiners at the expense of the university. The faculties concerned in the examination ought to be remunerated at the candidate's cost, since it was his choice that laid the burden upon them.

For a time at least, faculties of law, theology, medicine, or natural science, having no connection with a group of other faculties, might exercise this power of conducting the higher examinations by themselves; but the healthy rivalry of different branches of learning would probably be found so stimulating that no experienced instructor could wish to have them pursued apart. Residence at some place of study other than those which have faculties capable of examining candidates ought to be

encouraged, but at first not required. This concession, if found hurtful, could be withdrawn, and, at all events, certificates of good character ought to be demanded. Other provisions would be suggested when the system was put into operation.

These remarks are suggested in part by a difficulty which examinations for the highest degrees must encounter, owing to the number of smaller and feebler places of learning, where there is but one faculty of instruction — not to speak of those professional schools in law, medicine, or theology where honorary degrees are seldom given. The smaller institutions would hardly venture to conduct examinations in anything unless it be philosophy and the arts, although they might give honorary degrees by the score. The difficulty here referred to will in the future be in part removed by the rise, in connection with some of the colleges scattered here and there through the country, of new faculties which will furnish an encyclopedic education. Of course, three hundred or more respectable universities would be out of the question; but if there were twenty, or even fifteen, fully officered, endowed, and furnished with libraries of adequate size and completeness, they could meet the wants of the country for a long time to come. One of their uses would be to open their doors to the graduates of colleges having but a single faculty of instruction, who should desire, at no very great distance from their homes, to carry their studies further forward than they could at their own place of graduation. This would be just what is done at those institutions where there are at present schools in theology, law, science, and medicine. There is no distinction there made between students who come to such schools from among the graduates of the institutions themselves and those who come from other quarters.

If such a system could have a fair start, it would probably meet with success. The great obstacle to its success would be the practice, which would not cease at once, of honorary degrees which do not reveal the source from which they come, but may be given as readily and freely by the smallest, and feeblest, and newest college in the land as by the oldest and most thorough. If the degrees given on examination and those given without examination should coëxist, one of the two must be driven out of the field to a great and increasing extent. We hope that there may be a trial of strength between the two. Let those who have won honors for themselves by hard and conscientious study put the name of the institution where they earned their degrees on their printed works, let them show how and where they became learned and accomplished scholars, and there will be little doubt that the present plan of giving honors without instruction and without proof of qualification will at length give way.

Theodore D. Woolsey.

PEACE.

O PEACE! thou swift bird, flying
  Out from the hearts of men,
How is it thou art trying
  Thine empty nest again?
  I strove so hard to woo thee,
  I told my sorrows to thee,
  I sighed to have thee stay,
  Yet thou wouldst fly away.

A noise of quick wings whirring
  Along the air at night!
A sound of soft wings stirring,
  And thou wast in from flight.
  Too late I would retain thee,
  Too soon I would regain thee;
  For lo! thou camest still
  And wentest at thy will.

By what supreme endeavor
  Shall I insure thy rest?
How shall I hold thee ever,
  Shy bird, my loving guest?
  What gift of mine shall win thee?
  What longing is within thee
  That one so poor as I
  May wholly satisfy?

Yet if thy stay is fleeting,
  At least I shall be glad
To dream of future greeting
  And know the joys I had.
  From all earth's good I choose thee,
  Nor can I wholly lose thee;
  When most I feel thy lack
  Thy light wings bear thee back.

Isaac O. Rankin.

CHORAL ODE TO THE NORTH RIVER.

I. *To be Sung by Men.*

LIMPID-LIMBED and crystal Tree,
From hill-tops lone quite to the sail-flecked sea
Tree diaphanous, how great you are!
Good in tap-root out beyond the bar,
Groping aye in ocean deeps
Where ooze primeval quickened was and born
And the warm Gulf-stream keeps
On through a bed unworn
To thaw the dew chilled by the Northern star!
Grand in root of eastward trend,
Whale's path, sea-gulf that is never shoal;
Bright in opalescent bole,
Deep, wide, unbranched for mile on lovely mile,
And fair in limbs that cool the far country-side
And masterful with rocks and sands contend;
Ay, in your crystal poll
And crown of lakes and ponds that dimpling smile
Where pearly silver-bubbling springs from wood-wastes gush and glide.

II. *By Women.*

We too the wide-brancher celebrate—
Maze of lymph whose torrent rough or smooth
Still to man is dedicate,
Nourisher of matrons, and to youth
Playmate always and their treasure-chest!
You that mirror women fair,
Smooth-limbed, clear-eyed, silken-tressed,
And whose breast
Loyal is to men whose couch they share!
Moons with you have little might,
Tides are light,
But at orders of the sun
Full or thin your tributaries run.
Temperate, though of matchless strength,
Still you feed the wise canals, and yours the power
When, on iron nerves, the length
Of the land the tireless engines scour.
In your fleets, by steam or wind,
You have bartered spice of Inde
For peltries of the Arctic Pole,
Though ten thousand miles of brine in wrath between them roll.

III. *By Girls and Boys.*

River, full of all delight,
Sport by day, and O by night
Plunged in awe and witchery!
Endless playground in all weather,
Wintry highway where with glee
Swift the dainty ice-boats flee
As a gale will puff a feather!
When are we of you most fond,
Race-course, merry skating-pond?
Summer's heat
You are cooling, and your wonder still
Down our bodies sends a charmful thrill;
Lo, we greet
You as playmate and a teacher, wiser
Than our school-books, great surpriser
With your sturgeon and your merefowl and your craft,
Amber shallows thick with life begun,
And your pools where, deep as down a shaft
Gazing, we have seemed to spy
In proof of tales of days long wandered by
Remnants of a red man's skeleton.

IV. *Men.*

All men at your shrine are free,
Crystal fane of liberty!
Ha, a proud oppressor arms your giant hand!
Nor in own nor other's land,
Nor on meres across the brine, will you abet of slavery.
Fearless and astute as well,
Nor too sweet and innocent—
Salt of the world with limpid sweetness blent—
Breath of hay is yours,
And yours the sea-weed smell
That of earth and ocean-storm their various message tell.
Yet a slowly gathering tide
Foulest sins may override:
You have crumbled tons of clay to reach the rock that dures;
Drawing freshness from the ether,
Shrewdness winning from the sea,
You have blossomed near the root;
There your fruit
Mightiest glows and ripens; thither
Nations flock for hospitality.

V. *Women.*

'Tis the hill-tops, of the untrodden wood
'Tis the million fingers held on high
Filch the cool drops from the sky,
From the clouds their dewy treasures wheedling and their might.

Now begins the river and its good;
For, O wizard, you, the beaver-haunts
Milking gently, know to smite
Countless udders in the tangle where the smooth-piped tree-frog sings,
Where, a fine steel-blue lance,
The dragon-fly expands his burnished wings,
The wood-thrush strains his tiny throat in glorious carolings.
Hail, crystal dome!
By your swamps replete with game
And your trout-streams etched with trailing grasses,
Brooks that plash the wild deer's home,
Pools their dainty muzzles ruffle, gravelly passes
Where the slow-leg oxen, wanton heifers, and the brooding cows,
Lured by you, forget to browse;
Hail, O house for all things wild and tame—
Yes, and nurse of valiant seamen
That have ransacked each remotest sea
And from drear Antarctic forced the key—
Generous, for their hearts accord to women
Freedom and unwritten courtesy.

VI. *Girls and Boys.*

Book of secrets various,
Never stale nor tedious,
What Titanic lore from you shall we not learn?
Teach us now the law of storms!
See the demon of the tempest rides his course among the clouds.
All the patient hill-tops burn
Spectral with electric forms,
Till a rainy pall the heavenly chemic shrouds.
River, theme for endless thought,
In your vales we con the pages
Paragraph by paragraph,
Guessing fragmentary meanings where the text is blotted half,
Of the dim colossal ages
When the fickle crust of earth with fire and ice was wrought.
How your waterfalls have taught
Wondrous lessons in mechanics that bring life to empty marts;
In your reaches spawned, how deadly the torpedo-marvel darts;
How the glories of your landscape stir your sons to thought of arts!

VII. *Men.*

Watery gate that opens wide
To men of whatso color dyed,
Men of high or low estate,
Gate that will not shut its doors
On the crime-stained who from fate
One more chance of honesty implores!
World's asylum for the peasant
Ground by wicked armaments
Under plea of State defense
Down into the dust by rich and titled greed!
Temple vasty where the meed
Of unvext life and a pleasant
Win the very brutes that may not speak their need!
Crystal palace, breathing-space
Of the great Mixed Race!
Hall congressional for North and South,
Offering men of every creed
Work and hope, with bread for every mouth;
Welcomer of all the East,
Builder of the giant West,
Lo, the nations in your borders see
Rise the people's aristocracy!

VIII. *Women.*

Good is land, yet worthless without you,
Fructifier of the plain,
Constant always and yet changing ever!
Who has counted each alternate hue
On your bosom? who has ta'en
Rhythmic note of music manifold,
Lapsing all your silvery network through,
Of brooks and streams that quiver
In tender wise, or, into thunders rolled,
Proclaim your might as waterfalls with voices uncontrolled?
Ay, who surveyed
The deeps and shallows of your wondrous bed?
Like the strange moon, O river,
Who knows the half of you when all is said?
Wherefore you a rune to us
Are of faith right glorious
In the after-realm of death for good and sinful shades.
Lo! in our first villages,
Safe from Indian pillages,
Loftiest rose the house of God within the rough stockades.

IX. *Girls and Boys.*

We love the foal that crops the river meads.
River swift, yet swifter steeds
You have nurtured, steeds that winds outrun;
But across your marble floors,
Brave with flags and glittering in the sun,
Faster yet the steamers glide to kiss and quit your shores.
How the mountains crowd to view you,
Shining glave of might!
Adirondacks boast the sources
For your swollen lower courses,
Catskills and Green Mountains press around,

Shaungum and Taconic hills
Homage pay in thousand rills,
But the Highlands still are found
Dearest in your sight.
Grant a wonder, lovely stream;
Grant for sign to those who sue you
Monster fish or elfin sprite!
For we know a goblin leads,
Whensoe'er by trackless reaches
And woodland steeps the fairy torches gleam,
All along your pebbly beaches
Nightly dances to the music in your reeds.

X. *Men.*

Long before the red man's reign,
Ere the leaves were red in fall,
Northward of the mountains cleft in twain
Spread an ice-lake where an eagle's eye
Finds no limit now to fields and orchards tall.
Among his clouds on high
Motionless, great Manitou
Knew that land of game too narrow for his sons;
But the lake-sprites and the bearded ones
That infest the concave rocks
Were enslaved beneath the sun or groaned in icy stocks.
Wherefore from the heavenly hearth
Up he caught a firebrand,
Quenchless, red; with never-swerving hand
Cast it through the mere, straight toward the core of earth.
Bellowing, from his inmost hole,
Safe no more within his frozen lake,
Starts in rage the water-bull,
Half in shape a mammoth, half a snake,
And as if a giant mole
Burrows through the granite hills till all the earth-rings quake!

XI. *Women.*

Yes, but on his path
Follows fast the joyous stream,
Winding this way, curving that,
Broader here in bays that gleam
Peaceful on the track of wrath,
Building there a peaceful flat,
Tracing yonder bloomy isle
Where farms and steepled towns in after-time should smile.
For here the stout-heart race of men
Who quelled the sea and sowed in barren fen
Realm as famous as old Europe grew,
Hollander and Huguenot,
Who with dragons long had fought,
Here their ancient force should prove anew.
But the Highlands are not glad;
All their pride is broke; with sad
Murmurs in their serried pines
They bewail that horrid wreck and Manitou's designs:
Lo, healing rains are sent,
The gracious sun is lent,
Till every vista beckons on with lovely hues and lines—
Such through that ragged pass the charm celestial shines.

XII. *Girls and Boys.*

And the wee folk of the lake,
Slaves no longer to the water-bull,
Broke their gyves of ice and vanished from the sun.
But they linger in the rocks
Secret as the cunning fox
And by night their revels make
In woody glens, their faint halloos,
Peals of laughter, fairy fun
Quavering o'er the smoothy pool
Where beyond the headland basks the moon.
From the hill-sides rent in twain,
Where the deepest shadows muse,
Trip the hairy men that wield the miner's tool.
Hark! across the river's molten main
Voices croon:
Here they choose
Safest, eeriest wood and wave
For sport and council grave—
Here meet the tribes of hill and stream to pledge their oaths again.

XIII. *Men, Women, and Children.*

Favorite of Manitou,
Flesh and blood we owe to you,
Robes and housing, joys and luxuries!
Warm with snow you keep the leas,
Cool with ice our tropic days;
Through your fine variety
Beauty plays,
Marshal to a faith in things we cannot see.
Yet we have remembered naught
Of your endless charity,
But have hewn your glorious woodlands down,
Laying bare the mountain's crown
To the marsh-bred evil winds with blight and sickness fraught.
How with lies and wickedness
We your gray rocks desecrate,
Crystal waters how with foulness stain!
Yet do you that ne'er complain
Hear our prayer and deign to bless
Erring children who confess!
Purge us of each petty trait,
And in the ceaseless march of man
Grant to us the noblest place since first the march began:
So generous make us, firm of trust,
So faithful, gallant, pure, and just,
That we be dearly mourned long after we are dust!

Charles de Kay.

SCENES OF HAWTHORNE'S ROMANCES.*

CONCORD.

FORTY years ago the little village of Concord covered a large area of the cultivated Western world. Whether that was the reason why Hawthorne went to live there is, perhaps, open to question. It is certain that the Old Manse was to be rented at a very reasonable figure; and it does occasionally happen that the materially and the transcendentally desirable are coincident. Be that as it may, the early years of Hawthorne's married life were spent in Concord; and the mosses that he gathered there have since enriched the substance of many minds in all parts of the civilized globe.

The archaic seclusion of the place was even more conducive to meditation than to composition or creation, which last often seems to be promoted by some more or less acute external stimulus. The new husband and wife, or Adam and Eve, as they liked to call themselves, were almost as poor in money as their prototypes, and, in spite of their orchard and their vegetable garden, a good deal less able to get on without occasional remittances. Accordingly, the future author of "The Scarlet Letter" was compelled to alternate his hoeing and digging, his rambles over the hills and his paddling on the river, with periods of application to pen and paper in his study, where he would sit with locked doors, clad in a long and ancient flowered dressing-gown, upon the lining of the left-hand skirt of which he was in the habit of wiping his pen. His wife noticed this habit, and said nothing about it; but one day, on bringing his pen to the accustomed spot, Hawthorne found stitched on there a pretty pen-wiper, in the shape of a butterfly with red and black wings; and this butterfly was ever after renewed from time to time, as necessity required.

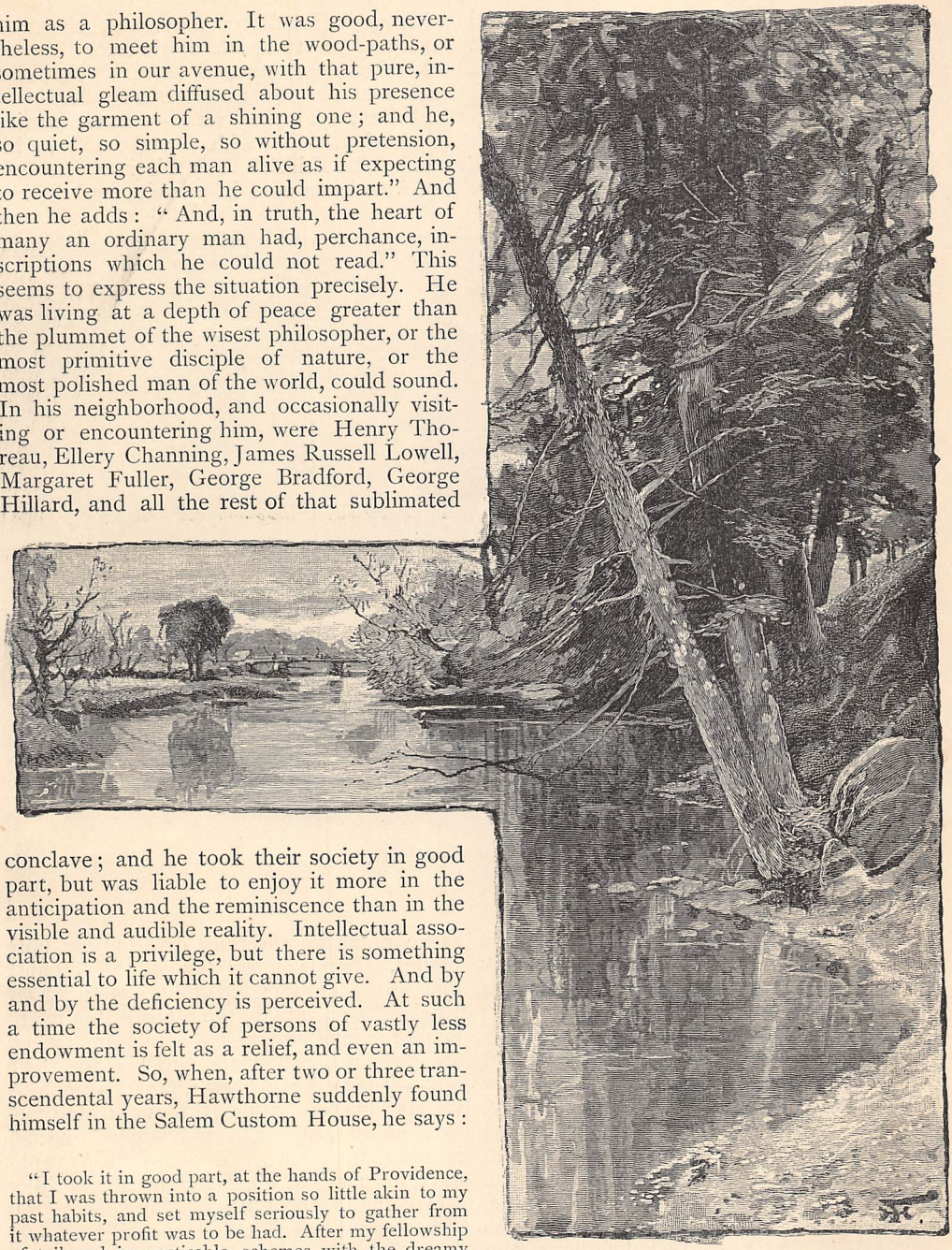
What was written in that little sunny-hued study, readers know; but nobody, not even the author's wife, ever saw him in the act of writing. He had to be alone. The force of the habit acquired during those solitary years in Salem could not now be overcome; and he had the air of feeling as if this business of story-producing was not altogether a reputable one,—hardly to be alluded to in decent society. I remember that his son was led to take that view of the matter at a very tender age, and used to regard this unfortunate proclivity of his father with a sympathetic regret. It seemed strange that a man of his general ability and strength and charm of character should be the victim of such a weakness. The father was inclined to encourage this attitude on his son's part, and so successfully that the latter was over eighteen years old before he became familiar with any of the former's works, except the "Wonder Books," and the "True Stories." "Whatever you do, old boy, never write books!" was an exhortation volunteered more than once; and the recipient of it used to wonder why a warning so entirely gratuitous should be given at all. Write books, indeed!

None of the stories written in the Old Manse were indebted to Concord for their scenery or background. "Birds and Bird Voices" is merely a description of spring; and "The Old Manse" was written in Salem, after the Concord life was over for the time. It was not until twenty years later that the sketch of "Septimius Felton" came into existence — after Hawthorne had lived in England and Italy, and had placed an atmosphere of years and growth between his early Concord reminiscences and himself. This kind of atmosphere seems a necessity to most writers of any depth. They cannot immediately translate their surroundings into literature. Much of what a man sees out of his study window does not belong to his mind or nature; it is unsympathetic with his genius, and acts like a discord. But in process of time these discords, finding no root, fall away and are forgotten; what is sympathetic remains, and becomes organically assimilated with the man. After this assimilation has taken place, and not before, the material, whatever it be, is ready for use.

Hawthorne was supremely happy, as well as fortunate, in his marriage; and no doubt this sense of domestic well-being rendered even the choicest of outside company more or less irksome to him. Emerson himself could teach him nothing that bettered the silent instruction of love. "I admired him as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness," he writes, "but sought nothing from

* See also "The Salem of Hawthorne," by the same author, in this magazine for May, 1884, "Scenes from 'The Marble Faun,'" by W. L. Alden, in September, 1871, and "Hawthorne's Last Bequest," by T. W. Higginson, in November, 1872.

him as a philosopher. It was good, nevertheless, to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure, intellectual gleam diffused about his presence like the garment of a shining one; and he, so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart." And then he adds: "And, in truth, the heart of many an ordinary man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read." This seems to express the situation precisely. He was living at a depth of peace greater than the plummet of the wisest philosopher, or the most primitive disciple of nature, or the most polished man of the world, could sound. In his neighborhood, and occasionally visiting or encountering him, were Henry Thoreau, Ellery Channing, James Russell Lowell, Margaret Fuller, George Bradford, George Hillard, and all the rest of that sublimated conclave; and he took their society in good part, but was liable to enjoy it more in the anticipation and the reminiscence than in the visible and audible reality. Intellectual association is a privilege, but there is something essential to life which it cannot give. And by and by the deficiency is perceived. At such a time the society of persons of vastly less endowment is felt as a relief, and even an improvement. So, when, after two or three transcendental years, Hawthorne suddenly found himself in the Salem Custom House, he says:

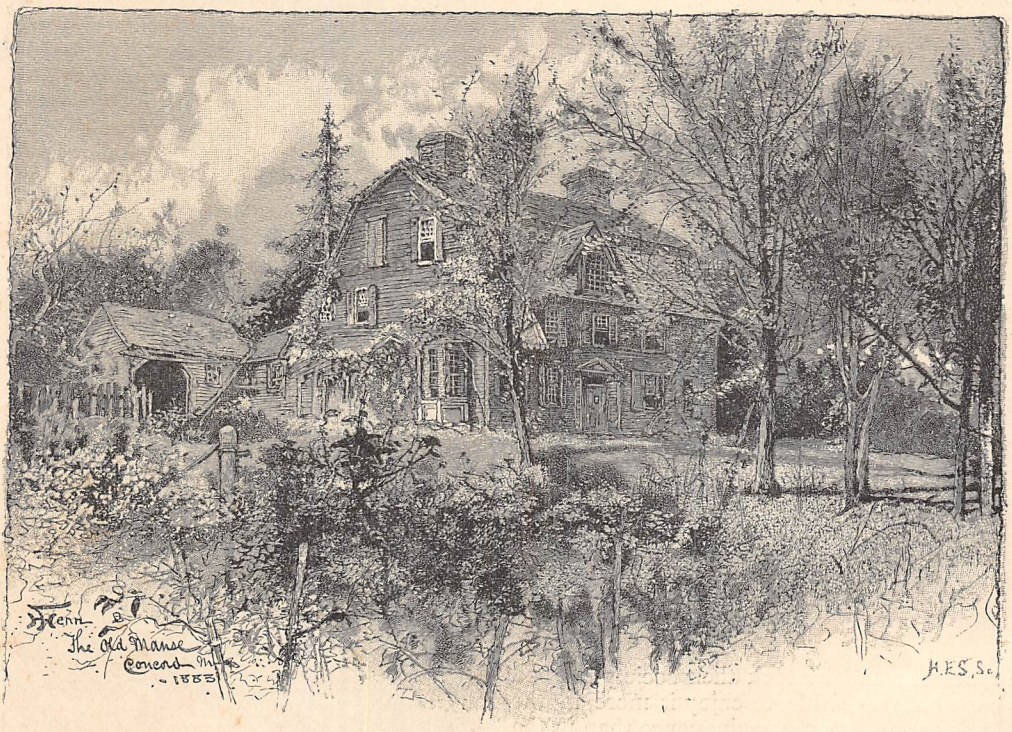


THE HEMLOCKS ON THE CONCORD.

"I took it in good part, at the hands of Providence, that I was thrown into a position so little akin to my past habits, and set myself seriously to gather from it whatever profit was to be had. After my fellowship of toil and impracticable schemes with the dreamy brethren of Brook Farm; after living for three years within the subtle influence of an intellect like Emerson's; after these wild, free days on the Assabeth, indulging fantastic speculations, beside our fire of fallen boughs, with Ellery Channing; after talking with Thoreau about pine-trees and Indian relics in his hermitage at Walden; after growing fastidious by sympathy with the classic refinement of Hillard's culture; after becoming imbued with poetic sentiment at Longfellow's hearthstone — it was time, at length, that I should exercise other faculties of my nature, and nourish myself with food for which I had hitherto had little appetite. Even the old Inspector was desirable as a change of diet to a man who had known Alcott. I looked upon it as an evidence, in some measure, of a system naturally well-balanced, and lacking no essential part of a thorough organization, that, with such associates to remember, I could mingle at once with men of altogether different qualities, and never murmur at the change."

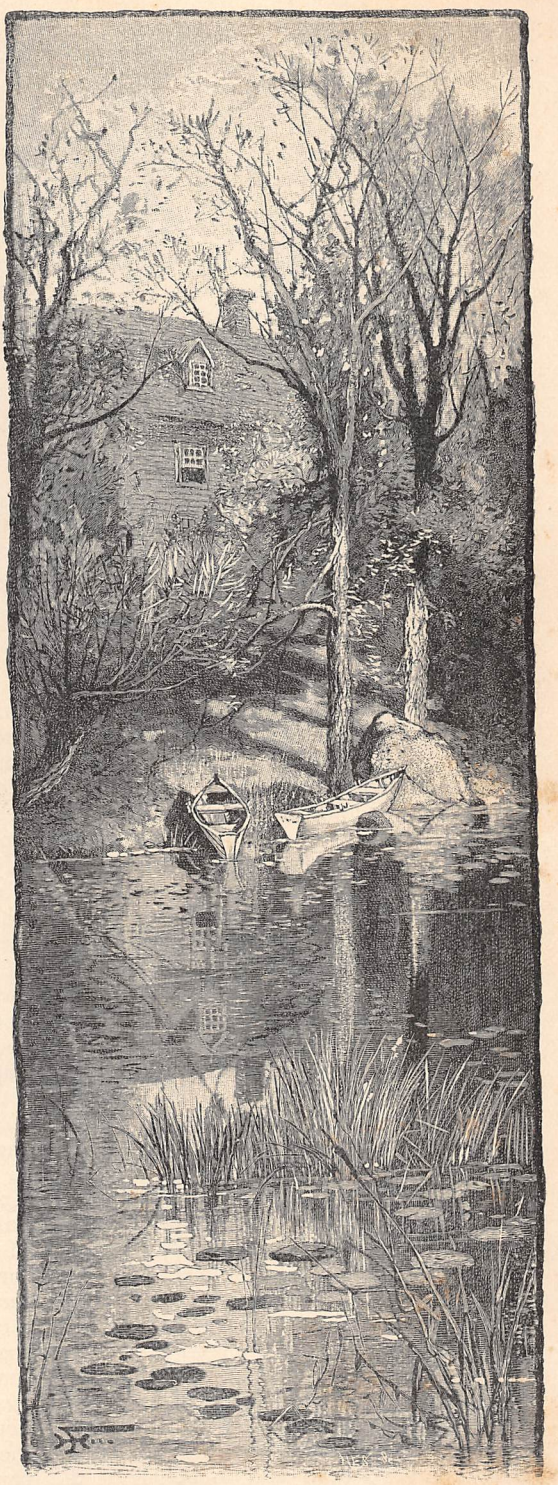
There is a delicate flavor of irony in the last words; but Hawthorne was one of the most courteous of men, and used his exquisite faculty of literary expression rather as the veil of his arch incisiveness than as a whet to it.

The Old Manse to-day presents an aspect little different from that of forty years ago, and resembles scarcely at all such a rickety wraith of architecture as is pictured in the frontispiece to the new edition of Hawthorne's works. The frame-work of the house seems indestructible; and repairs have been made here and there, as from time to time they were needed. But the region in which it stands is less secluded than of yore. New little shanties have sprung up here and there. The old historic bridge, across which the Concord fight took place, has been rebuilt, after an elaborately rustic design; and on the western bank stands a commendable statue, by Mr. French, of the Minute Man — the embodiment of the embattled farmers who fired the shot heard round the world. His rifle is in his hand, and he smells the invader afar off. Opposite, on the hither shore, still uplifts itself the little granite obelisk put up long ago in memory of the conflict; and in the wall on the left has been placed a stone, bearing an inscription referring to the two unnamed British soldiers who were buried at this spot. In the introduction to the "Mosses," Hawthorne mentions their grave, and goes on to speak of the story Lowell told him about one of them. "Tradition says that the lad now left his task" — he had been chopping wood — "and hurried to the battle-field with the axe still in his hand. The British had by this time retreated; the Americans were in pursuit; and the late scene of strife was thus deserted by both parties. Two soldiers lay on the ground. One was a corpse; but, as the young New Englander drew nigh, the other Briton raised himself painfully upon his hands and knees, and gave a ghastly stare into his face. The boy — it must have been a nervous impulse, without purpose, without thought, and betokening a sensitive and impressionable nature rather than a hardened one — the boy uplifted his axe and dealt the wounded soldier a fierce and fatal blow upon the head. . . . The story comes home to me like a truth. Oftentimes, as an intellectual and moral exercise, I have sought to follow that poor youth through his subsequent career, and observe how his soul was tortured by the blood-stain, contracted as it had been before the long custom of war had robbed human life of its sanctity, and while it still seemed murderous to slay a brother man. This one circumstance has borne more fruit for me than all that history tells us of the fight."



The fruit ripened at last, though in a shape considerably modified from its early germ. Twenty years later, in the romance of "Septimius," the hero kills a British officer, not by a nervous impulse, however, but in fair fight. "He had taken a human life; and however the circumstance might excuse him—might make the thing even something praiseworthy, and what would be called patriotic—still it was not at once that a fresh country youth could see anything but horror in the blood with which his hand was stained." Like all writers of the richest and sanest imagination, Hawthorne sought always to root his flowers of fancy in some basis of fact. And, for the observing eye and retentive mind, the quietest life affords abundance of material on which to found the most exalted and singular imaginative architecture. It is only the vulgar and the feeble who presume to invent a story or an episode out of whole cloth.

"Many strangers," he writes, "come in the summer-time to view the battle-ground." These strangers are still coming, in undiminished numbers, and now not to view the battle-ground alone, but the Old Manse also, and the Wayside, and Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, and the site of Thoreau's Hermitage at Walden, and the home of Emerson. Worthy and pious pilgrims that they are, they afford no little amusement, as well as some annoyance, to the presumptuous persons who have had the audacity to take up their abode in or near the sacred precincts. Pilgrims seem to think that no one has any rights which they are bound to respect over the goal of their pilgrimage—no one, that is, but the pilgrims themselves, who are plenipotentiary. Their bearing is haughty, indignant, and immitigable. It would appear to be morally incumbent on them to rout you out of bed in the morning, to disturb you at dinner, to invade your evening repose, implacably demanding to be forthwith conducted all over the premises, to have all their questions answered, yea, to be fed and soothed and flattered, and sent on their way (when they do not intend a permanent sojourn) with gratitude and blessings for their kindness in coming. Sometimes they approach singly, like the knight-errants of old, Britomarts as often as Artegalls (and the former are even more awe-inspiring than the latter); sometimes in twos and threes; sometimes in great battalions. They surround the devoted spot, they overrun it, they invest it, they encamp upon it, they peep through the



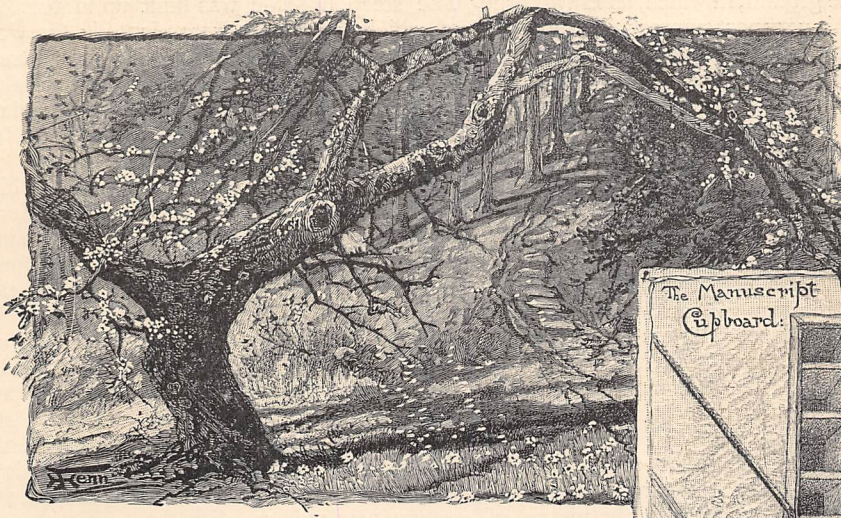
A GLIMPSE OF THE OLD MANSE FROM THE CONCORD RIVER.

HAWTHORNE'S SEAT AT THE WAYSIDE.

windows, they walk unheralded through the doors, they pluck the flowers from the flower-beds, they tear down the vines from the walls, they pull branches from the trees, they talk, they stare, they laugh, they frown, they question, they affirm, they deny, they investigate. One of their most engaging characteristics is the rare ingenuity they display in mistaking what they are looking at for something else. They insist upon it that the Wayside is the Old Manse, that the Old Manse is the Wayside, that the two are one and the same, that either or both are not in Concord but in Salem; that Sleepy Hollow is beside Walden Pond, that Walden Pond is in Sleepy Hollow; that Emerson lived in Thoreau's Hermitage; that Thoreau was present at Concord fight, collecting the arrow-heads of the invaders; that Alcott wrote the "Scarlet Letter"; that Hawthorne wore a black veil, ate only vegetables, and never looked upon the light of day; that Concord is in Lexington; that Lexington is on Bunker Hill. And if you attempt to combat or modify any or all of these convictions of theirs, they will give you plainly and immediately to understand that you are lost to all sense of truth as well as of decency. Their behavior throws a new light upon the Crusades of the Middle Ages, and suggests a doubt whether something might not have been said in behalf of the Turks, after all.

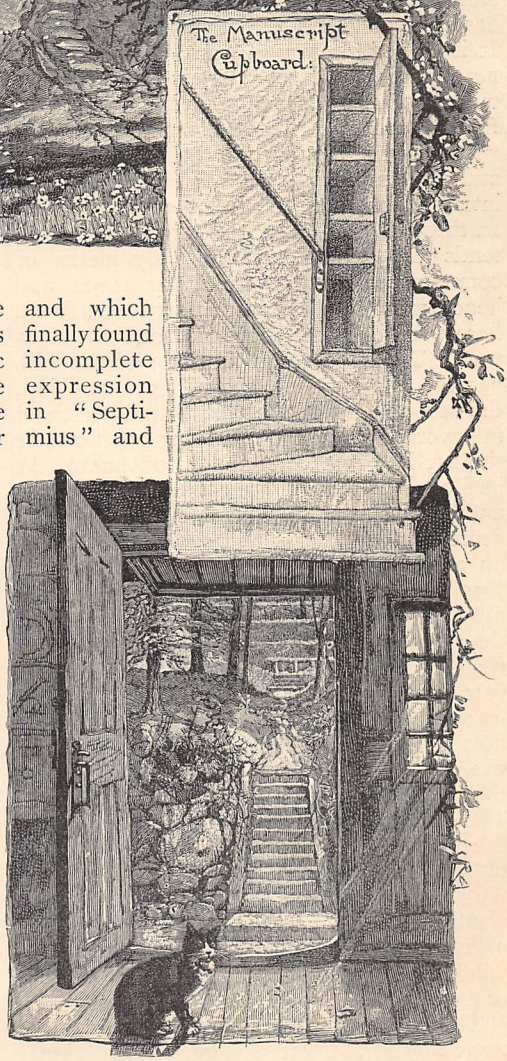
In spite of the pilgrims, Concord has a good many more inhabitants now than at the time of the "Mosses"; society exists there of a loftier and more cultured sort than humanity has hitherto afforded; and the Concord School of Philosophy makes one realize what it might have been to be snowed up at a Wayside Inn with Pythagoras, Plato, Hypatia, Margaret Fuller, Descartes, Spinoza, Hegel, Fichte, Schopenhauer, Kant, Comte, Shakspere, and Herbert Spencer for fireside cronies. The School itself—the material part of it—is a pretty little wooden structure (scarcely large enough, one would think, to contain the wisdom of the world) standing on the hill-side above the house formerly occupied by Alcott. The site and aspect of the latter building is one of the most agreeable in Concord, which, to speak seriously, is one of the comeliest and most attractive little towns in New England. "Apple Slump," as Miss Louisa Alcott once named it, is a low, brown, gabled, irregular structure, with a lazy wink of wise old windows, and overshadowed by the venerable branches of two or three enormous trees. It reclines, rather than stands, at a distance of forty yards or so back from the road, from which it is further protected by a praiseworthy modern fence. The fence, however, notwithstanding its intrinsic virtue, does not quite harmonize with the house; it is as though some hoary sage were to hold a carved ivory fan before his furrowed visage. Twenty years ago there was a fence of Mr. Alcott's own building, made of the curved and gnarled branches of forest-trees—an

excellent specimen of a species of architecture whereof Mr. Alcott was, if not the actual inventor, at all events one of the most admirable adepts. Of the same period, and constructed by the same hand, was the summer-house on Emerson's premises, with the wind-harp of untrimmed boughs upon its gable — a harp which gave forth its music only in the wildest gales. Two more of these rustic edifices, which seemed to have come into existence by the consent of nature rather than by the hand or agency of man, once stood on the hill-side above the "Wayside," and at the bottom of the meadow on the other side of the road. They are all gone now, being among the few things in the shape of houses in New England that possessed the faculty of growing old and falling into picturesque decay.



PATH UP THE WAYSIDE HILL.

The Wayside, in which Hawthorne's last years were passed, presents externally an appearance almost precisely the same as when he lived in it. The original house, the nucleus of the present building, was small and simple, consisting of only four or five small rooms and an attic. It was built some time before the Revolution broke out, and seems likely, with its additions, to prolong its existence as far into the future as it has lived in the past. Here, in the early times, lived a man — a crank we should call him now — whose hobby it was that death was a weakness to which only the pusillanimous succumb, and which he, at all events, was resolved never to be guilty of. Accordingly, he lived on to a considerable age, and might have been living still had he not become irritated at something (he appears to have been a very irascible old personage), and in a pet revoked his resolution, and so died. This gentleman, so far as he went, suggested or confirmed the conception of the deathless man which haunted Hawthorne's mind for so many years, and which finally found incomplete expression in "Septimius" and the "Dolliver" fragment; and this house was the home of Septimius, that of Robert Hag-



THE TERRACES AT THE WAYSIDE.

burn being apparently identical with Mr. Alcott's. As for Rose Garfield's cottage, which stood half-way between the other two, within the memory of man nothing has remained of it save the hollow of its cellar—a deep green dimple in the ground, in which, as Hawthorne writes, "I, this very past summer, planted some sunflowers, to thrust their great disks out from the hollow, and allure the bee and the humming-bird." Hawthorne always had a great liking for sunflowers and for hollyhocks; and often, I remember, used to stand with his hands behind his back, as his manner was, contemplating the great, dignified plants as they reared themselves up out of the little hollow aforesaid. This part of Concord township has undergone less alteration than any other. It is out of the way of railway stations; the nearest shop is three-quarters of a mile distant; it does not seem to invite new settlers. Here is still the ridgy hill mentioned in the "Romance," rising abruptly behind the houses, and stretching, with one or two breaks and interruptions, into the heart of the village. In those days the Lexington road, which extends into Boston, was the only means of communication with the latter town, and hence most of the houses now to be found here were built at that period and not afterward. The road skirts the base of the hill, "in the side of which, according to tradition, the first settlers of the village had burrowed in caverns, which they had dug out for their shelter, like swallows and woodchucks. As its slope was toward the south, and its ridge and crowning woods defended them from the fierce northern blasts and snow-drifts, it was an admirable situation for the severe New England winter; and the temperature was milder, by several degrees, along this hillside, than on the unprotected plains, or by the river, or in any other part of Concord." This is true; but it may be observed that Concord is one of the coldest as well as one of the hottest places in New England, and that the site of the Wayside is one of the hottest though not one of the coldest in Concord. The bottom-land lies very low—twenty or thirty yards lower, it is said, than the bottom of Walden Pond, only two miles distant; and the air in summer stagnates and simmers like a sultry pool, until it would stew the life out of a salamander. Hawthorne never had his full health in the Wayside, and living there probably shortened his life several years.

Thirty years ago or more the house was owned by Mr. Alcott, who built an additional room on the western end, and made some other minor improvements. He also, I believe, planted the willows that still grow along the brook-side at the foot of the meadow. Hawthorne, before leaving America for England in 1853, purchased the house from him as it stood, together with seven acres of meadow, and about twice as much woodland, including the hill, at the back of the dwelling. The steep hill-side was built up in terraces, on which apple-trees were planted; the western spur was overgrown with locust-trees, which in summer were heavy with pendent plumes of yellow blossoms. From England Hawthorne sent back a great number of Norway spruces and firs, which were set out along the walks and on the slope of the hill; and to-day they are grown so large and dense as quite to overshadow the place. The summit of the hill, and thence northward for a quarter of a mile or more, is a thick and tangled growth of oak, birch, and pine, with brambles and moss under foot, essentially untouched for many years. The path on which Hawthorne used to pace to and fro, and which his foot-prints gradually made, is still easily traced along the level brow of the declivity. It is perhaps two hundred yards in length, and undulates somewhat, though still preserving a uniform direction east and west. It was his custom to ascend hither in the late afternoon, and walk his beat for an hour or two till sunset, his hands clasped behind him, and his eyes gazing forward or downward abstractedly; occasionally he would pause on the western extremity of the path, which commanded a wide view over the Concord meadows, and stand looking out toward the sunset clouds. During the spring and summer of 1863—the last summer and the last spring but one before his death—his wife used often to ascend the hill with him, and they would loiter about there together, or sit down on the wooden benches that had been set up beneath the larger pines, or at points here and there whence glimpses of the vale were to be had. At other times they would stroll down the larch path to the brook, where was a pleasant gurgle of water, and a graceful dip and shadow of willows, and the warble of bobolinks and blackbirds. They were as constantly together during the last years as during the first of their married life at the Old Manse; and they talked much to each other in the low, sympathetic tones that were characteristic of them. But what they said can never be known. They were always happy in each other, and serene.

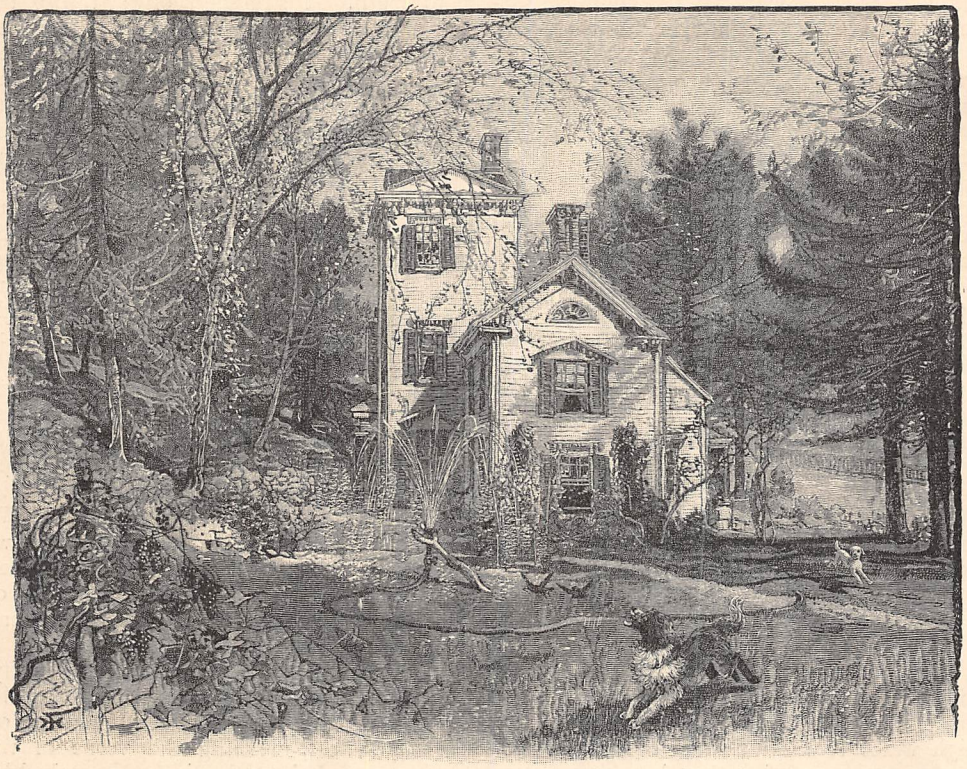
Hawthorne added a second story and a garret to the western wing of the house, and built on three rooms in the rear, one on top of the other, forming the tower, in the topmost chamber of which he wrote "Our Old Home" and the later fragments. It is a pleasant little room, lofty, with vaulted ceiling,

and accessible to whatever air might be stirring; but the heat in summer was oven-like, and in winter the only warmth to be obtained was from a small stove, which did more to vitiate the atmosphere than to temper it. Nevertheless, Hawthorne was fond of his study, or imagined that he was; but there must have been in his mind memories of cool, shadowy, secluded rooms, wainscotted and ceiled with oak, and embowered with ivy, such as he had often seen in England—rooms with a grave, antique individuality and flavor of their own, never to be reproduced in republican America. He regretted our Old Home, though not admitting to himself that he did so, and wasted slowly away in the keen dry air of New England. Or perhaps no geniality of earthly climate would have availed him much; he needed a change of scene more complete than the world could afford him. He had not misused such space and time as had been given to him in the world.

BOSTON.

THE Boston of the "Scarlet Letter"—the infant Boston—betrayed few signs of its predestined dignity as Hub of the Universe. At high water it was an irregular island, comprising an area of rather less than seven hundred acres. Speaking roughly, the land somewhat resembled in shape an Indian arrow-head, the point lying toward the "Neck," which was at that period a neck of such slender proportions that it altogether vanished twice a day. It was little more than a long beach or sand-bar, in short, overflowed at flood-tide, and affording the sole means of gaining the main-land dry-shod when the tide was low. The path which led over it, and which extended through the central length of the island, was the forerunner of the celebrated thoroughfare which now bears the title of Washington street. It formerly pursued its way through a series of appellations. Thus, from its beginning, a little east of the present State street, it was called Cornhill as far as the junction with Milk street. Thence to the corner of Summer street it was dubbed Marlborough; and thence, successively, Newbury street and Orange street. What name it was known by after it crossed the Neck I am unable to say; probably it was little more than a rough wood-path. Indeed, such is the inference to be drawn from various passages in the romance. In the chapter called "A Forest Walk," for example, we read that "the road, after the two wayfarers had crossed from the peninsula to the main-land, was no other than a footpath. It straggled onward into the mystery of the primeval forest. This hemmed it in so narrowly, and stood so black and dense on either side, and disclosed such imperfect glimpses of the sky above, that, to Hester's mind, it imaged not amiss the moral wilderness in which she had so long been wandering." And in this forest, in a dell whose site is now covered by brick buildings and sidewalks, where the whisper of the breeze and the gurgle of the brook are now replaced by the shuffling feet and discordant voices of innumerable passers-by, by the rattle of wagons and the jingle of horse-cars—here it was that the secret interview occurred between the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne, at which it was decided that they were to flee together to the Old World. Here, too, or hereabouts, must have taken place those witch-meetings to which old Mistress Hibbins so mysteriously alluded. We see no Scarlet Letters on women's brows nowadays, and the Black Man has ceased to hold open revel within the precincts of Boston; and yet, possibly, the difference may be more apparent than real.

To return, however, to our topography. The waters of what is now known as the Back Bay completely bounded Boston on the north-west, washing the verge of the Common, and along the line now marked by Boylston street; on the north, round the foot of Beacon Hill, the broad expanse of Charles River flowed into the sea. The level region on the outer side of Cambridge street, occupied to-day by dingy blocks of warehouses and shops, and by two or three smoky railway stations, was all a waste of waters in the year 1630. Afterward a dam was built across the mouth of the inlet, and the inclosed space was called the mill-pond, and retained that name long after it had been made solid ground. In the account of Benjamin Franklin, in the "True Stories," it is alluded to as a place where "he and the other boys were very fond of fishing, and spent many of their leisure hours on the margin, catching flounders, perch, eels, and tomcod, which came up thither with the tide. . . . At that period it was a marshy spot on the outskirts of the town, where gulls flitted and screamed overhead, and salt-meadow grass grew under foot." To the south and east was the open sea—or at least the Bay of Boston; only at that time the waves concealed the site of many of those buildings which were burned down in the great fire thirteen or fourteen years ago. The Common has retained almost unchanged its present form. The lower part of Tremont street, which skirts it on the south, was in old



THE WAYSIDE.

times called Common street, and was, in fact, nothing but an unimproved cart-track. The first white settler of Boston, a certain William Blackstone, who afterward sold the entire peninsula to the colonial Government for the sum of thirty pounds sterling, is said to have had his farm on the south-west side of Beacon Hill, so that it must have included a part of the Common or the whole of it; but there is no record of this tract ever having been built upon, so long ago as 1626.

Isaac Johnson was the second pioneer to take up his abode in the future Boston; and he established himself upon the plot of land now bounded on the north and south by Tremont and Washington streets, on the east and west by Court and School streets, respectively. Two hundred and fifty years ago this modest farm may have been worth as much silver as Mr. Johnson could easily have carried in his breeches pocket; what it would be valued at to-day it might impoverish a Vanderbilt to pay. Howbeit, this Isaac (who was the husband of the Lady Arbella) was a man of wealth and station in England, but emigrated to New England for conscience' sake, along with Winthrop and others of the Puritans, in 1630. His wife, as we read in "Grandfather's Chair," died within a month after her arrival, and "they dug a grave for her in the new soil, where the roots of the pine-trees impeded their spades." Mr. Johnson's heart "appears to have been quite broken, for he died at Boston within a month after the death of his wife. He was buried in the very same tract of ground where he had intended to build a dwelling for Lady Arbella and himself. Where their house would have stood, there was his grave. The people loved and respected him so much that it was the last request of many of them, when they died, that they might be buried as near as possible to this good man's grave. And so the field became the first burial-ground in Boston. When you pass through Tremont street, along by King's Chapel, you see a burial-ground containing many old graves and monuments. That was Mr. Johnson's field." Furthermore, in the first chapter of the "Scarlet Letter," we learn that "it may be safely assumed that the forefathers of Boston had built the first prison-house somewhere in the vicinity of Cornhill." Now, the old prison, "marked with weather stains and other indications of age which gave a yet darker aspect to its beetle-browed and gloomy front," and which, "like all that pertains to crime, seemed never to have known a youthful

era"— this ugly wooden jail, the rust on whose iron-bound door "looked more antique than anything else in the New World," stood, as a matter of historic fact, on the site now appropriated by the Boston Court-House, immediately in the rear of the City Hall, and a stone's throw from the windows of Parker's Hotel, in School street. It therefore fronted on Court street (then Prison Lane), and was nearly opposite the top of the present Cornhill, at one time known as Market street. The market-place, into which Prison Lane led, and where Hester Prynne's pillory was erected, was where the old State-House now is. Accordingly, if we wish to follow Hester's footsteps on that journey of hers from the prison door to the scaffold, we must start from the steps of the Court-House and proceed down Court street to the old State-House. "It was no great distance, in those days, from the prison door to the market-place. Measured by the prisoner's experience, however, it might be reckoned a journey of some length; for, haughty as was her demeanor, she perchance underwent an agony from every footstep of those that thronged to see her, as if her heart had been flung into the street for them all to spurn and trample upon." The scaffold is described in the "Romance" as standing at the western extremity of the market-place —"nearly beneath the eaves of Boston's earliest church, and appeared to be a fixture there."

BROOK NEAR THE WAYSIDE.

Let us now betake ourselves to King street, — State street it is now, and also bore during the Revolution times the name of Congress street. This thoroughfare is several times mentioned in Hawthorne's writings, and always seems to enkindle in him a certain warlike and patriotic eloquence. The earliest allusion to it occurs in "The Gray Champion" — an episode imagined as taking place during the governership of Sir Edmund Andros, in 1689:

"The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers than as a muster-call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterward, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. . . . All this time the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill [Washington street], louder and deeper, till with the reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. . . . Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

"The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England. . . . On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and

on the other the group of despotic rulers, with the high churchman in the midst, . . . proud of unjust authority and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"'O Lord of Hosts,' cried a voice among the crowd, 'provide a Champion for thy people!'

"This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry, to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together near the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty — a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the center of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age. . . . As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now, he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"'Stand!' cried he.

"The eye, the face, and attitude of command; the solemn, yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battle-field or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arms the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England."

It was not my intention to quote at such length; but the pleasure of transcribing words like these is hardly to be forborne. The story, in sustained power, austere eloquence, and graphic imagination, has always seemed to me equal to anything that Hawthorne has produced; and it was written when he was scarce thirty years old. He recurs to the same spot, nearly twenty years later, in the account of the Boston Massacre:

"Down toward the Custom-House, as I told you, came a party of wild young men. When they drew near the sentinel he halted on his post, and took his musket from his shoulder, ready to present the bayonet at their breasts. 'Who goes there?' he cried, in the gruff, peremptory tones of a soldier's challenge. The young men, being Boston boys, felt as if they had a right to walk their own streets without being accountable to a British redcoat. They made some rude answer to the sentinel. There was a dispute, perhaps a scuffle. Other soldiers heard the noise, and ran hastily from their barracks to assist their comrades. At the same time many of the townspeople rushed into King street by various avenues, and gathered in a crowd round about the Custom-House. It seemed wonderful how such a multitude had started up all of a sudden. . . .

"As the tumult grew louder it reached the ears of Captain Preston, the officer of the day. He immediately ordered eight soldiers of the main guard to take their muskets and follow him. . . . Arriving at the sentinel's post, he drew his men up in a semicircle, with their faces to the crowd. . . . When the people saw the officer, and beheld the threatening attitude with which the soldiers fronted them, their rage became almost uncontrollable. 'Fire, you lobster-backs!' bellowed some. 'Rush upon them!' shouted many voices. 'Drive the rascals to their barracks! Down with them! Let them fire if they dare!' Amid the uproar the soldiers stood glaring at the people with the fierceness of men whose trade was to shed blood. . . . 'Fire, if you dare, villains!' hoarsely shouted the people, while the muzzles of the muskets were turned upon them. 'You dare not fire!'

"They appeared ready to rush upon the leveled bayonets. Captain Preston waved his sword and uttered a command. His soldiers deemed that he had spoken the fatal mandate, 'Fire!' The flash of their muskets lighted up the street, and the report rang loudly between the edifices. It was said, too, that the figure of a man, with a cloth hanging down over his face, was seen to step into the balcony of the Custom-House and discharge a musket at the crowd.

"A gush of smoke overspread the scene. It rose heavily, as if it were loath to reveal the dreadful spectacle beneath it. Eleven of the sons of New England lay stretched upon the street. Some, sorely wounded, were struggling to rise again. Others stirred not, nor groaned; for they were past all pain. Blood was streaming upon the snow; and that purple stain in the midst of King street, though it melted away in the next day's sun, was never forgotten nor forgiven by the people."

It is said that the descendants of these Boston boys of a hundred years ago are very solicitous to imitate the dress, manners, and speech of the youth of England. So Time brings about his revenges.

Hester Prynne's cottage seems to have been situated on Back Bay, probably in the near vicinity of the Common.

"On the outskirts of the town, within the verge of the peninsula but not in close vicinity to any other habitation, there was a small thatched cottage. It had been built by an earlier settler, and abandoned, because the soil about it was too sterile for cultivation, while its comparative remoteness put it out of the sphere of that social activity which already marked the habits of the emigrants. It stood on the shore, looking across a basin of the sea at the forest-covered hills, toward the west. A clump of scrubby trees, such as alone grew on the peninsula, did not so much conceal the cottage from view, as seem to denote that here was some object which would fain have been, or at least ought to be, concealed."

Poor Hester's residence, were it standing to-day, would be in the near neighborhood of Boston's most aristocratic region. But, in the deepest of her sad musings over past and future, beside the gray waters of the land-locked bay, she never could have beheld a vision of Commonwealth Avenue rising from

the waves. Where, in the harsh soil of Puritan asceticism, were the seeds hidden of all this present luxury and culture?

Governor Bellingham's mansion stood midway between Pemberton Square and Beacon street.

"This was a large wooden house, built in a fashion of which there are specimens still extant in the streets of our elder towns; now moss-grown, crumbling to decay, and melancholy at heart with the many sorrowful or joyful occurrences, remembered or forgotten, that have happened, and passed away, within their dusky chambers. Then, however, there was the freshness of the passing year on its exterior, and the cheerfulness, gleaming forth from the sunny windows, of a human habitation, into which death had never entered. It had, indeed, a very cheery aspect; the walls being overspread with a kind of stucco, in which fragments of broken glass were plentifully intermixed; so that, when the sunshine fell aslant-wise over the front of the edifice, it glittered and sparkled as if diamonds had been flung against it by the double handful. . . . It was further decorated with strange and seemingly cabalistic figures and diagrams, suitable to the quaint taste of the age, which had been drawn in the stucco when newly laid on, and had now grown hard and durable, for the admiration of after times."

In order to reach the Governor's residence from their own abode, on that errand about the embroidered and fringed gloves, Hester and little Pearl would have only to cross the Common or to come round by Beacon street. Bellingham, by the by, was Governor three times — in 1641, in 1654, and, finally, from 1666 to 1672. Hester's visit to him, therefore, must have been made during his first governorship, and we must suppose the remainder of the story to have taken place during the same year. As for Mistress Hibbins, history describes her as Bellingham's relative, but does not say that she was his sister, as is stated in the "Romance." She was hanged for a witch in 1656. I trust these dates and details are of interest to some readers. Others will no doubt find it possible to enjoy the "Romance" without them.

Before I leave the subject of the "Scarlet Letter" I will say a word about a sickly little story that has been lately going the round of the papers upon the authority of Mr. Moncure D. Conway. It reads as follows:

"One wintry day Hawthorne received word at his office that his services would no longer be required. With heaviness of heart he repairs to his humble home. His young wife recognizes the change, and stands waiting for the silence to be broken. At length he falters, 'I am removed from office.' Then he leaves the room. Soon she returns with fuel and kindles a bright fire with her own hands; next she brings pen, paper, ink, and sets them beside him. Then she touches the sad man on the shoulder, and, as he turns to the beaming face, says, 'Now you can write your book!' The cloud cleared away. The lost office looked like a cage from which he had escaped. The 'Scarlet Letter' was written, and a marvelous success rewarded the author and his stout-hearted wife."

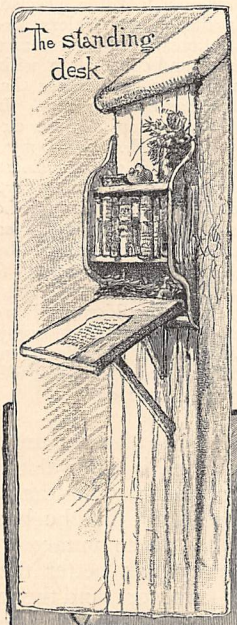
I think it is Wordsworth who somewhere says, "I heard a little lamb say, Ba-a!" But Hawthorne was not a little lamb, and never said Ba-a! I will now transcribe, from the introduction to the "Scarlet Letter," his own version of his attitude on the occasion referred to. He writes:

"Unpleasant as was my predicament at best, I saw much reason to congratulate myself that I was on the losing side rather than the triumphant one. . . . . Nor was it without something like regret and shame that, according to a reasonable calculation of chances, I saw my own prospect of retaining office to be better than those of my Democratic brethren. But who can see an inch into futurity beyond his nose? My own head was the first that fell!

"The moment when a man's head drops off is seldom or never, I am inclined to think, precisely the most agreeable of his life. Nevertheless, like the greater part of our misfortunes, even so serious a contingency brings its remedy and consolation with it, if the sufferer will but make the best, rather than the worst, of the accident that has befallen him. In my particular case the consolatory topics were close at hand, *and, indeed, had suggested themselves to my meditations a considerable time before it was requisite to use them*. . . . Meanwhile the press had taken up my affair, and kept me for a week or two careering through the public prints in my decapitated state, like Irving's Headless Horseman: ghastly and grim, and longing to be buried, as a politically dead man ought. So much for my figurative self. The real human being, all this time with his head safely on his shoulders, had brought himself to the comfortable conclusion that everything was for the best; and, making an investment in ink, paper, and steel pens, had opened a long-disused writing-desk and was again a literary man."

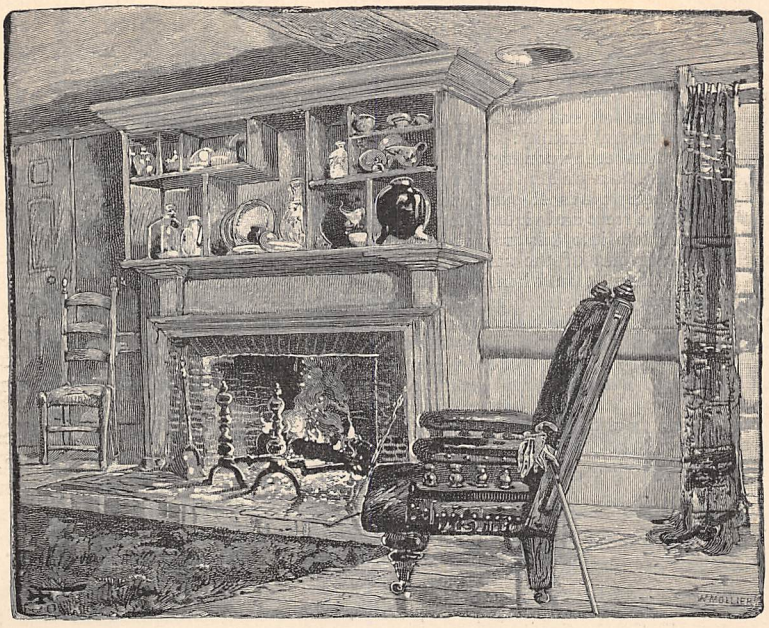
Now, this indicates two things: first, that Hawthorne had foreseen his removal from office as a probable contingency, and had prepared for it; and secondly, that he had regarded it as by no means an unmixed evil. He liked to be a literary man better than to be a Custom-House surveyor; and though he would not deliberately have given up the certainty of a Government salary for the lottery of a literary success, yet he was far from regretting that the exchange had been forced upon him. Let us see how much is left of Mr. Conway's story, after eliminating from it the statements that Hawthorne came home crushed by a sudden and unexpected blow, that his wife stood waiting for the silence to be broken, and that she then (after lighting the fire with her own hands) touched him upon the shoulder and beamingly suggested (what they had been discussing for weeks past) that he should write his book! All that remains, in the absence of these touching details, is an implication that an interview of some kind took place between Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne on the day of his being superseded. And did any such interview occur? Yes; and this is what happened. Hawthorne came in, with a humor-

ous smile in his eyes, and said: "Well, Sophie, my head is off, so I must begin to write a book. But what puzzles me is, how we are to live while the book is writing." "Oh, wait till you see how economical I've been!" replied his wife. Whereupon she unlocked a drawer, and presented to her astonished husband a roll of bills amounting to one hundred and fifty dollars, being the accumulation of her savings out of the money he had from time to time given her for housekeeping. I have heard my mother tell the story a score of times. How they both would have laughed to read, "At length he falters, 'I am removed from office.' Then he leaves the room." Poor, shortsighted, sentimental, timid, faltering Hawthorne!



There is more of Boston than of any other particular locality in Hawthorne's books: he made the best use he could of the comparatively short historical perspective that was available to him, and, living in Salem, was enabled to regard Boston from a more objective point of view than his native place. In the "Legends of the Province House" the mansion of the old royal Governors of Massachusetts is mentioned as being still in existence, and as standing in a small and secluded courtyard, behind a brick row of shops, to which access was obtained through a narrow archway and passage leading out of Washington street, nearly opposite the Old South Church. Now, whether the old Province House was standing so late as the date of the story, my archæological resources do not enable me to affirm. It is described by Hawthorne with a touch so graphic as to indicate an imaginary building rather than a material one. It had a square front, was "three stories high, and surmounted by a cupola, on the top of which a gilded Indian was discernible, with his bow bent and his arrow on the string, as if aiming at the weathercock on the spire of the Old South. The figure has kept this attitude for seventy years or more, ever since good Deacon Drowne, a cunning carver of wood, first stationed him on his long sentinel's watch over the city. The Province House is constructed of brick, which seems recently to have been overlaid with a coat of light-colored paint. A flight of red freestone steps,

HAWTHORNE'S STUDY AT THE WAYSIDE.



A FIRE-PLACE AT THE WAYSIDE.

fenced in by a balustrade of curiously wrought iron, ascends from the court-yard to the spacious porch, over which is a balcony, with an iron balustrade of pattern and workmanship similar to that beneath. These letters and figures—16 P. S. 79—are wrought into the ironwork of the balcony, and probably express the date of the edifice, with the initials of its founder's name. A wide door with double leaves admitted me into the hall or entry, on the right of which is the entrance to the bar-room." All this sounds almost too real and circumstantial to be true; but Hawthorne was so fond of blending the real and the fictitious in his writings, casting over the one the glamour of the other, and over the second the veracity of the first, that it is impossible to determine, save upon positive information, which is which. For my part, I should not be surprised to hear that the old Province House vanished with the last century; and there seems to be no trace of it in any of the published note-books and journals. Doubtless trustworthy news on this point might be found in Mr. Drake's "Landmarks," to which I am already much indebted, and to whose pages the insatiable on such matters are referred.

In "the Blithedale Romance"—in some respects the most delightfully expressed of all Hawthorne's books—the scene is laid once or twice in the more modern Boston of his own time. The cozy pair of bachelor rooms in which Coverdale used to sit by a fire of cannel coal immersed in "musings of every hue, from the brightest to the most somber," and sipping "a glass of particularly fine sherry, on which I used to pride myself in those days"—as to the whereabouts of this pleasant apartment, no clew is given. But the "certain respectable hotel," with the view from its back windows of the rear of a fashionable boarding-house, may be more easily identified; and it may be of interest to compare the picture in the romance with the sketch from nature in the journals. The hotel itself, indeed, is either entirely apocryphal, or else the Tremont House was (as a temporary measure of convenience) removed from its present site and set down somewhere in West street, upon the spot at other times occupied by the abode of Dr. Peabody, Hawthorne's father-in-law. At all events, the Tremont was the hotel at which Hawthorne generally put up when in Boston, and in the journal of 1838 there is a passage describing a view from his chamber window of the brick edifice opposite, and concluding with the remark that "with this sketch might be mingled and worked up some story that was going on within the chamber where the spectator was situated." But the description of the boarding-house in the novel is derived from another passage in the journals for 1850, which is much more definite and specific. Miles Coverdale writes:

"Over against the hotel and its adjacent houses, at the distance of forty or fifty yards, was the rear of a range of buildings, which appeared to be spacious, modern, and calculated for fashionable residences.

The interval between was apportioned into grass-plots, and here and there an apology for a garden, pertaining severally to these dwellings. There were apple-trees, and pear and peach trees too, the fruit on which looked singularly large, luxuriant, and abundant—as well it might in a situation so warm and sheltered, and where the soil had doubtless been enriched to a more than natural fertility. In two or three places grape-vines clambered upon trellises, and promising the richness of Malta or Madeira in their ripened juice. The blighting winds of our rigid climate could not molest these trees and vines; the sunshine, though descending late into this area, and too early intercepted by the height of the surrounding houses, yet lay tropically there, even when less than temperate in any other region. Dreary as was the day, the scene was illuminated by not a few sparrows and other birds, which spread their wings, and flitted and fluttered, and alighted now here, now there, and busily scratched their food out of the wormy earth. Most of these winged people seemed to have their domicile in a robust and healthy buttonwood tree. It aspired upward, high above the roof of the houses, and spread a dense head of foliage across the area."

Let us now see where Miles Coverdale found the *disjecta membra* of this lovely little piece of artistic draughtsmanship. In his note-book for 1850 Hawthorne says:

"The view is bounded at perhaps thirty yards distance, by a row of opposite brick dwellings standing. I think, on Temple Place — houses of the better order, with tokens of genteel families visible in the rooms betwixt the basements and the attic windows in the roof. In the intervals are grass-plots, already green because so sheltered; and fruit trees, now beginning to put forth their leaves, and one of them, a cherry-tree, almost in full blossom. Birds flutter and sing among these trees. I should judge it to be a good site for the growth of delicate fruit; for, quite inclosed on all sides by houses, the blighting winds cannot molest the trees. They have sunshine on them a good part of the day, though the shadow must come early, and I suppose there is a rich soil about the roots. I see grape-vines clambering against one wall, and also peeping over another, where the main body of the vine is invisible to me. In another place a frame is erected for a grape-vine, and probably it will produce as rich clusters as the vines of Madeira, here in the heart of the city, in this little spot of fructifying earth, while the thunder of wheels rolls about it on every side. The trees are not all fruit trees. One pretty well-grown buttonwood tree aspires upward above the roof of the houses. In the full verdure of summer there will be quite a mass or curtain of foliage between the hither and the thither row of houses."

Now for Coverdale again: "There was a cat," he writes,—"as there invariably is in such places,— who evidently thought herself entitled to all the privileges of forest-life in this close heart of city conventionalisms. I watched her creeping along the low, flat roofs of the offices, descending a flight of wooden steps, gliding among the grass, and besieging the buttonwood tree with murderous purpose against its feathered citizens." And here is Hawthorne: "In the background of the house, a cat, occasionally stealing along on the roof of the low out-houses; descending a flight of wooden steps into the brick area; investigating the shed, and all dark and secret places; noiseless, attentive to every noise." It is doubtful, in this instance, whether Coverdale's version is intrinsically as good as the original from which he drew; but it is more in tone with the rest of the picture. A true artist will always sacrifice any delicacy of detail for the sake of harmony in the whole design. Yet see, on the other hand, how charmingly Coverdale can develop a simple expression when he has a mind to. "I take an interest in all the nooks and crannies and every development of cities," reads the journal; and the "Romance": "Bewitching to my fancy are all those nooks and crannies, where nature, like a stray partridge, hides her head among the long-established haunts of men!" And here, again, is an example of how an ordinary incident may be invested with a subtle delicacy of sentiment. "Once this morning," we read in the journal, "a solitary dove came and alighted on the peak of an attic window, and looked down into the areas, remaining in this position a considerable time. Now it has taken a flight, and alighted on the roof of this house, directly over the window at which I sit, so that I can look up and see its head and beak and the tips of its claws." The "Romance" says:

"There was nothing else worth noticing about the house, unless it be that on the peak of one of the dormer-windows which opened out of the roof sat a dove, looking very dreary and forlorn; insomuch that I wondered why she chose to sit there in the chilly rain while her kindred were doubtless nestling in a warm and comfortable dove-cote. All at once this dove spread her wings, and, launching herself in the air, came flying so straight across the intervening space that I fully expected her to alight directly on my window-sill. In the latter part of her course, however, she swerved aside, flew upward, and vanished, as did likewise the slight, fantastic pathos with which I had invested her."

This story of Blithedale, though in its essence as romantic, in the Hawthornian sense, as anything that came from its author's pen, yet has superficially the air of lying nearer to the every-day familiar world than most that he has written. It has the look and the tone of a man of the world, with all the grace and subtlety of the poet in the conception and organization of it. In no other instance, moreover, is the opportunity afforded of comparing the author's finished work so closely with the actual sketches and observation on which it is founded; and it is for this reason that I have ventured to indicate parallelisms to an extent that might otherwise be indefensible. Let us take, as a final example in this part of our subject, the figure that served as the model for old Moodie:

"Pacing the sidewalk in front of this grogshop of Parker's (or sometimes, on cold and rainy days, taking his station inside), there is generally to be observed an elderly ragamuffin, in a dingy and battered hat, and old surtout, and a more than shabby general aspect; a thin face and red nose, a patch over one eye, and the other half drowned in moisture. He leans in a slightly stooping posture on a stick, forlorn and silent, addressing nobody, but fixing his one moist eye on you with a certain intentness. He is a man who has been in decent circumstances at some former period of his life, but, falling into decay (perhaps by dint of too frequent visits at Parker's bar), he now haunts about the place, as a ghost haunts the spot where he was murdered, 'to collect his rents,' as Parker says — that is, to catch an occasional ninepence from some charitable acquaintance or a glass of liquor at the bar. The word 'ragamuffin' which I have used above does not accurately express the man, because there is a sort of shadow or delusion of respectability about him, and a sobriety too, and a kind of decency in his groggy and red-nosed destitution."

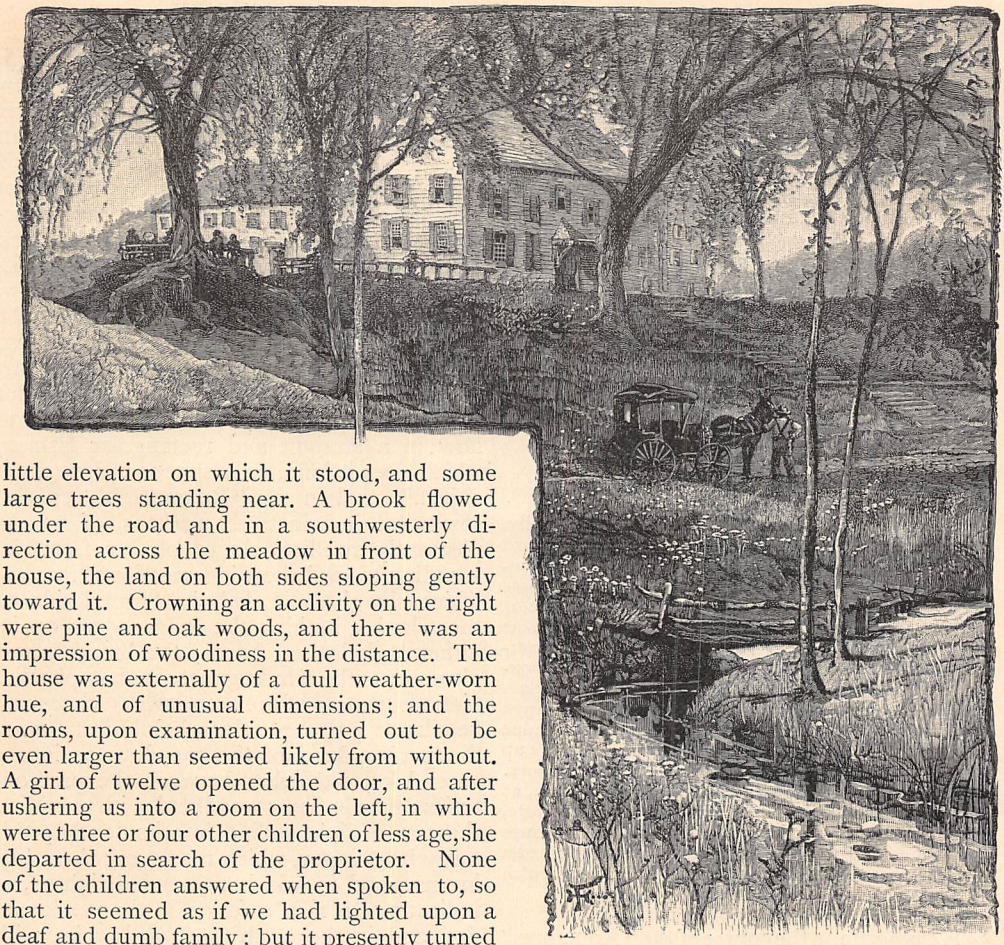
Contrast this with old Moodie himself:

"He was an elderly man, dressed rather shabbily, yet decently enough, in a gray frock-coat, faded toward a brown hue, and wore a broad-brimmed white hat, of the fashion of several years gone by. His hair was perfect silver, without a dark thread in the whole of it; his nose, though it had a scarlet tip, by no means indicated the jollity of which a red nose is the generally admitted symbol. He was a subdued, undemonstrative old man, who would doubtless drink a glass of liquor now and then, and probably more than was good for him; not, however, with a purpose of undue exhilaration, but in the hope of bringing his spirits up to the ordinary level of the world's cheerfulness. Drawing nearer, there was a shy look about him, as if he were ashamed of his poverty; or, at any rate, for some reason or other, would rather have us glance at him sidelong than take a full front view. He had a queer appearance of hiding himself behind the patch on his left eye."

Hawthorne, in the course of the "Romance," returns again and again to this figure, adding touch after touch, until the faded old enigma stands out in almost merciless reality; for the very fact of his character and history being obscure and problematical aroused in his biographer that irresistible instinct of insight, so to speak, which none of the other makers of our literature have possessed in such perfection. One regrets, indeed, the withholding in the story of that sardonic flash of fancy in the note-book — that the old fellow haunts about the grog-shop that ruined him, "as a ghost haunts the spot where he was murdered!" But perhaps this would have been too bright a stroke to have been introduced into the marvelously restrained gray tone in which the whole portrait is conceived. No poet can put the whole of beauty into any one poem. This bar-room of Parker's was not, of course, the present august establishment, but a much less imposing resort, beneath the level of the sidewalk, and now, by a freak of destiny, a part of the premises owned and administered by Parker's most successful rival.

BROOK FARM.

THE district known as Brook Farm, though agreeable to look upon, with a rough, New England sort of agreeableness, in the summer or springtime, or when the hues of autumn have begun to glow, does not lend itself readily to description, and in winter is not worth describing. "The scenery," says Hawthorne, writing in April, "is of a mild and placid character, with nothing bold in its aspect; but I think its beauties will grow upon us, and make us love it the more, the longer we live here. There is a brook so near the house that we shall be able to hear its ripple in the summer evenings; but, for agricultural purposes, it has been made to flow in a straight and rectangular fashion, which does it infinite damage as a picturesque object." And in the "Romance" he speaks, somewhat imaginatively perhaps, of "those pleasantly swelling slopes of our farm descending toward the wide meadows, through which sluggishly circled the brimful tide of the Charles, bathing the long sedges on its hither and further shores; the broad, sunny gleam over the winding water; that peculiar picturesqueness of the scene where capes and headlands put themselves boldly forth upon the perfect level of the meadow, as into a green lake, with inlets between the promontories; the shadowy woodland, with twinkling showers of light falling into its depths; this misty heat-vapor, which rose everywhere like incense, and in which my soul delighted, as indicating so rich a fervor in the passionate day, and in the earth that was burning with its love." This certainly is the utmost degree of eulogy that could be applied to Brook Farm under the most favorable conditions, and is far beyond any length that I am qualified or inclined to go. My recollections of the place are mainly confined to a visit of a few hours made in the depths of last winter, the most agreeable feature of which was unquestionably the companionship of the two friends who transported me thither in a sleigh. The road from Jamaica Plain passes through two or three small villages, the regions intermediate being tolerably uneducated-looking country, uneven, but not to be called hilly: patches of woodland straggling here and there, plowed lands, meadows, brooks. As for the villages, they were as phenomenally featureless and characterless as only New England villages can be. After about an hour's leisurely progress, we turned aside to the right, and came by a crooked lane to the summit of a rise, whence we beheld a large, old-fashioned wooden house, with a flight of steps leading up the



BROOK FARM.

little elevation on which it stood, and some large trees standing near. A brook flowed under the road and in a southwesterly direction across the meadow in front of the house, the land on both sides sloping gently toward it. Crowning an acclivity on the right were pine and oak woods, and there was an impression of woodiness in the distance. The house was externally of a dull weather-worn hue, and of unusual dimensions; and the rooms, upon examination, turned out to be even larger than seemed likely from without. A girl of twelve opened the door, and after ushering us into a room on the left, in which were three or four other children of less age, she departed in search of the proprietor. None of the children answered when spoken to, so that it seemed as if we had lighted upon a deaf and dumb family; but it presently turned out that this scene of the transcendental community of forty years ago was now become a German orphan asylum, presided over by a German pastor from Magdeburg. This personage soon entered—an amiable, courteous, and obliging little man, brown-eyed, brown-haired and bearded, about five-and-forty years of age, who, as he told me, had lived ten years in this country without being able to speak the language, though he averred that he could read it. He had heard of "Brook Farm," and of the "Communisten," as he termed them, who had resided there; and he even had been informed that one of the Communists had written a romance about the association, but he (the pastor) had never been able to find a copy of the work. He now kindly volunteered to pilot us over the premises. The lower floor consists of three or four living-rooms, and a large room used as a kitchen, though I think this was originally the dining-room, and that the kitchen of the communists was a spacious, brick-floored apartment adjoining. It was disappointing to find the house warmed entirely by stoves, and not a single open fire-place anywhere—what there were having all been built up by the hand of improvement. The halls and entries are broad and generous, and all the rooms are lofty. The upper chambers are large bedrooms, without distinguishing features. The make of the edifice throughout was broad, stanch, and massive. There is an extensive wing, probably added on since the communistic period, in which a number of elderly female paupers live. The whole place has that sort of German cleanliness that would be interpreted as dirt by a less philosophic race; and there was in the atmosphere a kind of aroma of petty rules and restrictions and dead stove-heat. There was a school-room full of incredibly dirty children sitting at desks in the German fashion, who, at the signals "Eins! Zwei!" from the pastor, rose from their seats and saluted us. It is strange how this spot on the world's surface has been cursed with philanthropy, in one form or another, for so many

successive years. There must be something peculiarly infectious in the air.

Appertaining to the house are nearly two hundred acres of wooded and cultivated land. Following along the ridge, at the eastern extremity whereof the house stands, we came, at a few rods' distance, on some stone-built cellars, sunk deep into the hill-side, sole remains of dwellings once erected there by members of the brotherhood. The pastor asserted that they had all been burnt down. Beyond these lay a wood, with a small abandoned cottage on its outskirts — a dismal little shanty, with all the dinginess and squalor, and none of the picturesqueness, of desertion. Further on, amidst the trees, was an inclosure containing perhaps a score of graves, the headstones being mere rough fragments of rock, without inscription or carving. The pastor glanced at me sympathetically, and inquired whether my father was buried there. These must, I presume, have been pauper graves, for the community, at one period of its career, seems to have been a pauper farm. We kept on across some plowed land, entered another tract of woodland, and presently found ourselves in front of a rocky mound or eminence, twenty or five-and-twenty feet in height, which our guide called "Die Felsen," but which we knew to be Eliot's Pulpit. It is not a mass of granite, as Coverdale leads us to believe, but a great lump of pudding-stone, undignified in character as well as in substance. It is surrounded with trees, oaks and pines, one large white pine growing at the northern corner. There is a deep cleft through the center of the lump, almost amounting to a cave. There is no resemblance whatever to a pulpit, though of course the elevation might be used as a coigne of vantage from which to address a multitude. There is, however, no accommodation for a large audience, the land falling away on all sides. Southward a mile or so lies the river Charles, but invisible, even in winter, from this spot, though the elevation is as high as any in the neighborhood. Westward, amidst the woods, are Coverdale's Walk and Hermitage, where he ate his grapes in secret, and overheard the mysterious conversation between Zenobia and Westervelt. And this is really all there is of the scene of "Blithedale." It is not a seductive spot. The pastor said he was attached to it because he had buried one of his children here the preceding Christmas; but I think no grave, nor any living person even, could reconcile me to live in such a place. It is crude without being wild, and inconvenient without being remote.

Here I will bring this rambling and anomalous disquisition to a close; and, as is usual in such cases, with a feeling that the best of what there was to say has been left unsaid. With regard to "Blithedale" in particular, it might, or might not, have been worth while to give the narrative from which the chapter describing the finding of Zenobia's drowned body was derived — a narrative of an adventure in which Hawthorne was one of the chief actors, and which has never been printed from his journal. It is somewhat longer than the account in the romance, which resembles it in some of the main features; but it is little, if at all, inferior to it in vividness and horror. Let it pass, however. The scenes of Hawthorne's novels are not — be it repeated — accessible by earthly travel. His books, being works of art and of imagination, can be effectively explained and illuminated only by study of their inner aim and significance, to which the pictures of nature and human nature which they contain are strictly auxiliary. As some wise man has said, the mystical enjoyment of a thing goes infinitely further than the intellectual; and we can contemplate a work of art with delight and profit long after all that we can be taught about it has grown poor and wearisome.

Julian Hawthorne.

CAPTIVE.

It was not much the captive had. The world
  Had, year by year, colder and narrower grown,
Till now its limit was four frowning walls,
  A roof and floor of stone.

Bound close and fast upon a pallet hard,
  A little space to lift the hands, the head;
Of life's good purposes and plans debarred,
  Breathing, alive, yet dead.

What was there in the weary, wasted days,
The chill, uncanny nights, unblest and long?
When love and hope have fled, wide realms are left
Where guests unbidden throng.

And yet one thing remained to cheat despair,
One thing that held the longing, wistful sight;
Far up in the high roof a window small
Gave to the air and light.

Sometimes upon that blessed field of space
A tiny cloud, flushed with the sunset's hue,
Floated—an argosy of happy thought
Across the sapphire blue.

Sometimes a bird in keen and rapid flight,
A free, wild thing, the airy vista crossed;
And then, with yearning sigh, the shackled hands
Were impotently tossed.

And from the midnight sky the solemn stars
Shone steadfastly upon the weary eyes,
Forever seeking for that force whose power
Forecasts our destinies.

But watching hatred saw that upturned gaze;
Too much of comfort on the captive shone,
And morning, searching for the casement small,
Fell on a new-set stone.

Then from that anguished soul, distraught, a cry!
"Earth's breaking hearts are countless as her days,
And He who strung the vibrant chords forgets,
Or, unforgetting, slays."

Mary L. Ritter.

THE KU KLUX KLAN.*

ITS ORIGIN, GROWTH, AND DISBANDMENT.

No CHAPTER in American history is more strange than the one which bears for a title: "Ku Klux Klan." The secret history of the Invisible Empire, as the Klan was also called, has never been written. The Klan disappeared from Southern life as it came into it, shrouded in deepest mystery. Its members would not disclose its secrets; others could not. Even the investigating committee appointed by Congress, after tedious and diligent inquiry, was baffled. The voluminous reports containing the results of the committee's labors do not tell when and where and how the Ku Klux Klan originated.

But the time has now arrived when the history of the origin, growth, and disbandment of "The Invisible Empire" may be given to the public. Circumstances, which need not be detailed here, have put it in the power of the writer to compile such a history. For obvious reasons the names of individuals are withheld. But the reader may feel assured that this narrative is drawn from sources which are accurate and authentic. The writer does not profess to be able to reveal the secret signs, grips, and pass-words of the order. These have never been disclosed, and probably never will be. But we claim to narrate those facts relating to the order which have a historic and philosophic value. It is due to the truth of history, to the student of human nature, and to the statesman, that such facts connected with this remarkable episode in our nation's history be frankly and fairly told.

A wave of excitement, spreading by contagion till the minds of a whole people are in a ferment, is an event of frequent occurrence. The Ku Klux movement was peculiar by reason of the causes which produced and fed the excitement. It illustrates the weird and irresist-

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ible power of the unknown and mysterious over the minds of men of all classes and conditions in life; and it illustrates how men by circumstances and conditions, in part of their own creation, may be carried away from their moorings and drifted along in a course against which reason and judgment protest.

The popular idea supposes the Ku Klux movement to have been conceived in malice, and nursed by prejudice and hate, for lawlessness, rapine, and murder. The circumstances which brought the Klan into notice and notoriety were of a character to favor such a conclusion. No other seemed possible. The report of the Congressional investigating committee confirmed it. But granting the truthfulness of that report, it is fragmentary truth; it does not tell the whole story; and it leaves the impression that the Ku Klux Klan was conceived and carried out in pure and unmixed deviltry. Whether this conclusion is just and true, the reader who follows this narrative to its end will decide.

The Ku Klux Klan was the outgrowth of peculiar conditions, social, civil, and political, which prevailed at the South from 1865 to 1869. It was as much a product of those conditions as malaria is of a swamp and sunheat. Its birth-place was Pulaski, the capital of Giles, one of the southern tier of counties in Middle Tennessee. Pulaski is a town of two thousand five hundred to three thousand inhabitants. Previous to the war the people possessed wealth and culture. The first was lost in the general wreck. Now the most intimate association with them fails to disclose a trace of the diabolism which, according to the popular idea, one would expect to find characterizing the people among whom the Ku Klux Klan originated. A male college and a female seminary are located at Pulaski, and receive liberal patronage. It is a town of churches.

There, in 1866, the name Ku Klux first fell from human lips. There began a movement which in a short time spread as far north as Virginia and as far south as Texas, and which for a period convulsed the country. Proclamations were fulminated against the Klan by the President and by the Governors of States; and hostile statutes were enacted both by State and national legislatures, for there had become associated with the name of Ku Klux Klan gross mistakes and lawless deeds of violence.

During the entire period of the Klan's organized existence Pulaski continued to be its central seat of authority, and some of its highest officers resided there. This narrative, therefore, will relate principally to the growth of the Klan and the measures taken to suppress it in Tennessee. It is necessary to a clear understanding of the movement to observe that the history of the Klan is marked by two distinct and well-defined periods. The first period covers the time from its organization in 1866 to the summer of 1867. This period of its history, though less interesting, should be described somewhat minutely, because of its bearing on subsequent events.

When the war ended in 1865 the young men of Pulaski who escaped death on the battle-field returned home and passed through a period of enforced inactivity. In some respects it was more trying than the ordeal of war which lay behind them. The reaction which followed the excitement of army scenes and service was intense. There was nothing to relieve it. They could not engage in active business or professional pursuits. Their business habits were broken up. None had capital with which to conduct agricultural pursuits or to engage in mercantile enterprises. And this restlessness was made more intense by the total lack of the amusements and social diversions which prevail wherever society is in a normal condition. One evening in June, 1866, a few of these young men met in the office of one of the most prominent members of the Pulaski bar. In the course of the conversation one of the number said: "Boys, let us get up a club or a society of some description."

The suggestion was discussed with enthusiasm. Before they separated, it was agreed to invite a few others whose names were mentioned to join them, and to meet again the next evening at the same place. At the appointed time eight or ten young men had assembled. The club was organized by the election of a chairman and a secretary. There was entire unanimity among the members in regard to the end in view, which was diversion and amusement. The evening was spent discussing the best means of attaining the object in view. Two committees were appointed, one to select a name, the other to prepare a set of rules for the government of the society, and a ritual for the initiation of new members. Then the club adjourned, to meet the following week to hear and act upon the reports of these committees. Before the arrival of the appointed time for the next meeting one of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of Pulaski went on a business trip to Columbus, Miss., taking his family with him. Before leaving he invited one of the leading spirits of the new society to take charge of and sleep at his house in his absence. This young man invited his comrades to join him there; so the place of meeting was changed from the law office

to this residence. The owner of the house outlived the Ku Klux Klan, and died ignorant of the fact that his house was the place where its organization was fully effected. This residence afterward came into the possession of Judge H. M. Spofford, of Spofford-Kellogg fame. It was his home at the time of his death, and is still owned by his widow.

The committee appointed to select a name reported that they had found the task difficult, and had not made a selection. They explained that they had been trying to discover or invent a name which would be in some degree suggestive of the character and objects of the society. They mentioned several names which they had been considering. In this number was the name "Kukloi," from the Greek word κύκλος (kuklos), meaning a band or circle. At mention of this, some one cried out:

"Call it Ku Klux!"

"Klan" at once suggested itself, and was added to complete the alliteration. So, instead of adopting a name, as was the first intention, which had a definite meaning, they chose one which to the proposer and to every one else was absolutely meaningless. This trivial and apparently accidental incident had a most important bearing on the future of the organization so singularly named. Looking back over the history of the Klan, and at the causes under which it developed, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the order would never have grown to the proportions which it afterward assumed, or wielded the power it did, had it not borne this name, or some other equally as meaningless and mysterious. Had they called themselves the "Jolly Jokers," or the "Adelphi," or by some similar appellation, the organization would doubtless have had no more than the mere local and ephemeral existence which those who organized it contemplated for it. Hundreds of societies have originated just as this one did, and, after a brief existence, have passed away. But in the case before us there was a weird potency in the very name Ku Klux Klan! Let the reader pronounce it aloud. The sound of it is suggestive of bones rattling together! The potency of the name was not wholly in the impression made by it on the general public. It is a singular fact that the members of the Klan were themselves the first to feel its weird influence. They had adopted a mysterious name. Thereupon the original plan was modified so as to make everything connected with the order harmonize with the name.

Amusement was still the end in view; but the methods by which they proposed to win it were now those of secrecy and mystery. So when the report of the committee on rules and ritual came up for consideration, the recommendations were modified to adapt them to the new idea. The report, as finally adopted, provided for the following officers:

A Grand Cyclops, or presiding officer.

A Grand Magi, or vice-president.

A Grand Turk, or marshal.

A Grand Exchequer, or treasurer.

Two Lictors, who were the outer and inner guards of the "den," as the place of meeting was designated.

The one obligation exacted from members was to maintain absolute and profound secrecy with reference to the order and everything pertaining to it. This obligation prohibited those who assumed it from disclosing the fact that they were Ku Klux, or the name of any other member, and from soliciting any one to become a member. The last requirement was a singular one. It was exacted for two reasons. First, it was in keeping with their determination to appear as mysterious as possible, and thus play upon the curiosity of the public. Secondly, and mainly, it was designed to prevent unpleasantness following initiations. They wished to be able to say to novices: "You are here on your own solicitation, and not by invitation from us."

They desired accessions; to have them was indispensable; but they knew human nature well enough to know that if they made the impression that they wished to be exclusive and select, then applications for membership would be numerous. The result showed that they reasoned correctly. Each member was required to provide himself with the following outfit:

A white mask for the face with orifices for the eyes and nose.

A tall, fantastic cardboard hat, so constructed as to increase the wearer's apparent height.

A gown or robe of sufficient length to cover the entire person. No particular color or material was prescribed. These were left to the individual's taste and fancy; and each selected what in his judgment would be the most hideous and fantastic, with the aim of inspiring the greatest amount of awe in the novice. These robes of different colors—often of the most flashy patterns of "Dolly Varden" calicoes—added vastly to the grotesque appearance of the assembled Klan.

Each member carried also a small whistle, with which, by means of a code of signals agreed upon, they held communications with one another. The only utility in this was to awaken inquiry.

And the object of all this was—amusement. "Only this, and nothing more." A few young men, barred for the time by circumstances from entering any active business or professional pursuits, and deprived of the ordinary

diversions of social life, were seeking in this way to amuse and employ themselves. The organization of this Klan was to them both diversion and occupation. But where did the fun come in? Partly in exciting the curiosity of the public and then in baffling it, but mainly in the initiation of new members.

The ritual used in the initiation was elaborate, but not worthy of reproduction. It is enough to say that it was modeled on and embraced the leading features of the ritual of an order which has long been popular in colleges and universities under various names. In one place it is the "Sons of Confucius"; in another, the "Guiasticutas"; but everywhere the "ancient and the honorable," and the mirth-provoking.

The initiations were at first conducted in the law office where the suggestion for the formation of the Klan had been made; but it was not a suitable place. The room was small; it was near the business portion of the town, and while the members were in session there they never felt entirely free from apprehensions of interruption. On the brow of a ridge that runs along the western outskirts of the town there used to stand a handsome and commodious residence. The front or main building was of brick, the "L" of wood. In December, 1865, the brick portion of this house was demolished by a cyclone; the "L" remained standing. It consisted of three rooms. A stairway led from one of them to a large cellar beneath. No other houses stood near. Around these ruins were the storm-torn, limbless trunks of trees which had once formed a magnificent grove; now they stood up grim and gaunt like specter sentinels. A dreary, desolate, uncanny place it was; but in every way suitable for a "den," and the Klan appropriated it.

When a meeting was held, one Lictor was stationed at the house, the other fifty yards from it on the road leading into town. These were dressed in the fantastic regalia of the order and bore tremendous spears as the badge of their office.

As before stated, and for the reasons assigned, the Ku Klux did not solicit any one to join them; yet they had applications for membership. While members were not allowed to disclose the fact of their membership, they were allowed to talk with others in regard to anything that was a matter of common report in regard to the order. A member might express to an outsider his desire or intention to join. If the person addressed expressed a similar desire, the Ku Klux would then say to him, if he were a desirable person: "Well, I think I know how to get in. Meet me at such a place, on such a night, at such an hour, and we will join together." Usually, curiosity would predominate over every other consideration, and the candidate would be found waiting at the appointed place.

As the Ku Klux and the candidate approached the sentinel Lictor, they were hailed and halted, and questioned. Having received the assurance that they desired to become Ku Klux, the Lictor blew the signal for his companion to come and take charge of the novices. The candidate, under the impression that his companion was similarly treated, was blindfolded and led to the "den." The preliminaries of the initiation consisted in leading the candidate around the rooms and down into the cellar, now and then placing before him obstructions, which added to his discomfort if not to his mystification. After some rough sport of this description he was led before the Grand Cyclops, who solemnly addressed to him numerous questions — some of them grave and serious, some of them absurd to the last degree. If the answers were satisfactory, the obligation to secrecy, which had already been administered in the beginning of the ceremony, was now exacted a second time. Then the Grand Cyclops commanded: "Place him before the royal altar and adorn his head with the regal crown."

The "royal altar" was a large looking-glass. The "regal crown" was a huge hat bedecked with two enormous donkey ears. In this headgear the candidate was placed before a mirror and directed to repeat the couplet:

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursel's as ithers see us."

As the last words were falling from his lips the Grand Turk removed the bandage, and before the candidate was his own image in the mirror. To increase the discomfiture and chagrin which any man in such a situation would naturally feel, the removal of the bandage was the signal to the Klan for indulgence in the most uproarious and boisterous mirth. The Grand Cyclops relaxed the rigor of his rule, and the decorum hitherto maintained disappeared, while the "den" rang with shouts and peals of laughter. And worse than all, as he looked about him, he saw that he was surrounded by men dressed in hideous garbs and masked so that he could not recognize one of them. The character of these initiatory proceedings explains why, from the very first, secrecy was so much insisted on. A single "tale out of school" would have spoiled the fun. For the same reason the Klan was, at first, very careful in regard to the character of the men admitted. Rash and imprudent men, such as could not be fully relied upon to keep their obligation to profound secrecy, were excluded.

Nor were those received who were addicted to the use of intoxicants. Later on in the history they were not so careful; but in the earlier period of its existence the Klan was composed of men of good character and good habits. In some instances persons of objectionable character were persistent, even to annoyance, in their efforts to gain admission to the order. Occasionally this persistence was rebuked in a manner more emphatic than tender. For example, one young man, who was personally very unpopular, made repeated attempts to join the Ku Klux. They arranged to have an initiation not provided for in the ritual. A meeting was appointed to be held on the top of a hill that rises by a gentle slope to a considerable height, on the northern limits of the town. The candidate, in the usual way,—blindfold excepted,—was led into the presence of the Grand Cyclops. This dignitary was standing on a stump. The tall hat, the flowing robe, and the elevated position made him appear at least ten feet tall. He addressed to the candidate a few unimportant and absurd questions, and then, turning to the Lictors, said: "Blindfold him and proceed." The "procedure" was to place the would-be Ku Klux in an empty barrel, provided for the purpose, and to send him whirling down the hill! To his credit be it said, he never revealed any of the secrets of the Ku Klux.

These details have an important bearing on the subsequent history of the Ku Klux. They show that the originators of the Klan were not meditating treason or lawlessness in any form. Yet the Klan's later history grew naturally out of the methods and measures which characterized this period of it. Its projectors did not expect it to spread; they thought it would "have its little day and die." It lived; more, it grew to vast proportions.

II.

THE SPREAD OF THE KLAN.

THE devices for attracting attention were eminently successful. During the months of July and August, 1866, the Klan was much talked about by the citizens of Pulaski. Its mysteriousness was the sensation of the hour. Every issue of the local paper contained some notice of the strange order. These notices were copied into other papers, and in this manner the way was prepared for the rapid growth and spread of the Klan, which soon followed.

Six weeks or less from the date of the organization, the sensation in Pulaski was waning. Curiosity in regard to it had abated to such a degree that the Klan would have certainly fallen to pieces but for the following circumstances. By the time the eligible material in the town had been used up, young men from the country, whose curiosity had been inflamed by the notices in the papers, began to come in and apply for admission to the Klan. Some of these applications were accepted. In a little while the members so admitted asked permission to establish "dens" at various points in the county. No provision had been made for such a contingency, but the permission was granted; had it not been, the result would, in all probability, have been the same.

As the ritual followed by the Pulaski Klan could not be conveniently carried out in the country, various modifications and changes were permitted. But the strictest injunctions were laid on these new lodges, or "dens," in regard to secrecy, mystery, and the character of the men admitted. The growth in the rural districts was more rapid than it had been in the town. Applications for permission to establish "dens" multiplied rapidly.

The news that the Ku Klux were spreading to the country excited the attention of the country people as the existence of the Klan in town had not done. The same cause rekindled the waning interest of the town people. Every issue of the local papers in the "infected regions" bristled with highly mysterious and exciting accounts of the doings of the "fantastic gentry."

During the fall and winter of 1866 the growth of the Klan was rapid. It spread over a wide extent of territory. Sometimes, by a sudden leap, it appeared in localities far distant from any existing "dens." A stranger from West Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, or Texas, visiting in a neighborhood where the order prevailed, would be initiated, and on his departure carry with him permission to establish a "den" at home. In fact, it was done often without such permission. The connecting link between these "dens" was very fragile. By a sort of tacit agreement the Pulaski Klan was regarded as the source of power and authority. The Grand Cyclops of this "den" was virtually the ruler of the order; but as he had no method of communication with subjects or subordinates, and no way in which to enforce his mandates, his authority was more fancy than fact. But so far there had appeared no need for rigid rules and close supervision. The leading spirits of the Ku Klux were still contemplating nothing more serious than amusement. They enjoyed the baffled curiosity and wild speculations of a mystified public even more than the rude sport afforded by the ludicrous initiations. Such is the account of the Ku Klux Klan in the first period of its history, from June, 1866,

to April, 1867. Yet all this time it was gradually and in a very natural way taking on new features not at first remotely contemplated by the originators of the order; features which finally transformed the Ku Klux Klan into a band of "Regulators."

The transformation was effected by the combined operation of three causes: (1) the impression made by the order upon the minds of those who united with it; (2) the impression produced upon the public by its weird and mysterious ways; (3) the anomalous and peculiar condition of affairs in the South at this time.

The mystery and secrecy with which the Klan veiled itself made a singular impression on the minds of many who united with it. The most common conclusion reached by those whose attention was attracted to the Klan was that it contemplated some great and important mission; its rapid extension was regarded as confirmatory of this conclusion; and, when admitted to membership, this impression was deepened rather than dispelled by what they saw and heard. There was not a word in the ritual, or in the obligation, or in any part of the ceremony, to favor it; but the impression still remained that this mysteriousness and secrecy, the high-sounding titles of the officers, the grotesque dress of the members, and the formidable obligation to profound secrecy, all meant more than mere sport. This conviction was ineradicable, and the attitude of many of its members continued to be that of expecting great developments. Each had his own speculations as to what was to be the character of the serious work which the Klan was to do. It was an unhealthy and dangerous state of mind; bad results very naturally followed from it.

The impression made on the public was the second cause which contributed to the transformation of the Klan into regulators. When the Klan first began to hold its meetings in the dilapidated house on the hill, passers-by were frequent. Most of them passed the grim and ghostly sentinel on the roadside in silence, but always with a quickened step. Occasionally one would stop and ask: "Who are you?" In awfully sepulchral tones, the invariable answer was: "A spirit from the other world. I was killed at Chickamauga." Such an answer, especially when given to a superstitious negro, was extremely terrifying; and if, in addition, he heard the uproarious noises issuing from the "den" at the moment of a candidate's investiture with the "regal crown," he had the foundation for a most awe-inspiring story. There came from the country similar stories. The belated laborer, passing after nightfall some lonely and secluded spot, heard horrible noises and saw fearful sights.

These stories were repeated with such embellishments as the imagination of the narrator suggested, till the feeling of the negroes and of many white people at mention of the Ku Klux was one of awe and terror. In a short time the Lictor of the Pulaski "den" reported that travel along the road on which he had his post had almost entirely stopped. In the country it was noticed that the nocturnal perambulations of the colored population diminished or entirely ceased wherever the Ku Klux appeared. In this way the Klan gradually realized that the most powerful devices ever constructed for controlling the ignorant and superstitious were in their hands. Even the most highly cultured were not able wholly to resist the weird and peculiar feeling which pervaded the whole community. Each week some new incident occurred to illustrate the amazing power of the Unknown over the minds of men of all classes.

Circumstances made it evident that the measures and methods employed for sport might be effectually used to subserve the public welfare — to suppress lawlessness and protect property. When propositions to this effect began to be urged, there were many who hesitated, fearing danger. The majority regarded such fears as groundless. They pointed to the good results which had already been produced, and the question was decided without any formal action. The very force of circumstances had carried the Klan away from its original purpose; so that in the beginning of the year 1867 it was virtually, though not yet professedly, a band of regulators, honestly, but in an injudicious and dangerous way, trying to protect property and preserve peace and order.

After all, the most powerful agency in effecting this transformation — the agency which supplied the conditions under which the two causes just mentioned became operative — was the peculiar state of affairs existing in the South at that time. As every one knows, the condition of things was wholly anomalous; but no one can fully appreciate the circumstances by which the people of the South were surrounded, or pronounce a just judgment on their behavior, except from personal observations. On this account, not only the Ku Klux, but the mass of the Southern people, have been tried, convicted, and condemned at the bar of public opinion, and have been denied the privilege of having the sentence modified by mitigating circumstances, which in justice they have a right to plead.

At that time the throes of the great revolution were settling down to quiet. The almost universal disposition of the better class of the people was to accept the arbitrament which the sword had accorded them. On this

point there was practical unanimity. Those who had opportunity to do so engaged at once in agricultural, professional, or business pursuits. But there were two causes of vexation and exasperation which the people were in no good mood to bear. One of these causes related to that class of men who, like scum, were thrown to the surface in the great upheaval. Most of them had played traitor to both sides; on that account they were despised. Had they been Union men from conviction, that would have been forgiven them. But they were now engaged in keeping alive discord and strife between the sections, as the only means of preventing themselves from sinking back into the obscurity from which they had been upheaved. They were doing this in a way not only malicious, but exceedingly exasperating. The second disturbing element was the negroes. Their transition from slavery to citizenship was sudden. They were not only not fitted for the cares of self-control and maintenance so suddenly thrust upon them, but they entered their new rôle in life under the delusion that freedom meant license. They regarded themselves as *freed* men, not only from bondage to former masters, but from the common and ordinary obligations of citizenship. Many of them looked upon obedience to the laws of the State — which had been framed by their former owners — as in some measure a compromise of the rights with which they had been invested.

The administration of civil law was only partly reëstablished. On that account, and for other reasons mentioned, there was an amount of disorder and violence prevailing over the country which has never been equaled at any period of its history. The depredations on property by theft, and by wanton destruction for the gratification of petty revenge, were to the last degree annoying. A large part of these depredations was the work of bad white men, who expected that their lawless deeds would be credited to the negroes.

But perhaps the most potent of all causes in this transformation was the existence in the South of a spurious and perverted form of the "Union League."* It would be as unfair to this organization, as it existed at the North, to charge it with responsibility for the outrages committed in its name, as it is to charge upon the Ku Klux Klan much of the lawlessness and violence with which it is credited. But it is a part of the history of these times that there was a wide-spread organization called the "Union League." It was composed of the disorderly elements of the negro population, and was led by white men of the basest and meanest type. They met frequently, went armed to the teeth, and literally "breathed out threatening and slaughter." They uttered the most violent threats against the persons, families, and property of men whose sole crime was that they had been in the Confederate army, and in not a few instances these threats were executed. It was partly to resist this organization that the Ku Klux were transformed into a protective organization. Whatever may be the judgment of history, those who were acquainted with the facts will ever remain firm in the conviction that the organization of the Kuklux Klan was of immense service at this period. Without it life to decent people would not have been tolerable. It served a good purpose, for wherever the Ku Klux appeared the effect was salutary.

It was a dangerous experiment, this transforming of the Klan into regulators; on the whole it was no more successful than other experiments of a similar character have been. Yet, as we have said, the immediate results were good, and, for that reason, in their final issue the more disastrous. Permanent good was also effected; but whether enough of it to counterbalance the attending evils, is doubtful.

For a while the robberies ceased. The lawless class assumed the habits of good behavior. Under their fear of the dreaded Ku Klux the negroes made more progress in a few months in the needed lessons of self-control, industry, and respect for the rights of property and general good behavior, than they would have done in as many years but for this or some equally powerful impulse. The "Union League" relaxed its desperate severity and became more moderate. But events soon occurred which showed that the fears of those who apprehended danger were not wholly groundless, and it became evident that unless the Klan should be brought under better control than its leaders at this time exercised, it would cause greater evils than it suppressed.

III.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

UNTIL the beginning of 1867 the movements of the Klan had been characterized in the main by prudence and discretion, but

* What is meant here is "The Union League of America," a political organization having connections both north and south, and entirely distinct from the "Union League Club" of New York and from the club of the same name in Philadelphia. Viewed by the results of the Ku Klux conflict, and the reports of the time, what is here said of the dangerous character of the "Union League" at the South (except as it acted in self-defense) must be taken, we think, with a grain of allowance.—EDITOR.

there were exceptions. In some cases there had been a liberal construction of orders. The limits which it had been agreed not to pass had been overstepped.

Attempts had been made to correct by positive means evils which menaces had not been sufficient to remove. Rash, imprudent, and bad men had gotten into the order. The danger which the more prudent and thoughtful had apprehended as possible was now a reality. Had it been possible to do so, the leaders would have been willing to disband the Klan. That could not be done. They had evoked a spirit from the "vasty deep"; it would not down at their bidding. The only course which seemed to promise a satisfactory solution of the difficulty was this: to reorganize the Klan on a plan corresponding to its size and present purposes; to bind the isolated "dens" together; to secure unity of purpose and concert of action; to hedge the members up by such limitations and regulations as were best adapted to restrain them within proper limits; to distribute the authority among prudent men at local centers, and exact from them a close supervision of those under their charge. In this way it was hoped the impending dangers would be effectually guarded against.

With this object in view the Grand Cyclops of the Pulaski "den" sent out a request to all the "dens" of which he had knowledge to appoint delegates to meet in convention at Nashville, Tenn., in the spring of 1867. At the appointed time this convention was held. Delegates were present from Tennessee, Alabama, and a number of other States. A plan of reorganization, previously prepared, was submitted to this convention and adopted. After the transaction of some further business, the convention adjourned, and the delegates returned home without having attracted any attention.

At this convention the territory covered by the Klan was designated as "The Invisible Empire." This was subdivided into "realms," coterminous with the boundaries of States. The "realms" were divided into "dominions," corresponding to congressional districts; the "dominions" into "provinces," coterminous with counties; and the "provinces" into "dens."

To each of these departments officers were assigned. Except in the case of the supreme officer, the duties of each were minutely specified. These officers were:

The Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire and his ten Genii. The powers of this officer were almost autocratic.

The Grand Dragon of the Realm and his eight Hydras.

The Grand Titan of the Dominion and his six Furies.

The Grand Giant of the Province and his four Goblins.

The Grand Cyclops of the Den and his two Night Hawks.

A Grand Monk.

A Grand Scribe.

A Grand Exchequer.

A Grand Turk.

A Grand Sentinel.

One of the most important things done by this Nashville convention was to make a positive and emphatic statement of the principles of the order. It was in the following terms:

"We recognize our relation to the United States Government; the supremacy of the Constitution; the constitutional laws thereof; and the union of States thereunder."

If these men were plotting treason, it puzzles one to know why they should make such a statement as that in setting forth the principles of the order. This statement was not intended for public circulation. It is now given to the public for the first time. Every man who was a Ku Klux really took an oath to support the Constitution of the United States.

This Nashville convention also set forth the peculiar objects of the order, as follows:

(1) To protect the weak, the innocent, and the defenseless from the indignities, wrongs, and outrages of the lawless, the violent, and the brutal; to relieve the injured and the oppressed; to succor the suffering, and especially the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers. (2) To protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, and all laws passed in conformity thereto, and to protect the States and people thereof from all invasion from any source whatever. (3) To aid and assist in the execution of all constitutional laws, and to protect the people from unlawful seizure, and from trial except by their peers in conformity to the laws of the land.

This outline of Klan legislation bears internal evidence of what we know from other sources to be the truth. Those who were attempting to direct the movements of the Klan were now principally concerned about devising such measures as would control the Klan itself and keep it within what they conceived to be safe limits. The majority had up to this time shown a fair appreciation of the responsibilities of their self-imposed task of preserving social order. But excesses had been committed, and it was foreseen and feared that, if such things continued or increased, the hostility of State and Federal governments would be kindled against the Klan, and active measures taken to suppress it. The hope was entertained that the legislation taken by the convention and the reorganization would not only enable the Klan to enact its rôle as regulators with greater success, but would

keep its members within the prescribed limits, and so guard against the contingencies referred to. They desired on the one hand to restrain and control their own members; on the other, to correct evils and promote order in society; and to do the latter *solely* by utilizing for this purpose the means and methods originally employed for amusement. They failed in both directions. How and why will be told presently.

By the reorganization no material change was made in the methods of the Klan's operations. Some of the old methods were modified, some new features were added. The essential features of mystery, secrecy, and grotesqueness were retained, and steps were taken with a view to deepening and intensifying the impressions already made upon the public mind. They attempted to push to the extreme limits of illustration the power of the mysterious over the minds of men. Henceforth they courted publicity as assiduously as they had formerly seemed to shun it. They appeared at different points at the same time, and always when and where they were the least expected. Devices were multiplied to deceive people in regard to their numbers and everything else, and to play upon the fears of the superstitious.

As it was now the policy of the Klan to appear in public, an order was issued by the Grand Dragon of the Realm of Tennessee to the Grand Giants of the Provinces for a general parade, in the capital town of each province, on the night of the 4th of July, 1867. It will be sufficient for this narrative to describe that parade as witnessed by the citizens of Pulaski. On the morning of that day the citizens found the sidewalks thickly strewn with slips of paper bearing the printed words: "The Ku Klux will parade the streets tonight." This announcement created great excitement. The people supposed that their curiosity, so long baffled, would now be gratified. They were confident that this parade would at least afford them the opportunity of learning who belonged to the Ku Klux Klan.

Soon after nightfall the streets were lined with an expectant and excited throng of people. Many came from the surrounding country. The members of the Klan in the county left their homes in the afternoon and traveled alone or in squads of two or three, with their paraphernalia carefully concealed. If questioned, they answered that they were going to Pulaski to see the Ku Klux parade. After nightfall they assembled at designated points near the four main roads leading into the town. Here they donned their robes and disguises, and put covers of gaudy materials on their horses. A sky-rocket sent up from some point in the town was the signal to mount and move. The different companies met and joined each other on the public square in perfect silence; the discipline appeared to be admirable. Not a word was spoken. Necessary orders were given by means of the whistles. In single file, in death-like stillness, with funeral slowness, they marched and countermarched throughout the town. While the column was headed north on one street it was going south on another. By crossing over in opposite directions the lines were kept up in almost unbroken continuity. The effect was to create the impression of vast numbers. This marching and countermarching was kept up for about two hours, and the Klan departed as noiselessly as they came. The public were more than ever mystified. The efforts of the most curious to find out who were Ku Klux failed. One gentleman from the country was confident that he could identify the riders by the horses. But, as we have said, the horses were disguised as well as the riders. Determined not to be baffled, during a halt of the column he lifted the cover of a horse that was near him, and recognized his own steed and saddle, on which he had ridden into town. The town people were on the alert to see who of the young men of the town would be with the Ku Klux. All of them, almost without exception, were marked mingling freely and conspicuously with the spectators.

Perhaps the greatest illusion produced was in regard to the numbers taking part in the parade. Reputable citizens were confident that the number was not less than three thousand. Others, whose imaginations were more easily wrought upon, were quite certain there were ten thousand. The truth is that the number of Ku Klux in the parade did not exceed four hundred. This delusion in regard to numbers prevailed wherever the Ku Klux appeared. It illustrates how little the testimony of even an eye-witness is worth in regard to anything which makes a deep impression on him by reason of its mysteriousness.

The Klan had a large membership; it exerted a vast and terrifying power; but its influence was never at any time dependent on, or proportioned to, its membership It was in the mystery in which the comparatively few enshrouded themselves. It is an error to suppose that the entire male population of the South were Ku Klux, or even a majority of the people were privy to its secrets and in sympathy with its extremest measures. To many of them, perhaps to a majority, the Ku Klux Klan was as vague, impersonal, and mysterious as to the people of the North or

of England; they did — do to this day — attribute to it great good.

One or two incidents will illustrate the methods resorted to to play upon the superstitious fears of the negroes and others. At the parade in Pulaski, while the procession was passing a corner on which a negro man was standing, a tall horseman in hideous garb turned aside from the line, dismounted, and stretched out his bridle-rein toward the negro, as if he desired him to hold his horse. Not daring to refuse, the frightened African extended his hand to grasp the rein. As he did so, the Ku Klux took his own head from his shoulders and offered to place that also in the outstretched hand. The negro stood not upon the order of his going, but departed with a yell of terror. To this day he will tell you: "He done it, suah, boss. I seed him do it." The gown was fastened by a drawstring over the top of the wearer's head. Over this was worn an artificial skull made of a large gourd or of pasteboard. This, with the hat, could be readily removed, and the man would then appear to be headless. Such tricks gave rise to the belief — still prevalent among the negroes — that the Ku Klux could take themselves all to pieces whenever they wanted to. Some of the Ku Klux carried skeleton hands. These were made of bone or wood, with a wrist or handle long enough to be held in the hand, which was concealed by the sleeve of the gown. The possessor of one of these was invariably of a friendly turn, and offered to shake hands with all he met, with what effect may be readily imagined. A trick of frequent perpetration in the country was for a horseman, spectral and ghostly-looking, to stop before the cabin of some negro needing a wholesome impression and call for a bucket of water. If a dipper or gourd was brought it was declined, and the bucketful of water demanded. As if consumed by raging thirst, the horseman grasped it and pressed it to his lips. He held it there till every drop of the water was poured into a gum or oiled sack concealed beneath the Ku Klux robe. Then the empty bucket was returned to the amazed negro with the remark: "That's good. It is the first drink of water I have had since I was killed at Shiloh." Then a few words of counsel as to future behavior made an impression not easily forgotten or likely to be disregarded.

IV.

THE DECLINE.

For a while after the reorganization of the Klan, those concerned for its welfare and right conduct congratulated themselves that all was now well. Closer organization and stricter official supervision had a restraining influence upon the members. Many things seemed to indicate that the future work of the Klan would be wholly good. These hopes were rudely shattered. Before long official supervision grew less rigid, or was less regarded. The membership was steadily increasing. Among those who were added were bad men who could not be — at least, were not — controlled. In the winter and spring of 1867 and 1868 many things were done by members or professed members of the Klan which were the subject of universal regret and condemnation. In many ways the grave censure of those who had hitherto been its friends was evoked against the Klan, and occasion was given its enemies to petition for the intervention of the Government to suppress it. This was done. The end came rapidly. We must now trace the causes which wrought the decay and downfall of the "Invisible Empire."

Men of the character of the majority of those who composed this Klan do not disregard their own professed principles and violate self-assumed obligations carelessly. To see men who were just now the advocates of law and order defying the one and destroying the other, is a sight singular enough to elicit inquiry as to the causes that wrought the change. The transformation of the Ku Klux Klan from a band of regulators, honestly, but in a mistaken way, trying to preserve peace and order, into the body of desperate men who in 1869 convulsed the country by deeds of violence, and set at defiance the mandates of both State and Federal governments, is greater than the transformation which we have already traced. In both cases there were causes adequate to the results produced; causes from which these results followed naturally and almost necessarily, and which have never been fully and fairly followed out. They may be classed under three heads: (1) unjust charges; (2) misapprehension of the nature and objects of the order by those not members of it; (3) unwise and over-severe legislation. As has already been pointed out, the order contained within itself, by reason of its purpose and methods, sources of weakness. The devices by which the Klan deceived outsiders enabled all who were so disposed, even its own members, to practice deception upon the Klan itself. It placed in the hands of its members facilities for doing deeds of violence for the gratification of innate deviltry or personal enmity, and for having them credited to the Klan. To evilly disposed men membership in the Klan was an inducement to wrong-doing; in fact, it presented to all men a dangerous temptation. In

certain contingencies, at any time likely to arise, it required a considerable amount of moral robustness to withstand this temptation. Many did not withstand it, and deeds of violence were done by men who were Ku Klux, but who at the time were acting under cover of their connection with the Klan, but not under its orders; and, because these men were Ku Klux, the Klan had to bear the odium of their misdeeds.

In addition to this, the very class which the Klan proposed to hold in check and awe into good behavior, after a while became wholly unmanageable. Those who had formerly committed depredations to be laid to the charge of the poor negroes now assumed the guise of Ku Klux, and returned to their old ways with renewed ardor. In some cases even the negroes played Ku Klux. Outrages were committed by masked men in regions far remote from any Ku Klux organization. The fact that these persons took pains to declare that they were Ku Klux was evidence that they were not. In this way it came about that all the disorder prevailing in the country was charged upon the Ku Klux. The Klan had no way in which to refute or disprove the charge. They felt that it was hard to be charged with violence of which they were innocent. At the same time they felt that it was natural and not wholly unjust that this should be the case. They had assumed the office of regulators. It was therefore due society, due the Government, which so far had not molested them, that they should at least not afford the lawless class facilities for the commission of excesses greater than any they had hitherto indulged in; and, above all, that they should restrain their own members from lawlessness. The Klan felt all this; and in its efforts to relieve itself of the stigma thus incurred, it acted in some cases against the offending parties with a severity well merited no doubt, but unjustifiable. As is frequently the case, they were carried beyond the limits of prudence and right by a hot zeal for self-vindication against unjust aspersions. They thought the charge of wrong was unfairly brought against them. They did worse wrong than that charged to clear themselves of the charge.

The Klan, from the first, shrouded itself in deepest mystery, and out of this grew trouble not at first apprehended. They wished people not to understand; they tried to keep them profoundly ignorant. The result was that the Klan and its objects were wholly misunderstood and misinterpreted. Many who joined the Klan, and many who did not, were certain that it contemplated some mission far more important than its overt acts gave evidence of. Some were sure it meant treason and revolution. The negroes, and the whites whose consciences made them the subjects of guilty fears, were sure it boded no good to them. When the first impressions of awe and terror to some extent wore off, a feeling of intense hostility toward the Ku Klux followed. This feeling was all the more bitter because founded, not on overt acts which the Ku Klux had done, but on vague fears and surmises as to what they intended to do. Those who entertained such fears were in some cases impelled by them to become the aggressors. They attacked the Ku-Klux before receiving from them any provocation. The negroes formed organizations of a military character, and drilled by night. These organizations had for their avowed purpose "to make war upon and exterminate the Ku Klux." On several occasions the Klan was fired into. The effect of such attacks was to provoke counter hostility from the Klan; and so there was irritation and counter-irritation, till the state of things became little short of open warfare. In some respects it was worse; the parties wholly misunderstood each other. Each party felt that its cause was the just one; each justified the deed by the provocation.

The Ku Klux, intending wrong, as they believed, to no one, were aggrieved that acts which they had not done should be charged to them; and they felt outraged that they should be molested and assaulted. The other party, satisfied that they were acting in self-defense, felt fully justified in assaulting them. And so each party goaded the other from one degree of lawlessness to another.

The following extracts from a General Order of the Grand Dragon of the Realm of Tennessee will illustrate the operation of both these causes. It was issued in the fall of the year 1868. It shows what were the principles and objects which the Klan still professed, and it also shows how it was being forced away from them:

"HEAD-QUARTERS REALM NO. 1.
"DREADFUL ERA, BLACK EPOCH, DREADFUL HOUR.
"GENERAL ORDER NO. 1.

"*Whereas*, information of an authentic character has reached these head-quarters that the blacks in the counties of Marshall, Maury, Giles, and Lawrence are organized into military companies, with the avowed determination to make war upon and exterminate the Ku Klux Klan, said blacks are hereby solemnly warned and ordered to desist from further action in such organizations, if they exist.

"The G. D. [Grand Dragon] regrets the necessity of such an order. But this Klan shall not be outraged and interfered with by lawless negroes and meaner white men, who do not and never have understood our purposes.

"In the first place this Klan is not an institution of violence, lawlessness, and cruelty; it is not lawless;

it is not aggressive; it is not military; it is not revolutionary.

"It is essentially, originally, and inherently a protective organization; it proposes to execute law instead of resisting it, and to protect all good men, whether white or black, from the outrages and atrocities of bad men of both colors, who have been for the past three years a terror to society, and an injury to us all.

"The blacks seem to be impressed with the belief that this Klan is especially their enemy. We are not the enemy of the blacks, as long as they behave themselves, make no threats upon us, and do not attack or interfere with us.

"But if they make war upon us, they must abide the awful retributions that will follow.

"This Klan, while in its peaceful movements and disturbing no one, has been fired into three times. This will not be endured any longer; and if it occurs again, and the parties be discovered, a remorseless vengeance will be wreaked upon them.

"We reiterate that we are for peace and law and order. No man, white or black, shall be molested for his political sentiments. This Klan is not a political party; it is not a military party; it is a protective organization, and will never use violence except in resisting violence.

"Outrages have been perpetrated by irresponsible parties in the name of this Klan. Should such parties be apprehended, they will be dealt with in a manner to insure us future exemption from such imposition. These impostors have, in some instances, whipped negroes. This is wrong! Wrong! It is denounced by this Klan as it must be by all good and humane men.

"The Klan now, as in the past, is prohibited from doing such things. We are striving to protect all good, peaceful, well-disposed, and law-abiding men, whether white or black.

"The G. D. deems this order due to the public, due to the Klan, and due to those who are misguided and misinformed.

"We therefore request that all newspapers who are friendly to law, and peace, and the public welfare, will publish the same.

"By order of the G. D., Realm No. 1.

"By the Grand Scribe."

Granting that this order expressed the principles which the Klan was honestly trying to maintain, it also illustrates how it was driven to violate them by the very earnestness and vehemence with which they attempted to maintain them. If it is asked why, under these embarrassing circumstances, the Klan did not disband and close its operations, the answer is plain. The members persuaded themselves that there was now more reason than ever for the Klan's existence. They felt that they ought not to abandon their important and needful work because they encountered unforeseen difficulties in accomplishing it. It is an illustration of the fatuity which sometimes marks the lives of men, that they did not perceive that these evils grew out of their own methods, and must continue and increase while the Klan existed. Men are not always wise. They frequently persist in a course which, to others differently situated, appears not less absurd than wicked. We cannot apologize for their course. We cannot excuse it. But justice requires that a fair and truthful statement be made of the embarrassments and temptations which surrounded them.

Matters grew worse and worse, till it was imperatively necessary for the State authorities to interfere. There was a general feeling that legislation on the subject was necessary. But few were prepared to expect such legislation as that enacted by the famous — or infamous, as the reader chooses — Legislature called together by Governor Brownlow in September, 1868.

Tennessee was the first State to pass an anti-Ku Klux statute. In September, 1868, Governor Brownlow called the Legislature together in extra session to devise measures for the suppression of the order. A relentless and bloody statute was passed; and to enforce it the Governor was authorized, if he deemed it necessary, to declare martial law on the infected counties and to call out troops. The law passed, and the method of enforcing it increased rather than quieted disorder. The statute is long, and, as a whole, not worth quoting. Its leading provisions were the following:

(1) For association or connection with the Ku Klux a fine of five hundred dollars and imprisonment in the penitentiary not less than five years; and "*shall be rendered infamous.*" (2) Persons impaneled for jury service were required to answer under oath whether they were obnoxious to the first section of the act. (3) Prosecuting attorneys and grand jurors were directed to summon persons whom they suspected "or had cause to suspect," and to force them to testify what they knew of the Ku Klux. If those so summoned failed to appear or refused to testify, the penalty was a fine of five hundred dollars. (4) Every "inhabitant" of the State was constituted an officer extraordinary, with power "to arrest without process" any one known or suspected to be a Ku Klux. (5) To feed, lodge, entertain, or conceal a Ku Klux exposed the offender to infamy, a fine of five hundred dollars, and imprisonment for five years. (6) It was made unlawful to publish any order emanating from the Klan. (7) There was but one clause in the law which bears the semblance of mercy. Its provisions are so odious as to be shocking. The one way by which a man could relieve himself of liability to this law was by turning informer. As additional inducement to do this a reward of half the fine was offered. (8) But, most remarkable of all, the statute was made penal against offenses committed previous to its passage. The last section of it reads: "Nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to prevent or exempt any person heretofore guilty of any of the offenses herein contained from prosecutions under the law as it now stands."

There were hundreds of men in the Klan who were not law-breakers. There had been no law against association with the Ku Klux. They had had no personal participation in the excesses in which some of the Klan had indulged. They were ready to admit that the movement had proven to be injudicious. Good had been done, but harm had followed. They

would cheerfully have obeyed a legal command to sever their connection with the Ku Klux and desist from further operations. But when these men were declared infamous, made liable to fine and imprisonment, and exposed to arrest "without process" by any one who chose to inform against them, the effect was to drive them to absolute desperation.

In some sections of the State a reign of terror followed the passage of this act. The Ku Klux were now almost in the attitude of men fighting for life and liberty. There was no hope in submission except on terms which to men of honor were more hateful than death.

V.

DISBANDMENT.

On the 20th of February, 1869, Governor Brownlow resigned his position as Governor to take the seat in the United States Senate to which he had been elected. The last paper to which he affixed his signature as Governor of Tennessee proclaimed martial law in certain counties, and ordered troops to be sent thither. This proclamation was dated February 20, 1869. In a few days it was followed by a proclamation from the "Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire" to his subjects. It recited the legislation directed against the Klan, and stated that the order had now in large measure accomplished the objects of its existence. At a time when the civil law afforded inadequate protection to life and property, when robbery and lawlessness of every description were unrebuked, when all the better elements of society were in constant dread for the safety of their property, persons, and families, the Klan had afforded protection and security to many firesides, and in many ways contributed to the public welfare. But, greatly to the regret of all good citizens, he further said, some members of the Klan had violated positive orders; others, under the name and disguises of the organization, had assumed to do acts of violence, for which the Klan was held responsible. The Grand Wizard had been invested with the power to determine questions of paramount importance to the interests of the order. Therefore, in the exercise of that power, the Grand Wizard declared that the organization heretofore known as the Ku Klux Klan was dissolved and disbanded.

Members were directed to burn or destroy all regalia and paraphernalia of every description, and to desist from any further assemblies or acts as Ku Klux. They were told, further, that they would continue in the future, as heretofore, to assist all good people of the land in maintaining and upholding the civil laws, and in putting down lawlessness.

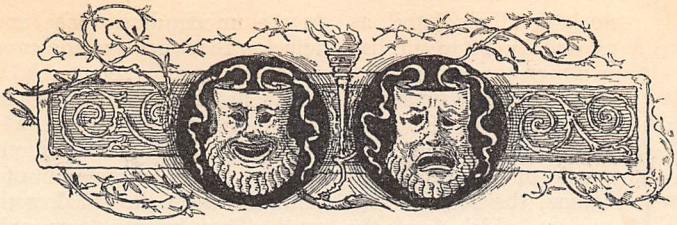
This proclamation was directed to all Realms, Dominions, Provinces, and Dens in "the Empire." It may be that there were portions of the Empire never reached by it. The Grand Wizard was a citizen of Tennessee; and as no paper in that State could publish the order, because of the stringent law against such publication, there was no way in which the proclamation could be fully distributed. Where it was promulgated, obedience to it was prompt and implicit.

But whether obeyed or not, this proclamation terminated the Klan's organized existence as decisively as General Lee's last general order, on the morning of the 10th of April, 1865, disbanded the army of Northern Virginia. When the office of Grand Wizard was created and its duties defined, it was explicitly provided that he should have "the power to determine questions of paramount importance, and his decision shall be final." To continue the organization or to disband it was such a question. He decided in favor of disbanding. Therefore, the Ku Klux Klan had no organized existence after March, 1869.

The report of the Congressional Investigating Committee contains a mass of very disreputable history, which belongs to a later date, and is attributed to the Klan, but not justly so. These persons were acting in the name of the Klan and under its disguises, but not by its authority. They were acting on their own responsibility.

Thus lived, so died, this strange order. Its birth was an accident; its growth was a comedy, its death a tragedy. It owed its existence wholly to the anomalous condition of social and civil affairs in the South during the years immediately succeeding the unfortunate contest in which so many brave men in blue and gray fell, martyrs to their convictions. There never was, before or since, a period of our history when such an order could have lived. May there never be again!

D. L. Wilson.



A GREEK PLAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

FOUR centuries ago the mediæval world was startled from its slumbers by the rediscovery of Greek, and the mists that enshrouded the "Dark Ages" melted away at the touch of that "rosy-fingered" Dawn.

It is perhaps too much to say that we in the latter days of the nineteenth century are experiencing the first movements of a second Renascence. Even if this were true, life is now so wide and so complex, and interests alien, if not antagonistic, to Hellenism are so firmly established, that Greek ideas can no longer exercise the same influence which they promised to do at the time of their earlier revival. Nor, indeed, is it well that they should be too dominant. The moral side of Goethe's maxim, "Leben im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen," is apt to suffer through too much devotion to Greek standards, and it does not appear that the worshipers of the beautiful are altogether or always devoid of cant. Nevertheless, it cannot be doubted that much that is ugly and narrow, prejudiced and vulgar, in our everyday life, might be purged away by the admixture of a little wholesome Hellenism, and, however disgusting some of the products of modern æstheticism may be, the mass of the public is not so violently in love with beauty and moderation that we need be afraid at present of its falling a victim to the "defects of these good qualities." We may therefore welcome with hopeful sympathy the revival in these latter days of a widespread interest in Greece, which promises to be at once more scientific and more popular than it has been before.

The efforts to popularize the study of Greek life, and to extend the discoveries of modern scholarship to a wider circle, are meeting with ever-increasing success. The modern interest in Greece is not confined to scholars, nor are grammar and language any longer the only subjects taught in schools. The history, the politics, the art, the literature of Greece are studied as they have never been studied before, and Greek plays are acted before crowded and enthusiastic audiences in the universities both of England and America.

The acting of classical plays is, of course, no absolutely new thing in England or America. Still, the performance of the "Agamemnon" at Oxford three years ago was at once felt to be the inauguration of a new era. To those who were fortunate enough to witness that performance it came as a sort of revelation, not so much of the majesty and pathos of the Greek tragedy, of which all scholars were conscious, but of its potentialities when acted before a modern audience, which could only have been guessed at till it was revived upon the stage. The Oxonians were undoubtedly well advised in choosing the "Agamemnon" for their first essay. No Greek play out of those few that are left to us is better adapted for reproduction. Although the first act of a trilogy, the play is complete in itself; the catastrophe is at once terrible and intelligible, and its steady and fatal advance is evident throughout the piece; the motives of the actors, in spite of the admixture of some purely Greek ideas, are generally such as can fully be grasped by a modern audience, and the interest of the play rises to a climax at the end. It can hardly be said that the "Aias" is equally well adapted to the modern stage. The fundamental motive on which the play is based, namely, the disappointment of *Aias* at the preference shown to *Odysseus* in their rivalry for the arms of the dead *Achilles*, hardly seems sufficient to account for the catastrophe that follows. A somewhat similar slight in the case of *Achilles* himself had only induced that still more fiery hero to withdraw from the war, but had not led him to attempt the slaughter of the chiefs. The introduction of divine agency to account for the frenzy in which *Aias* mistakes the flocks and herds of the Greeks for the objects of his vengeance is at once less impressive and less conceivable than the mysterious presentiment which animates the ravings of *Cassandra*.

There is nothing in the "Aias" so pathetic as the situation of the poor captive, who sees in her inspired moments the approach of fate, and knows that no word of hers can avert the disaster; for the evils over which *Tecmessa* bemoans herself are slight in comparison with those of *Cassandra*. The destruction of the

TEUCROS.

flock in all its detail, as related by *Tecmessa*, has in it a grotesque element, which somewhat jars on the dignity of the tragedy. Injured pride, the sense of disgrace and shame, the loss of self-respect, which lead the hero to his self-inflicted death, do not strike us as motives so powerful as those which actuate *Clytemnestra;* nor is the fate of *Aias*, a death which is, by hypothesis, preferable to the condition to which his own folly had reduced him, so tragical as the fate of *Agamemnon*, slain at the moment of his triumph and in the plenitude of his power. Finally, the main interest of the "Aias" collapses soon after the middle of the piece, and a third of the play is taken up with a discussion about his burial which, however important it seemed in the light of Greek religious ideas, cannot but appear to us somewhat trivial.

But, granted that the play is in these respects inferior to the "Agamemnon," it remains one of the highest interest; while the language of Sophocles is undoubtedly superior to that of Æschylus, his range of ideas wider, and the beauty of his choruses more chaste and perfect. The character of *Aias* himself can hardly be surpassed in the whole range of Greek tragedy, and his fate is calculated to awake our deepest sympathies. *Aias* is one of the foremost of the Greek warriors before Troy. Inferior to *Odysseus* in intelligence and to *Achilles* in splendor, he is second only to the latter in the field. In mere strength he has not his match among the Greeks. In all respects, except that he is not the commander-in-chief, he is a more striking figure than *Agamemnon*. It is, therefore, with a deep sense of the justice of his claim that he asserts his right to the arms of *Achilles* after the latter's death. When *Odysseus*, the favored of *Athene*, is preferred to him, he resents the insult with all the blind rage of his proud and passionate nature. He withdraws into his tent, and there broods in sullen fury over his wrongs, till his plan of vengeance is formed. He hates all the world, his successful rival, the judges who preferred him, and the goddess to whose assistance rather than to his own merits his triumph was due. At night he issues from his tent with the intention of inflicting on his enemies the only punishment his insensate wrath can devise, that of torture and death. But the goddess turns his rage to madness, and he falls on the unoffending flocks and herds in the delusion that they are the captains who have wronged him. Some he kills on the spot, others he drags off to his tent for a slower and more painful death, which he inflicts upon them with the addition of curses and unholy words, calculated of themselves to bring down on the speaker the wrath of the gods. Then he sits down, exhausted, among the carnage, and awaits the dawn of day.

It is at this point that the play opens, and here it will be proper to give some account of the stage and its accompaniments. The stage was, as it were, set in a framework representing the front of a Grecian building. Ionic columns supported a pediment on which were depicted, in what appeared like bas-relief, the figures of Dionysos and attendant Bacchantes, Fauns and Erotes, holding the attributes which belong to the Dionysiac festivals. At each side of the stage a bronze door in this architectural framework opened upon the *orchestra*, which was two or three steps lower than the stage, and stretched across the whole front of the hall. Through these doors the chorus entered and retired. In the middle of the *orchestra* was the *thymele*, on which a flame burnt among a mass of flowers. The *thymele* was copied from the extant one in the theater of Dionysos at Athens. Round the *thymele*, which also performed the useful part of a prompter's box, the chorus went through its dances and evolutions. Above the bronze doors were reliefs, the one representing Hermes with Orpheus and Eurydike, the other Hermes bringing the infant Dionysos to the nymphs of Nysa, both copied from ancient examples. The architecture was polychromatic, as was the case with all Greek buildings, but the color, though abundant, was mellow and harmonious. When the curtain was lifted, a scene of great beauty was disclosed, executed by Mr. J. O'Connor. It represented the sea-shore on the coast of the Troad, seen in the early morning of a nearly cloudless day. On the left are the palisades of the naval camp, and the hut or tent of *Aias*, the entrance to which is hung with rich curtains of an oriental pattern. On the right are visible the prows of the Greek ships, drawn up high and dry on the shore, and secured by being attached to large stones. A light breeze ripples the smiling sea, and in the distance are the hills beyond the Helles-

ODYSSEUS.

ATHENE.

pont, beautiful in that clearness of outline and fusion of color which Professor Jebb tells us is characteristic of Greek landscape. *Odysseus* enters, tracking the marks of carnage to the very door of *Aias*, "his course keen-scenting as Laconian hounds."* So intent is he, the man "of many wiles," upon his search that he fails to perceive the figure of *Athene*, standing aloft upon a rock to the right of the scene. The opening words of the play send a thrill through the audience as they espy the goddess standing there, clad in a long white robe, her helmet shining in the sun, the ægis on her breast, her shield in one hand resting on the ground, and in the other her mighty spear. So quiet and statuesque is her pose that she seems part of the scene and yet not of it,—no intangible spirit, yet a being of the upper air, the symbol of all that is bright and pure in the translucent heaven of Greece. From her lofty station she addresses her favorite, *Odysseus*, encouraging him to prosecute his search, informing him of his success, and explaining the frenzy into which her own power has thrown the deluded *Aias*. Then she summons *Aias* forth, and *Odysseus*, panic-struck at first at the prospect of meeting his enemy in his madness, and only half-emboldened by *Athene's* assurance that *Aias* shall not see him, stands aside to mark how the poor wretch is mocked. The conflict between the fears of *Odysseus* and his trust in *Athene* is strongly marked and full of humor. "Stay, must I?" says he, "but would gladly have stood clear." *Athene* renews her summons, and *Aias* rushes from his tent and staggers on to the stage. His eyes stare wildly, his face is flushed with passion, his dress and hair are in disorder, his arms are smeared with the blood of his victims, his right hand raises aloft the thong with which he has scourged them to death; his whole figure is indicative of rage and madness, mingled with the sense of triumph and half-glutted revenge. He hails *Athene* as his patron, and informs her of the fearful fate which he has in store for *Odysseus*, whom he fancies he has bound within his tent. The scene is full of the peculiar "irony" of Sophocles, especially the last line, in which *Aias*, addressing *Athene*, says: "Of thee I ask but this — stand ever at my side as thou hast stood to-day." The short conversation that follows between *Odysseus* and *Athene* is also remarkably indicative of the moral and religious attitude of the poet, and, indeed, of Greek ethics in general. *Odysseus* pities *Aias* and fears for himself: "For I see that we are but phantoms, all we who live, or fleeting shadows." "Therefore," replies *Athene*, "beholding such things, look that thine own lips never speak a haughty word against the gods, and take no proud bearing on thee, if thou prevailest above another in prowess, or by store of riches abounding. For a day can humble all human things, and a day can lift them up; but the wise of heart are loved of the gods, and the evil are abhorred." The moral of the play could not have been better condensed than in this passage.

Thus ends what may be called the first act of the play. The second is ushered in by a lyric ode sung by the chorus. Perhaps the most remarkable, at any rate the most novel, feature in this performance of the "Aias" was the part taken by the chorus and the use made of music in accompanying the choric odes. It might have been feared beforehand that the band would drown the chorus, and, by bringing the music too prominently forward, destroy the dramatic character of the whole, or at any rate produce something essentially un-Greek. It is cer-

AIAS.

* I quote here and elsewhere from the translation prepared especially for this performance by Professor Jebb.

THE INVOCATION.

tainly dangerous to defend the introduction of an orchestra on the ground that it produces the same effect on modern ears, accustomed to elaborate music, as a few pipes and flutes produced on the less educated ears of Greeks. It is hopeless, as we are not Greeks, to attempt to produce in ourselves the sensations of Greeks, or even to do more than guess at what those sensations were. Two courses are open to us: we may either make it our first aim to reproduce as nearly as we can what the Greeks saw and heard, and here at least we can come somewhere near the truth; or we may put this aside, and, while taking care not to outrage the sense of propriety by anything violently anachronistic, aim at producing the most pleasing effect. To a certain extent, no doubt, these aims may be combined, but they are essentially different, and the advocates of the antiquarian view will always be opposed to those who aim chiefly at æsthetic results. In this case, it seems impossible to defend the introduction of an orchestra on antiquarian grounds, but there can be no doubt that

it added immensely to the effect of the choruses. The music written by Professor Macfarren for the play was melodious, dignified, simple, yet not monotonous. The rhythm varied according to the style of the odes, being of the nature of a chant in the anapestic portions, but more broken and irregular in the strophes and antistrophes. While singing, the chorus seldom remained stationary, but moved to and fro about the stage, dividing into two portions as the occasion required. Dressed in loose tunics of skins or rough material, with sunburnt limbs and unkempt beards, some with oars, others with spears in their hands, they represented the true Greek sailor of early days, ready for service alike on sea or land. As good followers of *Aias*, they are full of anxiety to learn the truth of the rumor that has gone through the camp, and call upon their leader to show himself and refute the slanders of his enemies. But, alas! the rumor is only too true.

TECMESSA.

The last notes of the chorus have hardly died away when *Tecmessa*, the captive-wife of *Aias*, issues from the tent. She is clad in a pale-green robe, falling from the neck to the feet, with bare arms and a golden head-dress like that which Dr. Schliemann brought from Hissarlik. The character of *Tecmessa* is full of pathos. The grief of the loving wife at the evil which has befallen her lord, her agony when she realizes the issue to which it must lead, the mother's tenderness toward her child, the captive's dread of what must befall her if left alone and unprotected, are calculated to arouse the sympathy of any audience, ancient or modern. It is a fearful tale that *Tecmessa* has to tell, and the chorus listens in horror as she unfolds, with rapid and excited utterance and gesture, the deeds of the terrible night just past. "But now," she concludes, "prostrate in his utter woe, tasting not of food or drink, the man sits quiet where he has fallen, amidst the sword-slain kine." She is begging the chorus to lend their aid and counsel, when the bitter cry wrung forth from *Aias* in his agony is heard from within, "Woe, woe is me! oh, my son, my son!" Presently he comes forth, but no longer the proud and defiant figure of the early morning. He is still stained with gore, but the lash has fallen from his hand; his gait is indicative of physical exhaustion, and his whole demeanor shows the agony within and the sense of bitter shame from which there is no escape but death. At first his passion, not yet wholly calmed, vents itself in curses upon his enemies who have brought him to this pass. Then, as he grows calmer, he begins to form, in words as yet obscure, his dread resolve. "Alas, thou darkness, my sole light! O thou nether gloom, fairer for me than any sunshine! take me, take me to dwell with you." What pathos is there in the words, "Alas, ye straits of the sounding sea, ye caves and woodlands of the shore, long time and very weary have ye known me tarrying at Troy; but no more shall ye know me, — no more with the breath of life. Ah, streams of Scamander, kindly to the Greeks, never shall ye look on *Aias* more." Then again he considers his position, and the courses that lie before him. Can he go back to Greece? No; for how can he face his father? Shall he attack Troy single-handed, and, in doing some good service, perish? No; for thus he will gladden the Atreidæ. There is but one course open. "One of generous strain should nobly live, or forthwith nobly die." The persuasive tones of his wife, and her picture of what will be her fate should he die and leave her, seem for a while to move him, but only seem. He demands to see his son. There is nothing more touching in the play than the scene in which *Aias*, taking the boy upon his knees, bids him, in gentle but mysterious words, a long farewell. He leaves him to the charge of *Teucros*, his brother, and of his faithful comrades. His shield he gives to his son; the rest of his armor is to be buried in his grave. "Quick, close the house," he concludes; "it is not for a skillful leech to whine charms over a sore that craves the knife." *Tecmessa*, surmising his intent, seeks to dissuade him, but in vain, and, after one last agonized appeal, leaves the stage.

PEDAGOGOS AND EURYSAKES.

A short choric ode follows, in which the chorus give vent to their longing for return to "sea-girt Salamis," and express their sympathy with *Aias* in his woe, and with his aged parents in the trouble that is coming upon them. Then *Aias* reappears. His wrath and frenzy seem to have departed, leaving only submissiveness to fate behind. His resolution is fixed, but he conceals it from his faithful friend, and, in order to gain the opportunity he desires, he pretends that he is anxious merely to cleanse himself from the pollution of his deed. "I will go," says he, "to the

CHORUS OF SCAMANDER SAILORS.

bathing-place and the meadows by the shore, that in purging of my stains I may flee the heavy anger of the goddess." Henceforth, he continues, he will know how to yield to the gods and learn to revere the Atreidæ. Every word of his speech is pregnant with a double meaning. "I will go," he concludes, "whither I must pass; and ere long, perchance, though now I suffer, ye will hear that I have found peace." The peace of reconciliation with gods and men, as the chorus fondly think; but for *Aias* there is no peace but in the grave. He goes, and the chorus burst forth into a rapturous ode, calling upon Pan, "sea-roaming Pan," and Apollo, "lord of Delos," to join them and rejoice with them, "since *Aias* forgets trouble once more, and hath turned to perform the law of the gods with all due rites, in perfectness of loyal worship." The singing of this ode, the music of which was of a bright and joyous strain, was accompanied by somewhat elaborate evolutions, with swaying of bodies and swinging of arms in rhythm corresponding to the verse. In the invocation to the god, the sailors formed a circle round the *thymele*, and, with arms raised aloft, called upon him to witness their joy. The attempt to reproduce the choric dance, with its strange and rhythmical motions, was a bold and somewhat hazardous experiment, justified by complete success, and was one of the most striking things in the whole play. The rapture of the chorus is cut short by the hurried entry of a messenger, who inquires for *Aias*, and informs them that the seer *Calchas* has warned *Teucros* to keep him within for that day, "if he wished ever to behold him alive." *Tecmessa* enters, and hears the tidings with the utmost alarm. The chorus separate in haste, to search for *Aias*. "Away," says *Tecmessa;* "'tis no time to rest, if we would save a man who is in haste to die." But it is too late, and *Aias* accomplishes his fate.

When the curtain rises on what may be called Act III., the scene has changed. It is now a lonely spot on the sea-shore, away from the camp, a place concealed by rocks and shrubs from the eyes of men. The bright morning sky is overcast with clouds, and the shades of night are already advancing. The sun is setting behind the western hills, and a rising wind drives heavier billows upon the shore. *Aias* enters, and before he says a word fixes his sword upright in the ground, in the position in which it will best do its deadly work. Then, in a hollow voice, and with stern resolution in his face, he bids farewell to life. He begs Hermes, "guide of spirits to the nether world, to lay him softly asleep, without a struggle, at one quick bound." Then he calls upon "the maidens who live forever, the dread Erinyes, to mark how the Atreidæ bring him to a hapless death," and to glut their wrath on them and all their followers. A terrible fate, as every Greek spectator knew, was to fulfill the dying hero's curse. Then he turns to the sun-god Apollo, and in pathetic words bids him tell his disasters and his death to his "aged father and to the hapless woman who watched over his childhood." Lastly, with his face turned toward his western home, he bids heaven and earth farewell:

"O Death, Death, come now and visit me: yet to thee will I speak in that other world also, when I am with thee. But thee, thou present beam of the bright day, and the Sun in his chariot, I accost for the last, last time. O sunlight, O sacred soil of mine own Salamis, seat of my father's hearth, and thou, famous Athens, with the race of thy children, and ye, ye springs and rivers of the land, and ye plains of Troy, I greet you also—farewell, ye who have cherished my life! Now hear ye the last words of Aias; henceforth he will speak in Hades with the dead."

In the whole range of Greek tragedy there is nothing at once more terrible, more dignified, and more pathetic than the dying speech of *Aias*.

Hardly has the hero breathed his last, when the chorus enters in two bands. They lament their hopeless search, when suddenly a cry is heard. It comes from *Tecmessa*, who, like Edith of the Swan's Neck, was the first to find the body of him she loved. In hopeless grief *Tecmessa* and the chorus unite their wailing over the dead, till *Teucros* arrives. It is somewhat strange to us, though doubtless a touch of nature, especially in a Greek, that the thought uppermost in the mind of *Teucros* is that of the change of his own fortunes produced by the death of his brother and protector. The same is the case, though less notably, with *Tecmessa* and the chorus, but very touching is the passage where she wraps the dead in her robe that no eye may look upon his wounds. She finds some poor consolation in the fact that his enemies are foiled of their revenge. "Over this man wherefore should they triumph? By the sentence of the gods hath he died, not by theirs. Then let *Odysseus* revel in empty taunts; *Aias* is theirs no more; to me hath he left anguish and mourning, and is gone." But the spite of the Atreidæ is not exhausted, nor are they so to be balked of their revenge. As *Teucros* is about to carry off the corpse for burial, *Menelaos* enters and bids him let it lie. An angry contention ensues, in which *Teucros* eventually gets the better of his opponent. The chorus show their sympathy with *Teucros* by gestures and inarticulate murmurs of displeasure, and *Menelaos* retires. *Tecmessa* returns with her child, and *Teucros* bids him kneel by the dead "as one who turns him to a god, with locks of hair in thy hand, mine, hers, and thine, the symbol of the suppliant's resource," and to watch over the body till the grave is prepared. The chorus sing a short threnic ode, at the end of which *Agamemnon*, a more redoubtable foe than the weak and vacillating *Menelaos*, enters and forbids *Teucros* to remove the dead. The strife between them rises high, when the knot is cut by the appearance of *Odysseus*, who persuades *Agamemnon* to yield. It is not altogether out of a chivalrous spirit of forgiveness that he acts thus. The selfishly cautious character of the hero of the Odyssey is illustrated by his answer to *Agamemnon's* question, "So thou wouldst have me allow the burying of the dead?" to which *Odysseus* replies, "Yea; for I myself will come to need of burial." Thus urged, *Agamemnon* gives way. Under the direction of *Teucros* the body is raised by four attendants on their spears and shield, and carried off the stage, to the sound of a slow and impressive funeral march. The play ends with the remark of the chorus, "Verily, experience hath many a lesson for men; but, before he hath had proof, no man may read the future or his fate."

ANGELOS.

Where all worked so well together, it is difficult to single out any for special praise; but we feel that we shall be doing no injustice if we say that the success of the play was, in great measure, due to Dr. Waldstein, whose archæological knowledge was displayed in the artistic "properties," and to whose care and attention the actors were much indebted.

AGAMEMNON.

It is fair to hope that the experiment so successfully tried at Cambridge in the Michaelmas term, 1882, may be but the first of a long series of performances which may not only invigorate a particular department of academic learning, but may popularize the study of the noblest literature which the world possesses, and may display to many, who would otherwise know little of it, what is most enduring and inspiring in the art of Hellas.

G. W. Prothero.

["The Birds" of Aristophanes was performed at Cambridge under the same management, November 27th to December 3d, 1883.—EDITOR.]

DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

XLIII.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

THREE days Mary's letter lay unanswered. About dusk of the third, as Richling was hurrying across the yard of the bakery on some errand connected with the establishment, a light touch was laid upon his shoulder, a peculiar touch, which he recognized in an instant. He turned in the gloom and exclaimed, in a whisper:

"Why, Ristofalo!"

"Howdy?" said Raphael, in his usual voice.

"Why, how did you get out?" asked Richling. "Have you escaped?"

"No. Just come out for little air. Captain of the prison and me. Not captain, exactly; one of the keepers. Goin' back some time to-night." He stood there in his old-fashioned way, gently smiling, and looking as immovable as a piece of granite. "Have you heard from wife lately?"

"Yes," said Richling. "But — why — I don't understand. You and the jailer out together?"

"Yes, takin' a little stroll 'round. He's out there in the street. You can see him on door-step 'cross yonder. Pretty drunk, eh?" The Italian's smile broadened for a moment, then came back to its usual self again. "I jus' lef' Kate at home. Thought I'd come see you a little while."

"Return calls?" suggested Richling.

"Yes, return call. Your wife well?"

"Yes. But — why, this is the drollest —" He stopped short, for the Italian's gravity indicated his opinion that there had been enough amusement shown. "Yes, she's well, thank you. By the by, what do you think of my letting her come out here now and begin life over again? Doesn't it seem to you it's high time, if we're ever going to do it at all?"

"What you think?" asked Ristofalo.

"Well, now, you answer my question first."

"No, you answer me first."

"I can't. I haven't decided. I've been three days thinking about it. It may seem like a small matter to hesitate so long over ——" Richling paused for his hearer to dissent.

"Yes," said Ristofalo, "pretty small." His smile remained the same. "She ask you? Reckon you put her up to it, eh?"

"I don't see why you should reckon that," said Richling, with resentful coldness.

"I dunno," said the Italian, — "thought so — that's the way fellows do sometime." There was a pause. Then he resumed: "I wouldn't let her come yet. Wait."

"For what?"

"See which way the cat goin' to jump."

Richling laughed unpleasantly.

"What do you mean by that?" he inquired.

"We goin' to have war," said Raphael Ristofalo.

"Ho, ho, ho! Why, Ristofalo, you were never more mistaken in your life!"

"I dunno," replied the Italian, sticking in his tracks; "think it pretty certain. I read all the papers every day; nothin' else to do in parish prison. Think we see war nex' winter."

"Ristofalo, a man of your sort can hardly conceive the amount of bluster this country can stand without coming to blows. We Americans are not like you Italians."

"No," responded Ristofalo, "not much like." His smile changed peculiarly. "Wasn't for Kate, I go to Italia now."

"Kate and the parish prison," said Richling.

"Oh," — the old smile returned, — "I get out that place any time I want."

"And you'd join Garibaldi, I suppose." The news had just come of Garibaldi in Sicily.

"Yes," responded the Italian. There was a twinkle deep in his eyes as he added: "I know Garibaldi."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Sailed under him when he was ship-cap'n. He knows me."

"And I dare say he'd remember you," said Richling, with enthusiasm.

"He remember me," said the quieter man. "Well, — must go. Good e'nin'. Better tell yo' wife wait awhile."

"I — don't know. I'll see. Ristofalo ——"

"What?"

"I want to quit this business."

"Better not quit. Stick to one thing."

"But you never did that. You never did one thing twice in succession."

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"There's heap o' diff'ence."

"I don't see it. What is it?"

But the Italian only smiled and shrugged, and began to move away. In a moment he said:

"You see, Mr. Richlin', you sen' for yo' wife, you can't risk change o' business. You change business, you can't risk sen' for yo' wife. Well, good-night."

Richling was left to his thoughts. Naturally they were of the man whom he still saw, in his imagination, picking his jailer up off the door-step and going back to prison. Who could say that this man might not any day make just such a lion's leap into the world's arena as Garibaldi had made, and startle the nations as Garibaldi had done? What was that red-shirted scourge of tyrants that this man might not be? Sailor, soldier, hero, patriot, prisoner? See Garibaldi; despising the restraints of law; careless of the simplest conventionalities that go to make up an honest gentleman; doing both right and wrong — like a lion; everything in him leonine. All this was in Ristofalo's reach. It was all beyond Richling's. Which was best, the capability or the incapability? It was a question he would have liked to ask Mary.

Well, at any rate, he had strength now for one thing — "one pretty small thing." He would answer her letter. He answered it, and wrote: "Don't come; wait a little while." He put aside all those sweet lovers' pictures that had been floating before his eyes by night and day, and bade her stay until the summer, with its risks to health, should have passed, and she could leave her mother well and strong.

It was only a day or two afterward that he fell sick. It was provoking to have such a cold and not know how he caught it, and to have it in such fine weather. He was in bed some days, and was robbed of much sleep by a cough. Mrs. Reisen found occasion to tell Dr. Sevier of Mary's desire, as communicated to her by "Mr. Richlin'." and of the advice she had given him.

"And he didn't send for her, I suppose."

"No, sir."

"Well, Mrs. Reisen, I wish you had kept your advice to yourself." The Doctor went to Richling's bedside.

"Richling, why don't you send for your wife?"

The patient floundered in the bed and drew himself up on his pillow.

"Oh, Doctor, just listen!" He smiled incredulously. "Bring that little woman and her baby down here just as the hot season is beginning?" He thought a moment, and then continued: "I'm afraid, Doctor, you're prescribing for homesickness. Pray don't tell me that's my ailment."

"No, it's not. You have a bad cough that you must take care of; but still, the other is one of the counts in your case, and you know how quickly Mary and — the little girl would cure it."

Richling smiled again.

"I can't do that, Doctor; when I go to Mary or send for her on account of homesickness, it must be hers, not mine."

"Well, Mrs. Reisen," said the Doctor outside the street door, "I hope you'll remember my request."

"I'll tdo udt, Dtoctor," was the reply, so humbly spoken that he repented half his harshness.

"I suppose you've often heard that 'you can't make a silk purse of a sow's ear,' haven't you?" he asked.

"Yes; I pin right often heeard udt." She spoke as though she was not wedded to any inflexible opinion concerning the proposition.

"Well, Mrs. Reisen, as a man once said to me, 'neither can you make a sow's ear out of a silk purse.'"

"Vell, to be cettaintly!" said the poor woman, drawing not the shadow of an inference; "how kin you?"

"Mr. Richling tells me he will write to Mrs. Richling to prepare to come down in the fall."

"Vell!" exclaimed the delighted Mrs. Reisen, in her husband's best manner, "t'at's te etsectly I atwised him!" And, as the Doctor drove away, she rubbed her mighty hands around each other in restored complacency. Two or three days later she had the additional pleasure of seeing Richling up and about his work again. It was upon her motherly urging that he indulged himself, one calm, warm afternoon, in a walk in the upper part of the city.

XLIV.

NARCISSE WITH NEWS.

It was very beautiful to see the summer set in. Trees everywhere. You looked down a street, and, unless it were one of the two broad avenues where the only street-cars ran, it was pretty sure to be so overarched with boughs that, down in the distance, there was left but a narrow streak of vivid blue sky in the middle. Well-nigh every house had its garden, as every garden its countless flowers. The dark orange began to show its growing weight of fruitfulness, and was hiding in its thorny interior the nestlings of yonder mocking-bird, silently foraging down in the sunny grass. The yielding branches of the privet were bowed down with their plumy panicles, and swayed

heavily from side to side, drunk with gladness and plenty. Here the peach was beginning to droop over a wall. There, and yonder, again beyond, ranks of fig-trees, that had so muffled themselves in their foliage that not the nakedness of a twig showed through, had yet more figs than leaves. The crisp, cool masses of the pomegranate were dotted with scarlet flowers. The cape jasmine wore hundreds of her own white favors, whose fragrance forerun the sight. Every breath of air was a new perfume. Roses, an innumerable host, ran a fairy riot about all grounds, and clambered from the lowest door-step to the highest roof. The oleander, wrapped in one great garment of red blossoms, nodded in the sun, and stirred and winked in the faint stirrings of the air. The pale banana slowly fanned herself with her own broad leaf. High up against the intense sky, its hard, burnished foliage glittering in the sunlight, the magnolia spread its dark boughs, adorned with their queenly white flowers. Not a bird nor an insect seemed unmated. The little wren stood and sang to his sitting wife his loud, ecstatic song made all of her own name,—Matilda, Urilda, Lucinda, Belinda, Adaline, Madaline, Caroline, or Melinda, as the case might be,—singing as though every bone of his tiny body were a golden flute. The humming-birds hung on invisible wings, and twittered with delight as they feasted on woodbine and honeysuckle. The pigeon on the roof-tree cooed and wheeled about his mate, and swelled his throat, and tremulously bowed and walked with a smiting step, and arched his purpling neck, and wheeled and bowed and wheeled again. Pairs of butterflies rose in straight-upward flight, fluttered about each other in amorous strife, and drifted away in the upper air. And out of every garden came the voices of little children at play, the blessedest sound on earth.

"O Mary, Mary! why should two lovers live apart on this beautiful earth? Autumn is no time for mating. Who can tell what autumn will bring?"

The reverie was interrupted.

"Mistoo 'Itchlin', 'ow you enjoyin' yo' 'ealth in that beaucheouz weatheh juz at the pwesent? Me, I'm well. Yes, I'm always well, in fact. At the same time, nevvatheless, I fine myseff slightly sad. I s'pose 'tis natu'al — a man what love the 'itings of Lawd By'on as much as me. You know, of co'se, the melancholic intelligens?"

"No," said Richling; "has any one ——"

"Lady By'on, seh. Yesseh. 'In the mids' of life ——' you know where we ah, Mistoo 'Itchlin', I su-pose?"

"Is Lady Byron dead?"

"Yesseh." Narcisse bowed solemnly. "Gone, Mistoo 'Itchlin'. Since the seventeenth of last; Yesseh. 'Kig the bucket,' as the povvub say." He showed an extra band of black drawn neatly around his new straw hat. "I thought it but p'opeh to put some moaning—as a species of twibute." He restored the hat to his head. "You like the tas'e of that, Mistoo 'Itchlin'?"

Richling could but confess the whole thing was delicious.

"Yo' 'umble servan', seh," responded the smiling creole, with a flattered bow. Then, assuming a gravity becoming the historian, he said:

"In fact, 'tis a gweat mistake, that statement that Lawd By'on evva qua'led with his lady, Mistoo 'Itchlin'. But I s'pose you know 'tis but a slandeh of the pwess. Yesseh. As, faw instance, thass anotheh slandeh of the pwess, that the delegates qua'led ad the Chawleston convention. They only pwetend to qua'l; so, by that way, to mizguide those A*bol*ish-nists. Mistoo 'Itchlin', I am p'ojecting to 'ite some obitua' 'emawks about that Lady By'on, but I scass know w'etheh to 'ite them in the poetic style aw in the p'osaic. Which would you conclude, Mistoo 'Itchlin'?"

Richling reflected with downcast eyes.

"It seems to me," he said, when he had passed his hand across his mouth in apparent meditation and looked up, "seems to me I'd conclude both, without delay."

"Yes? But accawding to what fawmule, Mistoo 'Itchlin'? 'Ay, 'tis theh is the 'ub,' in fact, as Lawd By'on says. It is to migs the two style' that you advise?"

"That's the favorite method," replied Richling.

"Well, I dunno 'ow 'tis, Mistoo 'Itchlin', but I fine the moze facil'ty in the poetic. 'Tis t'ue, in the poetic you got to look out concehning the '*ime*. You got to keep the eye skin' faw it, in fact. But in the p'osaic, on the cont'a-ay, 'tis juz the opposite; you got to keep the eye skin' faw the *sense*. Yesseh. Now, if you migs the two style'—well—'ow's that, Mistoo 'Itchlin', if you migs them? Seem' to me I dunno."

"Why, don't you see?" asked Richling. "If you mix them, you avoid both necessities. You sail triumphantly between Scylla and Charybdis without so much as skinning your eye."

Narcisse looked at him a moment with a slightly searching glance, dropped his eyes upon his own beautiful feet, and said, in a meditative tone:

"I believe you co-'ect." But his smile was gone, and Richling saw that he had ventured too far.

"I wish my wife were here," said Richling; "she might give you better advice than I."

"Yes," replied Narcisse, "I believe you co-'ect agin, Mistoo 'Itchlin'. 'Tis but since yeste'd'y that I juz appen to hea' Dr. Seveah d'op a saying 'esembling to that. Yesseh, she's a v'ey 'emawkable, Mistoo 'Itchlin'."

"Is that what Dr. Sevier said?" Richling began to fear an ambush.

"No, seh. What the Doctah say—'twas me'ly to 'emawk in his jocose way. You know the Doctah's lill callous, jocose way, Mistoo 'Itchlin."

He waved either hand outward gladsomely.

"Yes," said Richling, "I've seen specimens of it."

"Yesseh. He was ve'y complimenta'y, in fact, the Doctah. 'Tis the trooth. He says, 'She'll make a man of Witchlin' if anythin' can.' Juz in his jocose way, you know."

The creole's smile had returned in concentrated sweetness. He stood silent, his face beaming with what seemed his confidence that Richling would be delighted. Richling recalled the physician's saying concerning this very same little tale-bearer—that he carried his nonsense on top and his good sense underneath.

"Dr. Sevier said that, did he?" asked Richling, after a time.

"'Tis the vehbatim, seh. Convussing to yo' 'eve'end fwend. You can ask him; he will co'obo'ate me in fact. Well, Mistoo 'Itchlin', it supp'ise me you not tickle at that. Me, I may say, I wish *I* had a wife to make a man out of *me*."

"I wish you had," said Richling. But Narcisse smiled on.

"Well, *au 'evoi'*." He paused an instant with an earnest face. "Pehchance I'll meet you this evening, Mistoo 'Itchlin'? Faw doubtless, like myseff, you will assist at the gweat a-ally faw the Union, the Const'ution, and the enfo'cemen' of the law. Dr. Seveah will addwess."

"I don't know that I care to hear him," replied Richling.

"Goin' to be a gwan' out-po'-ing, Mistoo 'Itchlin. Citizens of Noo 'Leans without the leas' 'espec' faw fawmeh polly-tickle diff'-ence. Also fiah-works. 'Come one, come all,' as says the gweat Scott—includin' yo'-seff, Mistoo 'Itchlin. No? Well, *au 'evoi'*, Mistoo 'Itchlin'."

XLV.

A PRISON MEMENTO.

THE political pot began to seethe. Many yet will remember how its smoke went up. The summer—summer of 1860—grew fervent. Its breath became hot and dry. All observation—all thought—turned upon the fierce campaign. Discussion dropped as to whether Heenan would ever get that champion's belt, which even the little rector believed he had fairly won in the international prize-ring. The news brought by each succeeding European steamer of Garibaldi's splendid triumphs in the cause of a new Italy, the fierce rattle of partisan warfare in Mexico, that seemed almost within hearing, so nearly was New Orleans concerned in some of its movements,—all things became secondary and trivial beside the developments of a political canvass in which the long foreseen, long-dreaded issues between two parts of the nation were at length to be made final. The conventions had met, the nominations were complete, and the clans of four parties and fractions of parties were "meeting," and "rallying," and "uprising," and "outpouring."

All life was strung to one high pitch. This contest was everything—nay, everybody—men, women, and children. They were all for the Constitution; they were all for the Union; and each, even Richling, for the enforcement of—his own ideas. On every bosom, "no matteh the sex," and no matter the age, hung one of those little round, ribbanded medals, with a presidential candidate on one side and his vice-presidential man Friday on the other. Needless to say that Ristofalo's Kate, instructed by her husband, imported the earliest and many a later invoice of them, and distributing her peddlers at choice thronging-places, "everlastin'ly," as she laughingly and confidentially informed Dr. Sevier, "raked in the sponjewlicks." They were exposed for sale on little stalls on populous sidewalks and places of much entry and exit.

The post-office in those days was still on Royal street, in the old Merchants' Exchange. The small hand-holes of the box-delivery were in the wide tessellated passage that still runs through the building from Royal street to Exchange Alley. A keeper of one of these little stalls established himself against a pillar just where men turned into and out of Royal street, out of or into this passage. One day, in this place, just as Richling turned from a delivery window to tear the envelope of a letter bearing the Milwaukee stamp, his attention was arrested by a man running by him toward Exchange Alley, pale as death, and followed by a crowd that suddenly broke into a cry, a howl, a roar—"Hang him! Hang him!"

"Come!" said a small, strong man, seizing Richling's arm and turning him in the common direction. If the word was lost on Richling's defective hearing, not so the touch;

for the speaker was Ristofalo. The two friends ran with all their speed through the passage and out into the alley. A few rods away, the chased wretch had been overtaken, and was made to face his pursuers. When Richling and Ristofalo reached him, there was already a rope about his neck.

The Italian's leap, as he closed in upon the group around the victim, was like a tiger's. The men he touched did not fall; they were rather hurled, driving backward those whom they were hurled against. A man leveled a revolver at him; Richling struck it a blow that sent it over twenty men's heads. A long knife flashed in Ristofalo's right hand. He stood holding the rope in his left, stooping slightly forward and darting his eyes about as if selecting a victim for his weapon. A stranger touched Richling from behind, spoke a hurried word in Italian, and handed him a huge dirk. But in that same moment the affair was over. There stood Ristofalo, gentle, self-contained, with just a perceptible smile turned upon the crowd, no knife in his hand, and beside him the slender, sinewy, and keen gray eye of Smith Izard.

He was addressing the crowd. While he was speaking, half a score of police came from as many directions. When he had finished, he waved his slender hand at the mass of heads.

"Stand back. Go about your business." And they began to go. He laid a hand upon the rescued stranger and addressed the police.

"Take this rope off. Take this man to the station and keep him till it's safe to let him go."

The explanation by which he had so quickly pacified the mob was a simple one. The rescued man was a seller of campaign medals. That morning, in opening a fresh supply of his little stock, he had failed to perceive that, among a lot of "Breckenridge and Lane" medals, there had crept in one of Lincoln. That was the sum of his offense. The mistake had occurred in the Northern factory. Of course, if he did not intend to sell Lincoln medals, there was no crime.

"Don't I tell you?" said the Italian to Richling, as they were walking away together. "Bound to have war; is already begin-n."

"It began with me the day I got married," said Richling.

Ristofalo waited some time, and then asked:

"How?"

"I shouldn't have said so," replied Richling; "I can't explain."

"Thass all right," said the other. And, a little later: "Smith Izard call' you by name. How he know yo' name?"

"I can't imagine!"

The Italian waved his hand.

"Thass all right, too; nothin' to me." Then, after another pause: "Think you saved my life to-day."

"The honors are easy," said Richling.

He went to bed again for two or three days. He liked it little when Dr. Sevier attributed the illness to a few moments' violent exertion and excitement.

"It was bravely done, at any rate, Richling," said the Doctor.

"*That* it was!" said Kate Ristofalo, who had happened to call to see the sick man at the same hour. "Doctor, ye'r mighty right! Ha!"

Mrs. Reisen expressed a like opinion, and the two kind women met the two men's obvious wish by leaving the room.

"Doctor," said Richling at once, "the last time you said it was love-sickness; this time you say it's excitement; at the bottom it isn't either. Will you please tell me what it really is? What is this thing that puts me here on my back this way?"

"Richling," replied the Doctor, slowly, "if I tell you the honest truth, it began in that prison."

The patient knit his hands under his head and lay motionless and silent.

"Yes," he said, after a time. And by and by again: "Yes; I feared as much. And can it be that my *physical* manhood is going to fail me at such a time as this?" He drew a long breath and turned restively in the bed.

"We'll try to keep it from doing that," replied the physician. "I've told you this, Richling, old fellow, to impress upon you the necessity of keeping out of all this hubbub — this night-marching and mass-meeting and exciting nonsense."

"And am I always — always to be blown back — blown back this way?" said Richling, half to himself, half to his friend.

"There, now," responded the Doctor, "just stop talking entirely. No, no; not always blown back. A sick man always thinks the present moment is the whole boundless future. Get well. And to that end possess your soul in patience. No newspapers. Read your Bible. It will calm you. I've been trying it myself." His tone was full of cheer, but it was also so motherly and the touch so gentle with which he put back the sick man's locks — as if they had been a lad's — that Richling turned away his face with chagrin.

"Come!" said the Doctor, more sturdily, laying his hand on the patient's shoulder. "You'll not lie here more than a day or

two. Before you know it, summer will be gone, and you'll be sending for Mary."

Richling turned again, put out a parting hand, and smiled with new courage.

XLVI.

NOW I LAY ME —

TIME may drag slowly, but it never drags backward. So the summer wore on, Richling following his physician's directions; keeping to his work only — out of public excitements and all overstrain; and to every day, as he bade it good-bye, his eager heart, lightened each time by that much, said: "When you come around again next year, Mary and I will meet you hand in hand." This was *his* excitement, and he seemed to flourish on it.

But day by day, week by week, the excitements of the times rose. Dr. Sevier was deeply stirred, and ever on the alert, looking out upon every quarter of the political sky, listening to the rising thunder, watching the gathering storm. There could hardly have been any one more completely engrossed by it. If there was, it was his book-keeper. It wasn't so much the Constitution that enlisted Narcisse's concern; nor yet the Union, which seemed to him safe enough; much less did the desire to see the enforcement of the laws consume him. Nor was it altogether the "'oman candles" and the "'ockets"; but the rhetoric.

Ah, the "'eto'ic!" He bathed, he paddled, dove, splashed, in a surf of it.

"Doctah,"— shaking his finely turned shoulders into his coat and lifting his hat toward his head,—"I had the honah, and at the same time the pleasu', to yeh you make a shawt speech lass evening. I was p'oud to yeh yo' bunning eloquence, Doctah,— if you'll allow. Yesseh. Eve'ybody said 'twas the moze bilious effo't of the o'-casion."

Dr. Sevier actually looked up and smiled, and thanked the happy young man for the compliment.

"Yesseh," continued his admirer, "I nevveh flatteh. I give the me'-it where the me'-it lies. Well, seh, we juz make that welkin 'ing faw joy when you finally stop' at the en'. Pehchance you heard my voice among that sea of head'? But I doubt — in such a vas' up'ising — so many imposing pageant', in fact,— and those 'ocket' exploding in the staw-y heaven', as they say. I think I like that exp'ession I saw on the newzpapeh, wheh it says: 'Long biffo the appointed owwa, thousan' of flashing tawches and tas'eful t'anspa'encies with divuz devices, whose blazing effulgence turn' day into night.' Thass a ve'y talented style, in fact. Well, *au 'evoi'*, Doctah. I'm going ad the — an' thass anotheh thing I like — 'tis faw the ladies to 'ing bells that way on the balconies. Because Mr. Bell and Eve'ett is name *bell*, and so is the *bells* name' juz the same way, and so they 'ing the *bells* to signify. I had to elucidate that to my hant. Well, *au 'evoi'*, Doctah."

The Doctor raised his eyes from his letter-writing. The young man had turned, and was actually going out without another word. What perversity moved the physician no one will ever know; but he sternly called:

"Narcisse!"

The creole wheeled about on the threshold:

"Yesseh?"

The Doctor held him with a firm, grave eye, and slowly said:

"I suppose before you return you will go to the post-office." He said nothing more,— only that, just in his jocose way,— and dropped his eyes again upon his pen. Narcisse gave him one long black look, and silently went out.

But a sweet complacency could not stay long away from the young man's breast. The world was too beautiful; the white, hot sky above was in such fine harmony with his puffed lawn shirt-bosom and his white linen pantaloons, bulging at the thighs and tapering at the ankles; and at the corner of Canal and Royal streets he met so many members of the Yancey Guards and Southern Guards and Chalmette Guards and Union Guards and Lane Dragoons and Breckenridge Guards and Douglas Rangers and Everett Knights, and had the pleasant trouble of stepping aside and yielding the pavement to the far-spreading crinoline. Oh, life was one scintillating cluster-breastpin of ecstasies! And there was another thing— General William Walker's filibusters! Royal street, St. Charles, the rotunda of the St. Charles Hotel, were full of them.

It made Dr. Sevier both sad and fierce to see what hold their lawless enterprise took upon the youth of the city. Not that any great number were drawn into the movement, least of all Narcisse; but it captivated their interest and sympathy, and heightened the general unrest, when calmness was what every thoughtful man saw to be the country's greatest need.

An incident to illustrate the Doctor's state of mind:

It occurred one evening in the St. Charles rotunda. He saw some citizens of high standing preparing to drink at the bar with a group of broad-hatted men, whose bronzed foreheads and general out-of-door mien hinted rather ostentatiously of Honduras and Ruatan Island. As he passed close to them one

of the citizens faced him blandly and unexpectedly took his hand, but quickly let it go again. The rest only glanced at the Doctor, and drew nearer to the bar.

"I trust you're not unwell, Doctor," said the sociable one, with something of a smile, and something of a frown, at the tall physician's gloomy brow.

"I am well, sir."

"I — didn't know," said the man again, throwing an aggressive resentment into his tone; "you seemed preoccupied."

"I was," replied the Doctor, returning his glance with so keen an eye that the man smiled again, appeasingly. "I was thinking how barely skin-deep civilization is."

The man ha-ha'd artificially, stepping backward as he said: "That's so!" He looked after the departing Doctor an instant, and then joined his companions.

Richling had a touch of this contagion. He looked from Garibaldi to Walker and back again, and could not see any enormous difference between them. He said as much to one of the bakery's customers, a restaurateur with a well-oiled tongue, who had praised him for his intrepidity in the rescue of the medal-peddler, which, it seems, he had witnessed. With this praise still upon his lips the caterer walked with Richling to the restaurant door, and detained him there to enlarge upon the subject of Spanish-American misrule, and the golden rewards that must naturally fall to those who should supplant it with stable government. Richling listened and replied, and replied again and listened; and presently the restaurateur startled him with an offer to secure him a captain's commission under Walker. He laughed incredulously; but the restaurateur, very much in earnest, talked on; and by littles, but rapidly, Richling admitted the value of the various considerations urged. Two or three months of rapid adventure; complete physical renovation — of course — natural sequence; the plaudits of a grateful people; maybe fortune also, but at least a certainty of finding the road to it; all this to meet Mary with next fall.

"I'm in a great hurry just now," said Richling; "but I'll talk about this thing with you again to-morrow or next day," and so left.

The restaurateur turned to his head waiter, stuck his tongue in his cheek, and pulled down the lower lid of an eye with his forefinger. He meant to say he had been lying for the pure fun of it.

When Dr. Sevier came that afternoon to see Reisen — of whom there was now but little left, and that little unable to leave the bed — Richling took occasion to raise the subject that had entangled his fancy. He was careful to say nothing of himself or the restaurateur, or anything, indeed, but a timid generality or two. But the Doctor responded with a clear, sudden energy that, when he was gone, left Richling feeling painfully blank, and yet unable to find anything to resent except the Doctor's superfluous — as he thought, quite superfluous — mention of the island of Cozumel.

However, and after all, that which for the most part kept the public mind heated was, as we have said, the political campaign. Popular feeling grew tremulous with it as the landscape did under the burning sun. It was a very hot summer. Not a good one for feeble folk; and one early dawn poor Reisen suddenly felt all his reason come back to him, opened his eyes, and lo! he had crossed the river in the night, and was on the other side.

Dr. Sevier's experienced horse halted of his own will to let a procession pass. In the carriage at its head the physician saw the little rector, sitting beside a man of German ecclesiastical appearance. Behind it followed a majestic hearse, drawn by black-plumed and caparisoned horses — four of them. Then came a long line of red-shirted firemen; for he in the hearse had been an "exempt." Then a further line of big-handed, white-gloved men in beavers and regalias; for he had been also a Freemason and an Odd-fellow. Then another column, of emotionless-visaged German women all in bunchy black gowns, walking out of time to the solemn roll and pulse of the muffled drums, and the brazen peals of the funeral march. A few carriages closed the long line. In the first of them the waiting Doctor marked, with a sudden understanding of all, the pale face of John Richling, and by his side the widow who had been forty years a wife,—weary and red with weeping. The Doctor took off his hat.

XLVII.

RISE UP, MY LOVE, MY FAIR ONE.

THE summer at length was past, and the burning heat was over and gone. The days were refreshed with the balm of a waning October. There had been no fever. True, the nights were still aglare with torches, and the street echoes kept awake by trumpet notes and huzzas, by the tramp of feet and the delicate hint of the bell-ringing; and men on the stump and off it, in the "wigwams," along the sidewalks, as they came forth, wiping their mouths, from the free lunch counters, and on the curbstones and "flags" of Carondelet street, were saying things to

make a patriot's heart ache. But contrariwise, in that same Carondelet street, and hence in all the streets of the big, scattered town, the most prosperous commercial year — they measure from September to September — that had ever risen upon New Orleans had closed its distended record, and no one knew or dreamed that, for nearly a quarter of a century to come, the proud city would never see the equal of that golden year just gone. And so, away yonder among the great lakes on the northern border of the anxious but hopeful country, Mary was calling, calling, like an unseen bird piping across the fields for its mate, to know if she and the one little nestling might not come to hers.

And at length, after two or three unexpected contingencies had caused delays of one week after another, all in a silent tremor of joy, John wrote the word — "Come!"

He was on his way to put it into the post-office, in Royal street. At the newspaper offices, in Camp street, he had to go out into the middle of the way to get around the crowd that surrounded the bulletin-boards, and that scuffled for copies of the latest issue. The day of days was passing; the returns of election were coming in. In front of the "Picayune" office he ran square against a small man who had just pulled himself and the most of his clothing out of the press with the last news crumpled in the hand that he still held above his head.

"Hello, Richling, this is pretty exciting, isn't it!" It was the little clergyman. "Come on, I'll go your way; let's get out of this."

He took Richling's arm, and they went on down the street, the rector reading aloud as they walked, and shop-keepers and salesmen at their doors catching what they could of his words as the two passed.

"It's dreadful! dreadful!" said the little man, thrusting the paper into his pocket in a wad.

"Hi! Mistoo 'Itchlin'," quoth Narcisse, passing them like an arrow, on his way to the paper offices.

"He's happy," said Richling.

"Well, then, he's the only happy man I know of in New Orleans to-day," said the little rector, jerking his head and drawing a sigh through his teeth.

"No," said Richling, "I'm another. You see this letter." He showed it with the direction turned down. "I'm going now to mail it. When my wife gets it she starts."

The preacher glanced quickly into his face. Richling met his gaze with eyes that danced with suppressed joy. The two friends attracted no attention from those whom they passed or who passed them; the newsboys were scampering here and there, everybody buying from them, and the walls of Common street ringing with their shouted proffers of the "full account" of the election.

"Richling, don't do it."

"Why not?" Richling showed only amusement.

"For several reasons," replied the other. "In the first place, look at your business!"

"Never so good as to-day."

"True. And it entirely absorbs you. What time would you have at your fireside, or even at your family table? None. It's — well, you know what it is — it's a bakery, you know. You could n't expect to lodge *your* wife and little girl in a bakery in Benjamin street; you know you couldn't. Now, *you* — you don't mind it — or, I mean, you can stand it. Those things never need damage a gentleman. But with your wife it would be different. You smile, but — why, you know she could n't go there. And if you put her anywhere where a lady ought to be, in New Orleans, she would be — well, don't you see, she would be about as far away as if she were in Milwaukee? Richling, I don't know how it looks to you for me to be so meddlesome, and I believe you think I'm making a very poor argument; but you see this is only one point, and the smallest. Now ——"

Richling raised his thin hand and said, pleasantly:

"It's no use. You can't understand; it wouldn't be possible to explain; for you simply don't know Mary!"

"But there are some things I do know. Just think; she's with her mother where she is. Imagine her falling ill here — as you've told me she used to do — and you with that bakery on your hands."

Richling looked grave.

"Oh no," continued the little man. "You've been so brave and patient, you and your wife, both, — do be so a little bit longer! Live close; save your money; go on rising in value in your business; and after a little you'll rise clear out of the sphere you're now in. You'll command your own time; you'll build your own little home; and life and happiness and usefulness will be fairly and broadly open before you." Richling gave heed with a troubled face, and let his companion draw him into the shadow of that "St. Charles" from the foot of whose stair-way he had once been dragged away as a vagrant.

"See, Richling. Every few weeks, you may read in some paper of how a man on some ferry-boat jumps for the wharf before the boat has touched it, falls into the water, and —— Make sure! Be brave a little longer — only a little longer! Wait till you're sure."

"I'm sure enough!"

"Oh no, you're not. Wait till this political broil is over. They say Lincoln is elected. If so, the South is not going to submit to it. Nobody can tell what the consequences are to be. Suppose we should have war. I don't think we shall, but suppose we should! There would be a general upheaval, commercial stagnation, industrial collapse, shrinkage everywhere! Wait till it's over. It may not be two weeks hence; it can hardly be more than ninety days at the outside. If it should, the North would be ruined, and you may be sure they are not going to allow *that*. Then, when all starts fair again, bring your wife and baby. I'll tell you what to do, Richling!"

"Will you?" responded the listener, with an amiable laugh that the little man tried to echo.

"Yes. Ask Dr. Sevier! He's right here in the next street. He was on your side last time; maybe he'll be so now."

"Done!" said Richling. They went. The rector said he would do an errand in Canal street, while Richling should go up and see the physician.

Dr. Sevier was in.

"Why, Richling!" He rose to receive him. "How are you?" He cast his eye over his visitor with professional scrutiny. "What brings *you* here?"

"To tell you that I've written for Mary," said Richling, sinking wearily into a chair.

"Have you mailed the letter?"

"I'm taking it to the post-office now."

The Doctor threw one leg energetically over the other, and picked up the same paper-knife that he had handled when, two years and a half before, he had sat thus, talking to Mary and John on the eve of their separation.

"Richling, I'll tell you. I've been thinking about this thing for some time, and I've decided to make you a proposal. I look at you and at Mary and at the times—the condition of the country—the probable future—everything. I know you, physically and mentally, better than anybody else does. I can say the same of Mary. So, of course, I don't make this proposal impulsively, and I don't want it rejected.

"Richling, I'll lend you two thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars, payable at your convenience, if you will just go to your room, pack up, go home, and take from six to twelve months' holiday with your wife and child."

The listener opened his mouth in blank astonishment.

"Why, Doctor, you're jesting! You can't suppose——"

"I don't suppose anything. I simply want you to do it."

"Well, I simply can't!"

"Did you ever regret taking my advice, Richling?"

"No, never. But this—why, it's utterly impossible. Me leave the results of four years' struggle to go holidaying? I can't understand you, Doctor."

"'Twould take weeks to explain."

"It's idle to think of it," said Richling, half to himself.

"Go home and think of it twenty-four hours," said the Doctor.

"It's useless, Doctor."

"Very good, then; send for Mary. Mail your letter."

"You don't mean it!" said Richling.

"Yes, I do. Send for Mary; and tell her I advised it." He turned quickly away to his desk, for Richling's eyes had filled with tears; but turned again and rose as Richling rose. They joined hands.

"Yes, Richling, send for her. It's the right thing to do—if you will not do the other. You know I want you to be happy."

"Doctor, one word. In your opinion is there going to be war?"

"I don't know. But if there is, it's time for husband and wife and child to draw close together. Good-day."

And so the letter went.

(To be continued.)

FATE.

A SUNBEAM kissed a river-ripple,—"Nay,
Naught shall dissever thee and me!"
In night's wide darkness passed the beam away,
The ripple mingled with the sea.

John Vance Cheney.

THE UNITED STATES PENSION OFFICE.

THERE is always one uncertain item in the annual budget of the United States Government — one elastic figure in the column of expenditures, that stretches out and out year after year, with no fixed limit. This undetermined quantity in the problem of national expenditures is the Pension List. Already it demands over sixty millions of dollars annually. Excepting only the interest charge on the public debt, it is the broadest and deepest channel of outgo from the treasury, and, unlike the public debt, it is a channel with no known bounds. All revenue systems must be shaped with reference to its requirements. The political economist finds it useless to argue in favor of certain theories or methods of national taxation as best adapted to secure the prosperity of the country, when he finds himself faced by the necessity of providing the Government with an income sufficient to meet not only its running expenses and heavy interest charges, but also a constantly swelling demand for more money for the men who served in the late civil war.

Any one looking at our national affairs from an outside point of view, would naturally suppose that as our civil war ended nearly eighteen years ago, the accounts must long since have been adjusted, the sick and wounded provided for, and the books closed. The Pension List, however large at one time, one would say, must necessarily shrink with the inroads of mortality, and steadily diminish year by year. This would be a very rational view, and it would also be a correct one if the laws governing the List were not constantly changed by Congress. Since the passage of the act of July 14, 1862, which was the foundation of the system of legislation granting pensions on account of the war of the rebellion, Congress has made more than fifty changes in the pension laws. Without examining all these changes, it is safe to say that they have been, with hardly an exception, from first to last, in the direction of more liberal allowances, of widening the range of pensionable classes, and of opening easier avenues for establishing claims. There is always a pressure upon Congress to do something or other for the soldiers — always a fair show of argument to make out that there are still discrepancies to be corrected, and injustices to be remedied in behalf of the men who fought for their country. When an important election is pending, both parties are eager to secure the "soldier vote," irrespective of the interests of the tax-payers or the condition of the treasury. Now, in point of fact, there is no "soldier vote," in the sense of a political force which holds together and is thrown bodily on one side or the other according as one or the other party shows the greater readiness to grant pensions or bounties; but Congressmen are afraid there may be, and the Washington claim agents keep up the fiction that there is. The soldier vote long ago became mingled with the citizen vote, and there is no dividing line left. The ex-volunteers do not support one of the great national parties because more of its representatives in Congress have voted for some pension legislation than of the representatives of the other party. Yet it is safe to assert that most of the legislation adopted since the war closed, to pay money on account of service in the Union armies, has had for its real motive not justice nor generosity, but a desire to cultivate the "soldier vote" for party purposes.

Unfortunately this disposition does not diminish as the cause of this species of expenditure recedes into the past. The Arrears of Pensions act, which will take more than $250,000,000 before the claims it evoked are all satisfied, was not passed until 1879, fourteen years after the rebel armies surrendered. A bill is now pending to extend that act, which, if passed, will add ninety millions more to its cost from claims now on file, and, it is estimated by the Pension Office, will require $156,000,000 for new claims. An equalization of bounties bill, repeatedly defeated by one house of Congress or the other, and once passed by both and vetoed by President Grant, is still being pressed. It calls for a sum which would reach at least $150,000,000. Then there is a bill to pension all soldiers who were prisoners of war at any time, no matter whether they incurred disabilities or not; and not very far in the future looms up a gigantic scheme to pension all who served in the war for the Union, whether they came out of it sound or unsound. The survivors of the war of 1812 were all pensioned long ago; the Mexican veterans are next in order; then will come the veterans of the civil war. And when they are all provided with an annuity, even the question of pensioning those who fought on the rebel side may come up. Thus, in the end, the population may come to be divided into two

great classes, the pensioned and the unpensioned.

The growth of the Pension List since the beginning of the late civil war is significantly shown by the following table, the figures for each year being of date of June 30th, when the governmental fiscal year ends:

Year.	*Number of Pensioners.*	*Annual Value of Roll.*
1861	10,709	$957,772
1862	10,232	921,076
1863	14,791	1,371,716
1864	51,135	4,595,376
1865	85,986	8,023,445
1866	126,722	11,674,474
1867	155,474	16,447,822
1868	169,643	19,224,183
1869	187,963	21,305,484
1870	198,686	22,260,199
1871	207,495	22,804,994
1872	232,229	25,480,578
1873	238,411	26,259,284
1874	236,241	26,244,786
1875	234,821	26,289,519
1876	232,137	25,596,324
1877	232,104	25,371,215
1878	223,998	24,107,981
1879	242,755	25,493,742
1880	250,802	25,917,906
1881	268,830	28,769,967
1882	285,697	29,341,101
1883	303,658	32,245,192

Of the total number of pensioners on the rolls on the 30th of June last, 4831 were survivors of the war of 1812, 21,336 widows of those who served in that war, 198,643 "army invalids," and 2468 "navy invalids," in which two classes are comprised all soldiers and sailors pensioned on account of wars later than that of 1812, and 74,343 widows, minor children, and other dependent relatives of those serving in such wars. The List is not classified to show how many should be charged to the war of the rebellion, but as there were only 10,709 names in all on the rolls when that war began (the soldiers and widows of the war of 1812 were pensioned later), it is fair to suppose that not more than 5000 pensioners are to be put to the account of the Mexican and Indian wars prior to 1861. Thus there will remain a grand total of over 270,000 persons who are now drawing pensions on account of the civil war of 1861–65. The figures in the third column of the above table show what the roll has called for as an annual appropriation, but do not show the actual amount paid out by the Pension Office, that amount being considerably swollen by claims for arrears allowed. Thus, in the year ending June 30th, 1882, the Pension Office disbursed $61,000,000, and in the following year $66,000,000.

It will be seen by a glance at the table that the total number of pensioners culminated in 1873, and gradually fell off from that year till 1879, diminishing from 238,411 to 223,998. This was the natural result of the operation of mortality. But in 1879 the army of pensioners was considerably augmented, and ever since then it has continued to grow, the total increase of five years being 79,660, to which we must add the number dropped by reason of death to arrive at the total of new names which have gone upon the list. Making a moderate allowance for the shrinkage of the old roll, we must conclude that over 100,000 new pensioners have been enrolled since June 30th, 1879. On its face it is an astonishing fact that since 1879, a date fourteen years after the services ceased for which these pensions are granted, 100,000 persons should have been found to have a just claim to pensions. It is a still more astonishing fact, however, that there are still 244,505 claims pending in the Pension Office which must yet be adjudicated. Of these, 184,371 are invalid claims, only 14,731 being for wounds, the remainder, 169,640, being for disability on account of obscure diseases.

The cause of the enormous growth of the roll in recent years was the Arrears act of January, 1879, which reopened all old cases and dated them back to the time the disabilities were incurred, and made the same provisions for new cases filed prior to June 30th, 1880. Before the passage of that act all pensions, when granted, were made to begin at the date of filing the application. The effect of this law was to stir up a multitude of people to apply for pensions who had never thought of the matter before. In one year 141,466 men who had not realized that they were disabled until the Government offered a premium of a thousand dollars or more for the discovery of aches and disabilities, made application. The man who in 1880 could make out a case of a wound received or disease contracted, say in 1863, and was allowed eight dollars per month, obtained about fifteen hundred dollars cash as soon as his pension was granted. Even the trifling disabilities, graded at two, four, or six dollars per month, brought in a very handsome sum.

Thousands of men beginning to be troubled by rheumatic pains and other signs of advancing age, who had forgotten the connection between their complaints and their army service until their memories were stimulated by the promise of a large gratuity, remembered that they had contracted their special troubles during the war. Thousands of others who had received minor wounds, which they never thought of as disabilities when the result of tedious waiting on a claim could only be a few dollars a month, came forward with their demands. The claim agents, too, were active

in looking up cases of men who did not of their own accord seek the aid of the Government. These diligent and somewhat objectionable people still fill the mails with circulars informing ex-soldiers that fifty millions have been appropriated for their benefit, and urging them to come forward and claim their respective shares.

Up to June 30th, 1883, the total number of applications filed for pensions on account of the late war was 712,466, and the total number of claims allowed was 370,205. Now, the total number of individual enlistments in the Federal army and navy during the war was 2,063,000, of which number there are supposed to be about 1,500,000 men still living. Applications for pensions have been made on account of the service of about one-third of the entire force enlisted at any time during the war. In their treatment of the subject the authorities at Washington are disposed to regard the entire unpensioned remainder as a possible "pension population," liable to appear as applicants for places upon the pension roll.

There are two ways of looking at this so-called "pension population." One assumes that a man who served in the army and has no disease, wound, or other serious hurt, was toughened by the rough life of the camp and actually benefited physically, and given a longer probable lease of life. Following this hypothesis, when such a man applies for a pension eighteen or nineteen years after the war, there should be the strongest reason for believing that his alleged disability was not contracted in the service. The other view is that everybody who went to the field during the war was more or less weakened constitutionally by the unaccustomed strain and friction of army life, and that many kinds of common diseases and weaknesses first appearing at this late day may fairly be attributed to the exposure and exertion incident to a soldier's experience. The latter hypothesis appears to be the one governing the practice of many pensions-examining surgeons, and, in a general way, of the Pension Office at Washington. It is backed up by a sentiment in Congress which demands that the laws be construed liberally, and the benefit of a doubt always given to a soldier.

At a club dinner in New York recently, an examining surgeon related the following incident, showing how the Arrears act developed pensioners out of sound and undeserving men. During the war he was surgeon of an infantry regiment. When the regiment first went into battle he observed, sitting behind a big tree at a safe distance from the fighting-line, the captain of one of the companies.

"What are you doing here, captain?" asked the doctor.

"I'm not feeling well," replied the officer, in a doleful voice.

The surgeon was too busy looking after the wounded to stop and inquire as to his complaint. A few weeks later the regiment again got under fire, and the surgeon found the same captain skulking behind a barn.

"Hello! sick again?" he exclaimed.

"Well, the fact is, doctor, I'm not exactly sick. I may as well own up that I'm a coward. There's no help for it. It must be constitutional. Now, doctor, what's the use of my staying in the army? Wont you help me get a discharge?"

The surgeon thought he was doing the country a service when, a few days afterward, he recommended that the man be discharged on the ground of general disability. He heard nothing of the captain until sixteen years later, when he received a letter from the Pension Office informing him that Captain Blank had applied for a pension from the date of his muster-out, and that as he, as surgeon of the regiment, had certified to the disability, would he kindly inform the Government as to the nature of the disease from which the officer suffered? The surgeon replied that the captain's complaint was chronic and incurable cowardice, not contracted in the line of his duty, but constitutional. The captain's name did not go upon the roll, and his plan for getting some four thousand dollars for arrears and twenty dollars a month for the rest of his life came to grief. How many schemes no less dishonest have succeeded through the complaisance of examining surgeons, less honest than the narrator of this incident, could only be ascertained by a thorough overhauling of the whole Pension List and a reëxamination of the entire army of pensioners.

A visitor to the Pension Office lately asked to see the list of pensioners belonging to the company in an Ohio regiment in which he had served. He had himself been badly wounded in a battle with Stonewall Jackson's forces, but had never applied for a pension because not disabled for following his profession. To his surprise he found, when one of the big ledgers was opened to "Company D," that there were seventy names inscribed.

"What! Seventy pensioners from a single company?" he exclaimed.

"They are all drawing pensions except a few whose applications are pending," replied the clerk.

Upon scanning the list the visitor recognized the names of several of his former comrades whom he remembered as having a weakness for dropping out of the ranks and hunting a

place of safety whenever firing began at the front, and who he knew had never been wounded or in hospital for any cause during their three years of service.

It is a common opinion in Washington that about one-fourth of the Pension List is more or less fraudulent, or, to express it more accurately, non-meritorious, and would be cut off if existing laws were rigidly applied. No one doubts that there are thousands of "invalid" pensioners who are not invalids at all, but able-bodied men; that there are other thousands pensioned for diseases not resulting from their army service; that there are "dependent relatives" who are quite independent, and "widows" who long ago remarried; and that there are still more glaring cases of successful fraud in the form of swindlers who personate dead pensioners and continue to receive their pension checks. For this condition of affairs the Pension Office at Washington cannot be held responsible. It is not carelessly conducted. On the contrary, it is methodical, careful, and vigilant within the limitations which law and precedent prescribe. The system itself is at fault, and that system can be changed only by Congressional action. Certain set forms of evidence are prescribed. If the applicant can comply with them his claim is allowed, unless there is in his manner of compliance something that raises a suspicion of fraud. The evidence is all *ex parte*. The applicant or his attorney fills up the regulation forms, and procures the required signatures and affidavits. Men asked to do the neighborly act of witnessing a pension paper are always compliant, and are seldom particular as to what they certify to. No one appears for the Government to cross-examine them. When an application reaches the Pension Office it encounters an admirable system of checks and safeguards. It is referred to the Adjutant-General's office for an indorsement as to service, and to the Surgeon-General's office for a statement as to whether the applicant was upon any hospital roll, and, if so, what facts were recorded as to his injuries or illness. If the case on the record evidence at hand appears to be a *prima-facie* one, the applicant is referred to examining surgeons near his own home. Here is another weakness in the system. The surgeons are local physicians. Their natural disposition would be to favor the applicant as a neighbor and acquaintance, and perhaps a patient. There is little reason why they should feel called upon to protect the Government treasury. They get their fees whether they decide favorably upon the case or not. It does not follow that they are dishonest because they credit an applicant's account of his ailments and let him make the most of his symptoms. They know that the Government is liberal toward the soldiers, and to help stretch its liberality to cover a somewhat doubtful case does not seem blamable.

When there is no record of wounds or hospital treatment for illness, the applicant is aided by directions from Washington to make up the deficiency with other evidence. This evidence has to be strong and direct, but is all on paper and all *ex parte*. The false swearing looks just as well as the true. So many papers of certain forms, duly signed, sealed, and certified, establish the case. No one representing the Government is brought face to face with the applicant except the examining surgeon. In a word, the system is based upon the hypothesis that the applicant is an honest ex-soldier, actually disabled in whole or part from earning a living by manual labor, who deserves to be helped to make out his case for a pension.

The gauge of a pensioner's disability is always his unfitness to do manual work. The pension laws go upon the idea that every soldier is a day laborer. No account is made of the ability of the man to work at his trade or profession. A man may be totally disabled by a wound from following his old vocation, but still be only slightly disabled for manual toil; or he may be crippled quite seriously, and still be just as able as ever to follow his business calling. The law takes no notice of such instances, nor does it consider the poverty or prosperity of the applicant for a pension, save in the class known as "dependent relatives." An invalid soldier has an equal chance, whether he be beggar or millionaire. So it is with a soldier's wife and minor children. The pension is given as a right, not as an act of charity. Formerly applicants for pensions were examined by a single surgeon. This was changed in 1880. Now the examining of applicants is made by a board of three surgeons. Of these boards there are four hundred in all. For many years after the war there was no machinery in the hands of the Government for detecting fraud outside of the Pension Office itself. Finally a number of special agents were appointed to travel in their respective districts and investigate suspicious cases. This plan was objectionable, because, like the method of getting testimony to sustain a pension claim, it was an *ex-parte* affair. The special agent did not call on the suspected pensioner to face his accusers. He secretly gathered up evidence against the pensioner and forwarded it to Washington, where the case was judged without hearing the defendant. In this way it frequently occurred

that honest pensioners were stricken from the rolls as the result of the malice or ignorance of prejudiced neighbors, who thought that because the soldier was in possession of both arms and legs, and could get about and make a living, he had no real disability.

In place of the special agents were substituted, two years ago, special examiners, detailed from among the more experienced officials of the Washington office. There are two hundred and fifty of them in all, and to each is assigned a district with boundaries so arranged as to comprise a pension population of about 2000. In each large city there is a supervising examiner, who is chief of from ten to twenty districts. The special examiners make daily report to the Pension Office. When a case is referred to them either for original investigation or on charges of fraud, they summon witnesses on both sides, and have power to send pensioners before a board of surgeons for re-examination. In short, they hold a pension court, where defendants have a chance to prove themselves innocent if accused, or to substantiate their claims if the question be only one of the validity of an original application. The results of this new system are excellent. About fifty per cent. of the cases in which complaint is made that pensioners are improperly or fraudulently on the rolls have been made out and the names dropped. The saving effected last year was $1,419,112. A further result of the special examiners' labors was that 21 attorneys were suspended, 37 disbarred, 122 criminal prosecutions begun, and 22 convictions secured. The much-needed work of purifying the Pension List has thus been fairly begun. In order to make it thorough, Congress should enlarge the powers of the special examiners, and authorize each to go through the whole list of pensioners in his district, taking up each case separately and carefully investigating it. If this were done, the List would be thoroughly purged, and millions of dollars annually saved to the Treasury, with no injustice toward any one. This proposition has frequently been made in the press and on the floor of Congress, but it is always met by an outcry of opposition, on the ground that it would be an insult to invalid soldiers and to soldiers' widows to submit to a fresh examination their title to receive the gratuities of the Government. The argument is a vicious one. Every honest pensioner would gladly aid in purging the roll of all taint of dishonesty and fraud, so as to make it what it ought to be — a veritable roll of honor.

Not long ago there was an agitation in Congress in favor of some legislation for printing the pension lists for each county, and having them put up in the post-offices to be scanned by the citizens. This proposition was vehemently opposed, on the ground that it would be tantamount to putting the old soldiers up in a pillory for the multitude to scoff at. This was another case of false reasoning. The old soldiers themselves do not know who are their companions upon the pension roll. Men who lost legs and arms in battle, if they could see the lists, would be the first to point to the names of men who came out of the army sound and whole, and are now drawing pensions on false testimony. The proposition was beaten; but last winter Congress ordered the printing of the whole roll in book form. It fills several bulky volumes. The edition ordered was so small, however, that there are only enough copies for the use of the Pension Office, with a surplus of a few hundreds, which have mostly fallen into the hands of claim agents. The effect of this publication has been altogether different from what was expected. Instead of helping to expose old frauds, it has proved a great aid to people who want to perpetrate new ones. Dishonest claim agents have sent out to all the names on the List cunning circulars full of lies, informing the recipients that they are probably entitled to an increase of pension, and that there are millions in the Treasury waiting for them to claim it. These circulars are adorned with pictures of flags and cannon, and are exceedingly clever appeals to ignorance and cupidity. The end of each is a recommendation that the pensioner immediately correspond with the firm of "attorneys" whose names are undersigned. If the bait takes, the pensioner next gets a letter asking for a dollar or two to pay expenses for prosecuting the claim, and further demands of the same nature are pretty sure to follow at regular intervals. Some of the claim agents sending out such circulars are swindlers pure and simple, whose only aim is to extort money from the soldier and do nothing with his claim. Others less disreputable file the claims whether they appear to be valid or not, and aid the claimants to get up the formal proof to substantiate them, and thus extend the imposition from the claimant to the public treasury. Perhaps the printing of the volumes may in the end work some good, for the local lists have been in many instances published in local newspapers, and thus brought before the public; but thus far only mischievous results have been observed. One firm of pension attorneys in Washington paid five hundred dollars for twenty-four hours' use of one of the first copies of the List that came from the Government Printing-Office, in order that their circulars might

be the first to reach the pensioners. Probably the invalid soldiers and widows have found a safety from imposition in the very multitude of circulars which reach them through the mails. A man who, like a certain veteran in Chicago, gets sixteen urgent appeals in one day for him to reach out forthwith for money from the Treasury, will suspect, if he is not densely stupid, that the real design of the eager attorneys who have sought him out with their proffers of aid is upon his own pockets.

The original idea of a pension was that it should be half the pay of the disabled soldier, sailor, or officer. After the revolutionary war pensions were granted for wounds only. At first the Federal Government provided for the men of the continental line, the militiamen and State volunteers being referred to their respective State governments. With the adoption of the Constitution came a new policy toward the disabled revolutionary veterans and the widows of the dead. All were taken upon a general pension roll. Pensions for disease were added, and the system grew and was modified, until in the course of a century it has reached its present dimensions. Prior to the close of the civil war the highest pension allowed to an enlisted man was eight dollars a month. No matter how great the injuries he had suffered, this sum, which was called the "total pension," was all he could get. Minor degrees of disability got two, four, or six dollars. Officers received pensions the "totals" of which ranged from fifteen to thirty dollars according to rank, and which were broken up into fractions depending upon the degree of disability, as in the case of the soldiers. In 1866 Congress generously and justly created three grades above that of the "total pension." The pension of all these grades was subsequently increased twenty per cent. What is called the first grade includes cases of absolute incapacity for labor combined with the necessity for the attendance of an assistant or nurse, and is now paid fifty dollars per month. The second grade includes cases of complete disability to perform manual labor where no attendance is required, and is paid thirty dollars; the third is for the loss of a hand or a foot or an equivalent disability, the rate being twenty-four dollars for an arm lost below the elbow, or a leg below the knee, and thirty where the amputation was above the knee or elbow. In addition there is a special class of men who have lost both eyes, or both hands, or both feet, their pension being seventy-two dollars per month. Strange to say, there are 745 of the latter class still surviving, while of the helpless men who require attendance there remain 425. It is marvelous that men so terribly crippled should live so long. There are cases of pensioners who have been bedridden for twenty years. Not long ago the fact that a man had been drawing a pension for lung disease ever since 1864 excited suspicion at the Pension Office. If there is anything which is supposed to be settled among doctors it is that lung complaints run their course in a few years. A reëxamination of the case was ordered, when it was conclusively proved that the man actually had diseased lungs, and had not been out of his house since he was discharged from the army. Instead of losing his pension, he obtained an increase.

Pensioners are remarkably long-lived, in spite of their wounds and diseases. According to the expectancy rate of the Carlisle life tables, twenty-two per cent. of the soldiers on the Pension List should have died since 1861; but the fact is that only seventeen per cent. have been dropped from all causes, and that only thirteen per cent. have died, this number including 4000 old veterans of wars prior to the great civil war. The explanation of the surprising longevity of pensioners is that soldiers are picked men when enlisted, and that the strain of the service thins out the weaker ones, who perish from disease in the field and the hospitals, so that those who survive a long war, although pensionable for wounds or chronic complaints, have an unusually large stock of vitality.

Among the curiosities of the Pension List is a man who was shot through the body with a ramrod, and has already survived the hurt for nineteen years. There are legless men who wheel themselves about in perambulators, and manage to get some enjoyment out of life, and armless men who, by help of a contrivance of springs and nippers, make shift to feed and dress themselves, and even to carry on some light business. I remember a poor fellow of this class who was a door-keeper in the Capitol at Washington some years ago (he may be there still), and who, with an arrangement of steel pincers that would open when he moved the stump of his arm one way and shut when he moved it the other, took in visitors' cards to members, and efficiently guarded one of the entrances to the House. There is a man upon the roll who was pensioned in 1820 for a disease contracted in the war of 1812. In 1881 attention was called to the case. The man was then ninety-one years old, and it seemed impossible that he could have survived for over half a century with a disease serious enough to entitle him to a pension. He was carefully examined and his case found to be a genuine one. Probably the worst case of mutilation

is that of a man who lost both arms and both legs in the late war. He, too, is still living. It is said in the Pension Office that amputations do not, as a rule, tend to shorten life, but that they exert an injurious mental effect, making the sufferers whimsical and what is called "peculiar."

The Pension Office is not a cheerful place. It occupies three buildings in Washington, one constructed for a hotel, one formerly occupied by a newspaper establishment, and one whose original use was as a dwelling. In these buildings the clerks are almost as closely crowded as pupils in a public school, their desks being arranged in rows, one touching another, and with only the necessary space for the chairs between. Men and women work side by side. The women are of all ages, from young girls to gray-haired matrons. Among the men there are numerous veterans of the civil war, themselves pensioners — an armless sleeve, or the limp which betokens an artificial leg, testifying to their gallantry and sufferings. Many of the women are widows or daughters of dead soldiers. Go into either of the large rooms, and the quiet and order, the atmosphere of good-breeding, and the appearance of well-dressed people of both sexes suggest an audience assembled to listen to a lecture on some scientific or literary theme; or, as all the people are bending over desks writing or looking at papers, a teachers' convention in some New England city. When the lunch hour comes there is a creaking of artificial legs upon the stairs, and among the limping procession is the Commissioner himself, Col. W. W. Dudley, a veteran of an Indiana regiment. There is something touching in the sight of this throng of disabled soldiers engaged in examining claims for pensions. The examiner acts as the soldier's friend, and shows him the way to get the evidence to prove his claim, if it be a just one.

After a claim has been passed upon by an examiner in what is known as the Adjudicating Division of the office, the evidence is briefed upon the stiff paper envelope called the jacket, whereon are inscribed the number, the name, the indorsements from the Adjutant-General and Surgeon-General, and other condensed information showing every step in its progress; and it then goes to the Board of Review, a body of thirty-five experienced men, who act separately as reviewers, but refer doubtful cases to the chief of the Board, who secures uniformity of practice as to rules of evidence. The reviewers furnish a good illustration of the value of civil-service reform principles, their average length of service in the Pension Office being twelve years. From necessity the rule of special fitness and of service during good behavior was introduced here before Congress gave any indorsement to the theories of the civil-service reformers. After a case has passed the Board of Review it goes to the Medical Referee, who decides as to the degree of disability. Then the name is inscribed in one of many large books which constitute the active Pension Roll, and a certificate is made out, signed by the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Pensions, and decorated with the big red seal of the Interior Department. This document goes to the Pension Agent for the district where the claimant lives, who forwards it to the claimant, after first adding the name to his roll. Payments are made every three months by checks, but the pensioners must first sign and swear to a form of affidavit before a magistrate and exhibit to him their certificates. The mode of payment could not well be improved upon so far as the protection of the Government against imposition is concerned, unless the pensioners were required to appear in person before the Pension Agent, which would impose upon them the expense of travel. In large cities like New York, where a pension agent is located, most of the pensioners go to the office of the agent to claim their quarterly stipends, and a long row of men and women may be seen on pay-day with their certificates in their hands waiting their turns — the men as a rule showing signs of advancing years; for those who were beardless boys when the civil war broke out in 1861 are now on the down-hill side of life. Most of them, save the cripples whose disability is apparent, show no evidences of their military service, and might be taken for depositors at the counter of a savings-bank. A few, however, still proudly wear their old corps badges or display the ribbon and star of the "Grand Army of the Republic."

The Government is erecting on Judiciary Square in Washington a large structure for the exclusive use of the Pension Office, for which Congress has already appropriated $440,000. It is four hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide, the height being three stories, with a vast central sky-light rising a full story above the roof of the third story and lighting the court. The roof of the inclosed court is supported by two rows of enormous columns. This court, with its triple colonnade on all sides, promises to be the best architectural feature of the edifice, which from the exterior suggests a temporary exhibition building, by the cheapness of its material and decorations. The entire structure is of brick, and the cornices and frieze are of terra cotta. Between the first and second stories a yellow band, or frieze, three feet in height is carried entirely round the

building, and on this are represented scenes from military and naval life — infantry, artillery, and cavalry on the march, wounded men, sailors in boats, etc. This much at least can be said in praise of the figures, that they are not the stereotyped soldiers and sailors of the picture books, but seem to have been designed by some one who has seen actual warfare. They are too small, however, to be effective. The building is not yet far advanced, but one or two things are clear: it will have the beauty of usefulness, which is lacking in so many of our public structures, and it will be a wide departure from the classical ideas that long dominated our Government architects. For the purpose of providing a large number of well-lighted and well-ventilated office rooms, the plan seems an excellent one. The architect is Gen. Meigs, formerly Quartermaster-General of the army.

From any fair examination of the pension system, whether hasty or thorough, a few definite conclusions are pretty sure to be reached by the observer. These are:

1. That the *ex-parte* system of proving claims is bad, and becomes worse and worse as the war recedes into the past and men's memories concerning it grow dim. It should be abandoned, and in place of it there should be substituted a system of taking evidence in public before Government officers and in the neighborhood where the claimant resides.

2. That examinations to ascertain disability should be made by traveling boards of Government surgeons instead of by civil physicians living in the same neighborhood as the claimant, in order to secure freedom from partiality and prejudice, and uniformity of action.

3. That the entire present roll of pensioners should be examined by the same system proposed for new cases and pending applications, as the only practicable way of purging it from fraud.

4. That within its limitations, as prescribed by law and tradition, the Pension Office, with its disbursing agencies and its special examiners, is an efficient piece of governmental machinery, only requiring the aid of appropriate legislation to carry into effect all needed reforms.

Eugene V. Smalley.

THE REVERSIBLE LANDSCAPE.

To look at me no one would suppose it; but it is, nevertheless, a fact that I am a member of a fire company. I am somewhat middle-aged, somewhat stout, and, at certain times of the year, somewhat stiff in the joints; and my general dress and demeanor, that of a sober business man, would not at all suggest the active and impetuous fireman of the period. I do not belong to any paid department, but to a volunteer Hook and Ladder Company, composed of the active-bodied and active-minded male citizens of the country town where I live. I am included in the active-minded portion of the company; and in an organization like ours, which is not only intended to assist in putting out the fires of burning buildings, but to light the torch of the mind, this sort of member is very valuable. In the building which we occupy, our truck, with its hooks and ladders, stands upon the lower floor, while the large room above is used as a club and reading-room. At the beginning of the first winter of our occupancy of the building, we found that this room, which had been very pleasant in summer, was extremely uncomfortable in winter. The long apartment had been originally intended for purposes of storage; and although we had ornamented it and fitted it up very nicely, a good deal of carpentry and some mason's work was necessary before it could be made tight and draught-proof for cold weather. But lately we had spent money very freely, and our treasury was absolutely empty. I was chairman of the committee which had charge of everything pertaining to our rooms, and I felt the responsibilities of my position. The necessary work should be begun immediately, but how could the money be raised to pay for it? Subscriptions for this and that had been made until the members were tired of that sort of thing; and the ill success of the last one showed that it would not do to try it again.

I revolved in my mind a great many plans for raising the sum required, and one morning, as I was going to my place of business in the city, I was seized with a happy idea. At the moment of seizure I was standing in front of a large show-window, in which were a number of oil paintings, all of them very fresh and bright. "How would it do," thought I to myself, "to buy a picture at a moderate price and put it up at a raffle? People who would not be willing to give the money outright will often enter into a scheme of this kind. I will go in and make inquiries."

When I entered I found myself in a large

show-room, the walls of which were covered with paintings. A person advanced to meet me who, it soon became evident, was the proprietor of the place. He was a large man, dressed in black, with an open shirt-front and an expansive countenance. His eyes and hair were black, and his ears stood out from his head in a manner which, according to a recent writer, indicates the money-getting faculty; and he plainly belonged to that class of persons who in the Middle Ages did not, as is the present custom, pay money for having their teeth extracted, but often disbursed large sums for the privilege of retaining them. When I asked him if I could procure a good and effective picture at a moderate price, he threw out his chest and waved his arms toward his walls. "There, sir," he said, "you can see oil paintings of every subject, of every style, and of every class; and at prices, sir, lower than they can be found elsewhere in the known world. Mention the kind of picture you want, and I can accommodate you."

I replied that I did not know exactly what I wanted, and that I would see what he had. I now began to look at the pictures on the walls, occasionally giving my ideas in regard to their merits, when suddenly my companion turned to me and said:

"Are you connected with the press, sir?"

I replied that I was not, although I occasionally wrote for periodicals.

"Upon art subjects?" he asked.

I replied in the negative.

"Then you are unprejudiced," he said, "and I believe from your appearance that you are a man of influence, and there is nothing I should like better than to exhibit the workings of my art organization to a man of influence, unprejudiced on the subject. My object is, sir, to popularize art; to place high art within the reach of the masses, and thus to educate the artistic faculties of even the poorest citizens."

I said that I supposed the chromo movement was intended to do all that.

"No, sir," he replied warmly; "chromos cannot accomplish the object. They are too expensive; and, besides, they are not the real thing. They are printed, not painted; and what the public wants is the real thing, the work of the brush; and that is what I give them. The pictures you see here, and an immense stock besides, are all copies of valuable paintings, many of them in the finest galleries of Europe. I sell no originals. I guarantee everything to be a copy. Honesty is at the bottom of everything I do. I would scorn to pretend to sell a ten- or twenty-thousand dollar painting for — for the price asked. But my copies are exactly like the originals; that is all I claim. I would like, sir, to show you through my establishment, and let you see how I am carrying on the great work of art education. There are picture-dealers in this city, sir, plenty of them, who try to make the public believe that the vile daubs they sell are originals, and the works of well-known painters; and when they admit that the picture is a copy, they say it is the work of some distinguished student; that there is no other copy in the country; or make some other misstatement about it. These persons conceal their processes, but their tricks are beginning to be well known to the public. Now, sir, I conceal nothing. The day for that sort of thing is past. I want men of influence to know the facilities I have for the production of art-work upon a grand scale. We will first go into the basement. Sir," said he, as I followed him down-stairs, "you know how the watch-making business has been revolutionized by the great companies which manufacture watches by machinery. The slow, uncertain, and expensive work of the poor toilers who made watches by hand has been superseded by the swift, unerring, and beautiful operations of machinery and steam. Now, sir, the great purpose of my life is to introduce machinery into art, and, ultimately, steam. And yet I will have no shams, no chromos. Everything shall be real — the work of the brush. Here, sir," he continued, showing me into a long room filled with workmen, "you see the men engaged in putting together the frames on which to stretch my canvases; every stick cut, planed, and jointed out at a mill in Vermont, and sent on here by the car-load. Beyond are the workmen cutting up, stretching, and preparing the canvas, bales upon bales of which are used in a day. At the far end are the mills for grinding and mixing colors. And now we will go to the upper floors, and see the true art-work. Here, sir," he said, continuing to talk as we walked through the rooms on the various floors, "is the landscape and marine department. That row of men are putting in skies; they do nothing else. Each has his copy before him, and, day after day, month after month, paints nothing but that sky; and of course he does it with great rapidity and fidelity. Above, on those shelves, are sky-pots of every variety; blue-serene pots, tempest pots, sunset pots in compartments, morning-gray pots, and many others. Then the work passes to the middle-ground painters, who have their half-tone pots within easy reach. After that the foreground men take it up, and the figurists put in the men and animals. That man there has been painting that foreground cow ever since the first of August. He can now put her in three and a half times in fifteen minutes, and will probably rise to

sixteen cows an hour by the end of this month. These girls do nothing but put white-caps to waves. There's a great demand at present for the windy marine. This next room is devoted to portraits to order. You see that row of old ladies without heads, each holding a pair of spectacles, and with one finger in the Bible to keep the place; that's very popular, and we put in a head when the photograph is sent. There is a great rage at present for portraits of babies without any clothes on. Here is a lot of undraped infants with bodies all finished, but with no heads. We can finish them to order at very short notice. I have one girl who puts in all the dimples. You would be surprised to see what a charming dimple she can make with one twist of her brush. Long practice at one thing, sir, is the foundation of the success of this great establishment. Take that girl away from her dimple-pot, and she is nothing. She is now upstairs, putting dimples into a large Correggio order from the West. This next room is our figure department, battle-pieces, groups, single figures, everything. As you have seen before, each man only copies from the original that part which is his specialty. In addition to its other advantages, this system is a great protection to us. None of my men can work at home at nights and Sundays, and forge pictures. Not one of them can do a whole one. You will find minor establishments who pretend to sell copies of the great originals, and they impose on the public by stating that their pictures are made by art-students in Munich. This has created a great demand for cheap pictures by art-students in Munich. Now, sir, I concede to this popular demand. All my pictures are made by Munich art-students. Every person in my place, from the canvas-stretchers in the basement to that man by the window with the expression-pots, who finishes up all heads and portraits, is a student of art-students in Munich, several of whom I have had as instructors to my operatives. Thus, sir, with a few of these students, I have leavened my whole force. And now, sir, you have seen the greater part of my establishment. The varnishing, packing, and storage rooms are in another building. I am now perfecting plans for the erection of an immense edifice with steam-engines in the cellar, in which my paintings shall be done by machinery. No chromos, mind you, but real oil paintings, done by brushes revolving on cylinders. I shall have rolls of canvas a mile long, like the paper on which our great dailies are printed, and the machines shall do everything; cut off the picture, when it has passed among the cylinders, whereupon fresh canvas will be rolled in for a new one; another machine will stretch them; and they will pass through a varnish bath in the twinkling of an eye. But this is in the future. What I want of you, sir, and of other men of influence in society, is to let our people know of the great good that is ready for them now, and of the greater benefit that is coming. And, more than that, you can do incalculable good to our artists. Those poor toilers on the solitary canvas should know how to become prosperous, great, and happy; tell them to go into some other business. And now, sir, I must see what I can do for you. We will return to my gallery, and I will show you exactly what you want."

When we reached the back part of the show-room, down-stairs, he brought out an unframed picture about three feet long and two high, and placed it in a favorable light. "There," said he, "is a picture which will suit you. It is what we call a reversible landscape, and is copied from the only genuine picture of the kind in the world. It is just as good as two pictures. In this position, you see, a line of land stretches across the middle of the picture, with trees, houses, and figures, with a light sky above and a lake, darker in hue, below. Everything on the land is reflected accurately in the water. It is a landscape in morning light. Turn it upside down, so, and it is an evening scene; darkening sky above; light water beneath; the morning star, which you saw faintly glimmering in the other picture, is now the reflection of the evening star."

I do not pretend to be a judge of pictures, but I fancy I appreciate an original idea when I see it, and I thought that this picture might answer my purpose.

"What is the price of the painting?" I asked.

"Well, sir," said he, "to you, as a man of influence, I will fix the price of this great painting, from a comparatively unknown work of Gaspar Poussin, at four dollars and a half."

In spite of what I had seen of the facilities possessed by this establishment for producing cheap work, I must confess that I was surprised at the smallness of the sum asked for an oil painting of that size; I had expected to give forty or fifty dollars. But, although I am not a judge of paintings, I am a business man, and accustomed to make bargains. Therefore I said:

"I will give you two dollars and fifty cents for the picture."

"Done," said he. "Where shall I send it?"

I gave him my city address, and paid the money. As he accompanied me to the door, he said: "If you would like more of these pictures, I will sell you one dozen for eighteen dollars, or the whole lot of one hundred, just finished,— and there will be no more of

them painted,—for one hundred dollars." I told him one was all I wanted, and departed. I carried the picture home that afternoon, and in the evening exhibited it at our club-room, and made known my scheme for raising the money we needed by getting up a raffle with this painting as the prize; one hundred tickets at the low price of two dollars each. The reversible landscape was set up, first one way and then the other, a great many times, and created quite a sensation.

"I don't think it's worth the half of two hundred dollars," said Mr. Buckby, our president, "but as the money is for the use of our Association, I don't mind that. But my objection to the scheme is that, if I should gain the prize, I should be laughed at by all my fellow-members; for, to tell the truth, I think that painting is a good deal more funny than otherwise. It's not what I call high art."

The other members generally agreed with him. They were very much amused by the picture, but they did not care to possess it, imagining that those who ridiculed it might also ridicule its owner. This opposition discouraged me, and I retired to reflect. In about five minutes I returned to the company, which had now greatly increased, as it was one of our regular meeting nights, and I asked if they would consent to this raffle if I would engage that the winner of the picture should not be laughed at by any other member.

"How will you guarantee that?" asked Mr. Buckby.

"I will put the matter in the hands of the Association," I answered. "If, after the raffle is over, a majority of the members shall decide that any of us have reason to laugh at the winner of this painting, I will refund all the money paid for tickets."

There was something in this proposition which aroused the curiosity of my fellow-firemen; and when the meeting was called to order, a resolution was adopted that we should have the raffle, and that the management of it should be placed in my hands, subject to the conditions mentioned above. There were a good many surmises as to what I was going to do to keep the people from laughing at the prize-winner, the general opinion being that I intended to have the picture altered so that it would be like an ordinary landscape, and not reversible. But the affair was something novel, and promised to put much-needed money into our treasury; and several gentlemen assured me that they would make it their business to see that every member took a ticket, one generous man promising in the interests of the Association to present them to such of the few absent members as might decline to buy them for themselves. This offer was made in consequence of my insistence that every one of us should have a chance in the raffle.

The next morning I went to the art-factory and told the proprietor that I would take the lot of reversibles he had on hand, if he would include the one already purchased, and receive ninety-seven dollars and a half as the balance due.

"All right!" said he. "I have the ninety-nine still on hand. Are you in the tea business, sir?"

"Oh, no," said I; "the pictures are intended for a large Association."

"No better way of extending the influence of art, sir," he said heartily. "I shall charge you nothing for boxing. The same address, sir?"

"No, they must be forwarded to my residence," and I gave him the needful directions, and a check.

The next day the ninety-nine pictures arrived and were stored in my barn. My wife, to whom I had told my plan, made some objections to it, saying it did not seem right to use half the money paid in in buying so many pictures; but I told her that no one could expect in a raffle to clear all the money subscribed, and that although we should not gain as much as I had hoped, we should clear a hundred dollars, and every man would have a picture. This was surely fair, and the fact was that the unsympathetic state of mind of our members made it necessary for me to do something of this kind, if I expected to raise the needed money at all.

The raffle was announced, and on the appointed evening there was a full attendance. The prize was won by a Mr. Horter, an art collector of a nervous temperament, who had objected to the raffle, and who had consented to buy a ticket only after repeated solicitations.

"Now, mind," he said to me, "you promised that the other men should not laugh at me, and I hold you to your contract."

I answered that I intended to stand by it, and that the painting should be sent to him in the morning from my house, whither it had been removed. Every member present announced his intention of calling on Horter the following evening to see why he should not be laughed at.

All the next forenoon my man, with a horse and light wagon, was engaged in delivering the reversible landscapes, one to every member of our club. These gentlemen were, in almost every case, absent at their places of business. When they came home in the evening each found his picture, with his name on the back of it, and a printed slip informing

him that in this raffle there had been no blanks, and that every man had drawn a prize.

Not a man called upon Mr. Horter that evening, and he greatly wondered why they did not come in, either to laugh or to say why they should not do so; but every member of our club was visited by nearly all his fellow firemen, who ran in to see if it were true that he also had one of those ridiculous reversible landscapes. As everybody knew that Mr. Horter had one, there was no need to call on him; and even if they had hoped to be able to laugh at him they could not do so, when each one of them had drawn one of the pictures himself. A good many called on me, and some were a little severe in their remarks, saying that although it might be a very pretty joke, I must have used up nearly all the money that they had given for the good of the Association, for, of course, none of them cared for the absurd prize.

But when, on the next meeting night, I paid in one hundred dollars to the treasury, a sum more than sufficient to pay for the work necessary to make our room comfortable, they were quite satisfied. The only thing that troubled them was to know what to do with the pictures they had drawn. Not one of them was willing to keep his preposterous landscape in his house. It was Mrs. Buckby, our president's wife, who suggested a way out of the difficulty.

"Of course," she said to her husband, "it would have been much better if each one of you had given the two dollars without any raffle, and then you would have had all your money. But you can't expect men to do a thing like that."

"Not after we had all paid in our regular dues, and had been subscribing and subscribing for this, that, and the other thing for nearly a year," said I, who was present at the time. "Some extra inducement was necessary."

"But, as you have all those horrid landscapes," she continued, "why don't you take them and put them up along the top of your walls, next the ceiling, where those openings are which used to ventilate the room when it was used for storage? That would save all the money that you would have to pay to carpenters and painters to have those places made tight and decent-looking; and it would give your room a gorgeous appearance."

This idea was hailed with delight. Every man brought his picture to the hall, and we nailed the whole hundred in a row along the top of the four walls, turning one with the darker half up, and the next the other way, so as to present alternate views of morning and evening along the whole distance. The arrangement answered admirably. The draughts of air from outside were perfectly excluded; and as our walls were very lofty, the general effect was good.

"Art of that kind cannot be too high," said Mr. Horter.

A week or two after this, when I arrived at home one afternoon, my wife told me that there was a present for me in the dining-room. As such things were not common, I hurried in to see what it was. I found a very large flat package, tied up in brown paper, and on it a card with my name and a long inscription. The latter was to the effect that my associates of the Hook and Ladder Company, desirous of testifying their gratitude to the originator and promoter of the raffle scheme, took pleasure in presenting him with the accompanying work of art, which, when hung upon the walls of his house, would be a perpetual reminder to him of the great and good work he had done for the Association.

I cannot deny that this pleased me much. "Well!" I exclaimed to my wife, "it is very seldom that a man gets any thanks for his gratuitous efforts in behalf of his fellow-beings; and although I must say that my services in raising money for the Association deserved recognition, I did not expect that the members would do themselves the justice to make me a present."

Unwrapping the package, I discovered, to my intense disgust, a copy of the Reversible Landscape! My first thought was that some of the members, for a joke, had taken down one of the paintings from our meeting-room, and had sent it to me; but, on carefully examining the canvas and frame, I was quite certain that this picture had never been nailed to a wall. It was evidently a new and fresh copy of the painting of which I had been assured no more would be produced. I must admit that I had felt a certain pride in decorating our hall with the style of picture that could not be seen elsewhere; and, moreover, I greatly dislike to be overreached in business matters, and my wrath against the manufacturer of high art entirely overpowered and dissipated any little resentment I might have felt against my waggish fellow-members who had sent me the painting.

Early the next morning I went direct to the art-factory, and was just about entering when my attention was attracted by a prominent picture in the window. I stepped back to look at it. It was our reversible landscape, mounted upon an easel, and labeled "A Morning Scene." While I examined it to assure myself that it was really the landscape with which I was so familiar, it was turned

upside down by some concealed machinery, and appeared labeled, "An Evening Scene." At the foot of the easel I now noticed a placard inscribed: "The Reversible Landscape; A New Idea in Art."

I stood for a moment astounded. The rascally picture-monger had not only made another of these pictures, but he was prepared to furnish them in any number. Rushing into the gallery, I demanded to see the proprietor.

"Look here!" said I, "what does this mean? You told me that there were to be no more of those pictures painted; that I was to possess a unique lot."

"That's not the same picture, sir," he exclaimed. "I am surprised that you should think so. Step outside with me, sir, and I'll prove it to you. There, sir!" said he, as we stood before the painting, which was now Morning side up, "you see that star? In the pictures we sold you the morning star was Venus; in this one it is Jupiter. This is not the same picture. Do you imagine that we would deceive a customer? That, sir, is a thing we never do!"

Frank R. Stockton.

JOHN BRIGHT.

It is seldom that men who have taken a prominent part in the history of their time are able to anticipate with calmness and confidence the verdict of posterity upon their character and their achievements. For the most part they have commenced enterprises, and been associated with movements, the true merits of which must be judged by slow results. Years may conclusively prove the soundness of their judgment and the accuracy of their prevision, but are, perhaps, just as likely to show that the measures which they labored to advance were crudely formed and pressed forward in ignorance of the difficulties and complications which posterity is quick to see in their development. It would be confessedly premature to attempt to define the place which Lord Beaconsfield will permanently fill in the gallery of English statesmen. It would be yet more difficult to forecast the final award of political and national criticism in the case of Mr. Gladstone. But with Mr. Bright there is none of this uncertainty. The foundations of his fame are not laid more securely than its quality is decided, irreversible. He is already an illustrious figure of the past. His voice is still listened to wherever it is heard; the familiar presence is gazed at with admiration wherever it is seen. But alike as statesman and orator, reformer and partisan, John Bright belongs to a by-gone generation, and his fellow-countrymen have long since come to an agreement as to the measure and kind of the distinction that is his due. It is not that he has outlived his powers, or has worn away to the shadow of his former self. His parliamentary eloquence is still occasionally impressive. He can hold vast audiences in the country spell-bound by the rhetoric which is always more or less autobiographical; his intellect is yet clear and powerful; his memory is undimmed, and his faculty of appreciation and enjoyment of existence is singularly keen. But the cause for which he battled was long ago definitely won; the strongholds of exclusiveness, privilege, and monopoly which he entered public life to attack have all surrendered; the fruits of his service to political progress and popular enlightenment have been gathered into the storehouse of history, and weighed in an unerring balance; the questions which were open in his early, and even in his mature, manhood are closed; the principles for which he first contended, and which were denounced by those who differed from him as involving consequences disastrous to English trade and industry, to the whole structure of English society, and to the British empire itself, have become the postulates and common phases of politicians of every school. Free trade, parliamentary reform, religious equality, the assimilation—gradual and qualified though it be—of the government of Ireland to that of England, the removal of Irish grievances, the avoidance by every legitimate expedient of friction between England and Ireland; these are the objects round which Mr. Bright's activities chiefly centered at successive stages of his career, which incurred for him an amount of personal obloquy and bitterness proportionate perhaps to the vehemence of his own attacks, and which are now regarded as nothing more than reasonable and right. Periodically feeble attempts are made to propose Fair Trade as an alternative for Free Trade, to check the political enfranchisement of whole classes of the population, and to revert in other matters to the policy of an extinct period. But every serious politician in England knows that it would be just as possible to rebel against Free Trade as to mutiny

against the law of gravitation, and that whenever the question of a further enlargement of the electoral suffrage is raised, it will not be dropped till it has been settled in the affirmative.

In other matters than these Mr. John Bright is to the English public to-day what he will be to the English public a century hence. He is not known, and he never will be known, as a great administrator, as a great legislator, or as a great master of parliamentary detail. He cannot even be considered a debater of the first order. He is a man, however, just as indispensable to the legislation which has been accomplished during his career as the minister who conducts a bill through Parliament. As an orator he has acquired an equal renown in the House of Commons and on popular platforms. Such are the power and fervor of his eloquence that it has always constituted a force with which responsible statesmen have been compelled to reckon. Disraeli once said of Cobden that "he was the greatest politician that the upper middle class of England had produced, and that he was not only an ornament to the House of Commons, but an honor to his country." It may be asserted of Mr. Bright that he has surpassed all his contemporaries in the art of giving simple and weighty expression to the views and aspirations of the English multitude. He has been called a demagogue. As a matter of fact no man was ever less of a demagogue. Had he been capable of pandering to the popular sentiment of the hour, he would not have resisted the Ten Hours Bill, nor would he have lost his seat for Manchester twenty-seven years ago by denouncing the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston in China and in Russia. It would be unjust to say of him that he was ever the mere mouthpiece of public feeling. He has acted as the champion of the popular cause just so far as he could identify that cause with, and vindicate it by reference to, what have seemed to him to be the eternal laws of justice and right. There were Radicals before Mr. John Bright. There are, and will continue to be, Radicals after him. But as he had little in common with many of those who were spoken of as his allies at the beginning of his public life, so he has slight sympathy with the most powerful and representative Radicals whom he sees round him as the shadows of his life begin to lengthen. The Radicalism of Roebuck and of the hard-headed political economists of the "Westminster Review" was as different from the Radicalism of Mr. Bright as is that of Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain. The political convictions and aims of Cobden's friend were traversed by a vein partly of deep sentiment, partly of moral indignation peculiar to himself and to his era. What impressed his mind was not merely the need of giving unfettered play to the law of supply and demand, or of removing purely political inequalities. He looked and he saw around him a great mass of men and women whose daily lot was one of want and misery, attributable to the operation of unjust laws. He would never have wielded so mighty an instrument in the work of political reform if he had not possessed so large a share of the fiery spirit of a moral reformer. A sense of righteous resentment against the state of things under which oppressive taxes were levied, and poverty stood in the place where plenty and happiness ought to be, animated him in his first political efforts. The gift of oratory was innate in him; but, over and above that, he possessed something of the old Israelite — something of the old Puritan spirit, which impelled him to assail secular abuses and political wrongs with an ardor greater than ordinary political passion could generate.

The secret of this must be largely found in the conditions of his birth and the associations of his childhood. The tale of civil and religious oppression was the first to which the second son of Martha and Jacob Bright, born on the 16th November, 1811, ever listened. His father, as a stanch Quaker, persistently refused to pay church-rates. These were at that time legal and compulsory, and Mr. Bright, senior, was therefore the victim of habitual distress warrants, which were satisfied not in cash, but in kind. Cotton twist was the principal article seized upon, but on several occasions cotton shirting to the value of four or five pounds was taken. Is it surprising if the hardship and humiliation of these exactions produced an abiding effect on the mind of so quick and sensitive a child as John Bright was? Nor were the circumstances of his boyhood less stirring in other respects. Rochdale, where his earlier years were spent, was the head-quarters of a chronic agitation in favor of Parliamentary reform. Collisions between the popular meetings held and the military were frequent. The young John Bright, if not an actual spectator of the Peterloo massacre, had drunk in with eager ears all the local narratives of it. It is not so long ago that in a speech delivered at Birmingham he stated that some articles published in a Lancashire journal had a very great effect on his mind. "I must," he continued, "say that I date some portion of my political activity to the influence of that paper over me in those days." Before he was twenty-one years of age he had seen the Reform Bill of 1832 become law, the Test and Corpora-

tion acts repealed, Catholic emancipation carried, and a French sovereign driven by revolution to the shores of England. Moreover, the value of goods taken from his father's premises under warrants for church-rates amounted during this period to only a little less than a hundred and ten pounds. Whatever of deep and inspiring sentiment the events of this epoch could excite, communicated itself to John Bright. A literary and philosophical society was formed in Rochdale, and the weekly discussions held by its members provided him with his first opportunities for the display of his oratorical power. He was an indefatigable reader, and soon knew many of the most famous passages in Milton's "Paradise Lost" by heart. A visit which he paid to Jerusalem in his twenty-sixth year marked an epoch in his intellectual development. It was about this time, too, that he formed the acquaintance of Mr. Cobden, and in 1839 he took part in an open-air Anti-Corn Law meeting. "The question," he said, "lay between the working millions and the aristocracy." But the church-rate controversy was not yet at an end. Mr. Bright, who had now become a celebrity in his neighborhood, delivered a series of powerful and characteristic speeches against the rate. With the Church itself he had, he protested, no quarrel. "I would," he exclaimed, in a passage curiously prophetic of some of his subsequent oratorical triumphs, "that that venerable fabric" — and here he pointed to the parish church of Rochdale — "were the representative of a church really reformed; of a church separated from the foul connection with the State; of a church depending upon her own resources, upon the zeal of her people, upon the truth of her principles, and upon the blessings of her spiritual head." Meanwhile, an event that was to have a more decisive influence upon Mr. Bright's career than any which had yet happened was at hand. Two years after his marriage — in September, 1841 — his wife died. Cobden called upon him the next day, and, finding him prostrated by the blow, said: "Do not allow this grief, great as it is, to weigh you down too much. There are at this moment in thousands of homes in England wives and children who are dying of hunger made by the law. If you will come with me, we will never rest till we have got rid of the Corn Law." These words have been often quoted, but, like the circumstances under which they were uttered, they are important, because they indicate the state of mind in which, together with Cobden, Bright entered upon the great labor of his life. As, years earlier, it was the consciousness of domestic suffering that inspired him with hatred of the church-rate, and of the physical maltreatment of the Peterloo mob that gave him his first bias in the direction of Parliamentary reform, so it was the sense of personal bereavement — the loss of a young wife in childbed — that sent him forth against the upholders of monopoly. In each instance anguish of soul was transformed into political vigor, and the key-note of Mr. Bright's public character and career will be missed if this fact is not borne in mind.

The experiences encountered by him during the next few years, painful and agonizing as they often were, of the evils and suffering involved in the operation of the Corn Laws, account not only for much of the passion he infused into his crusade, but for what has often seemed to the public the exaggerated self-satisfaction with which he has since been in the habit of recounting the story of his triumph. He addressed himself to the enterprise as a social reformer and philanthropist rather than as a political agitator, and it is not too much to say that neither then nor afterward did he magnify his apostleship on political, still less on partisan, grounds. One of the first important incidents in his Anti-Corn Law campaign was his earliest meeting with Mr. Gladstone, who, with Dr. Ripon as his chief, was vice-president of the Board of Trade in 1842, when Mr. Bright was one of a deputation sent to London on the subject of Free Trade. Commenting upon Bright's statement that the Lancashire operatives who could raise enough money invariably emigrated to America, Lord Ripon remarked that the Americans themselves had a law against the admission of Canadian wheat. "Yes," was the immediate rejoinder, "and the carriers of that measure quoted your example as a precedent." Mr. Gladstone, without volunteering an opinion on the matter, asked if there was any symptom of improvement in trade, and was informed that, on the contrary, distress was greatly aggravated. The American tariff of 1828 exercised the most disastrous influence on the flannel trade of Rochdale, one-third of which had been previously done with the United States. In 1831 wages in Lancashire were forty per cent. below the average of 1828. In 1840 the decrease was fifty per cent. On the 13th of December, 1841, the local medical men testified that "owing to the high price of food, and the want of employment, the laboring classes in the borough of Rochdale and its neighborhood are suffering appalling privations." "Misery," was Mr. Bright's comment, "is to be seen in the house of every poor man. Haggard destitution and extreme poverty are the most prominent things in his family. The consequence is that discontent

has so pervaded the country that scarcely any workingman will lift a finger in defense of those institutions which Englishmen were wont to be proud of. Neither the monarch nor the aristocracy is safe under a state of things that would blast fairest prospects, and destroy the most powerful nation that ever existed."

Chartism was rampant, and Bright did his utmost to divert into a healthier channel the energies which Chartism enlisted by pursuing the Anti-Corn Law agitation. Throughout the whole of the north of England immense Free-Trade meetings were held. In March, 1843, Drury Lane Theater, London, was the scene of a huge demonstration at which Mr. Bright was the first speaker. "There is," he said, amid tremendous applause, "no institution of this country, the monarchy, aristocracy, Church, or any other whatever, of which I will hesitate to say, attach it to the Corn Laws, and I will predict its fate." Presently he quoted the couplet:

> "There's yet on earth a far auguster thing,
> Small though it be, than Parliament or King."

John Bright, indeed, was fast becoming a power in the country. He was invaluable to Cobden, and the two worked together upon a regular system. First, at any great public gathering, Cobden would deliver a speech, defining the area of dispute, bristling with statistics, facts, and figures. Bright spoke last, summing up and embellishing with his eloquence all that had been said by those who had preceded him, and finally dismissing his audience in a state of rapturous enthusiasm. In the summer of 1843 he was elected Member for Durham; on the 7th of August he delivered his maiden speech in the House of Commons in support of Mr. Ewart's motion for the reduction of import duties. The effort, if not a striking success, was far from being a failure. He was a little nervous at first, and in his trepidation did injustice to his voice. But the parts of his discourse were so admirably arranged, he so soon recovered his self-possession, there was so transparent a depth of moral earnestness in his pleadings, above all his language was so happily chosen and simple, that he commanded the attention of his hearers, and great things were at once prophesied for him.

It is probable that but for the exceptionally bountiful harvest of 1844 the repeal of the Corn Laws would not have been delayed by two years. The protectionists began to be sanguine as to their power ultimately to repel the attack made upon them. Mr. Bright replied that "though Providence might send one or two good harvests more, the course of the seasons could not be changed to suit the caprice, the folly, or the criminality of human legislation." Nor, as a matter of fact, did the movement ever flag. Tens of thousands of pounds poured in from every side. Tracts were circulated by millions. Free Trade had its bard in Ebenezer Elliott; skilled lecturers visited every town and village in the kingdom. Sir Robert Peel had already somewhat modified the duties on corn, and now proceeded to reduce or abolish duties on seven hundred and fifty other articles. A year later famine in Ireland forced his hand. He proposed the total repeal of the Corn Laws, and carried it by a majority of forty-seven. It is needless to dwell upon the Parliamentary incidents of this memorable period; on Mr. Disraeli's famous attacks on the Conservative Premier for his desertion of protectionist principles and betrayal of his political friends. But it may be mentioned that on the last night of the debate Mr. Bright eulogized Sir Robert Peel's conduct in words that brought tears to the eyes of a statesman usually immovable and cold. Of the speech which the Prime Minister had delivered on the preceding evening he said: "It has circulated by scores of thousands throughout the kingdom and throughout the world, and wherever a man is to be found who loves justice, and a laborer whom you have trampled under foot, it will bring joy to the heart of the one and hope to the breast of the other." This is not the place in which to enumerate all the social and industrial results of Free Trade. Speaking some twenty years after the Corn Laws had been repealed, Mr. Bright was able to say that nearly 500,000,000 pounds' worth of food which that law was intended to prohibit had, since 1846, been imported into England, and that, notwithstanding the diminution in the actual production of each worker, wages had increased from thirty to forty per cent. In 1846 the whole foreign commerce of the United Kingdom did not exceed £134,000,000. In 1876 it had risen to the total of £665,000,000. In that same year John Bright, quoting from Scripture the words, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," was able to say: "We have put Holy Writ into an Act of Parliament, and since then — since, that is, 1846 — of that fullness every man and woman and little child in this country may freely and abundantly partake." As has been already said, the same principles on which Mr. Bright collaborated with Cobden in the abolition of the Corn Laws seemed to him to justify, or rather demand, opposition to the bill introduced for compulsorily limiting the hours of labor in factories. He believed it would be

better for workingmen to labor ten hours than twelve; but he objected to the rigid system of protection, and, as he was careful to say, he used the word in the same sense in which it had been used by all who were in favor of monopolies. He has often been taunted since with his action in this matter; but that it was approved by the public, and especially the industrial opinion of the period, may be judged from the fact that in the next year, on the 29th of July, 1847, Mr. Bright was elected Member for Manchester.

We may now consider that Bright had entered upon the second great stage of his public career. He had accomplished the first supreme object which he had proposed to himself. The Corn Laws were abolished. He now rested upon his oars for a little, or, as it would perhaps be more correct to say, he proceeded to strengthen and broaden the foundations of an oratorical fame and excellence already securely established and generally confessed. During the next two decades John Bright was nearly the most impressive figure in English history. He had entered Parliament ten years later than Mr. Gladstone or Disraeli, and he and Cobden were among the very few great speakers of the Victorian era who had not a seat in the first House of Commons constituted after the accession of her present Majesty to the throne. It is enough to glance at him in some of the best-known aspects of his career between 1847 and the year in which he became a responsible minister of the crown. In English politics this period was principally remarkable for the sustained ascendancy of Palmerston. Although Mr. Bright gave a general support to the various Russell and Palmerston governments, he had little or no sympathy with the spirit which animated Palmerston or Russell in their foreign policy. Both of these statesmen, and in a special degree the former, seemed to Bright the exponents of what he might have called the purely pagan idea in politics. No one can doubt that the illustrious subject of this sketch honestly endeavored to introduce into politics the canons of Christianity and the standards of Scriptural religion. It was no narrow sectarian bigotry which prompted him to condemn the Crimean war and to inveigh against the aggressive militarism with which he regarded that war as identical. From the first he protested that it was avoidable, and the impartial verdict of history has confirmed his judgment. He knew well enough that he was out of harmony with the general feeling of his countrymen. He felt and he spoke as one who was conscious of belonging to a small minority, but who was strong and bold in the conviction that in the eyes of heaven he was right. No man, whatever his genius for eloquence, unless animated by such a belief as this, could have delivered the oratorical masterpieces with which Bright's name will ever be associated in the House of Commons: first, when we were on the eve of war with Russia; secondly, when the war was in progress. He had no formal connection with the Peace Society which sent out a deputation to the Czar to deprecate, and if possible to prevent, the violation of the peace of Europe. But he believed war to be an evil generally, and the Crimean war in particular to be a preventable evil. He denounced it, therefore, in a series of harangues that have already attained the dignity of Parliamentary classics, and that for sublimity and simplicity, pathos and power, are the most marvelous compositions contained in the book of Hansard. He held Parliament spell-bound, and when it was known he was upon his legs not a bench was empty. His doctrines, indeed, did not commend themselves to the judgment of the English people or to their representatives; but who could resist their charm, or who be blind to the beauty of those superb descriptions of the horrors of battle, of the misery and havoc which war meant to private households and to peoples; of the picture drawn by the orator of the angel of death, "the beating of whose wings," he said, "he could almost hear!" At this juncture of his career Bright spoke less to convince men than because he was convinced himself. More than once he confessed his distrust of the temper of the English democracy. The war, as the result showed, saturated the country with the leaven of militarism; and when a little later Lord Palmerston appealed to the constituencies, asking them to sustain him in his Chinese policy, and to sanction his chastisement of the "insolent barbarian who, wielding authority at Canton, had violated the British flag, broken the engagements of treaties, offered rewards for the heads of British subjects, and planned their destruction by murder, assassination, and poison," the English people rallied to the summons, and Bright and Cobden, together with Milner Gibson, W. J. Fox, Layard, and many others, lost their seats. Within six months Bright was returned for Birmingham, and, though for nearly two years his health prevented him from taking an active part in Parliamentary warfare, he was not forgotten by his countrymen; nor was it till he had earnestly ranged himself on the side of the reformers that a fresh installment of Parliamentary reform became an effective political cry.

The commercial treaty between England and France was negotiated and effected in 1860 by the joint efforts of Cobden and Bright. It was Cobden who first suggested

the idea of an interview with Napoleon III.; it was Bright who had taken the initiative with regard to the new international compact. With two other great public questions John Bright's name was soon prominently coupled—the repeal of the paper duties, which made the penny newspaper press in England possible, and the American civil war. Cobden, like Bright and all the survivors of the Manchester school, was the champion of the North. Before this he had incurred much unpopularity by the line of argument he adopted in the "Alabama" debate, and had elicited from Mr. Laird, who was responsible for the construction and putting to sea of that cruiser, the taunt that he "would rather be known as the builder of a dozen 'Alabamas' than be a man who, like Mr. Bright, had set class against class." Ireland, and especially the Irish Church, were also subjects on which Mr. Bright delivered several famous speeches during this period of his career. He pleaded vehemently for a relaxation of the punishment meted out to those who had taken part in the Fenian rising of 1867, and he denounced the Irish religious establishment in language which heralded its doom. Difficulties of the gravest nature, he admitted, were yet in the way; but he reminded the House of Commons, in tones which will never be forgotten by any of those who heard them, that "to the upright there ariseth light in darkness."

Mr. Bright had now obtained a position amongst his countrymen as commanding as the power instrumental in securing it for him was unique. There was no great popular movement of his time which, by his eloquence and by the intensity of the moral zeal underlying his eloquence, he had not helped forward. The Tories, under Mr. Disraeli, had carried reform; but it was Bright more than any of his contemporaries who had rendered that consummation possible, and who, by the unflagging zeal of his advocacy, had kept the fire of reform alive. In the same way Mr. Gladstone recognized the fact that his old friend's harangues on the condition of the sister island had more than anything else contributed to bring the disestablishment and disendowment of the Anglican Church on the other side of St. George's Channel within the limits of practical statesmanship. When, therefore, Mr. Gladstone was called upon in 1868 to form his first Cabinet, it was natural, and it was right for two reasons, that he should press Mr. Bright to occupy a place in it. First, Mr. Bright enjoyed a larger share of the confidence of the Liberal party in the English constituencies, and especially of the nonconformist section of it, than any other public man, Mr. Gladstone himself not excepted. Secondly, it is a wholesome doctrine that responsibility should be the accompaniment of power, and that a statesman and orator who has wielded at will the British democracy should, when the time comes, submit to the test his capacity for molding the legislation that he has encouraged it to expect. Mr. Bright recognized the force of both these considerations, and, after having told the electors of Birmingham that for his part he had no ambition for office, but would be well content, like the Shunamite woman, to live amongst his own people, accepted the presidency of the Board of Trade. Office had, from the point of view taken by the English people, become inevitable to him, and the fact that he did not prove a great administrator cannot be cited as an argument which would have justified his refusal of it. In one sense, however, his political career, so far as achievement is concerned, was as much at an end in 1868 as in 1874. His health once more showed signs of failing, his absences from the House of Commons were frequent, and he entered but seldom into the war of Parliamentary debate. Yet his speeches on the Irish Church Bill, on the Ballot Bill, on the indirect "Alabama" claims, and on other matters, were as fine and as effective as any he had ever delivered. At the Board of Trade he continued till 1873, when, a redistribution of Cabinet offices taking place, he was appointed to the Duchy of Lancaster. This office he again occupied, when, after an interval of six years, during which the Conservatives, under Lord Beaconsfield, were in power, the constituencies once more declared for Liberalism. He resigned it only in 1882 because, like not a few other members of his party, he disapproved of the Egyptian policy of the Government, which for the time—it has gone through many critical developments since then—culminated in the bombardment of Alexandria. During the past two years Mr. Bright has addressed the House of Commons and popular audiences upon several occasions in his old manner; but it is no disparagement to his fame, and to the great work which he has accomplished in the past, to say that he has ceased to be an elemental force in politics, or that he receives the admiration and homage of his countrymen less on the ground of present performances than of past services.

"There are some men," said Mr. Disraeli, in a speech (from which a brief extract has been already given) in the House of Commons on the day of Cobden's death, "who, although they are not present, are still members of this House, independent of dissolutions or the caprice of constituencies, and

even of the course of time. I think that Mr. Cobden is one of these men." Mr. Bright, one may venture to say, is another. If a perfect mastery of the art of Parliamentary debating is an essential element in the fame of a great orator, then Bright has several equals and one or two superiors, notably Mr. Gladstone himself. But if it is the cardinal condition of oratory of the first rank to produce with the simplest instruments magnificent effects; to strike right home to the hearts of hearers with words that come even more from the heart than from the head; to combine with the most perfect propriety of phrase the most studied absence of theatrical declamation; to know intuitively how wit and humor may be made to serve the same purpose as, and to work in unison with, tragedy and pathos; to display, as, according to Tennyson, it is the mission of the poet to display, the "hate of hate, the scorn of scorn"; to run in half a dozen sentences the whole gamut of human feeling; to say the aptest things in the aptest voice, now full and resonant, now low and clear, but always pitched in the key precisely consonant to the sentiment conveyed, and exactly calculated to impress those who listen with the emotion of him who speaks;—then, unquestionably, John Bright is the greatest orator that our age has beheld. Nature has denied him none of the attributes necessary to so exalted a reputation. "There came up a lion out of Judah," was Charlotte Brontë's exclamation when she was present at one of Thackeray's lectures. The same remark will have suggested itself to many persons who have witnessed John Bright on the occasion of one of his great oratorical efforts. The massive, well-set head, the lofty brow, the white hair, the clear blue eye, as Saxon in its expression as the language of the speaker, have immediately arrested the attention of all spectators. Yet, in the House of Commons, the visitor may have failed to recognize immediately the voice and the presence of its greatest orator. Slow, low, and distinct in his commencement, he has appeared to be suffering from a nervous hesitation which those who have never heard him previously might doubt whether he would succeed in overcoming. But in five minutes all apprehensions on this score have disappeared. The popular chamber is crowded, for, with the speed of electricity, the news that "Bright is up" has run the round of lobbies, library, and smoking-room. Never has there been associated in the same speaker and in the same speech merit so sustained with excellence so rare. Mr. Bright has spoken, no doubt, not infrequently below himself; but when he has spoken at his best, or at anything like his best, he has been at his best throughout. His eloquence may be compared to the glow of a clear fire steadily burning almost at a white heat. There is nothing fitful or spasmodic about it. The solemn and the sportive are interwoven as naturally as the serious and comic scenes in one of Shakspere's masterpieces. Mr. Bright has probably coined as many concise and adhesive phrases as Disraeli himself. It is he who invented the words "fancy franchise," who first employed "the cave of Adullam" as a metaphor for the refuge of the disaffected, and who compared the Adullamites themselves to the Scotch terrier of which it was difficult to say what portion formed the head and what the tail. His humor has always been of the quiet, cutting, and sarcastic style. He likened Mr. Disraeli to "the man who was not a Cabinet Minister, but only a mountebank, and who set up a stall and offered the country people pills that were very good against earthquakes." He likened Lord Derby's professions about reform to "the sort of feast that a Spanish host sets before his guest, consisting of a little meat and a great deal of tablecloth." The remark of a peer, when Mr. Bright was once absent from Parliament through illness, that "Providence, in punishment of the manner in which he had abused his talents, had inflicted upon him a disease of the brain," elicited from him on his return to the House of Commons the retort, "It may be so, but in any case it will be some consolation to the friends and the family of the noble lord to know that the disease is one which even Providence could not inflict upon him." Nor could anything be better than his criticism of Sir Charles Adderley, now Lord Norton, when that gentleman had made some statement from which Mr. Bright dissented: "I hope he thought he was speaking the truth; but he is rather a dull man and liable to make blunders." One instance more. During the American war, when the cotton supply failed, it was attempted to keep the mill hands employed with an Indian cotton known as Surat, which was exceedingly difficult to work. One Sunday morning a minister of some religious denomination was praying that Heaven would send a plentiful supply of cotton. According to Mr. Bright, a spinner in the congregation cried out, "Yea, Lord, but not Surat."

As Mr. Bright has lived to witness the completion of all the great political movements to which he ever put his hand, he has lived to witness also a curious revulsion in the sentiment even of the privileged classes about himself. A quarter of a century ago he was spoken of as the tribune of the people, a

latter-day edition of Jack Cade, a demagogue — though, as we have seen, he was never in reality a demagogue at all. Now, as for years past, he is regarded by his political opponents as a moderator and controller of popular passions, and is esteemed, in comparison with Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Chamberlain, a "safe man." It was only the other day that he himself declared he could not lay claim to the title of Radical as that word is now understood. Mr. Bright's Liberalism or Radicalism, by whichever name it may be called, has never failed to reflect the national temper and the political genius of the English people. In other words, it has always been largely tinged by conservatism. The reforms for which he has struggled, and whose triumph he has beheld, have been demanded by him not for reasons of abstract political perfection, but because so long as they were denied a gross moral and political scandal was in his opinion perpetuated. When, therefore, the offense against natural equity — the inalienable rights of man — has been removed, the fire of the political reformer has, in the case of Mr. Bright, subsided. He has absolutely nothing of the revolutionary temperament about him. He has nothing either of the sympathy possessed by some English politicians — but in its origin French rather than English — with vague doctrines of political evolution. He has called the Conservatives "the stupid party," and, as in a letter addressed to a Birmingham meeting, when it was considered likely that the Lords would throw out the Irish Church Bill, has admonished the peers that "by throwing themselves athwart the national course, they might meet with accidents not pleasant for them to think of." But Mr. W. E. Forster used, three or four years ago, much stronger language than this in speaking of the same assembly.

His own native good sense has ever kept Mr. Bright from extravagance. In 1872, when certain signs of republican feeling asserted themselves in England, and a correspondent wrote to Bright on the subject, he replied that "as to views on the question of Monarchy or Republicanism, I hope and believe it will be a long time before we are asked to give an opinion. Our ancestors decided the matter a good while since, and I would suggest that you and I should leave any further decision to our posterity." Mr. Bright never wrote or said anything more characteristic than this. At no period of his career has he failed to show himself in words as well as action the loyal subject of the English crown. To the sovereign herself he has been and is personally attached, and it is the fact that the beginning of his personal estrangement from Mr. Disraeli was not, as has sometimes been supposed, his exposure of the sentiments favorable to regicide which the Conservative statesman had expressed in his now forgotten "Revolutionary Epic," but the manner in which Mr. Disraeli upon more than one occasion introduced the Queen's name into Parliamentary debates. "The Right Honorable gentleman," he said, when Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church resolutions were being discussed, "talked, the other night, sometimes with pompousness and sometimes with servility, of the interviews he had with his sovereign. I venture to say that a minister who deceives his sovereign is as guilty as the conspirator who would dethrone her."

Another evidence of Mr. Bright's innate conservatism may be seen in the difference of opinion formed by Cobden and himself on the Reform Act of 1832. Cobden was never satisfied with that measure because, he said, it did nothing more, as was undoubtedly the case, than enfranchise the middle classes. But with that, for the time, Mr. Bright was content. He was, indeed, less advanced in his views of the political rights of the English people than was Mr. Disraeli himself, who objected to the Whig Reform Bill on precisely the same grounds as Cobden. It may therefore well seem surprising that when, in 1859, Lord Palmerston was engaged in the formation of a government, he offered Cobden a seat in the Cabinet, but declined to make the same offer to Bright on account of the political violence of the latter. The fact is that just as Lord Durham in 1832, and again some years later, was desirous of going a good deal further in the direction of Radicalism than Bright, so Cobden was always much more advanced and aggressive in his ideas than his colleague. That this did not appear to be the case was due to diversity of temperament. Bright always spoke, and seemed to feel, as strongly as, and more bitterly than, he actually felt. His nature was full of the indignation which Juvenal declared was the inspiration of his verse. Although he has been and is popular in society, Mr. Bright has never been famous for urbanity of manner. He has rather taken a pleasure in displaying his angularities and a certain irreconcilability of antagonism, superficial often rather than real, to the convictions and prejudices of others. Cobden, on the contrary, was full of natural *bonhomie*. If he was as earnest as Bright, his earnestness was never so militant, and the opposition he provoked was never so persistent.

For these reasons English society may have before now misunderstood Mr. Bright, but it has long since discovered its error. In-

deed, it may be doubted whether, even when he was in the habit of applying his most passionate and vituperative language to objects and to individuals whom he disapproved, he ever concentrated upon himself the same sentiments of personal bitterness as other living statesmen have elicited. Whatever his faults, and however dangerous have seemed his machinations against the privileged classes, who were once taught to see in him their most uncompromising foe, there has never been anything subtle or sinister in his way of dealing with them, of which they could complain. He has dubbed spiritual peers "creatures of monstrous, nay, even of adulterous birth." He has spoken of "this regard for the liberties of Europe, this excessive love for the balance of power," as "neither more nor less than a gigantic system of outdoor relief for the aristocracy of Great Britain." But as, when Lord Shaftesbury declared "Ecce Homo" to be the vilest book ever vomited from the jaws of hell, he meant nothing more than that he disapproved of its teachings, so it has always been known that Mr. Bright only wished to express, however vehement his anathemas, his dissent from his opponents in an emphatic fashion. Thus it is that, not only in the House of Commons but in general society, he has always been personally acceptable. "If you will come down to the House," remarks one of the scions of the nobility to Lothair, in what is nearly Lord Beaconsfield's worst novel, "I will take you into the tea-room and introduce you to Bright." There is a degree of social truth in this casual comment which invests it with a real historical value. At the present moment Mr. Bright is much sought after in London drawing-rooms and dining-rooms, whatever the political views of their proprietors. Nor is there anything new to him in such an experience. All the memoirs recently published, which throw any light upon the social or political history of the last three decades, especially the biography of the late Bishop Wilberforce, contain numerous references to John Bright. Anecdotes are told in every chapter of the good things he said upon certain occasions, of the pleasant little snubs he administered to indiscreet intruders into select companies, of the freshness which his remarks ever carried with them, and of his far-reaching interest in a thousand matters that have nothing whatever to do with his political creed. If Mr. Bright were ever to write or to publish his autobiography, it would be found more valuable as a contribution to the social than to — since upon that point he has said in his speeches all there is to say — the political history of the age. Unfortunately Mr. Bright is not particularly fond of literary composition. Though he has always prepared his speeches most carefully, he has never written them out at length; and though he was popularly reputed to contribute leading articles to the "Morning Star," which was once the recognized exponent of his views, there exists the best authority for saying that he never penned an editorial in his life.

The commanding position which Mr. Bright has achieved in England is, it may be said in conclusion, due, next to his genius, to the fact that he is an eminently faithful representative of the English character. If he has seemed to some of us in these latter days to have grown too autobiographical in his speeches, too prone to dwell at inordinate length upon the triumphs he has won, it must never be forgotten that he devoted to the labor which secured these not merely enormous energy, courage, and patience, but intellectual gifts and literary power of a sort that had never before been expended upon similar or analogous objects. It is no exaggeration to say that the marvelously delicate graces of his always robust rhetoric have proved instrumental in investing with a spiritual charm the hard and rugged features of nineteenth-century Radicalism. John Bright is a speaker whom in some respects it is difficult to compare with any of his contemporaries. He has not passed through the ordinary scholastic and academic curriculum of English politicians. His mind, unlike that of Mr. Gladstone, of Canning, Pitt, Fox, and a host of others, was free from all associations of classical literature. He has studied English, and English alone. The diction of the English Bible and Milton has become part of his intellectual texture — colors his diction like the varying yet dominant hue in shot silk. He is the first English orator who has shown his countrymen what may be accomplished with the unaided resources of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, and in after ages there can be little doubt that his achievements will be cited as illustrating the finest possibilities of our language. A man who has done all this; who in addition has witnessed the assured triumph of the great public causes which he has advocated; who, sated with victory, has in a measure detached himself from the strife of parties, is able to enjoy in his own life-time a foretaste of the fame which must to others, not less gifted perhaps than John Bright, be a vision or a hope.

T. H. S. Escott.

THE STORY OF MYRA.

MYRA DAVIS'S earlier years were passed, like most farmers' daughters', in uneventful fashion. She was pretty, very pretty, and at school her docility won her teacher's approval, while every boy was transformed into her knight-errant, and longed to help her do her sums, or pick out the answers to the "real hard questions" in geography — the hero of the day if she took his choicest apple or permitted him to draw her home on his sled.

As she grew older the devotion was as constant, but less demonstrative. Now, the boys attended singing-school, or voted it "too slow," according as she went or staid at home. Pond-lilies were slyly laid on her desk, and just at dusk branches of odorous pink azalea were left at the kitchen door ("kinder tired of carryin' 'em"), or the fairest pears or peaches were taken over to the house by disgusted younger brothers, who thought it was "too darned mean to take them 'ere to nothin' but a girl."

Finally, when she was sixteen, the dearest wish of her mother's heart was realized. Her Myra went to the 'Cademy, where she "learned more than he s'posed a girl could hold," her father said. Eighteen saw her finished, and she came home to astonish all with her acquirements,—not that she was "set up a mite," even the most carping allowed. Her father began to think it was time Myra was married, and when the Doctor's son began to call often, and come over to practice "the openin' piece" for next Sunday with Myra, Mr. Davis felt that his cup of joy was full. But here he met with opposition for the first time from his daughter. There was another— and, as Mr. Davis felt, not so promising a prospective son-in-law as the Doctor's son, by a great deal — that he was sure Myra preferred, and he was determined to sift the matter.

Turning it slowly over in his mind, one summer morning while hoeing out the corn in the "intervale," he arranged by degrees a chain of argument that was conclusive with him, and he felt *must* be with Myra. So, coming into the kitchen and dropping into a chair, he called, first, "Myra!" and then, getting no answer, changed it to "Mother!"

"Well," responded a voice from the pantry.

"What ye doin', and where's Miry?"

"Why, I'm wettin' up some Injun bread, father. What did ye want?"

"Nothin', as I know on. Where's Miry?"

"I dunno; I ruther think she's weedin' out her flower-bed. What do you want of Miry?"

"Oh, I dunno, mother. It's Wednesday, aint it?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"Well, it's to-night the Doctor's son's a-comin' to sing with Miry, aint it?"

"Why yes, it is."

"Well, I believe I'll talk with Miry, and see how 'tis."

"Now, father, don't trouble that child. I kinder mistrust her heart is set on to Reuben Chapman, and I don't want you should talk ha'sh to her about him. I want Miry shouldn't be hampered."

"Well, well, who's talkin' of hamperin'? I'm jest as much concerned in Miry's welfare as you be; but I can see inter the futur' further than what you can, if you can't see that she ought to hev the Doctor's son. I've nothin' ag'in' Reuben; he'll do for somebody else's gal, but not for our little Miry. Who *is* he along with Robert Crawford, I should like to know?" So saying, he opened the outside door, and stepped out on the great stone that formed the door-step, and looked around for Myra. Presently he saw her kneeling down, busily weeding. "Miry, what ye doin'?"

"Weeding out the border pinks."

"Oh! didn't know but you was picking a posy to put into the front room to sweeten it up for the evenin'. Robert's comin' this evenin', aint he? And I guess he's fond of roses, aint he?"

"I don't know, I'm sure — and I don't care, either," said Myra, under her breath.

"What's that?"

"I said it wasn't any matter."

"Well, now, Miry, I don't know who you should want to please if not Robert. Why, just look at him. Straight as an arrer, and good-lookin', and just hear him sing; and then he's the *Doctor's* son. I should like to see the young man in this deestrict that can stan' up to him. I swan! if *I* was a gal I should vally his attentions and *in*tentions more than what you seem to."

"I don't want his attentions, father. I wish he wouldn't come here any more."

"Well, *I* want he should, and I want you should have him if he asks you. I know what you're thinkin'; you think you want that 'ere Reuben Chapman; but you're young, and your pa knows a sight better what'll be best

for ye — now don't you go to cryin' like that, Miry. I don't want to be ha'sh to ye, and I do want you to be happy, and I tell you Robert'll make you so, and your old pa, too, if you'll only forgit Reuben and ——

"Now look here, Miry; aint you my only child, and your ma and me hev been strainin' and savin' all these years for you? All we want is you should be well off and happy, and you will be if you'll do as I want ye to. I aint nothin' to say ag'in' Reuben; he's an everige young man, but he aint like Robert."

"No, father, and I don't want him to be; he's generous and unselfish, and Robert is hard, I know he is — and I don't like him," and she cried again.

"Tut! tut! how you talk. Could Reuben repeat Pope's 'Essay on Man' when he was fourteen, I should like to know? Can he show the schoolin' sence? And who's his father? Nobody but old Reub Chapman; and he's nothin' but young Reub Chapman, and will be to the end of the chapter. If you can't see the difference between Reub and Robert, you don't deserve to have anything better. But I tell you ye sha'n't throw yourself away so; and if you can't set things right, I'll fix 'em myself."

Suddenly rising from the side of the flower-bed, where he had been abstractedly pulling grass, he strode away to his hoeing, feeling that he had not said what he intended, but a great deal more than he ought. Myra at home ran upstairs and cried herself sick, looked long at a note that Reuben slipped into her hand the Sunday before, and put it carefully away, feeling that all must be over.

When Robert rode up to Mr. Davis's gate that evening, Mr. Davis was there ready to tie his horse for him. Preceding him into the house, he inquired where Myra was, and, being informed by his wife that she was upstairs, went to the stair-door and called in a voice that was more peremptory than he knew: "Miry, come right down; Robert is here waiting for you."

He manifested an unusual interest in the singing, praised Robert's efforts warmly and criticised Myra's, delighted to hear Robert come to her defense.

At last, seeing that affairs were working quite as he would have them, and chuckling to himself over the success of "them 'ere argyments," he left them, confident that it was all right. Robert felt the encouragement of Mr. Davis's manner, and asked the momentous question. Myra, who had never dreamed of going contrary to her father's wishes, faltered out a "Yes" (thinking what dreadful things her father would say if she said "No"), and it was all over.

True to the restraining habits of her life, Myra told neither father nor mother, and Mr. Davis, marking her downcast face, tried in his blundering way to atone for his "ha'shness." It was not until three or four days after, when the Doctor met Mr. Davis on the way to the post-office, that he became aware of what had happened.

"Well, Mr. Davis, so your little Myra is going to make my Robert happy, is she?" to which Mr. Davis responded confusedly that he "didn't know; hadn't heard anything about it."

"Yes, so Robert tells me. I am glad my son has been so fortunate, and hope you will not object to an alliance with our family."

"Well, now, Doctor, I haint heerd nothin' about it, but I haint no objections if you haint. Miry is a good girl, and ——"

"If you were going to the office, Mr. Davis," interrupted the Doctor — ("Well, yes, I was," allowed Mr. Davis) — "and then going home at once, I should like to ride over with you and see Myra."

"Well," said Mr. Davis, slowly, leaning over the dash-board and anxiously scrutinizing one of the horse's feet, "I was cal'latin' to have one of Doll's shoes set,— see 'twas gittin' loose,— but I guess she could stan' it another day. Yes, I can jist as well go right home with ye."

"I have to call at Mr. Dodge's to see their infant, but shall be at liberty by the time you have your errands done, I presume."

"What's the matter with the baby, Doctor?"

"Teething; it is a very sick child; still, there is hope."

"Sho! I want to know! Them Dodges are dreadful unfortinet with their babies. I believe this 'ere's the fourth, aint it? All go jist the same age. Well, don't let me hender ye," and they parted, to meet some half hour later and jog over to the farm-house together.

Arrived there, the Doctor, still an active man in spite of his sixty years, jumped out of his gig and was up to the door before Mr. Davis had thrown the reins over the mare's back.

"Well, Mrs. Davis, where's my new daughter?" said the Doctor, by way of greeting.

"My land, Doctor, I dunno what ye mean!"

"Why, Mrs. Davis, your little Myra,— our little Myra, if I can believe my son ——"

"Why, Doctor, I haint heard a word of it, and I thought Myra ——"

"You thought what?" said the Doctor, anxiously.

"Well, Doctor, if I must tell you, I thought Myra kind a favored Reub Chapman; but her father's dreadful partial to your Robert, and perhaps ——"

"Let me see her," said the Doctor.

Handing him a chair, Mrs. Davis hastily went upstairs in search of Myra, whom she found in her own room hurriedly putting a handkerchief back in her pocket as her mother came in.

Mrs. Davis seated herself on the bed, regarding Myra with solicitude, but only said: "Myra, the Doctor is down-stairs and wants to see you."

"What for?" said Myra,— then "Oh, I suppose I know. I don't want to see him, mother," and began to cry.

"Miry, the Doctor says you're goin' to hev his Robert; is that so?"

"Yes," sobbed Myra, behind her handkerchief.

"Well, now, if it's the thoughts of it that makes you feel like this, don't you do it. Your mother wants you should be happy, Miry. I know your pa is set on it, but I'll stand up for you if you don't want him."

"It's too late. I said 'Yes,'" said Myra. "Let's go down-stairs."

The Doctor was ready to greet her with outstretched arms.

"My dear child, is what Robert tells me really true?"

"I suppose so."

"Then I am glad to welcome so sweet a daughter. But how is this?" taking her chin in his great hand and turning up her pretty face to full view. "Crying? Tell me, Myra, do you care for Robert? Something that your mother said ——" But the thread of his speech was broken by Mr. Davis coming in, and Myra, releasing herself, sat down in the shadow of the door.

Mr. Davis looked from one to the other, and, satisfied with the aspect of affairs, sat down and talked of crops and kindred topics. Myra, taking advantage of the talk, slipped out of the room.

The Doctor, rising to leave, saw Myra was gone, and postponed further speech, though he confided his fears that there was some mistake to Mr. Davis as he took the reins to drive away. But Mr. Davis said Myra was bashful, and too young to know her own mind; it would be all right.

Myra fancied that her father looked hardly at her at supper time; and indeed he was trying to grasp the almost incredible thought that Myra might really not wish to marry Robert. Shortly after the meal was over, and while Myra and her mother were washing and wiping the dishes, the sound of wheels was heard, and Mrs. Davis, running to the door, came back to tell Myra that Robert had come, and with his father's carriage, too; and a minute after Robert stood in the doorway, and Myra, as she shyly glanced at him, felt a thrill of pride in his erect figure and handsome face.

She faltered out a "Good evening," and then left the talk to her mother, who inquired consecutively as to the health of every member of his family. This over, Robert said he had come to ask Myra to ride "over home" with him and see his mother and sisters. They wished to get acquainted, and it was a pleasant evening, and, "Will you go, Myra?"

"Of course she will," her mother answered for her. "Myra, go right up and change your dress."

Seated in the Doctor's carriage, Myra could hardly believe her senses, and Robert talked so pleasantly about how glad his father was, and how anxious his mother was to see his Myra; and when they reached his home she looked around with a new interest.

The Doctor's house stood on the top of a hill, in what, every one declared, was a "dreadful sightly spot." It was of wood, high and spacious, of a most imposing fashion, and adorned with a row of stately Corinthian pillars in front.

The approach to it was through a lane hedged in with alternate cinnamon-rose trees and lilac bushes. On either side of the building stretched a lawn dotted with maples and elms, while in front was a large flower-garden, filled with blush and cabbage roses, snow-balls, and lilacs, while beds of bachelor-buttons, sweet-williams, and China-asters alternated with southern-wood, lovage, lavender, and thyme. (The farmers mourned over such "shifless use of land," but forgave it on the score of being one of the Doctor's "notions.")

Going in, Robert introduced her to the family, and they were all so cordial that Myra began to be reconciled to the fact of her engagement, and proud of being preferred by her handsome lover. When one of the girls took her out in the garden and picked her a bunch of flowers, and told her she hoped Robert would bring her over often, and added that they should like to visit her, Myra thought her father must have been right, and she would have been foolish to have said "No" to the Doctor's son; and she knew that Reuben's father was only "old Reub Chapman," and the family couldn't compare with Robert's.

As Myra looked more happy, her father forgave himself for his "ha'shness," and so was kind again; and poor Reuben went West — "'most to Buffalo"— and Myra learned not to think of him.

Mr. Davis's pride grew as time went by, and in the fall, when harvesting was over, he went

to visit his sister Sarah (whom he had not seen for years), purposely to enlarge on Myra's prospective elevation.

"You see," he said to his sister, "our Miry, we think, is a leetle mite smarter and puttier than the run of gals is. She might 'a' been married before this, but I was waitin' for somethin' fittin'; and when Robert Crawford, the Doctor's son, took to comin' home from meetin' with her, and I see he meant somethin', I said, 'I swan, I got it!' And I hed!" And he brought his hand down with a great slap on the table by which he was sitting.

While Sarah went on with her work, Solon enlarged on the subject of Myra's good fortune.

"I dunno as you remember the Doctor, do ye?"

"Why, Solon Davis!" remonstrated his sister, "I should admire to know why not; I aint gittin' so old but what I hev my mem-'ry yet. I guess I do remember the Doctor. Don't you know I had a felon to your house ten year ago next month, and he see to me?"

"So ye did! It slipped my mind. Well, now you remember the Doctor, you can figger what the Doctor's son would be. Taller than his father,— takes after his ma's family there,— straight as a crowbar. A good-looking feller, I call him. Looks kinder sot, but I dunno's any more than a man'd orter look; and I say if he's as good as his father he's good enough.

"There's jest one thing ag'in' the Doctor: he aint a believer. Robert is, though — been a member ever since he was seventeen. Doctor's views aint clear about the atonement; says he can't see inter it, and can't accept it 'cause he can't.

"Remember one revival meetin', he riz up and ses he — well, I dunno as I can tell it now; 'twas somethin' 'bout the Creator's ways seen in natur, and ended up with: 'Lookin' through natur up to natur's God.' I s'pose that 'ere's from Pope; he's allus quotin' him.

"I asked the parson once, and parson ses, 'Well,' ses he, 'Doctor Crawford's got nateral piety more'n any one I know on, though he can't seem to take hold onto the provided means o' grace,' so I don't know but what he'll come out all right."

"Are Miry and Mrs. Davis as pleased as you be?"

"Of course they be," said Mr. Davis, stoutly. "There was a spell, though," he confessed, "when Miry was kinder down; but she's as chipper as a bee now, and they're a-goin' to be married in the spring, and live right there on the old Alderman place, close to the Doctor's."

THE summer went by, and the pleasant October days drew on, when there came a break. Robert ceased to come Sunday nights, was not at rehearsals, and soon, to Mr. Davis's dismay and Myra's grief, it was told around that he "was going with" Sally Green, a girl at the other end of the town.

Myra did not complain, but could not hide her trouble. She put away the locket Robert gave her (she had no letters), and strove to appear as usual; but she had grown fond of him.

Two dreadful months passed by, and Myra had become pale and thin. In vain Mrs. Davis, with a mother's anxiety, gave her various herb teas; none of them were fitted to cure hearts, and Myra grew worse instead of better, when, one sharp November morning, Robert opened the kitchen door and came in, smiling and pleasant as he used, with, "Good morning, Myra."

Myra let her sewing fall on the floor, and rose as if to leave the room; but Robert, stepping forward, detained her.

"Why, what's the matter, Myra?"

She burst into tears and sank back in her chair, while he stood by, quite at a loss. He ventured to stroke her hair, and begged her to stop crying. At last she looked up and asked him what she had done that he had left her.

"Done? Nonsense! Done? Nothing, of course."

"And you left me for nothing? O Robert, how could you be so cruel? And all this time I ——"

"Why, what a fuss you make about it! What have I done? Nothing but pay a little attention to Miss Green (she's a fine girl, too). I might complain if it was worth while."

As Myra looked up at him, astonished, he continued:

"Oh, I've heard about Reuben Chapman hanging around the corners of the house last August when he was home. Of course, it's none of my business how many of your old beaux are dangling after you, but I thought it was just as well you should know I wouldn't have it, and if you ——"

"Robert, I never saw Reuben; I haven't spoken with him since I promised to marry you; and if I had, how could you leave me with so little reason?"

"Why, if you could play fast and loose, so could I. But never mind; I'm willing to take your word for it, if you'll only say you were jealous. Were you? Say yes, and I'll be satisfied."

"Myra," called out her mother, who had been at work in the pantry and had heard what passed, and now stood in the doorway,

"don't you have nothing to say to him, nor don't you have him. I tell you, a man that'll misuse you before you're married will make a bad husband, and I couldn't live and see you a-sufferin'." Here, her feeling being too much for her, she broke off and left the room.

Robert, now afraid he had gone too far, and reflecting on his father's displeasure if the engagement should be broken through his fault, resolved to smooth it over if he could. Though loth to humble himself, it must be done; so he dropped into a chair that stood beside Myra, and, taking her hand, begged her to forgive him. He had never been in earnest about Sally Green; she couldn't compare with his own Myra. He had not thought she would take it so much to heart; but he never would leave her again if she would only forgive him. And he produced a breast-pin he had brought her, and coaxed her until she let him put it on, and promised to ride with him that afternoon.

When he had gone, Mrs. Davis sought Myra, and again insisted and then begged Myra to give Robert up. But in the present delight of his return to her, she was willing to forgive all; and in the long ride that afternoon, Robert talked to such effect that she felt almost certain it was *she* who had been suspicious as well as foolish, and was only too willing to make up again. The wedding-day was set and everything arranged before the ride was ended.

The first of May that year was a wonder. Unlike the ordinary May-day, which seems the rawest, bleakest of the spring, this one, as if it knew 'twas Myra's wedding-day, was balmy, warm, and spicy with the odor of countless apple-trees in full bloom. Solon Davis's heart was full to overflowing with satisfaction, and the house was running over with guests and crammed with good things to eat.

"I tell you," said Abner Squires, in telling of the wedding afterward to his cronies, "that 'ere was the greatest I ever see. They hed his folks and hern there to the weddin', and the haouse was so full that they slip 'em aout to the nearest neighbor's. Solon, he used to tackle up and take 'em over 't bed-time, and go after 'em in the mornin'. And they was lots to the Doctor's too, I s'pose; leastways, they was a sight on 'em to the church.

"You see," said Abner, warming up to his favorite story, "I was wukkin' to the Davises' then, and I tell you there was a house full.

"They cal'lated to hev hed 'em married in the front room to hum; but come to count up all there was to come, they see they couldn't.

"Weddin's aint like funerals, anyway. 'Cause the mourners can stan' raound in the front yard; they aint for stirrin' raound to funerals till they come to look at the remains, you know, and then they kinder pass aout. But you can't pack folks to a weddin' that way.

"Well, Miry was all ag'in' hevin' it in church,—she was allus kinder shrinkin',—but she was overruled, and they *was* married in church.

"Well, that 'ere *was* a craowner! Miry was the puttiest gal ever raised in this taownship, and she did look puttier than a pink; and Robert was a master fine-lookin' fellar; and Mis' Crawford, she was dressed in a red Chiny crape, and the gals wa'n't fur behind her; and Mis' Davis looked real good for *her*; she hadn't no figger to hang clo'es onto like Miss Crawford, to be sure, nor such clo'es to show, but she was an amazin' good-looking woman, *I* always thought.

"'Member, though, she looked dretful daown, and so did Aunt Trypheny. Her affections was sot on Miry, and she'd been ag'in' the match from fust to last.

"Well, they was married, and come back to her folks, and set right daown to a dinner that beat the Dutch! I've been to dedication collations, and such, but I never see the equal of that.

"They'd been gettin' ready the biggest part of a week, and such a sight of vittles! Seemed to me that I hadn't done nothin' but pick faouls and kill critters. They had lamb and chickens, turkey, roast veal—well, naow, I couldn't tell you all. You just figger up all you ever heerd of, and then add onter it, and you'll hev it—and all the fixin's too.

"They didn't hev no wine, though. Mr. Davis he hed quite a fallin' aout with Robert on that 'ere. I heerd 'em. Robert said, on sich an occasion he thought them 'ere scruples ort to be set aside—thet he hed relations thet would expect it. Well, Mr. Davis told him that sich an occasion was jest the time to show your principles, if you hed any; 'fur,' ses he, 'I aint a-goin' to hev it said that the only time I ever offered liquor to my friends was when my only child was married; and if your friends can't find enough on my table to satisfy 'em without hevin' wine, I'm sorry, but they'll hev to seek it somewheres else.'

"So they didn't hev none, but they was good things enough to eat and sights left; and I guess there wa'n't a poor family in that neighborhood that wa'n't the better for Miry's marriage by one good meal.

"Yes, that was an interestin' weddin'; pity it didn't turn aout better."

MYRA and Robert had their home on a small farm near his father's, and all went well

for a while, except that Robert did not care to have his wife go home as often as she would have wished; but that, Myra told herself, was because he wanted to have her with him, and he was pleasant to her mother when she came over to spend the afternoon. Toward fall, Robert began to talk of buying a farm away up on the mountain-side, for the sake of the timber, and late in October they moved into their new home.

To Myra's dismay, she found she had no neighbors within a mile, and Robert was gone all day, and she was very lonely. She suggested that she should have Aunt Tryphena to stay with her. Robert objected; he didn't like old maids, and he wouldn't have Aunt Tryphena, anyway; and he wanted her to understand that he didn't marry the whole family, and didn't propose to saddle himself with any of them.

So Myra staid by herself through the long days, too timid to venture far from the house alone, even to look for chestnuts, and Robert was always away.

When winter came, it was worse yet: then Robert was drawing bark to the tannery, five miles away; but though he passed the Davises' he seldom took Myra home, for, as he told her, he married her to keep his house, and he wanted to find her where she belonged, with his supper ready for him. She had something else to do than gadding around all the time.

Mrs. Davis, and finally Mr. Davis, remonstrated with him; but he curtly informed them that he was capable of managing his family affairs, and he knew where his wife was best off.

Myra no longer sang in the choir, because Robert did not wish her to; and Myra quickly learned that the way to please Robert was to wish what he wished.

The weary fall wore past, and the long, tiresome winter evenings drew on, when she sat on one side of the fire-place with her knitting, and Robert at his desk seeing to his accounts or reading the county paper—without a word being spoken.

Finally, one December day, Mrs. Davis came with a proposition that Robert and Myra should be present at a great dinner at their house.

"You see, Robert," tremblingly explained Mrs. Davis, "we're goin' to hev a kinder neighborhood gatherin'—married folks to dinner, and the young folks in the evening, and hev a good time; and we've asked parson and his lady and his folks, and Deacon Severance's, and Squar Smith's, and your folks, and such; and there's a number of young married folks now that was mates of yours and Myra's, and we hope you'll come so's it'll be pleasant. It would do Myra good, we think."

"I don't know as that's any matter," said Robert. "Myra's well enough at home. It's good enough for me, and I guess it's good enough for her."

"Of course; but still," urged Mrs. Davis, "Myra's young, you know, Robert, and she's allus been used to company, and now your pa would be dreadful disappointed. I see him yes'day, and he ses, 'I haint had time to go to Robert's these two weeks,' ses he, 'owin' to the scarlet fever a-ragin' so; but you tell Robert and Myra, from me, that I shall try and be to your house *then*, Mrs. Davis,' ses he, 'and I wouldn't miss seein' 'em fur anythin'.'"

"Oh, Robert, do go!" pleaded Myra.

"Well, well, don't make such a fuss about nothing! I haven't said I shouldn't go; and of course, if my father makes a point of it, we can go, I suppose, though it's all foolery." And he went out, slamming the door after him.

"There, Miry, you're a-goin', after all. He seems so kind of set ag'in' your goin' anywheres, that thinks I to myself, 'I'll see whether or no his father's wishes wont prevail,' and I'm glad I urged 'em, if he *is* mad with me."

"Robert isn't mad, mother," said Myra, eager to shield him. "It's only his way."

The great day arrived, and Myra and Robert made ready for the trip. Myra was so delighted that she looked prettier than ever, so that Robert was gallant enough to steal a kiss as he tucked her into the sleigh; and when they reached her mother's, Myra looked so happy and was in such good spirits that old Mrs. Farnum whispered to Aunt Nancy Sheldon, as they exchanged pinches of snuff, "that she guessed they wa'n't no call for them remarks about Myra and Robert Crawford not suitin', fur she looked, as fur as *she* could see, as happy as a queen."

All the old friends were there, and the Doctor made Myra sit by him, and pinched her ears as he whispered that she was the handsomest daughter he had.

Robert was gracious, and all went merrily until dinner was partly over, when the Doctor was summoned away.

As the evening came on the young folks began to gather, and soon the parlor rang with laughing and screaming as one game and another was played and all forfeits were rigidly exacted and paid. Myra had partly lost her interest, for Robert's face was overclouded, and he curtly declined taking part in any game, and sat against the wall watching his wife as she joined with the rest.

Finally, as she was paying a forfeit with

her old lover, Reuben Chapman, he strode over to where they stood in the middle of the room, and, catching Myra's hand, pulled her toward him, saying:

"I want you should get ready to go home. There's been enough of this fooling. Come!" as she hung back and looked on the floor, ready to drop with mortification. "Hurry! I'm in no mood for waiting."

The game stopped and all looked on, while there was a whisper of "Shame" heard.

Reuben finally said: "If you object to my playing with your wife, sir——"

"Object to you! Why should I object to you?" glancing scornfully at him. "I object to the whole thing, from first to last. I came to please my wife, and I'm going home to please myself."

"Then," said Mrs. Davis, coming up behind him, "then leave Myra with us. 'Taint often she has pleasure, and if you *hev* to go, leave Myra with us, and we'll bring her home in the morning. Don't make it so onpleasant," she entreated, sinking her voice to a whisper. "Just think how it looks before everybody so."

"I believe I said I was going," answered Robert. "Myra, do you get ready by the time I have the horse up. Good night, friends," and strode out of the room, followed by a half-uttered "Good riddance!" from one of the young men.

As Robert left the room, Myra silently made her way into the sitting-room, followed by pitying looks from all, and a buzz of comment rose as soon as the door had closed behind her.

The general opinion was that it was "meaner than pusley"; and one girl, whom Robert had once "gone with," said it "was as good as you could expect from that family; they were all as jealous and hateful as hens, all except the Doctor."

Meanwhile, poor Myra was putting on bonnet and shawl with trembling fingers, while her mother hovered round her distressed and anxious, but not able to say more than, "There, Miry, there, don't take on so. He didn't mean to be so ha'sh."

The sleigh-bells were heard, and Myra hurried out, saying, "Don't come out, mother; I'd rather you wouldn't."

Robert drove home in silence, helped her out, and put the horse up. Coming in and seeing Myra sitting by the fire with outside garments still on, he greeted her with:

"In the sulks yet, I suppose. You'll get over them without *my* help. I was a fool to take you there."

"I never shall ask to go again, Robert."

"Glad to hear it. It'll save me the trouble of saying no the next time. I want you to understand that I didn't marry you to have you gadding round and playing silly games with Tom, Dick, and Harry, and I wont have it."

That was naturally the last of Myra's going out that winter. She dreaded the mention of any gathering, and was not apt to hear of many, for she lived so far removed from all old friends that weeks went by in which she saw no one except Robert and the hired man.

She would not have been so left to herself if it had not been that her mother, in spite of red flannel and plasters, had succumbed to rheumatism, and her father was turned for the time into maid-of-all-work and nurse, in which he proved himself, as he said, a "dabster." Mrs. Davis told sympathizing friends that she "never s'posed it was *in* Solon to do as he *hed* done, but he certainly was a master hand."

All knowledge of Myra was conveyed in Robert's curt "Well enough," to Mrs. Davis's anxious queries.

When Mrs. Davis began to improve in the spring, "Father" was "took down with one of his liver spells"; and so June had come, and neither father nor mother had seen Myra for a long time, when, early one morning, as Mrs. Davis was dishing up her breakfast, the kitchen door opened to admit Robert.

Troubled and hurried, he looked unlike his usual self as he grasped her arm and said: "I didn't suppose it would come to this, or I would have come before; but now come quickly, or she may be dead before you get there."

"Robert! for the mercy's sake! don't tell me that Myra's dying, and I haven't known it! You wouldn't 'a' had the heart for it."

"I tell you I didn't know how set she was on seeing you, or I'd had you before; but they say the child wont live, anyway, and Myra wont either, I'm afraid. Come, get on your things. I told her I'd fetch you. I'm sorry——"

"I'm afraid, Robert, you haint got it in you to be sorry for Myra, nor no one else. Father! Father! for the land's sake! come and help me. Here's our Myra dying, and I'm going this minit."

Mr. Davis coming in from the wood-shed, she went on, twisting up her hair as she spoke: "You'll hev to git the rest of your breakfast yourself. You git out my bonnet and things while I'm a-changin' me. How old's Myra's baby, Robert?"

"A week."

"Do you hear that, father? Myra's child a week old, and we haint so much as known of it. I hope the Lord will forgive you, Robert. I can't."

"I tell you, Mrs. Davis, I'd give anything

if I hadn't done as I did. I didn't suppose she wanted to see you so much. She did take on about you a great deal, but I thought it was just her foolishness. I wish I had come for you before."

"I wish for *your* sake, Robert, it mayn't be too late. Father, I don't know what you'll do with that bread; I just molded it up. Hand me the bonnet now. No, I can pin the shawl; your fingers tremble more'n mine.

"You better get Semanthy Jones to do for ye while I'm gone. And, Solon, don't you worry too much. Mebby the Lord'll let us hev her a spell longer."

"I don't know, Cynthy. I'm feared it's the Lord's jedgment on me. You know it was all my doing."

Robert, for all his hurry, darted a look at Mr. Davis's troubled face, and turned his words over in his mind as they drove rapidly home.

Arrived there, they found Myra deliriously calling for her mother, but past knowing her as she bent over her and essayed to soothe her by fond names, unsaid since the time when Myra was a baby herself. While busied thus, Mrs. Davis heard a low "Ist!" and, looking around, saw Aunt Nabby Smith at the door, who beckoned to her and then came forward, tiptoeing painfully along in cowhide shoes that squeaked dismally.

"I didn't want to pester ye, Mis' Davis," she said, in a loud whisper, "but if you wanter see the babe before it goes, you'd better slip out inter the sittin'-room with me. *I* should say 'twas goin'."

Mrs. Davis laid down Myra's wasted hand and hastened out after Aunt Nabby, who, going into the sitting-room, took up a bundle of flannel, from which came a low moaning.

"There, Mis' Davis, that's the way that child hes been ever since it was born, cryin' and moanin' the hull durin' time, and just wastin' away. Don't seem to be nothing the matter as I can see, and I've tried everythin'. But these 'ere cases ye can't do nothin'; no one can't. The minnit I set eyes on it I see it was marked for death; and it's been wailin' all along.

"Myra haint done nothin' but cry all along lately, they say, and I don't wonder" (with a sharp glance at Mrs. Davis), "and the child's jess the same."

"Hev you tried catnip?" asked Mrs. Davis, who had taken the child, and was gently rocking it to and fro in her arms.

"Law, yes! What good'll catnip do? You might try a garding full of herbs, and 'twouldn't do that babe no good. Pooty lookin' too, aint it? or it would 'a' been if—— There, Mis' Davis, it's goin' sure enough. Better lay it down and it'll go off easier."

The child had ceased to moan, and as Mrs. Davis laid it gently down on her knee, it gave a long, soft sigh, and was gone.

"Poor little creetur!" observed Aunt Nabby. "Now, Mis' Davis, I wouldn't take it too hard," as Mrs. Davis sank back in her chair and cried softly to herself. "'Taint as if the child had been real likely; and Myra wont never miss it. And now you see Myra needs ye, and you'd better go right in and do for her, and I'll do what's wanted here."

The day passed sadly enough for Mrs. Davis, who spent it by Myra's bedside, vainly trying to soothe her. Occasionally Robert would come in, and, standing at the foot of the bed, look at Myra in silence, and go out again. In the afternoon the Doctor came.

The silent grasp of his hand was full of sympathy, and so was his voice, as he questioned Mrs. Davis about Myra, and added, after all questions were answered:

"I have been surprised that you have not been here before. Myra has needed you."

"Why, Doctor," protested she, "do you s'pose I'd 'a' staid away if I'd known how 'twas? I'd 'a' come if I'd got off a bed of sickness, but I never knew anythin' till this mornin'; not a word. I never see the baby till it was dyin'. If Robert wouldn't let me know, I should 'a' thought you might."

"Is it possible?" said the Doctor. "Have you been so separated from your daughter?"

"Well, Doctor, I don't want to blame Robert, nor have no hard feelin's, but me and father have just been a-worryin' the whole winter. I haint seen Myra since that dinner to our house, along the first of December. You remember; you was there. I couldn't git up here, and I haint heard a word good or bad, seems so, and it's been kinder hard, Doctor, on all on us.

"Myra aint one to complain, and I s'pose she's just gone on pinin' and grievin' and wantin' to see her ma. But there's no use in reflectin' on any one, and mercy knows you can't help it, Doctor! No one can't."

"I will do what I can," sadly replied the Doctor, as he rose to go, "but this is not a fitting time."

In due course of time the little nameless child was buried. Neighbors came from far and near, bringing such flowers as their gardens afforded, to lay on the coffin.

Consideration for Mrs. Davis's feelings would not allow them to question her; but Aunt Nabby was, providentially, still there, and many were the searching surmises and leading remarks made to her. But she was the soul of honor; and, while telling freely all that could be told of the baby's illness and

death, nothing could be extracted from her of the family affairs.

The simple services over, some of the neighbors returned, "to set a spell with the mourners," and, that not wholly unpleasing duty performed, went home one after the other, "in season to do the milkin'."

No one remained besides the family, except the Doctor and Mr. Davis, who was waiting for a chance word with "mother" before returning home.

The Doctor, coming out from Myra's room into the kitchen where the rest were sitting, drew an arm-chair to Robert's side. Seating himself, he laid his hand on his son's shoulder, and, after sadly regarding him for a moment, said:

"My son, the Lord is dealing with you, and I have no doubt you think dealing hardly; but you do him injustice if you consider the death of your child in the light of a providential dispensation, for it is but the reward of your own work. You alone are the cause of this suffering and death. These months of isolation and unhappiness on Myra's part are the outgrowth of your unhappy temper, and death, and perhaps insanity, are the result; and I say, like Nathan, 'Thou art the man.'

"I have not seen all, but I have seen enough. You need not accuse others of giving me information," as Robert, who had angrily started up, now threw a furious glance at Mr. and Mrs. Davis, "nor attempt to excuse yourself. Do you remember the talk we had when you told me of your engagement? I warned you then, and told you to what your jealous spirit might bring you, and you were angry that I should hold such thoughts of you.

"I do not wholly blame you; I know it is an inherited curse; but what provocation have you had? None; you know it. When you married our little Myra, you knew how guileless and simple a nature hers was, and how easily you could bend her to your wishes.

"What have you done? Resented her love for father and mother as if it were a crime, and treated her innocent enjoyment of society as if it were a deadly insult. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," said Robert. "*I* can't see that I've done anything to be blamed for — I mean judged, for that seems to be it. If I've kept my wife at home, I've staid home myself, and that seems to be all the ground there is for all this complaint. *I* can say, 'The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away,' and I am not going to be called a murderer in my own house by anybody" (with a threatening side look at his father). "I don't know as a church member has any call to bear *abuse*, and if I can find out who has been telling tales of me ——"

"Stop, Robert," said the Doctor. "Is this the spirit in which you take reproof? Can nothing bend your hard nature? I have not accused you to humiliate you, nor to hurt you; and in saying what I have before our friends here, I have done so because I would not suffer you to suspect them of telling me what I could not help seeing; and sitting by your wife's bedside, I have become aware of all you have made her suffer.

"I will not permit you to suspect her of ever voluntarily telling me anything. I presume she has never complained," and he glanced at Mrs. Davis.

"She never did, Doctor. Myra never blamed nobody. Myra thinks a sight of Robert, and she never breathed a word to me."

"Are you through — all of you?" said Robert. "I don't know what you want me to do, unless it's to hang myself, and that I don't care to do."

"All we ask, Robert," said his father, "is to treat your wife with the affection and consideration she deserves, and give her the pleasures that would naturally fall to her."

"If you could only feel as if you was willing she should come and see us sometimes when it was so, ye could bring her, and so it would be better for Myra," timidly ventured Mrs. Davis, "'n' I could help her so'st she wouldn't be so kinder wore out."

To this Robert made no reply; and after a few minutes' silence the Doctor rose, and taking his hat turned to Robert, who sat with his eyes fixed on the floor.

"I have warned you, Robert; with you it rests; but I tell you that if you have nothing but a selfish care for Myra, you will find it for your interest to do differently.

"I think," he added, "that Myra will live through this, but I cannot answer for the future."

He paused for a reply, but none coming, he said "Good night," and went out, and his gig was heard driving out of the yard.

When the last sound had died away, Robert sprang up and went out, and Mr. Davis, who had sat like a wooden image with mouth half open, turning dismayed eyes from one to another, said:

"Well, mother," and, getting no response, "I must be gettin' home, I s'pose; critters 'll hev to be fed. What do you s'pose Robert'll do?"

"I dunno, father; I haint no hopes of him."

Still, Mrs. Davis thought that Robert, when he came in to supper, seemed kinder; and the next morning, when she was busy in the kitchen, came to her and asked her if she

could arrange matters at home so as to remain awhile and care for Myra.

"In fact," he said, "I should be obliged to you if you could stay awhile for company for Myra. Perhaps it is lonely for her." And when Myra, slowly crawling back to life again, was stronger, he actually left his work to take her to ride,—not to his mother's, as on former rare occasions, but long, lazy rides up through "the pines" and down through "the holler"; and Myra told her mother she never was so happy in her life, Robert was so kind. But the happiest summer must end, and Mrs. Davis had to go home to see to "father"; and then Myra had everything to do, and was too tired to ride, and Robert gradually forgot to wait on his wife. And now that all the care came on Myra, she was not so well, and it was very tiresome for a strong man to see a pale and spiritless woman going around as if life was a burden, and, as he told her, "growing homely as fast as he ever saw a woman; he hated to see people drag 'round complaining all the time, and if she had a little ambition, she needn't."

She ventured to suggest that "if he could spare time to help her a little, she wouldn't be so tired"; but he assured her that he had something else to do besides tending on women, and he didn't see for his part that she had much to do.

So Myra fell into the old ways again, and her greatest solace was visits from the old Doctor, for whom she put on her happiest looks; and Robert, remembering unpleasant things the Doctor had obliged him to hear, scarcely seemed like himself. Indeed, the Doctor's calls were almost her only pleasure; for Robert's sisters were some of them married, some away at school, and his mother looked so sharply around when she honored Myra with her presence that she felt she must be in fault in something; and then she usually left a bundle of fine sewing for Myra to do, "because she had no children to take up her time."

Mrs. Davis came often for a while; but after Robert asked her if they had no use for the horse at home, and curtly told Myra that there was a sight too much gadding back and forth, her mother, naturally, staid away. And so the old unhappiness and lonely life went on, and Myra was used to it, and the weary years rolled by.

As years went by, at last Myra had a child that promised to live. "This one don't seem in such a tew to be goin'," Aunt Nabby said, when consulted.

Myra called it "Allen," after the Doctor; and as time went by and the baby grew into a little lad, he was the delight of his mother's heart, and helped her to bear her life with patience. She always made time, after the work was done, to steal away to the front steps in summer, or her own room in winter, and hold long talks with him, in which she told him all her plans for him; and they made out his life when he should be a man, when he would be a great doctor like grandpa, and build a white house for her to live in.

Myra had the little boy to herself, even during the school terms (for she taught him), until he was eight years old, when his father declared him old enough to help on the farm.

Through the long summer days he followed his father, dropping corn or hoeing potatoes, and later carrying the men their dinners in the hay-field, or "raking after."

Sunday afternoon was the only time that Myra could have her son to herself. Then they read Bible stories together, and Myra repeated such poems as she remembered. Those pleasant hours sweetened the whole week to both, for the boy dearly loved his mother; and, as his father was fond of saying, "There was no Crawford to him; clear Davis — never would *be* anything."

The boy was indeed like his mother. He had the same soft, patient eyes, and was as easily subdued, so that Robert had little chance to "break his will," as was the way with boys in those days.

Robert, in the mean time, was prospering. Mr. and Mrs. Davis were dead, and their farm was his. He added acre to acre and dollar to dollar, and was fond of saying "he had the handsomest farm, the finest herd of cattle, and the best housekeeper in town."

He was a deacon in the "First Church," and an authority on church matters, constant in attending "means of grace" and leading prayer-meetings, and was considered a rising man and a "light in Israel," though some of his neighbors declared that "every dollar he got made him harder, and he needed a misfortune to melt him down." None came, and the only restraining influence he had ever known was gone.

The Doctor died in the fullness of years, mourned by every one, though the errors of his theological belief were still the occasion of many a mournful shake of the head and half-expressed fear for his future on the part of many a pious soul.

In the death of the Doctor, Myra felt herself deprived of her last resource for help, and turned with greater fondness to her son, who was all the world to her.

In Allen's fifteenth year came what was known as the "dry season" for long afterward. No rain fell; the grass ripened before its time, and the corn, dwarfed and miser-

able, tasseled out before it had attained half its usual height. Farmers were despairing and furious by turns as they made their scanty crop of hay.

Day by day the sun beat fiercely down, and day by day Myra's anxious eyes saw Allen growing paler, until concern for him overcame her fear of his father sufficiently for her to beg him to let the boy rest.

But Robert declared it wouldn't hurt Allen any more than it would him; the boy was well enough, and he wished to know if she supposed he was going to hire a man extra, so that Allen could sit in the house and read poetry with her.

"But, Robert," she remonstrated, "you could better afford to hire a man than have Allen sick; and he complains of his head all the time since haying began."

"That's the hot weather; every one does."

"But he doesn't eat nor sleep well."

"The boy is well enough. Supposing his head aches; you don't worry when my head aches. Pity you hadn't married Reub Chapman. Then you could have had your own way; but I intend to be master in my own house. Allen will do as I say, and I'm not going to be pestered all the time by your whims."

Myra said no more, but watched her boy with dreary forebodings.

One hot noon he did not return from the field with the rest, and one of the hired men told Myra that "his head ached real bad, and he laid down under the big chestnut in the farther field—said he didn't feel like eatin'."

Myra hastily helped the men to the vegetables, while Robert served the meat, and then, going out in the back kitchen, threw on her sunbonnet and started for the farther field.

Reaching the large chestnut which spread its great limbs abroad in the free space of the meadow, and made a cool shade beneath its dense leaves, she found Allen stretched out upon the ground.

Dropping down beside him, she called to him softly, but he paid no heed. Alarmed, she called louder, "Allen, Allen! don't you know your mother?" But there was no response, and he rolled his head uneasily back and forth, and Myra's fears rose as she marked the deep flush that spread over his face and felt his burning skin.

Whispering to herself, "I am going to lose him," she rose and hurried home, and, going to the kitchen door, opened it slightly and beckoned to one of the men.

He started up at sight of her face, and went out. Coming back immediately, he said to the other, "Len, will you jest take hold and help a minute?"

"Where?"

"Jest out here," with a jerk of his head toward the door.

"What's the matter?" said Robert; "any trouble with the cattle?"

"No, nothin' *you* vally very high, but Mis' Crawford wants help for a minit."

"Well, finish your dinner first; I guess it will wait."

"Oh, yes; it'd wait; 'taint no concern of yourn, but Mis' Crawford's waitin'. Come, Len; you can take your pie in your hand and eat as we're going."

Both men hastened to the field with Myra, and, taking poor Allen up, bore him home, Myra shading his face with a chestnut bough as they went.

Robert, who had some curiosity as to what was going on, had gone to the "south door" to look out, and met them as they neared the house. "What's the matter, Myra?"

"Allen! Allen! look at him!"

"Hold your bough aside then. He does look bad. Allen! what's the matter?" as he shook his arm to rouse him.

"It's no good shaking him," said Hi, as Allen groaned. "He's a sick boy, and no mistake. We'll git him to the house, and you'd better fly round and git the doctor. The boy's in for it, I vum! He haint been fit to work this week."

Robert hastened to the stable and got out the horse and buggy, and then went back to the house, and into the bedroom where Allen lay. Myra looked up. "Robert, for pity's sake don't wait. Allen will die, I know he will, and I can't bear it. I can't lose him; he is all I have."

"Don't worry; I'll bring the doctor; you'll see he will soon be better. It's nothing but the heat." And he hurried off (really alarmed himself), and driving to the next town sought, and after some trouble found, the doctor, who listened with increasing gravity to his description of Allen's condition.

As they took the road toward home, the doctor urged him to drive rapidly, as time was everything. Reaching the house, the doctor hastened into the bed-room, to which he was guided by the groans that came from it.

As he laid his hand a moment on the boy's forehead, and then felt his pulse, Myra's soul hung on what he should say.

Laying the hand softly down, he turned to Myra and said:

"Mrs. Crawford, I should be glad to give you hope, but I am forced to tell you that your son will have a hard struggle for life; and the chances, I fear, are against him. His father tells me that you have not thought him well for some time, and I understand he has complained of his head. He should have

been carefully kept from the sun and all laborious employment, — I will do what I can, but I fear that will be little. Let me beg of you to command yourself [for Myra had sunk back in her chair, in an agony of grief]; I shall need your help, and he will probably unconsciously obey your wishes. I feel for you, my dear madam, but now is not the time for grief."

Myra, thus adjured, dried her tears, and together through the long night, and well into the next day, they worked over the poor boy, but with no result. The ceaseless rolling of the head, so painful to see, continued, and there was no gleam of consciousness to reward Myra's tender care.

Robert came in, and would have aided them; but Myra would not allow it, and, unable to work, he sat there watching what went on.

When morning came he sought distraction in setting his men their tasks; but that over, there was nothing but to wait for what he saw must come. Going in near noon, he noticed the groaning had ceased, and, guessing the cause, stole to the bed-room door. Allen was dead, and Myra knelt by him, his hand clasped in hers.

Robert stepped quickly in, and said reproachfully:

"Why didn't you call me, Myra?"

There was no answer. He repeated the question. She rose, laid down her boy's hand, and faced him with wild eyes.

"Why should I call you, Robert? What should you care that Allen was dying? You always told me he was worth nothing; you have lost nothing. Oh, I wish I were dead, too! What shall I live for?"

Robert could not bear reproach, and he answered with some feeling: "It is the Lord who has afflicted us—for our good; and it is sinful to rebel against his judgments."

Myra turned upon him.

"Robert, I have been patient — I have been patient all these years, because while Allen lived I had something to love, and to love me; now I have lost him, and it is *you* who have taken him from me. It is *you*."

"Myra, are you out of your senses? Have I life and death in my hands?"

"You had Allen, Robert, and you might have spared him to me. Didn't I tell you he couldn't work so? Didn't I show you how feeble he was? You knew it all. He'd have been living now to comfort his poor mother, but for you."

Robert felt that she was hard, but it was his duty to quiet her if possible, so he began:

"I am sorry that ——"

"Sorry that my heart is broken at last? I'm glad."

What could he say? Robert judged it best to wait until she was calmer, and hearing voices outside at that moment he left the room, to meet in the kitchen Aunt Trypheny and the doctor.

Beyond a curt "How d'ye do?" Aunt Tryphena gave no greeting, but busied herself in taking off and carefully laying away her bonnet and shawl. This done, she shook herself out, went into the bedroom, and shut the door.

"How is your wife?" inquired the doctor.

"She doesn't seem like herself at all; I shouldn't know her."

"Ah, reaction! You must be patient with her. Nothing but excessive care will bring her through this crisis and leave her in the possession of her senses. I have told her aunt what to do. "Now, if you will get me a little paper, I will put up some powders for her. One every three hours until she sleeps. Good night."

As the doctor rode away, Robert remained standing on the step, looking after him. There was no sound except the occasional crow of an ambitious young rooster, and the squeak of Aunt Trypheny's shoes as she stepped around the house, and the old sense of injury came afresh to his mind. Everybody had always blamed him. Myra, her people, his father, even his help; the doctor, too, had implied it. He said to himself that they didn't appreciate him,— didn't want to. Myra just now had called him cruel; no more cruel than other fathers. Didn't a boy's time and strength belong to his father, to use as he thought fit? And how was he to know that he would die like this? He wished now that he had done differently.

What if Myra never should be right again, or, worse still, what would it be to do without her? He felt the Lord would in that case not use him according to his deserts; and he reflected on his zeal in missionary meetings, and constant service in the cause of religion, and knew that he had earned some consideration. Was the doctor sure to be right? She got over the other children's deaths after a while, and he resolved to be kinder. He was really sorry, too.

The time that followed was very dreary. Myra remained very feeble, and could not attend the funeral, which was held in church. Every one pitied her, and wished she could have heard the parson; it was such an "improvin' sermon."

Robert, in pity for his wife's sorrow, went back to some of his old ways of the time they were first married, and carried her meals in to her himself, and suggested rides on pleasant days; but Myra had no wish for anything. Aunt Trypheny consoled him on his failures with, "It's too late in the day, young man."

One day in the latter part of August, Rob-

ert sat by the bedside in the twilight. He had brought her a cup of new milk; but she could not drink it, and, disappointed, he sat in silence, broken at last by Myra, who said, in a half-questioning tone: "Robert, you know that I'm going to die?" As he made no answer, she said, half to herself: "Yes, I am going to die, and I am so glad."

"Glad to die!" exclaimed Robert. "You speak as if you wanted to."

"Yes, Robert, I'm glad I'm going. While Allen was with me I wished to live to care for him; but now he is gone, and I have nothing——"

"You seem to forget me."

"No, I don't forget you; but it has seemed so long, and I have been very unhappy. I don't blame you. You couldn't help doing as you have, I suppose; but it has been hard for me. I have been wrong often, too."

"No, no, Myra!" Robert broke out; "it is I have been wrong. I am sorry, very sorry. But only try to get well, and I will be a better husband than I've ever been before."

"Too late, Robert. That is all past, but I am content, for I'm going to die. Not just now," as Robert sprang up in alarm; "but I shall slip away from you some time. Why not to-night?" she said to herself.

"What?" said Robert.

"Nothing. Good night. I am tired. I have talked too long."

When Aunt Trypheny went in the next morning, she found her lying there in the morning sun, with such a smile on her face as it had not worn for many a year.

After the funeral, Aunt Trypheny remained for a few days to put the house to rights, while Robert was looking for a housekeeper, giving him to understand that she should leave the minute he had found one.

As Robert drove into the yard just at night, after an afternoon spent in seeing various women who would "hire out," she met him at the door with, "Wal, did ye git anybody?"

"Yes, I engaged Lucindy Wright, and she's coming to-morrow."

"Wal, you needn't to unharness that hoss. I shall trouble you to do a little arrant for me."

"Well," said Robert.

Coming in, he beheld Aunt Trypheny dragging her cowhide trunk out of her bed-room.

"What does this mean?"

"It means that I want you, or one of the men folks, should carry me and my trunk down home to-night. The table is all set and the milk-pans set out, and I want to git home before dark, too."

"Why, what are you in such a hurry for?"

"'Cause I don't want to eat another morsel that belongs to you, nor to spend another night under your roof. Your vittles don't agree with me — nor don't you. But before I go, Robert Crawford, I'm going to hev my say once, and after I get through I cal'late never to speak to you ag'in, nor see you neither."

Astonished at this outburst, Robert made no reply, but sat down to await the storm he saw coming.

"It seems to me," said Aunt Trypheny, "that you haint no idea of what you be. I do believe that you're kinder blinded to your own defects. I have wanted to free my mind to you this long time, but I *held* off, and *held* off, on Myra's account. I didn't want to hurt her feelings; Lord knows, she was unhappy enough as it was.

"Do you remember the day you was married? *I* never shall forgit it. I'd rather seen her in her coffin than stan'in' up with you. Pretty little tender thing she was. Jest as sweet as a day-lily and jest as easy broke — and her pa was as pleased! He thought Myra was made because you was the doctor's son. If he'd a studied on your ma's character as much as I hed, he wouldn't a felt so sure of good fortin'. However, I aint a-goin' to run down none of your family. Your ma had her good p'ints, I s'pose, and cert'in the doctor was the best man this town ever see; but good fathers don't make good sons, and it didn't make you what you should 'a' been.

"Them two that hes been carried out of this house to the buryin' yard might hev been alive and well if it hedn't been for you. I aint a-goin' to hear a word from you!" as Robert seemed about to break into angry words. "If you hed any heart you'd feel more like wringin' your hands than throwin' cross looks at me.

"You married our little Myra, and what did you do with her? Carted her off to this lonesome place, where she could see nobody — and you see to it that she never went nowheres. What between bein' worked to death and bein' so unhappy, she got to be all dragged out and weakly and lost all her children before they got so'st they could comfort her a mite. When I see Allen was likely, and she want going to lose him, it did seem as if the Lord was goin' to let her hev some interest in life. Well, as long as the child was too small to earn anythin' she did enjoy him. But you grudged her that, and drove him inter the field when he was too little to foller along the furrer without stumblin', and you allus worked him hard, and finally you worked him inter his grave. Her heart's been longer breakin' than I'd a thought it would, but she kep' up as long as the boy lived. Now what I want to know is, be you satisfied?"

Rising from her chair and putting on her

bonnet, she continued: "I don't s'pose it's done any good, talkin' to ye so; but it's kinder eased my mind. You and I hev met for the last time. I am an old woman, and it's time I was settin' my house in order, and I shall get on better for this clearin' out; and I hope the Lord will reward ye, and I've got faith to believe he will."

Giving a tug to her bonnet-strings, she dragged her trunk out on the doorstep, and, closing the door behind her with a decisive bang, departed.

Julia D. Whiting.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

New Light on the Ku Klux Klan.

In the present number of The Century may be found a chapter of the inside history of the Ku Klux Klan, which is, in many respects, remarkable. It describes the somewhat trivial origin of the Klan out of circumstances which account for the mystery attending its rise and growth; it traces the causes which changed the Klan into a powerful organization called "the Invisible Empire"; and it leaves the history at the point where, in 1869, the "Grand Wizard" disbanded the Empire, though, for a long time after, bands of men calling themselves Ku Klux continued to "regulate" affairs in the South, on secret mob principles.

In its specific statements of fact, the narrative, we think, bears inherent marks of authenticity. It is proper to say that the writer of the paper is an active minister in the Southern Presbyterian Church. We may state also that he has no personal knowledge of the Ku Klux, although he has had abundant opportunity to know as much of the inside history of the Klan as if he had been a leading member; he has had access, besides, to authentic private documents.

Many of the facts related by him will be as new, probably, to most readers at the South, who were personally acquainted with the "mission" and deeds of "the Invisible Empire," but not with its origin, as to those readers at the North who remember the name Ku Klux only as the synonym for midnight murder and political infamy. These are harsh terms, but they are none too harsh if one is to characterize frankly that unfortunate period in our history, which has come to be regarded at the South with solid, though softening, satisfaction, and at the North with lessening disapproval of the results, though with lasting abhorrence of the methods.

In its drift, the paper may be regarded as a moderate apology for the Ku Klux, on the score of unpremeditated "mission" and extenuating provocation. Its conclusions in this regard are partly unsound, because the writer does not properly bring into the premises the real impelling idea of "the Invisible Empire." Its members were a people who had sought by revolution to insure the perpetuity of a slave system, which was the corner-stone of their social and industrial life. The penalty of defeat required that they should be governed in large part by the politically unskilled and mentally ignorant race which had been in servitude to them, and which was being organized and led by a few whites, who were even more odious to them. Here was a state of affairs, it is now plain to see, as perfectly arranged to breed trouble as the juxtaposition of fire and powder. No race on the face of the earth would have accepted such moral and political subjugation to another race regarded as of a lower type, and which had just been transported from barbarism, or recently reared out of it. Probably the nearest approach to such moral and political servitude observable to-day, is the ease with which the native intelligence of some of our Northern cities is ruled by a horde of ignorant foreign-born liquor-dealers, and their more ignorant foreign-born clients. We certainly favor a reform of this anomaly, but not by bloodshed. There are stronger agencies for social and political regeneration than mob violence; and a mob of the higher elements of society is worse than a mob of the ignorant and of the dregs, because its example is more pernicious and lasting.

So, when we are told that many members of the Ku Klux were originally in search of amusement, and did not premeditate outrage, terrorism, and murder in giving wide-spread organization to the Klan, we cannot help thinking that they might have stilled the evil power they had raised if their hearts had not been fired by a general purpose to subjugate the blacks, who, by the operation of the law of the land, had become their political masters. What was an overmastering wish with some was a lawless determination with others, and with all it meant revolution at any cost. The ordinarily peaceable men in the Klan had helped to fashion it into an effective instrument, and the rebellious spirits of that unsettled time seized the weapon, some to wage private warfare, and all to vent their hatred of the political situation. It was the worst kind of mob violence; and, as in every deviation from legal methods, the worst elements came to the top.

In estimating the minor provocations which, it is claimed, led the Ku Klux into the rôle of "regulators," and in weighing the tone of injury and innocence which pervades the manifestoes of the Klan, we must not forget who, in the eyes of the law, were the aggressors. It is not uncommon for an aggressor, of whatever kind, to view with alarm and abhorrence a natural act of self-defense or retaliation. The Government, which placed the blacks in their strange position, in the end left them to defend themselves. Naturally, they were made to yield to the whites the power they had not the physical courage and the mental ability to hold. They are entitled to the fullest sympathy, for they were politically without blame and were grievously sinned against. And perhaps we should also regard their trials and the place they have accepted as necessary feat-

ures of the discipline which is to make intelligent freemen of a once barbarous and ignorant race of bondmen.

On the other hand, there is a growing sympathy with the whites of the South, and a willingness to admit that on the ground of human sentiment — that great changeable force which now seems to differentiate human law and the law of heaven, and again seems to override both — the whites had great provocation. In the same spirit men are beginning to accept the success of the Ku Klux revolution as being *in the result* the inevitable solution of an anomalous political situation. Peace and happiness never could come to the South so long as the political lines were co-existent with the color lines, with the blacks in the ascendancy. Every well-wisher of the blacks will counsel them to accept the foot of the political ladder, and it is not without fitness that they should begin at the bottom rung and work up, because they were the last to be apprenticed to citizenship. Already the whites, as in Charleston, are giving them a share of the public employment, by making them street-cleaners, firemen, and policemen. This is not sharing according to numerical importance, but it is a beginning, and the education which is being placed within their reach will fit them for better things to come.

But let us not be misunderstood. If it was a questionable device to place the power of the ballot, suddenly and without limitations, in the hands of an emancipated and uneducated race, none the less immoral, unjustifiable, and brutalizing were the means adopted by the whites to rid themselves of an intolerable rule. And because the blacks are still restrained from the free exercise of their legal rights, the situation at the South is to-day morally unsound. For it is for ever true, as a Southern orator has said, that "the political devil is no more to be fought with fire, without terrible consequences to the best interest of the community, than is the devil of avarice, or of envy, or of ambition, or any other of the numerous devils which infest society."

The lessons to be drawn from the Ku Klux period are mainly for statesmen, but they also teach the individual citizen, in a new way, that mob force is a barbarous and dangerous remedy for real or fancied wrongs. When, in the April CENTURY, we discussed one phase of the subject under the heading, "Mob or Magistrate," we did not know we should be able to broaden its application by publishing so important a study of violence as the paper we print in the present number on the Ku Klux Klan.

On the Advertising Power of a Good Name.

IN the Old World, the advertising power of distinguished or titled names is thoroughly understood, and has, in fact, given rise to an enormous system. This system is especially noticeable in England, where the royalty, nobility, and gentry of the realm serve a highly useful purpose, not merely as promoters of all the various charities and benevolent movements of the day, but as excellent advertisements also of the better class of manufactures and general haberdashery of the realm. To be sure, the system has many absurd incidents, which the American abroad is sure to smile at; as, for instance, the list of patrons of a library which was about to be established in London, where, *after* the names of we know not how many titled persons, occurred that of plain Mr. Robert Browning; while in Canada (as remarked in these pages several years ago), one could find "advertisements of bitters whose names share the advancing honors of their illustrious and titled namesakes." ("Original, D'Israeli's Tonic Bitters! *Now, Earl Beaconsfield's!*")

But, with all its ludicrousness to the republican mind, there is something in the English system of patronage that is better than in the American. To be sure, "patronage" in America does not often descend to the products of manufacture, except in the matter of musical instruments, medicines, and articles of the toilet. It is true that here distinguished performers lend their names to the various piano-makers; actresses and opera-singers praise the virtues of rouges and all beautifiers of the complexion; and clergymen are sometimes betrayed into advertising quack medicines,— or soap, for its moral qualities. But, as a rule, prominent names are reserved in their public advertising capacity for the worthy ends of charity, or for institutions of an educational or financial character.

In fact, patronage in America is not an acknowledged system, but, nevertheless, it exists very largely, and in a loose and unconsidered way. It is as well understood in America as abroad that every good name has a certain amount of advertising power; and the possessors of these good names, whether made or inherited by the owners, are constantly being importuned for their use by way of advertisement either of public benevolent, or private financial schemes. It is one of the faults of American good-nature that men of mark or of character are too easily induced to lend their names to their friends, or others, on request. A busy man is approached in behalf of some good cause, or some business enterprise, and is asked to help it along by doing little more than joining some committee or board of trustees, or permitting himself to be used as a "reference." He tries at first to be excused on the ground of other engrossing engagements, but finally yields to the plea that he need give none of his time whatever — "All we want is your name!" By and by the institution is involved in some scandal, or goes to wreck; the man with the good name may even find that this good name of his has been used as a decoy, and that, under its honorable shadow, foul deeds have been done.

For years we have watched the workings of this system of patronage — of advertisement by means of good names — here in the city of New York; and we must say that we have seen great harm come from it, in many directions. The persons are not as numerous as they should be who resolutely refuse the use of their names to every movement, to every institution, to every committee, to every board of management, to which they are unable to give the necessary time and attention, or in whose affairs they are not competent to deal with full intelligence and with fitness of taste and education. We say that such scrupulosity seems to be exceptional in New York, and yet events are constantly occurring to show the danger, even the immorality, of allowing the use of one's name where one's care and attention do not follow.

We have barely alluded above to the reprehensible course which some pursue of using their own good names as an investment, for profit, in connection with financial corporations, or schemes of various sorts, which they do not in reality control. Of the impro-

priety of such action there can be no question. Recent events have made the danger and wrong of such an act lamentably conspicuous, and we do not need to dwell upon this phase of the subject. What we wish to do now is to call especial attention to the loose manner in which good names are constantly being used by way of advertisement, in charitable, social, educational, and other praiseworthy lines. We ask our readers if they cannot each recall some instance where the public has been misled, or where honored reputations have suffered? The fact is that when any scheme or institution, however proper or even virtuous its objects, wants from any respectable person "nothing but his name," his name is the very thing he should stoutly refuse to give.

Dishonesty in Commerce and Politics.

No FEATURE of the present age is more displeasing to the moralist than the dishonesty that so widely prevails in commerce and politics. In whatever direction we turn, this phenomenon meets our eye; and there is no branch of business, no department of government, and no class in society in which it does not appear. The forms of commercial dishonesty are almost endless in variety, including not only the old and well-worn tricks of trade, but also some that have been invented or largely developed in recent times. The cases that have been most commented on are the defalcations by presidents, treasurers, and similar persons in charge of the funds of others,— flagrant instances of which have occurred both in this country and in Europe. It may be doubted, however, whether these are the worst or the most common of the dishonest practices of the age,— the malfeasance of the directors of corporations and the cheating on the stock exchanges being probably more flagrantly dishonest and more injurious to the community than are the simple defalcations. The robbery of stockholders and bondholders by their own agents has become a common practice, and some of our leading capitalists seem to make it their principal business. Instances of this sort are so common and so well known that it is not necessary to cite them here, and their pernicious influence is felt both on the commercial prosperity and on the morality of the country.

If, now, we turn to politics, we find a similar or even a worse state of affairs there. Fraudulent contracts, sinister legislation, bought and paid for by those whom it benefits, trading of offices and votes, and all the various methods of robbing the public for the benefit of a few, have become so common among us as hardly to awaken surprise when exposed to the public view. There is, moreover, a close connection between the dishonest practices of politics and those of commerce, and collusions are constant between unscrupulous men in commercial business and equally unscrupulous men in public station. The result is a development of the spirit of greed which is debasing the minds and corrupting the morals of the whole community.

It does not necessarily follow that men are more dishonest at heart in our day than in former times; whether they are so or not is difficult to decide, since it is hard to compare the morality of one age with that of another. The spirit of honesty may be as strong as ever, but the temptations to dishonesty are greater than ever before, owing to the immense gains that may often be made by it. It is comparatively easy now for a man in the right position to acquire a large fortune in a few years, by betraying his trust or by prostituting his office to base and unpatriotic uses; and hence a higher morality is required than ever before to keep men in the path of honesty. The greater temptations of the present day demand greater conscientiousness to resist them, and this greater conscientiousness is not always forthcoming. The development of morality has not kept pace with the development of wealth and the facilities for acquiring it; and the result is the dishonesty and corruption that prevail.

Meanwhile, the efforts that have been made to check the evil seem thus far to have met with but little success. Defaulters, when found out, have generally been punished; a beginning has been made of reforming the civil service; the contracting of debts by cities has been restricted within certain limits; and various other remedies of a political or legal character have been tried or proposed; yet the dishonest practices continue as before. Such remedies, no doubt, are necessary, and useful as far as they go; but they do not reach the root of the evil, which lies in the dispositions of men, and can only be successfully combated by moral means.

The prime cause of commercial dishonesty and political corruption is a false ideal of life,—an ideal that puts the material interests of man above the spiritual, and makes riches the supreme object of human endeavor; and the only effectual remedy is the establishment of a higher and more spiritual ideal. The facilities for acquiring wealth are, as we have remarked, greater in our time than ever before, and men have rushed into the pursuit of it with too little regard for those higher things which, to those capable of appreciating them, make riches of inferior importance. The scramble for wealth thus begun, a paltry emulation has arisen among those engaged in it, so that men who already have more wealth than they know how to enjoy are still eagerly grasping for more, apparently for the mere sake of being richer than their neighbors. And thus avarice has become with multitudes of men an absorbing passion, overbearing the sentiment of justice, and leading to the dishonesty that so widely prevails; and in all probability, so long as this passion is thus dominant, and the pursuit of wealth thus engrosses the minds of men, the dishonest practices will continue, whatever political or legal remedies may be employed to check them.

Moreover, unless a change takes place in public sentiment, there is danger that the law itself may fall under the control of the dishonest men, as to some extent it already has done. The corruption of some of our legislative and executive bodies is notorious, and the courts themselves are not always above suspicion; and we have probably not seen the worst of these evils yet. Nor will public opinion be effectual to prevent dishonesty, so long as public opinion continues to look upon riches as the greatest good in life. Public opinion itself needs to be enlightened and the public taste raised to a higher level, so that the men notable merely for the quick acquirement of riches may be assigned their proper place in life, and dishonestly acquired wealth be looked upon with the disrespect it deserves. We need to cultivate and diffuse among the people a love for the spiritual goods

of life,— for those intellectual and moral interests which have always been the main pursuits of the best members of the race, and which are the source of nobler pleasures than riches can give.

The most powerful check upon dishonesty would come, of course, from an increase of the genuine religious spirit, from a deeper love of ideal virtue, and an endeavor, so far as humanity can, to reach it. Whenever in the history of mankind such a sentiment has existed, and men have tried, in obedience to their own higher impulses or to some great teacher and exemplar, to reach a higher standard of life, mere material good has ceased to have that commanding importance which in most men's eyes it is apt to have. There is no reason to doubt that what has always proved true in this respect in ages past would prove equally true in our own time, if by any means the right impulses could be more deeply stirred than they are now in the hearts of men.

Another antidote to dishonesty would be the cultivation among business men of the true business ideal, which consists in a sincere and hearty devotion to the commercial interests of society and the intelligent management of the world's commerce, and not in the mere accumulation of wealth for one's self. Even now this spirit prevails among many of our capitalists, and their example is powerful in making dishonest practices much less frequent than they would otherwise be. Such sentiments as these, if once highly developed in a community, would put a powerful check upon dishonesty in all its forms, and men guilty of it would become the scorn and detestation of their neighbors, and not, as is sometimes the case now, objects of admiration.

But we need also to cultivate the intellectual interests of humanity, which contribute so much to raise men above sordid pursuits and the temptations that attend them. The love of virtue and of the general good is never so strong as it should be, and needs all the support it can get from other agencies; and nothing will serve so well for this purpose as the cultivation of the higher pursuits of the intellect. A deep interest in the things of the mind tends to lift men above the passion for gain, and leads them to regard wealth as a means to those higher things, and not as an end in itself. True lovers of science, art, and philosophy, while they know better than other men do the real value of wealth, never treat it as the great object of life's aim, but always as subordinate to intellectual and spiritual good. To be sure, all men cannot devote their lives to such pursuits; but there is no reason why all should not take an intelligent interest in them, and thus counteract that engrossing passion for material good which now corrupts the conduct and wears out the lives of so many.

What prospect there is at present of such a change in public sentiment and in the popular ideal of life, we need not here consider. It is obvious, however, that it must proceed in the first instance from a few minds, raised by nature or circumstances or their own efforts to a higher plane than the masses now stand on; and from them the better impulses would spread to the whole community. The absence in this country hitherto of a considerable body of men of the highest order of intellect, and the inadequacy of our institutions of learning for the purpose of the highest culture, have hindered the formation of the lofty moral and social ideal which the good of our people requires. But improvement in these respects is already visible, and we look forward with confidence to much more rapid developments in the years to come. The people of the United States, with their social freedom and their active intelligence, will not always be so strenuously devoted to the pursuit of wealth, but will set their minds, sooner or later, on higher things. And when once these higher pursuits have become popular among us, the attractions of mere riches will be greatly diminished, and the temptations to dishonesty will lose much of their force. We may then look for more upright dealing in commercial transactions, and more disinterested virtue in public station.

OPEN LETTERS.

Recent American Poetry.*

It is hard to say exactly what it is that makes some one of half a dozen volumes of current poetry a success, while all the rest are failures. Mr. Aldrich's "Mercedes, and Later Lyrics," shows, perhaps, no more imagination than Mr. Henry Abbey's "The City of Success," and no more emotion than Mr. S. H. M. Byers's "The Happy Isles." But it attains its aim quite as surely as the others miss theirs; it succeeds, namely, in pleasing the public and satisfying the judicious. The secret of Mr. Aldrich's poetical prosperity we take to be that he has himself thoroughly in hand, that his talent is quite self-possessed. To his every fancy or sentiment he brings the daintiest expression, the neatest workmanship. There is no sprawling in his poetry. He knows what he can do, and he does it — well.

"Mercedes," which is in prose, is less a tragedy than a dramatized incident — an incident in Napoleon's Peninsular campaigns; in which it is told how a Spanish peasant girl disarms the suspicion of the French soldiery by drinking herself, and giving to her baby to drink, some of the poisoned wine that has been left behind by the fleeing villagers. She thus kills her own French lover, who, unknown to her, is among the soldiers and has partaken of the wine, and they die one after another in the usual manner of the fifth

* "Mercedes, and Later Lyrics." By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
"The City of Success, and other Poems." By Henry Abbey. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
"The Happy Isles, and other Poems." By S. H. M. Byers. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.
"The Love Poems of Louis Barnaval." Edited with an Introduction by Charles de Kay. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
"Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere." By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
"Songs of Fair Weather." By Maurice Thompson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.
"The Old Swimmin' Hole, and Seven more Poems." By Benj. F. Johnson of Boone (James Whitcomb Riley). Indianapolis: George C. Hitt. (Reprinted from the "Indianapolis Journal.")
"Poems" by William Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
"The Venus of Milo, and other Poems." By E. R. Sill, Berkeley, California.
"Songs at the Start." By Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

act. There are two pretty songs in the play; the local coloring is, we presume, correct; there are the conventional *padre* and old grandmother, Ursula, who remind one vaguely of Longfellow's "Spanish Student." But Mr. Aldrich's genius is not dramatic. He carefully prepares a little scenic effect in the first act, which strikes us somehow as characteristic,—the stage direction calling for a sentinel on the cliff overhanging the camp, and for the guard to be relieved in dumb-show, while the "lyrical interlude" is being sung.

It is, indeed, for the picturesque that Mr. Aldrich has the quickest eye. The movement and flash of a guard relief on the cliff while a song is sung to guitar and castanets in the foreground; Chiquita's "complexion of a newly minted napoleon," and Pepita's tortoise-shell comb and coal-black hair; the

"strip of indigo sky
Half-glimpsed through a Moorish gate;"

the golden-brown masonry and the mule-bells on the height: it is these, and similar bright points of color, architecture, costume, that represent Spain for Mr. Aldrich, whose muse, for the most part, is frankly external. It is Spain, too, which gives the prevailing tinge to the present volume. "On Lynn Terrace" is a series of reminiscences, in regretful mood, of European scenes, rapidly and cleverly sketched. "At Twoscore" is an epilogue to the muse, half-pensive, half-playful, and wholly charming, with a slight breath of Bohemia about it. "Prescience" has a depth of feeling and reflection which makes it more of a real poem and less of an "intaglio" than anything else in the collection.

PRESCIENCE.

The new moon hung in the sky, the sun was low in the west,
And my betrothed and I in the church-yard paused to rest—
Happy maiden and lover, dreaming the old dream over:
The light winds wandered by, and robins chirped from the nest.

And low in the meadow sweet was the grave of a little child,
With a crumbling stone at the feet and the ivy running wild—
Tangled ivy and clover folding it over and over:
Close to my sweetheart's feet was the little mound up-piled.

Stricken with nameless fears, she shrank and clung to me,
And her eyes were filled with tears for a sorrow I did not see:
Lightly the winds were blowing, softly her tears were flowing—
Tears for the unknown years and a sorrow that was to be!

MR. ABBEY is given over to allegory. The two most ambitious poems in his book, "The City of Success" and "The City of Decay," are labyrinths of vast and imposing imagery, enshrouding some dimly descried moral. The reader will really have to go back to "The House of Fame" or "The Romaunt of the Rose" to get anything corresponding. The poet has a sufficient imagination, moreover, and we give a few stanzas from the name-poem which are certainly strong work. They are from the description of a chariot-race on the city wall, which seems to symbolize the career of ambition:

"At the goal were cressets two,
Flinging up flame-arms of blue,
And, just beyond, abruptly stood an angle of the wall;
The unmoving feet of this
Rested on a precipice,
And the pebbles men flung down it seemed to never cease to fall.

"In the shining, jeweled sword,
Belted, with a twinkling cord,
To the thigh of bright Orion, where he stands august in space,
Is a gulf of darkness great,
Where no sun's rays penetrate,—
An awful gulf of nothingness,—a black and worldless place.

"So appeared the dread abyss,
Down the wall and precipice,
To those who, in the night, with fear, looked o'er the balustrade;
Even the cressets' angry bloom
Parted not the heavy gloom
Which lay appallingly beneath, in one dense bush of shade."

Mr. Abbey's art is frequently at fault. Newspaper English, like "palatial dwellings," "sparsely populated," etc., jars on the ear in a passage of poetry; and none but an amateur in verse would be capable of writing such an awkward couplet as the following:

"With her through the city go,
She thee it will fully show."

"She thee it!"

THERE is something quite engaging in Mr. Byers's little volume, in spite of the fact that much of it belongs to what is called "popular" poetry—a species for which we confess, in general, an abhorrence. Such are, for instance, "A Centennial Idyl," "The Nation's Dead," "Welcome to Grant," "Iowa," and "Sherman's March to the Sea," the last of which has had much vogue. Popular, too, in a familiar and more domestic way, are "Room for the Angels," "The Mowing," and "Baby Hélène,"—the last named, a poem of bereavement, written, oddly enough, in the meter and manner of Swinburne. The feeling throughout the book is sound and sweet, and the expression often happy, though seldom original. "The Happy Isles" reminds one pleasantly, in its musical opening stanzas, of Keats—whose inspiration is also visible in "Philip," written in the stanza and style of "The Eve of St. Agnes":

"And softly stepped she on the oaken stair,
And softly stepped she in that chapel old,
The silver censer still was swinging there,
As if a moonbeam did its weight uphold,
It was so light and beautiful of mold."

"The Guard on the Volga" is the most striking poem in the book; the verse is energetic, and the thrill of mysterious horror at the ghostly approach of the pestilence is successfully brought home to the reader.

THE "Love Poems of Louis Barnaval" bear such strong resemblance to the already published work of their "editor" that one is at liberty from internal evidences to treat them as Mr. de Kay's own. They have the same largeness of style, the same free play of imagination, the same width of horizon, and the same rapidity and intensity of utterance, as "Hesperus," "The Vision of Nimrod," and "The Vision of Esther." They have, on the other hand, the same unevenness of quality. Sometimes the clearest and most transparent expression shows at the bottom an insoluble residuum of fact. Occasionally it would appear that the thought had been first conceived in prose. One sees also here the same freedom in subject-matter which Mr. de Kay has before allowed himself—a freedom by no means always to be reprehended. In some instances where he transcends conventional limits, he hardly seems to justify the breach of taste by the delicacy or strength of the poetic product. These harsh passages aside, there are in the volume many fine bursts of natural and passionate expression. The sincerity of the inspiration is nowhere in doubt by reason of affectation; and where the poetry is not purely such, it is usually because Mr. de Kay

has tried to poetize things that are not poetic. But Time is a good editor, even if poets are not. The world grows by its best things, and the product of inferior poetic moods carries with it its own death-warrant.

In the "Love Poems" there is more versatility of metrical expression than Mr. de Kay has before shown. Here are a hundred moods of love — or, rather, a unique passion in a hundred shades of love for one whom the lover criticises, upbraids, and even scorns, but always loves. These moods are well mated by the measures, and the rapid current of the thought seems to make its own banks. The narrative is real, virile, even fascinating. Among the best of the freer strains, where the poet has completely mastered his material, are these lines:

"Ah moments of a softer look,
  Ah hours that flew all unaware,
Ah graceful skyswung hawks that took
  The eye with beauty's curve in air,
Ah happy grass within our nook,
  Say, were you pressed by shape more rare?
Your voice that day, my own dear maid,
Sang like the wind through a leafy glade."

And these:

"What restful calm descends upon the man
Who knows his purpose! From a mountain crest
O'er graven pathways, streams that gnaw the mold,
He smiles wide-eyed across the unfolded plain
Far tow'rd the glories on the outmost verge
Where hurrying Phœbus beckons from his car:
Yonder's the way! Look, the untroubled goal!

"That holy calm is mine, O double soul,
With me now knit in love beyond all jar —
Thee have I found, my hope in thee I merge;
Warmed by thy breath no gale my heart shall drain
Soothed by thy palm I dare the dangerous wold,
And while with rapture still expands my breast
Clear through thine eyes rises the cosmic plan!

"But thou, mine own, the prospect calmly scan;
Fear not the future; on my shoulder rest
Thy smooth soft cheek; then tenderly yet bold
On this strong arm linking thy beauty's chain
March forth with me through life's incessant surge,
Nor faint though mists should haply blot a star,
Though overhead the thunder-drum will roll.

"Say not that all must be a happy whole
Of light that shadows never dare to mar.
With carols alternate the solemn dirge;
Sweet mouth and eyes, O sweetest soul and brain,
The earth hath metals wholesomer than gold.
Be comforted, have faith, and make me blessed
As Eve once loved and blessed the primal man."

Mr. H. C. Bunner, Mr. de Kay's fellow Knickerbocker, who publishes in his "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere" his first collection, is likely to reach a popularity by his marked poetic skill and fancy, as well as by other taking qualities, not the least of which is an agreeable and spontaneous humor. Mr. Matthew Arnold insists upon "high seriousness" as an element of great poetry, and perhaps in a test of three hundred years the value of humorous verse is not very high, but it is certain to be a strong attraction to one's contemporaries. Mr. Bunner's variations on the theme of "Home, Sweet Home," have the first requisite of such writing, a fine critical sense, and to the spirit of other writers he adds a definite contribution of his own. Of the light verse there are at least four perfectly wrought specimens — "Forfeits," "She was a Beauty," "Candor," and the stanzas called "Feminine," which have the mature and touching seriousness characteristic of Dobson:

FEMININE.

She might have known it in the earlier Spring,
  That all my heart with vague desire was stirred;
And, ere the Summer winds had taken wing,
  I told her; but she smiled and said no word.

The Autumn's eager hand his red gold grasped,
  And she was silent; till from skies grown drear
Fell soft one fine, first snow-flake, and she clasped
  My neck and cried, "Love, we have lost a year!"

Of the poems whose first intention is serious, the deepest note is touched in "The Way to Arcady," half catch, half ballad; but one is more moved by "The Appeal to Harold" — on the whole, perhaps, the best poem in the volume — and by "Daphnis," "Longfellow," "Triumph," and by this sonnet, exquisitely pathetic and reverent in tone:

DEAF.

As to a bird's song she were listening,
  Her beautiful head is ever sidewise bent;
  Her questioning eyes lift up their depths intent —
She, who will never hear the wild birds sing.
My words within her ears' cold chambers ring
  Faint, with the city's murmurous sub-tones blent;
  Though with such sounds as suppliants may have sent
To high-throned goddesses, my speech takes wing.

Not for the side-poised head's appealing grace
  I gaze, nor hair where fire in shadow lies —
For her this world's unhallowed noises base
  Melt into silence; not our groans, our cries,
Our curses, reach that high-removed place
  Where dwells her spirit, innocently wise.

The lyrical strain of the song, "New London, Ahoy!" is so pure as to lead one to hope that Mr. Bunner will touch that note again. Two or three pieces — "Poetry and the Poet," "Disaster," and "In School Hours" — are hardly entitled to a place even in the first collection of a poet of Mr. Bunner's achievements and promise.

Mr. Maurice Thompson's "Songs of Fair Weather" realize the wholesome promise of their title. There is not a morbid line in the pretty volume; there is, indeed, almost a total absence of the intensity which we find in Mr. de Kay and Mr. Bunner — poets of the city, where all life is, so to speak, at the wings of the theater. Much of the book might have been written with no knowledge of the poets who have given the nineteenth century its introspective tendencies in verse. As a compensation for this lack of passion we have what few poets of the day have been able to give — the entire restfulness of rural landscapes — and always with the touch of personal interest which relieves landscape verse of dreariness. This is true especially of "The Wabash," "In the Haunts of Bass and Bream," "Twilight," "The Bluebird," and the numerous poems of bow and arrow, in which Mr. Thompson has added a new domain to American verse. One of the best of these is

THE ARCHER.

The joy is great of him who strays
In shady woods on summer days,
With eyes alert and muscles steady,
His long bow strung, his arrows ready.

At morn he hears the wood-thrush sing,
He sees the wild rose blossoming,
And on his senses, soft and low,
He feels the brook-song ebb and flow.

Life is a charm, and all is good
To him who lives like Robin Hood,
Hearing ever, far and thin,
Hints of the tunes of Gamelyn.

His greatest grief, his sharpest pain,
Is (when the days are dark with rain)
That for a season he must lie
Inert, while deer go bounding by;

Lounge in his lodge, and long and long
For Allen à Dale's delightful song,
Or smack his lips at thought of one
Drink from the friar's demijohn.

But when the sky is clear again,
He sloughs his grief, forgets his pain,
Hearing on gusts of charming weather
The low laugh of his arrow feather!

The simplicity and directness of these lines are typical of the book, and it is rare to find so unpoetic a touch as in these two lines at the close of an otherwise beautiful sonnet called "Okechobee":

"O lake, thy beauty inexpressible is
Except by some song-wrought antholysis."

The longest poem, "In Exile," contains more warmth of feeling than all the rest of the book would aggregate. The invocation, "A Prelude," is fine; and in the middle of the book we find this pretty pastoral:

DROPPING CORN.

Pretty Phœbe Lane and I,
In the soft May weather,
Barefoot down the furrows went
Dropping corn together.

Side by side across the field
Back and forth we hurried;
All the golden grains we dropped
Soon the ploughshare buried.

Bluebirds on the hedges sat,
Chirping low and billing;
"Why," thought I, "not follow suit,
If the maid is willing?"

So I whispered, "Phœbe, dear,
Kiss me——" "Keep on dropping!"
Called her father from the plough;
"There's no time for stopping!"

The cord was loosed,— the moments sped;
The golden charm was broken!
Nevermore between us two
Word of love was spoken.

What a little slip, sometimes,
All our hope releases!
How the merest breath of chance
Breaks our joys in pieces!

Sorrow's cup, though often drained,
Never lacks for filling:
And we can't get Fortune's kiss
When the maid is willing.

MR. J. W. RILEY, who enjoys a wide popularity among Western readers as a frequent contributor to the poetry corner of the newspaper press, has selected out of an abundant store of verses a dozen samples of Hoosier-farmer dialect, and bound them together in flexible covers, which make an all-too-modest appeal to the eye. In fact, they are worth more, with their evident shortcomings as poetry, than half-a-dozen volumes of the hysterical verse that hides itself between book-covers every year, and that deals with the same old themes in the same old conventional way. The only prototype to these poems is, perhaps, the "Biglow Papers," and to these they bear in quality something of the relation of humor to wit. They lack the Yankee sententiousness, and have no political or other aim; but they have an equal faithfulness to the rustic type; they have, moreover, a pervading and touching pathos, which is due to the simplicity and naturalness with which Mr. Riley has imagined his farmer, and not to any theatrical or hyper-sentimental handling of the "Over the Hills to the Poor-house" variety. The sentiment of pity is never appealed to, but there is under the imperturbable content and hopefulness of this middle-aged farmer a tone of sadness expressed rather in his enjoyment of his youth than in his regret for it. This comes out in "The Old Swimmin' Hole," "The Mulberry Tree," and "Worter-melon Time," poems which, whether the touch is humorous or sad, revive one's youth, as in these lines:

"But your melons that's raised right, and tended to with care,
You can walk around amongst 'em with a parent's pride and joy,
And thump 'em on the heads with as fatherly a air
As ef each one of them was your little girl er boy.

"I joy in my hart jest to hear that rippin' sound
When you split one down the back and jolt the halves in two,
And the friends you love the best is gethered all around—
And you says unto your sweetheart, 'Oh, here's the core fer you!'"

Or in this pastoral glimpse of a country road in the lines "To My Old Neighbor, William Leachman":

"It was better than the meetin' too, that 9-mile talk we had
Of the time when we first settled here and travel was so bad;
When we had to go on horseback, and sometimes on 'Shanks's mare,'
And 'blaze' a road for them behind that had to travel thare.

"And now we was a-trottin' 'long a level gravel pike,
In a big two-horse road-wagon, jest as easy as you like—
Two of us on the front seat, and our wimern-folks behind,
A-settin' in their Winsor cheers in perfect peace of mind."

Mr. Riley's work shares with that of his Indiana colleague, Mr. Thompson, the restfulness of a rural setting. Compared with the nervousness of city verse, such as Mr. de Kay's and Mr. Bunner's, the temperament of their muse is indeed lymphatic. This is not to say that it is any better verse, or even so good. Each is well in its way. Keats thought that the excellence of every art lies in its intensity, and this is a proposition upon which poets would probably be the first to agree. Mr. Riley has plenty of voice and a rare warmth of feeling. What he has done here is agreeable rather than important, and the present poems do not enable one to judge how far he has the artistic instinct, which is necessary in wholly serious and enduring verse.

THERE is no hasty or careless writing in Professor Wilkinson's "Poems." The qualities in them which may be regarded as faults by others have probably been well considered and deliberately assumed by the author. There is, for instance, a verbal mannerism which seems to have been largely derived from Tennyson, and which runs through nearly the whole volume, —here and there more strenuously insisted upon. This mannerism, which consists partly in alliteration and repetition, is evidently not accidental, but intentional and deliberate. Sometimes it is effective, sometimes awkward and even grotesque. There are more serious lapses in taste,—as, for instance, in the publica-

tion of a painfully inadequate "Stanza," suggested as the concluding one to Bryant's imaginative and exquisite "June"; while the tone of the Webster ode, outside of certain fine passages, is strained even to the point of absurdity. These "Poems," then, will be likely to strike the reader as unequal, but among them are some fine and thoughtful poetical essays. "The Song of Runaway Pond" is a stirring piece of descriptive poetry, narrating an extraordinary occurrence. "The Vale of Otter" is another felicitously worded descriptive poem. "Dedicated" is an album piece, written with simplicity and sincerity. If there were room, attention might be called to other pieces that the appreciator of beautiful verse should not let pass. A poem that shows the author at his best in both diction and feeling is the one entitled "Desiderium," from which are quoted the first and last stanzas:

DESIDERIUM.

The shattered water plashes down the ledge;
  The long ledge slants and bends between its walls,
And shoots the current over many an edge
  Of shelvy rock, in thin and foamy falls,
With the same streaming light and numerous sound
As when his musing way he duly hither wound.

. . . . . .

These tokens of that gracious presence here,
  O Nature, you and I together mourn;
But you and I, O Nature, have our cheer
  Concerning him that helps our loss be borne—
You mold his dust to keepsake grass and flower,
What warmed his dust molds me to forms of finer power.

In "The Venus of Milo, and Other Poems," Mr. Sill shows a genuine poetic faculty. Here are lyrical feeling and imagination of an unusual character. The title poem has a thoughtfulness, a dignity, and spontaneity of expression that lift it above the ordinary rhyming of the day, and lead one to wish that the author might in the future cultivate his gifts with greater assiduity than heretofore. Here is no lack, apparently, of original qualification for a poetic career; and if it were not so common to see young authors deflected by circumstances from following out a natural bent toward imaginative work, one might have the highest hopes for Mr. Sill's future as a writer of poetry. We copy out a few lines from a striking poem entitled "Field Notes":

"Life is a game the soul can play
With fewer pieces than men say.
Only to grow as the grass grows,
Prating not of joys or woes;
To burn as the steady hearth-fire burns;
To shine as the star can shine,
Or only as the mote of dust that turns
Darkling and twinkling in the beam of light divine;
And for my wisdom—glad to know
Where the sweetest beech-nuts grow,
And to track out the spicy root,
Or peel the musky core of the wild-berry shoot,
And how the russet ground-bird bold
With both slim feet at once will lightly rake the mold."

Ellen M. Hutchinson, Owen Innsley, Edith Thomas, and Helen Gray Cone are names (real and assumed) of young American women who have very recently come before the public as writers of verse of unusual merit, though of these four only the first two have yet published in volume form. To these poets must now be added the name of Louise Imogen Guiney, whose "Songs at the Start" include several poems of great beauty and finish, and of an indefinable charm. When the author comes in later years to revise the present volume, she will perhaps omit from a serious collection like this such alien notes as those struck on pages 21, 76, and 80; she may, perhaps, also discard or recast some other pieces in the book, but not such fine and well-wrought poems as "Hemlock River," "An Epitaph," "Poete my Maister Chaucer," "Charondas," "Crazy Margaret" (with its ending touch of fate), "My Neighbor," "To The River," "My Soprano," and "Spring." This new poet—for poet she surely is—has a young and healthy maturity of thought and art, a nice verbal sense, a sincere human sympathy, and a lyrical grace, that give the lover of poetry a keen pleasure, and promise still stronger performance in the future. The gem of these songs is a little poem of two stanzas. A famous writer of exquisite verses once said, "How grateful we ought to be to a poet who writes even but a single poem that we love and remember!" And a poem to love and remember is

SPRING.

"With a difference."—*Hamlet.*

Again the bloom, the northward flight,
The fount freed at its silver height,
And down the deep woods to the lowest,
The fragrant shadows scarred with light.

O inescapable joy of spring!
For thee the world shall leap and sing;
But by her darkened door thou goest
Forever as a spectral thing.

Many things could be said in praise of the above lines, but the best of it is that the author shows in many parts of her first book the same qualities which go to the making of this perfect lyric.

* * *

The Minister and the Music.

In all these discussions concerning choirs and congregations, a careful reference must be had to the clergyman who is responsibly in charge of the church. He is an important factor in every case, and some righteous disposal must be made of him. For example, if it be insisted that every chorister, in order to avoid singing an inappropriate opening piece or an inconsistent anthem, must seek music with the kind of sentiment in it which will represent the spirit of the present service, then it follows certainly that the minister must in some intelligible form make known to him what the spirit of that special service is going to be. In many congregations the rubrics of what is called the Church Year fix the themes of the sermons and the subject of prayer. But in the larger number all this is left to be fashioned by the judgment or even the caprice of the preacher. I once in Brooklyn heard a man deliver a long discourse on political misrule, and he took this text: "Let her drive." It does not appear worth while to argue whether in a case like that the choir could have selected pieces to match exactly; but I am happy to report from memory that the singing on the occasion was decidedly inappropriate and religious.

In ordinary working times, even if the notes of his sermon are not finished, any clergyman can be sufficiently sure of his purpose so as to send word to the leader what to choose. When this man has no hint

whatever to guide his selection, and so it appears that it is a matter of indifference to everybody, it is not fair to blame him in his perplexity if he happens to remember that now the chance has come for him to answer the request which one of the committee pressed upon him a fortnight before. He ought not to be held responsible for the very troublesome incongruity between his "Rain-chorus" from the "Elijah" and the clergyman's discourse on the pathetic needs and the awful terror in Ohio because of the floods. The minister grows eloquent over the desperation of the people, and prays God to stay his hand in his judgments; and then, while the contribution box is going around, the whole quartette are uttering a passionate outpouring of gratitude for what stifled the suffering and half-drowned citizens for whom the money was wanted. Hear this once: "The waters gather, they rush along, they rush along! thanks be to God! the stormy billows are high! thanks be to God! their fury is mighty! thanks be to God!" But now, if the minister complains, why may not the chorister complain too? When the committee want a chorus from Mendelssohn, what right has a minister to destroy all the force of it by an inopportune discourse? And will any one please mention the appropriate occasion for such a performance in a Sabbath service, so as not to disappoint the committee?

Unfortunately, it is one of the greatest losses to the usefulness of a minister that (as sometimes happens) he is not a musician; but the misfortune is still deeper and more pitiful if, with the absence of the artistic gift, there is the presence and possession (as sometimes happens) of a prejudice against musical art altogether, that renders him pettish under even a suggestion of help. Once a large congregation witnessed an unseemly display of temper on the part of one of the most celebrated orators in our land. He prided himself upon his dramatic power in the rendering of hymns in the pulpit, and on this occasion he gave out "Jesus, lover of my soul," in his service. But as he read along he delivered the seventh and eighth lines of the verse before the fifth and sixth; so he found himself blank up against nonsense and a semicolon at the climax. He grew scarlet with anger, and almost pouted as he turned from the pulpit to the choir. The audience saw his rapid protest as he whispered to the pastor in charge, and it is not too much to say that the service received an uncomfortable interruption. Now the trouble was that the hymnal he read from had given the poetry correctly enough; but when it was set to the usual tune, "Martyn," it was thought best to double back the lines in the music for the repetition of the strain. The compiler of the book committed an intolerable folly in not giving the first verse outside of the tune in its place at the head of the hymn. And so the excited speaker, entirely ignorant of such technical things, had no chance even to recognize his mistake.

It is not easy to suggest a remedy for such a deficiency, except the ordinary one for all trouble—ask help. But only a few persons in this proud world are willing to take assistance in artistic matters, and not a very large number are competent to give it. Though it is never any shame for a man not to know, it is always a shame for him not to learn.

Much of the wrestle between ministers and musicians could be avoided if they trusted each other more and took each other into confidence oftener in the arrangements for the services of each Sabbath. Frequently, the source of all the confusion lies in mere forgetfulness or inadvertence on the part of the preacher. Not a year ago I heard a pastor in a distant city, a gentleman of the highest standing, give out a hymn beginning "Pour out thy Spirit from on high," for an ordinary assembly. He had entered the pulpit in a hurry, and this came to hand the earliest. He read it nearly through before he seemed to discover it was for a convocation of ministers only; all he could do was to counsel the dropping of the final stanza about their all going to heaven together after they had "resigned their charge."

Choirs complain that they are suddenly thrown into the embarrassment of singing nonsense and contradiction in many cases when these omissions of stanzas are made. The old illustration, which is never to be forgotten or forgiven, is always put into use for argument and expostulation. The hymn was the one beginning "When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come." Out of this, after reading, the preacher said the second stanza was to be omitted. Thus it came about that the people were instructed to pray that, as to being found at the "right hand" of the eternal Judge, the Lord would "prevent it" by his grace, when what was to be prevented, if possible, beyond everything else, was the awful risk of one's name being "left out" of the Lamb's book of life at the last; but the only mention of that disaster was in the stanza omitted. Thus the hymn was travestied and destroyed.

Sometimes a minister sends up one number to the leader in the haste before service, and puts another on his own list; the tune does not fit, and so there is confusion. I once listened to the stubborn endeavor of a choir to carry out their plan, despite of their upset; it was with a short-meter tune, to which a careless pastor had given them a hallelujah meter hymn, after it was too late to get another. The leader whispered that they would now repeat the last two lines; and so they went on. This sedate paper will not attempt to relate how the soprano stopped at the third line with her lips full of two notes of unrendered music, and murmured "*oo-oo*" to dispose of them; nor how she distended and prolonged the final line on the perplexing repeat so as to compel six notes to carry eight syllables; but it must be mentioned that this ingenious work was done through four stanzas; and still the choir had to take the blame.

In the early years of my professional life, I once asked one of my neighbors to take our service for me for a morning of relief. This gentleman was very peculiar in manner, but a truly Christian worker, and a good friend of mine; I do not consent to caricature him in a single particular. He gave out his opening hymn from the old Watts collection. He emphasized the syllables fiercely, but even that showed he had an ear for rhythm. Thus he began: "Let us commence divine worship by singing the ninety-second psalm, second part—the second part of the ninety-second psalm, long meter: Lord, '*tis* a pleasant *thing* to stand In *gar*dens planted *by* thy hand; Let *me* within thy *courts* be seen, Like *a* young cedar, *fresh* and *green*." By this time he perceived that something was wrong. Moreover, the choir were excitedly changing

their tune-books in a frantic rustle, and the congregation were almost in a titter. But he rose to the occasion, and said impressively: "I have made an unfortunate mistake, and will consult my card. Ah, yes! ah, yes! I see; I have misunderstood my figure; it is a *seven*. We will sing the seventy-second psalm, second part — the second part of the *seventy*-second psalm: Je*sus* shall reign where*'er* the sun Does *his* successive *journ*eys run." Shall I need to add, after this history of a literal fact, that for several years I used now and then to be asked, with as much gravity as was possible: "What ever became of that *young cedar*, fresh and green, whom you had here awhile ago to preach for us?"

Such things are not funny; they are very melancholy, when they occur on the Lord's Day. They have their source in simple heedlessness, and in want of thought in the preparation of hymns before the public exercises begin. We insist that the minister must manage the music; but then, if that be true, he *must* manage it; it cannot go haphazard. It needs care and information, and he ought to put himself in contact with the choir-leader always. He ought to have his wits about him, and not throw everything away in a mere nervousness concerning his sermon. Beside me now, as I write, sits an admirable man, my old friend, a college president; and he tells me this incident, which I relate exactly as it comes from his lips: He was in the pulpit not long since, just going to preach for a neighboring pastor. He could not help being annoyed by the levity of the choir, seated opposite the pulpit in the gallery; they were fairly hilarious with laughter. The pastor was evidently distressed and mortified in his turn. He was an excessively nervous and absent-minded man, and the responsibility of having a stranger in his place had agitated him all the morning; this almost completed his overthrow. Just then, up the pulpit steps came the chorister, beckoning to him. He leaned forward to take what seemed like a notice from his hand; then the man asked for the card with the hymns chosen upon it, as usual. Into every pocket on his person went the flying fingers of the minister, as he whispered to himself, "I am sure I sent it to him or somebody; where on earth can it be? Oh, here," with a sense of indescribable relief. Thus the leader went his way elated. And then our president asked for his copy of the same, and the pastor mechanically put in his hand the paper which the chorister brought back to him a few minutes before. My friend opened it at once, and found on it this remarkable direction: "You must not forget to call for my back-switch, or it will be necessary for you to go clear back again after it; I need it for to-morrow." He passed it over to the parson; as he caught sight of it, the poor preacher jumped as if hit. "Oh, what have I done!" he cried in a stage-whisper. "That was my wife's note to remind me yesterday when I went into town; I sent it to the choir; that is what they were laughing at!"

But now, in the other direction also lies peril for a minister: he may know much, and be too "artistic." There are in every generation a few clergymen who have unusual musical gifts; in some cases, a talent for composition and for management of choral services in the house of God. Their temptation is to indulge their æsthetic taste to such an extent as to render them regardless of that part of their congregation who have simpler needs and less cultivated appreciation. Of course, such persons would soon reach their place and level among the people to whom they minister, and the public at large would not have to be disturbed by them. But they are the speakers who come forth in conventions and assemblies and start the argument for a higher class of performances; they clamor for liturgies, and grow crazy over chorals, and plead for more "richness" in worship, till the sad and bewildered people, who never did profess to understand them, wish they would be quiet. They assert they know what Christians want, because they themselves know "thorough bass." It has been quoted as a remark of Legh Richmond, that "Christ has more than once been crucified between the two thieves of mathematics and classics." That may or may not be true; one thing is certainly very nearly true, namely, that "high art" kills the spirit of the gospel in a preacher's heart more quickly than anything else in the world. The end is generally close at hand; these ministers ooze themselves out of the churches they weary, and then we are treated to their discontented criticisms upon modern music, uttered in the newspapers.

Art is excellent as long as it is subordinate; when it is thrust up into dominance, it is only a King Bramble which royal cedars and vines perfectly understand. Within a week I fell upon a passage, which I used to repeat and always have wished to quote, from one of the letters of the poet Cowper to his friend John Newton. He is writing about a clergyman they had recently received at Olney, and this is what he says:

"He seems, together with others of our acquaintance, to have suffered considerably in his spiritual character by his attachment to music. The lawfulness of it, when used with moderation and in its proper place, is unquestionable; but I believe that wine itself, though a man be guilty of habitual intoxication, does not more debauch and befool the natural understanding than music, always music, music in season and out of season, weakens and destroys the spiritual discernment. If it is not used with an unfeigned reference to the worship of God, and with a design to assist the soul in the performance of it, — which cannot be the case when it is the only occupation, — it degenerates into a sensual delight, and becomes a most powerful advocate for the admission of other pleasures, grosser perhaps in degree, but in their kind the same."

When we bear in mind that these strong words are spoken concerning a Christian minister, by one of the authors of the Olney Hymns to another, — Cowper to Newton, — there must be much important suggestion in them. At the foot of the page in the biography of the poet, from which I have quoted them, there is also this note: "It is recorded of Rev. Mr. Cecil that, being passionately fond of playing on the violin, and finding that it engrossed too much of his time and thoughts, he one day took it into his hands and broke it to pieces." I have undertaken to verify this statement, but I do not find the story in full. I found this paragraph, however, in Cecil's "Remains":

"Admiration and feeling are very distinct from each other. Some music and oratory enchant and astonish, but they speak not to the heart. I have been overwhelmed by Handel's music: the Dettingen *Te*

Deum is, perhaps, the greatest composition in the world; yet I never in my life heard Handel but I could think of something else at the same time. There is a kind of music that will not allow this. Dr. Worgan has so touched the organ at St. John's that I have been turning backward and forward over the Prayer Book for the first lesson in Isaiah, and wondered that I could not find Isaiah there! The musician and orator fall short of the full power of their science, if the hearer is left in possession of himself."

It is evident from this, therefore, that even "the good Cecil," as he was affectionately called, perceived his own exposure to peril in the reach and strength of his enthusiasm for music; and it is not impossible to believe that he may have put away his temptation in the violent way the story suggests It is enough here to say that art is a servant; and when it begins to act as master, devotion disdains even its proffered help.

Charles S. Robinson.

In Re Church Music.

THE expression "worshiping by proxy," as applied by Dr. Robinson to church music, emphasizes, in a certain way, a habit of thought which is harmful to the highest usefulness of music in the public service. Of course, Dr. Robinson does not really object to "singing by proxy" any more than to "praying by proxy," but the readiness with which the phrase comes to hand indicates the extent to which this habit of thought has grown upon us. Do we not often allow our attention to be called away from what is being sung to who is singing and how it is being performed? Have we not allowed ourselves to look upon the singing as a "performance" and not an act of worship. And, as we settle ourselves in our pews to "listen to the voluntary," do we, as a general thing, endeavor to understand the thought of the composer (supposing the music to be properly selected), or do we rather criticise the singers and spend all our thought upon the execution of the "selection"? It is this latter habit which gives point to the expression "by proxy," and not that it is another's voice that sings.

We go to church, it may be, to be lifted up, to be inspired, to be carried away out of ourselves to something better and above us, and beyond what we can understand from the level monotone and discord of daily life. As we come away from the morning service at Trinity, perhaps, where we have listened to the boys' clear voices rising through and over the full tones of the men, and with the organ, under and above all, filling the vast spaces with an ecstasy of song and praise; where we have heard deep calling unto deep, and angel voices telling unutterable things which only the inner ear at such times can hear and partly understand,— must we be told at the door as we come away, "down from the mountain," that we have been "singing by proxy," because, forsooth, the boys laughed amongst themselves during the sermon? Must we lose the inspiration of the morning because our soprano's good honest voice, in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," must be compared with Patti's? Or must we lose it entirely because we must not sing by proxy, and we certainly cannot sing it ourselves? The trouble is not so much in our singers as in our worshipers. We find what we seek.

One word, not in defense, about singing in a "foreign tongue," or, what amounts to the same thing, singing so that the words cannot be understood. In the first place, do we not sing many hymns to one tune? It is the tune and not the words that we care most for. Again, some of us may have listened to high mass in some grand cathedral, where every word was in a foreign tongue; shall we ever forget the emotions, the exaltations, the utter self-forgetfulness? Did we not, indeed, "bow down and worship," although we knew no word of what was being said? True, the words might have been assistants at the first, but once in that higher atmosphere and words do not avail,—it is "the worship of song."

W. H. S.

An Ideal Church.

PERHAPS I cannot place my view of this whole question of "Artistic Help in Divine Service" more clearly before those I want to reach than by telling them of an ideal church I have in mind. In that church the clergyman, the choir-leader, and the organist are a committee, meeting regularly to arrange for each service. The clergyman sets the tone of the service; and the organist and choir-master adapt themselves thereto, choosing music bright or sad, as is best, but always *the best*. In the choir gallery of that church are the best voices obtainable, and the choristers are ladies and gentlemen. The clergyman has confidence that his sermon will be supplemented by a service of praise which will heighten its effect, and the members of the congregation know that they will be given opportunities for joining audibly in the service of praise, and of worshiping by proxy through the medium of devotional music so sung and played that it will certainly call their minds from the contemplation of earthly to heavenly things.

Is that ideal church impossible of realization? I should like to have all concerned make strenuous efforts toward that end.

Fred. W. Wodell.

The Study of Acting in Paris.

ONE day, in Paris, in a conversation about the stage, Monsieur Régnier said to me: "I have many applications from Americans for private lessons and for admission to the Conservatoire; the number of such students is constantly increasing. Why is it that they do not study at home?"

I answered: "In America, acting is considered a trade rather than an art, save by very few; and the few, being forced to live like the wandering tribes of Israel in order to live at all, cannot teach. The opinion is often expressed by our actors that the quality of a dramatic performance is a matter solely of individual feeling; that it is, therefore, impossible to establish a standard of acting; that, moreover, no man can give another any valuable aid in learning to act."

"But you teach your young painters to see, although every human being looks through his especial pair of eyes; you have so-called 'art schools,' have you not?"

"Yes, many. We train our young lawyers, our young preachers, our young authors, all whose professional worth depends upon knowledge of human

nature — all save those that are to personate humanity. They are supposed to have intuitions that are superior to education."

"And what is the result? You have a great number of theaters, I am told: are all that enter your companies gifted with genius, and does untrained genius give satisfactory performances?"

"Not always. It happens, sometimes, that Shakspere is misinterpreted on our stage. I have seen ladies and gentlemen, royalty itself, represented by persons ignorant of the grammar of their own language, and having the articulation and manner of cowboys and kitchen-maids; diplomatists and scholars by men whose faces expressed scarcely enough intelligence to sell shoe-strings. I have heard a French nobleman speak with a hideous Irish brogue, and that in a serious drama on the stage of a first-class theater. I have seen 'Hamlet' played in New York when the King of Denmark appeared more like a tramp than a king. These performances were given by actors for whom 'experience, the only teacher,' had done its utmost. Many, even of these, have the power of exciting emotion in themselves and in their equals, and emotion is generally accepted as a sufficient substitute for intellectual conception and execution. The truth is that the conditions of an actor's life in America are such that the wonder is, not that so many performances are bad, but that any are good. Attracted by the publicity that seems so like renown, or the promised gratification of frivolous desires, a great many young men and women that lack stability enough to ground themselves in the common fields are drawn into the rapids of theatrical life. Every season a multitude of companies leave New York with every kind of play — tragedy, comedy, drama, melodrama, spectacle, burlesque, farce, and their indescribable hybrid offspring. No examination is necessary to an engagement, even for a novice. First engagements are dependent upon circumstances more or less relevant, personal appearance being the most weighty consideration, amount of salary desired the next. The result is obvious. In one company, whose members should work together like the parts of an organized body, may be found elements so antagonistic that their fusion is impossible. Each individual is an autocrat, resentful of criticism when it is offered, which is seldom. Following blindly his own impulses, he uses his rôles as so many means to exhibit his own personality, instead of looking upon himself as the shapeless clay from which he is to mold many and varied forms. Too many, even of our celebrated actors, are noted because of some peculiarity that marks, appropriately or otherwise, every character they assume. It is seldom that a company travels with a *répertoire*. An actor plays a part during an entire season, often during several. Having learned his lines and spoken them to his own satisfaction, his work is done; he repeats the performance and draws his salary during the run of the piece, which may be for months, or even years. His life is spent in cars or hotels; his social life is the gossip-parties of the company. He may have begun his career full of enthusiasm, but, having so few incentives, he is apt to lose inclination to improve. He finds that his reputation depends upon caprice; he perceives the injustice of judgments, and how little advancement is affected by desert. His enthusiasm dies of inanition, and his last performance is no more meritorious than his first. Owing to greater delicacy of organization, all these results are intensified in the actress, with the added evil of nerves weakened by fatigue, exposure to cold and dampness in theaters and hotels, and irregular habits. Of one hundred who enter this terrible school of experience, five may possess genius, may be unconquered, even benefited; but the ninety-five do not retire. They go on giving performances that lack any merit, and ruining themselves mentally and physically. There is no one to tell them that they are mistakes; experience does not render them capable of measuring themselves. They are quite as likely to prosper financially as the five."

Régnier smiled at my long speech and said:

"I have been told much of this before. The things of which you speak could not happen on our stage. We believe that our actors are not different from other human beings, and need the same conditions for healthy growth. We think, too, that we have not the right to ask money of the public for the crude work of students in any art. Authors expect to be interpreted, not slandered; the public would not submit to caricatures of itself."

Through the kindness of Monsieur Régnier I had the privilege of attending the classes at the Conservatoire. In our theaters there are many young people feeling the need of authoritative instruction, failing to find it at home, and deterred from seeking it elsewhere by the uncertainty of such an undertaking. To such, and to all that enjoy the theater, or are desirous for its improvement, I am sure that a sketch of the method pursued in Paris with students of acting will be welcome.

The Conservatoire is an institution supported by the Government for the training of musicians and actors. It is called the "Conservatoire de Musique," the dramatic classes having been an afterthought.

The professors of acting are elected from the *Société* of the Théâtre-Français, and are given a sufficient recompense for their services. Established for life in their theater, it is possible for those that have proved great to give the benefit of their experience to the young. They do not feel humiliated by coming out of the mystery of their fame and telling students, in simple words, how that fame was won; to them it is a joy to teach, because they love their art better than themselves. No fee is asked of candidates for admission; they are required only to recite a poem or to act a scene from a play, and, if judged worthy of instruction, are assigned to the class of one of the professors. Many that fail in their first examination enter as listeners, and make another trial the next year.

The pupils assemble in the parquet of a little theater. In the center, beside a table, sits the professor. The listeners occupy a narrow gallery, that corresponds to our dress circle. There is a stage, draped at the back, furnished with tables and chairs, and reached by steps from the parquet.

Roll is called; then, at a sign from — we will say Delaunay, a young man mounts to the stage. He is studying *Gustave de Grignon*, in "La Bataille de Dames." One of the ladies volunteers to represent the *Countess*, and "give him the reply." They act a scene, with no comment save the observations of the other pupils, in undertone.

This talking is never allowed to become obtrusive, but a stranger wonders that it should be permitted at all. A remark made one day by Monsieur Got explains it. A young girl acted beautifully a scene from one of De Musset's comedies. The class listened spell-bound. On finishing, she was embarrassed by the silence.

"Was I so very bad?" she asked.

"Look at your fellow-students," said Got; "when they listen without comment, you may know you are very near right."

Montval, having finished his scene, comes forward for criticism. Delaunay questions him as to his conception of the part, and asks if he founded it on the lines of De Musset, or on the interpretation of some actor. Montval is, perhaps, unable to give a definite answer. Delaunay then, forming his idea from the words of *Grignon* and all that is said of him in the play, sketches, in clean outlines, the man's character; gives, as a background, the circumstances that surround him, and shades and lights the figure with the emotions they must excite in such a man. Montval's recitation is then reviewed, and found to indicate a quite different conception. Beginning again, he repeats the scene, Delaunay interrupting to criticise his delivery of paragraphs, sentences, phrases, words; showing where he is untrue to *Grignon*, often where he has belied a correct idea by false intonation, gesture, or facial expression. The young lady is noticed only when her replies give an unintended meaning to *Grignon's* speeches; but it is likely that she is studying the part she recites, and she listens attentively, for a knowledge of *Grignon's* character as affected by the *Countess* will aid her in forming a conception of her rôle.

The session lasts two hours, the pupils following one another in order, and several scenes are acted and reviewed, the professor often illustrating points by bits of his own experience or anecdotes of other actors.

Each of three professors teaches in the theater twice a week. On Got's days the class of Monsieur Maubant meets in another room.

Monsieur Got's class is conducted on the same plan as is Delaunay's, but in a different spirit. Delaunay reasons with his pupils; Got imitates them, showing their mistakes by witty or grotesque exaggeration. Delaunay talks with a musical flow of language that charms them into attention; Got speaks in terse sentences that stir them to exertion. Severity is Delaunay's last resource — a pupil will work untiringly to escape it; a *très-bien* from Got is equally rare — a pupil will slave to win it. The result of Delaunay's teaching is spirituality, smoothness, finesse; the result of Got's is intellectuality, vigor, power; not that Delaunay is weak or Got unpolished, but the strength of Delaunay's work is its beauty, and the beauty of Got's is its strength.

The *répertoire* of the Comédie-Française is studied,— tragedies, and old and modern comedies. Delaunay requires that his comedians study the tragedies, for the development of the voice and the acquirement of breadth of gesture and dignity of bearing. A teacher of deportment is provided, to correct especial awkwardness in the young people and to teach them to walk, to fall, etc.

The Conservatoire students come, almost invariably, from the *bourgeoisie;* they are the sons and daughters of tradespeople. During the course of three or four years they are educated, mentally and physically. They attain to the greatest familiarity with the meanings as well as with the words of French dramatic literature, and, through it, with history and romance. They have free admission to every theater in Paris, and see their art exercised in all its branches. They have the benefits of practical experience without its disadvantages. They perform on a stage before an audience. In their lessons, as much attention is given to stage business as to elocution; every part of a play is acted by a different person, and while, in each scene, one pupil is the object of criticism, every line of the other parts must be spoken, and spoken intelligently. They are spared the pain of exhibiting their imperfections before the world; and their critics are artists whose acknowledged greatness gives them authority.

At the end of the season a competitive examination is held. The scenes that have been studied during the winter are acted before a jury. The winner of the first prize is entitled to three débuts at the Comédie-Française. If he proves competent, he remains there. Winners of second prizes, or "*accessits*" — equivalent to "honorable mention" — either continue their studies at the Conservatoire or seek engagements in other theaters. They are sure to take whatever rank they deserve, and to advance as fast as they improve. Those who go to the Française may be said to enter a college where they study under their former teachers until these die, and pupils, qualified by experience, become in their turn masters. Plays are constantly in rehearsal at the Française, under the direction of the senior *sociétaires*, each of whom serves for a week at a time and is called the "*semainier.*"

The effect of this system is to be realized only by attendance at the theaters. The Comédie-Française is the mirror of manners and morals, the school of language — it is the mind of Paris. Sure that all the shades of their thoughts will be rendered in their just values, the authors of France give their best work to the theater; sure of justice from public and press, the actors give their lives to their art.

And their lives are theirs to give. Having permanent positions and sure incomes sufficient for all needs, the problem of existence, which possesses our minds, is solved for them; they are free to form family and social ties, to cultivate the many talents that are accessory to the dramatic; that is, to lay a firm foundation for an artistic structure.

They have a home at the theater. Their dressing-rooms are not wretched, damp little closets, but furnished rooms, which the artists vie with one another in making inviting. There is a library, rich in theatrical annals as well as in other literature, and a fine collection of busts and portraits. In the green-room the actors meet socially the distinguished in arts and letters.

If we could live in intimacy with these actors, we should doubtless find selfish ambition and vanity in them; but they are not allowed to inflict their idiosyncrasies upon the public. One leaves the Théâtre-Français impressed, not with the marvelous toilets of Mademoiselle A., not with the beauty of Mademoiselle B., not with Mademoiselle A. nor Mademoiselle B. at all, but with the persons they represented, with the excellence of the performance as a whole.

It is impossible for a foreigner to become a pupil of

the Conservatoire unless he have quite conquered his foreign accent. Let him not think for an instant that his own ear is competent to judge. The French ear is far more acute and far more exacting than any other. Not long ago a young American, after studying a scene from "Camille" with a French actress, until she thought herself perfect in it, ventured to recite before the jury that decides upon applicants for admission. The young lady had not spoken four lines when these gentlemen began to laugh — the kindest but most conclusive of laughs. Monsieur Régnier says that she spoke intelligently and with feeling, "but there was an accent."

Neither is it possible to have private lessons of Régnier, Delaunay, or Got. Régnier has ceased to teach, even at the Conservatoire. Coquelin and Worms sometimes give private lessons, I believe, but it is doubtful whether either would take a foreign pupil, unless interested by an extraordinary talent. Even if they could be obtained, the benefit of such lessons is questionable. The principles of the art are laid before the classes at the Conservatoire; principles fundamental to acting in all languages. These must be learned. When, feeling himself to be grounded in them, the student begins to study plays, it is well to submit to criticism in order to eliminate defects of pronunciation, carriage, etc.; but such criticism must be better given by one who speaks the language and can enter entirely into the spirit of the characters under study. If one were to act in French, no critic could be better than Coquelin aîné; but if one is to act in English, an Englishman, even if he be not so good an actor, is the better teacher.

It is less difficult to enter the Conservatoire as a listener. A written word from Régnier is an "open sesame," and, as he is least occupied and most approachable of those in authority, it is best to go to him.

Thorough knowledge of the French language is quite indispensable, and is to be gained only by speaking it with French people. The first sensation of most Americans arriving for the first time in France is astonishment at their ignorance of the language. A few months of intercourse with a native family, however, will train a dull ear to comprehension, and the tongue is an apt pupil of the ear.

The Conservatoire opens in November, but it is well to go to France in May or June.

Women should not go alone. Among Parisians a woman that is alone is always under suspicion. A student owes to her art as well as to her womanhood to protect her reputation; to have, as companion, a married woman older than herself.

The summer may well be employed in making the acquaintance — the friendship — of the French drama. Most of Molière is played; of Racine, "Britannicus," "Phèdre," "Andromaque," and "Iphigénie;" of Corneille, "Le Cid" and "Les Horaces" are still played. The modern dramas are legion; to read them seems an endless task, but a listener at the Conservatoire, if he be not familiar with them, will find much of the instruction unintelligible. In other ways, also, they repay the reading. There is no better means to acquire facility in understanding and speaking than to read them aloud. There is a book-store under the Théâtre-Français where any play may be bought, and the salesmen will take pleasure in marking in a catalogue the names of the most popular ones. Regular attendance at the theater is as important as attendance at the Conservatoire. The Français is, of course, first on the list.

The Odéon is called the "second Théâtre-Français" only because the classics are played there also. The performances are not to be compared with those given in several other theaters. Pupils of the Conservatoire who aspire to playing tragedy, and who fall short of the first prize, go to the Odéon. Some of the now celebrated actors began their careers there.

Almost as powerful as the theaters to train the judgment are the criticisms in the papers. The articles of "Un Monsieur de l'Orchestre," in the "Figaro," can scarcely be called criticisms, but they are full of suggestive wit. Monsieur Auguste Vitu is the critic of that paper, and writes in a dignified style that carries conviction. Monsieur Sarcey, acknowledged leader of living dramatic critics, writes for "Le Temps." The student will form no pleasanter habit than going to his news-stand on Sunday afternoons, buying his "Temps," and reading Monsieur Sarcey's article by the fireside. The day after the first performance of a new play he will buy all the papers, and learn as much of the literary, dramatic, and moral qualities of the piece, the history of its growth in the author's mind, and the work of the actors, judged by their own ideals and in comparison with great ones of the past, as by seeing the performance a dozen times. He will be delighted with the earnestness, the educated intelligence, and the impartiality of these criticisms. There is no vague, thoughtless praise; there are no long sentences that indicate nothing but an abnormal secretion of adjectives in the writer's brain. "It is enough to make a man respect himself," he will think, "to be held worthy of treatment like this; and to stand such a test, he can permit himself no weak points." A paste diamond would turn very pale under the searching light that is thrown upon the jewels in the crown of Paris — the actors of her drama.

The advantage of a year of study in Paris to an American depends upon himself. If his object in going upon the stage be to make a fortune or to display his individual peculiarities, or if he go abroad expecting to act in Paris and return with a European reputation, to sweep like a comet before the "upturned, wondering eyes of mortals," filling the theatrical sky with a glittering Parisian tail, then he will gain nothing. It will be far wiser to stay at home, engage some playwright that knows him to put together some incidents in which his eccentricities can be made conspicuous, and start "on the road," heralded by flaming pictures and advertisements written in the superlative. If he be prompted by a sense of the importance and the consequent dignity of his art, by a conviction that he can do his life-work better in that field than in any other, then a season spent in the theaters of Paris will be of inestimable value to him. He will, perhaps, make little progress in the technicalities of acting; he will go home to begin at the very bottom; but he will have gathered a store of knowledge that will aid him at every step, and he will have conceived an ideal that will inspire him, make him indifferent to difficulties, and feed in him the determination to do his utmost to help on the organization of our theatrical class into a dramatic world.

Juliet M. Everts.

Shall We Have an American Conservatory?

THE theater of America has no "traditions," such as have nourished the Théâtre-Français. Our theater has little of the artistic surroundings that have proved so helpful to the Meiningen company and to Henry Irving. Where, then, lies the hope of our theater?

The revival of the "stock-company" system and all the necessary reforms of the American stage can be sought for in a cultivation of the art-spirit in the people (in place of the speculative mania), in the erection *here* of a standard of taste.

The Paris Conservatoire has furnished heretofore this standard for the whole theatric world. Must we go to France for our dramatic instruction? Can we not even better it here?

The professors of the Conservatoire are also the principal actors of the Théâtre-Français. Teaching and acting are two allied professions, but based on different modes of mental discipline. The actor is an artist; the teacher should be a scientist. The empirical and imitative method of "coaching" for the stage has given way in this country especially to the methods of scientific training.

When we realize that in the United States we possess the best-trained teachers in the various branches of the dramatic art, in pantomime, elocution, vocalization, etc., hardly excepting the French, the best teachers of these specialties in the world; and when we realize also that our people have more dramatic instinct inborn than most other nations,—than the German or English, for example,—the thought will occur to every one: "Why not an American Conservatory of Dramatic Art?"

First of all, it is essential for the success of such a project that it should have the sympathy and support of our professional actors. Now, among the ladies and gentlemen of the "profession" all differences of opinion upon the desirability of an American School of Dramatic Art resolve themselves into the old standing debate on the relative value of *experience* in comparison with *training*.

Experience is a great teacher. But no one could learn to play the violin, for instance, under the teaching of experience alone; and the actor has a much finer and more complex instrument for the application of his skill. Surely a little attuning of the instruments, body and voice, a little philosophy, a little study of the history of the human heart, would round many a mechanic or amateur of the stage into an artist.

Whatever reforms are needed for the stage can be easily and quickly brought about by means of a good training-school.

F. H. Sargent.

Silk Culture at Home.

WHEN, in 1881, a number of ladies in Philadelphia opened in that city an exhibition of raw silk, cocoons, and silk fabrics, general attention was drawn to the fact that silk can be produced in nearly every State in the Union. This was, in a sense, known before, and it was known also that practically no silk was produced here. The amount of raw silk imported was very great, aggregating at least twenty millions a year. The object of the exhibition in Philadelphia was to prove that silk culture was an employment in which women and young people could engage with profit. Through the liberality of a well-known business house in that city, prizes were offered for the best cocoons raised in this country. Twenty-six competitors offered their cocoons, and, from a critical examination of the silk produced, the material was pronounced in every respect as good as the best Italian silk.* In 1882 there was a second competition, and thirty-six samples of American silk were offered. This spring a third competition and a second exhibition brought out seventy-seven lots of cocoons from twenty States. The highest award this year was given to Miss E. Woolson, of Pemberton, N. J., her display averaging six hundred and forty cocoons to a pound, one hundred cocoons yielding a little over three-quarters of an ounce of reeled silk.

This matter of silk culture as a home employment for women has now attracted considerable attention. There has been much discussion both for and against the plan of introducing it as a home-work for farmers' wives and daughters. Remarkable progress has certainly been made in the last few years; and having attended both exhibitions, and having examined the work in various stages, the writer may be prepared to briefly outline the present situation. In the first place, it must be observed that the qualities needed in the work are neatness, carefulness, watchfulness, and patience—precisely the qualities of a trained nurse. None of the labor is heavy, and the only really taxing portion of the work (taxing alone on care and patience) extends over a period of thirty-five days, once a year. The facilities required are one or more light and airy rooms that can be protected from excessive heat, cold, noise, and dust—exactly the requirements of health in a home. In this room must be placed a light framework, on which can be stretched horizontally common netting. The materials required are good, healthy eggs of the silk-worm, and fresh, succulent foliage from the white mulberry, or, in default of this, the osage-orange. The tools required are trained hands and a pair of scissors to cut up the leaves. The work proceeds rapidly from the hatching of the eggs, through the several molting stages, to the final spinning of the cocoons, and during this time the entire work consists in feeding the worms and keeping them in a healthful condition by attention to cleanliness, warmth, and ventilation. The work is light, and there appears to be no good reason why it might not form a part of the year's work of many a farm and plantation throughout the Union.

The objections raised to this work as an industry for women are, that it is only fit for ignorant peasants, and is followed by them in disagreeable and unhealthful places; and, what is of more importance, it does not pay. That ignorant peasants raise silk in a stupid way, does not mean that American women need follow their example. The profitableness of the work turns on our facilities for reeling the silk from the cocoons. The silk-reel occupies precisely the position of the steam-thresher. Not every farmer can own one, but a company of farmers may have one and use it in turn. The amount of silk raised here is as yet too small to make it profitable to set up reeling machin-

* See "The World's Work" in THE CENTURY for April, 1882.

ery — unless it be, as in California, owned by the State, or, as in Philadelphia, by a private association of ladies interested in the work. Silk is like a diamond — worth money in every currency. If the culture is yet so young that its profitableness is in doubt, it has only to grow, and must of necessity command its market. American silk has been raised, reeled, dyed, spun, and woven into ribbons and fabrics. American women have worn these fabrics and pronounced them as good as foreign silks.

Charles Barnard.

Schools of Industry.

THERE is a growing demand for industrial schools in the United States. One would have the trades-unions or guilds of artisans take the matter in hand, and establish schools for the training of their own apprentices; another would have the experiment tried in certain schools which it is proposed that the Government shall establish; while a third would have a work-shop in every existing public school. Meantime more industrial schools are now in operation than people generally are aware of. There are a dozen in New York City, only one of which is widely known. The school of the Cooper Union is noted throughout the United States; and it is true that half the whole number of students in industrial art in the entire city are enrolled upon its books. But, notwithstanding its merited and undisputed preëminence, the others are growing, and they contain the "promise and potency" of much good. One of these smaller institutions, the Free Drawing School of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, is the oldest in the city. Its aims are intensely practical, and are not too high to be successfully realized. The object kept in view is to aid young men engaged in the trades by giving them some knowledge of drawing, both general and as applied to their several occupations. Another, the New York Trade School, provides instruction in plumbing, bricklaying, wood-carving, and fresco-painting. This school is maintained by a private gentleman of means, whose philanthropy takes this useful direction. The school of the Turnverein provides free instruction in drawing, and there are small classes in modeling and designing. Several private schools make a specialty of industrial features, of which the best known is that of the Society for Ethical Culture, whose merits Mr. Felix Adler has often set forth. The Society of Decorative Art has done much for art needlework, and has opened a new field for women. Classes in china-painting, and various kindred branches of decorative art, are found everywhere.

Perhaps the most ambitious attempt at the application of art to industry is made by the Technical School of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Its projected course of training goes even further than that of the Cooper Union school. It is as yet, however, in an inchoate state, and the number of its pupils is quite small. It is only fair to add that the authorities of the Museum are now taking steps to put the school on a better footing, and to push it with vigor and determination. It is in connection with this school that the attempt has been made to interest different trades-unions in establishing and maintaining classes of apprentices. So far, the matter has been taken up by only one such society, the National Association of Carriage Builders, who have had a large class in successful operation during the past winter. Other trades have not taken up the idea, more, apparently, from apathy than from active hostility; although it may be said here that the rules adopted by many trades-unions limit strictly the number of apprentices allowed to each firm, the idea being to keep down the supply of competent laborers, in order to keep up the wages of those who are already masters of the trade.

In addition to the general and somewhat indefinite public demand noticed above, another, far more specific and practical, has given an impulse to art-work in almost every department of industry. People of culture, and that more numerous class of wealthy persons who take the symbol for the substance, and attempt to buy their culture as they do their lands, stocks, horses, wines, and sometimes their social position, are demanding artistic houses and furniture, new and better patterns in wall-papers, carpets, chandeliers, cornices, wall-decorations, gas-fixtures, fenders, and everything that goes to make up the general effect of "the house beautiful." All this implies skilled architects, builders, carpenters, stone-cutters, carvers, cabinet-makers, joiners, designers of all sorts, modelers, fresco-painters, upholsterers, and workers in various kinds of metal. The native supply of artisans capable of producing good work in these departments is too small, and the process of equalization between demand and supply is now taking place. It is no wonder, then, that all the industrial schools are full to overflowing, with long lists of applicants waiting for vacancies; nor that there should be an agitation of the question whether hand-work as well as head-work should not form part of the public-school course.

The first important endeavor to answer this question in the affirmative has just been made in Boston. Its results are not yet apparent, and the example may not be extensively followed. So far, the most successful form of industrial school in this country has been that of the Cooper Union — an institution founded by private liberality, and maintained, so far as the instruction is concerned, in the same way. A charge for materials used is found advisable, as it insures a steady interest and application that are wanting where the school is absolutely free of charge.

It has been said that one of the conditions necessary, or at least effectual, in developing skilled craftsmen in this country has been wanting hitherto, and it is not likely to be supplied. There is here no artisan class in which the pursuit of the father is handed down to the son, and generation after generation works with the accumulated knowledge and experience and inherited skill of a line of ancestry. It is not desirable, politically speaking, that our society should become stratified as fixedly as that of France, for instance; and even for the interests of art it may be as well that it should not. Perhaps the superior readiness of Americans to adopt and invent new and improved methods of work may counterbalance the disadvantage of a lack of such inherited skill as has been mentioned.

However that may be, it rests with the future to determine it. Up to the present time we have had in this country, speaking broadly, no native artisans capable of producing really artistic work. Such work has been brought from abroad, especially from France,

and even the establishments here that aim to produce fine work have nearly all imported their workmen.

But the training that is now given in such schools as these in New York must tell in a few years upon the quality of the work produced by native artisans; and as a sense of the value and the beauty of such work increases, it may be thought better by parents to have their sons trained in a work-shop, where they can have a hand in creative, helpful labor, than to have them, "dressed like gentlemen," sit all day on a high stool adding columns of figures, or stand all day behind a counter selling goods.

W. A. Platt.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Love-letter from Dakota.

SHWEET Jinny, I write on me knee
  Wid the shtump of a limitid pincil;
I would write on me disk, but you see
  I'm widout that convainient utinsil.
I've a house of me own, but as yet
  Me furniture's homely an' shlinder;
It's a wife I am afther, to let
  Her consult *her* ideals of shplindor.
If I should buy tables an' chairs,
  An' bureaus, an' carpets, an' vases,
An'—bother the lingo of wares!—
  An' curtains wid camel-hair laces,
Perhaps whin I married a wife
  She would turn up her nose at me choosin',
Or waysht the shweet bloom of her life
  Wid pretinse of contint at their usin'.
So now, I've no carpets to shweep,
  Nor tables nor chairs to tip o'er;
Whin night comes I roll up an' shleep
  As contint as a pig on the floor.
But ah, the shweet dreams that I dream
  Of Erin's most beautiful daughter!
Until in me visions you seem
  On your way to me over the water!
    (—Please pardon me method ungainly,
      But, hopin' the future may yoke us,
      I'll try to be bould an' speak plainly,
        An' bring me note down to a focus:—)
Would you marry a man wid a farrum,
An' a house most ixquisitely warrum,
Wid walls so ixcaidin'ly thick, ma'am,
For they're built of a single big brick, ma'am,
Touchin' Mexico, Texas, Nebrasky,—
  The thickest walls iver you thought of,
  Why, they cover the country we bought of
The sire of Alexis — Alasky!
For sure its great walls are the worruld,—
  In fact it's a hole in the ground;
But oh, it's the place to be curruled
  Whin the whirlwinds are twirlin' around!
It is ivery bit basemint ixcipt
  The parlor, that lies out-of-doors,
Where the zephyr's pure fingers have swept
  Its million-ply carpeted floors.
Forgive me ixtravigant speeches,
  But it's fair as the dreams of a Hindoo,
Wid me parlor's unlimited reaches
  An' the sky for a sunny bay-window.

Me darlint, Dakota is new,
  Sod houses are here widout number,
But I'll build a board mansion for you—
  Whin I'm able to purchase the lumber.
An' sure 'twill not take very long
  Where the soil is so fertile, I'm tould;
Whin you tune up your plow for a song,
  The earth hums a chorus of gould.

Thin come to your Dinnis O'Brion,
  An' let his fidelity prove
That his heart is as strong as a lion,
  Ixcipt that it's burstin' wid love.

W. W. Fink.

The Kitchen Clock.

KNITTING is the maid o' the kitchen, Milly,
Doing nothing, sits the chore-boy, Billy:
"Seconds reckoned,
Seconds reckoned;
Every minute,
Sixty in it.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Nick-knock, knock-nick,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
  Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly,
Every whit as close and cozy, Billy:
"Time's a-flying,
Worth your trying;
Pretty Milly—
Kiss her, Billy!
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Now—now, quick—quick!
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
  Goes the kitchen clock.

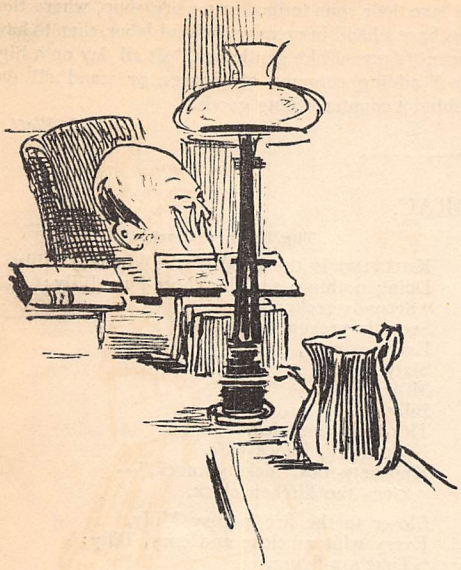
Something's happened; very red is Milly,
Billy boy is looking very silly:
"Pretty misses,
Plenty kisses;
Make it twenty,
Take a plenty.
Billy, Milly,
Milly, Billy,
Right-left, left-right,
That's right, all right,
Skippety-nick, rippety-knock,"—
  Jumps the kitchen clock.

Night to night they're sitting, Milly, Billy;
Oh, the winter winds are wondrous chilly!
"Winter weather,
Close together;
Wouldn't tarry,
Better marry.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Two-one, one-two,
Don't wait, 'twont do,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
  Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone, and where is Milly?
Spring has come again, and where is Billy?
"Give me credit,
For I did it;
Treat me kindly,
Mind you wind me.
Mr. Billy,
Mistress Milly,
My—Oh, Oh—my,
By-by, by-by,
Nickety-knock, cradle rock,"—
  Goes the kitchen clock.

John Vance Cheney.

Some Drawings by Thackeray.



JAMES SPEDDING.

Of all inventive, original, fantastic, and strangely inaccurate draughtsmen, Thackeray is, in a fashion of his own, the most delightful. One need not look far to illustrate this; for it is patent in the editions issued of his works with designs from various hands. On the capital small green edition, as on the *édition de luxe*, both published lately by Messrs. Smith & Elder, some of the best fancy and workmanship of the day, amongst others that of Mr. Du Maurier, has been employed to the best purpose. In some cases the artists, having to fill out a set of illustrations begun by Thackeray himself, have thought it good, and have done well in so thinking, to bring their style as near to the great novelist's own as was possible. So is it with Mr. Atkinson's very clever and spirited drawings for one of the most complete and touching narratives which Thackeray ever wrote, the "History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond." The types of Titmarsh and the other personages were invented and recorded in drawing by the master's hand, and the later artist has acquitted himself most honorably in preserving the types. It is no disparagement to him to say that the original sketches, though drawn with far less correctness than his, are yet preferable as complements to the text. They represent more truly than any other artist's work could do the author's own idea of his characters; and it may be remembered that in a "Roundabout Paper" Thackeray calls attention, in a graceful way, to the difference between his idea and the late Mr. Frederick Walker's idea of the personal appearance of that very odd person, Philip Firmin:

"A gentleman came in to see me the other day, who was so like the picture of Philip Firmin, in Mr. Walker's charming drawings in the 'Cornhill Magazine,' that he was quite a curiosity to me. The same eyes, beard, shoulders, just as you have seen them from month to month. Well, he is not like the Philip Firmin in my mind."

And is it not well to have the heroes and heroines, the confidantes, the villains, and the level run of characters represented for us as the author conceived them when we can, even though the author's drawing, with all its fancy and force, may be open to criticism as drawing? I think that even Mr. Doyle in the past, or Mr. Du Maurier in the present, could hardly give us such a notion of Major Pendennis, of Costigan, of Foker, as Thackeray's pencil has given; and that neither of them could surpass the pathos of the two figures bowed over the cradle in "The Great Hoggarty Diamond." It was, however, humor rather than pathos that Thackeray generally sought in his drawings, and it is curious to wonder, in passing, what would have been the result if his early offer to illustrate his great contemporary's work had been accepted.

There is character of the best kind in almost every line that he drew, whether for initial letters, in which his invention found a wonderful scope, in fantastic scenes, such as those of "The Rose and the Ring," in such light comedy as that of "A Little Dinner at Timmins's," or such high comedy as that of "Vanity Fair." He drew, it would seem, as he wrote, from a power of projecting himself into his characters, and feeling exactly how they would look, speak, and behave in any possible combination of circumstances. He drew, in fact, as some great mimic, such a mimic as

A SOUBRETTE'S HEAD.

the admirable (in this as in many far higher ways) original of his "Frank Whitestock, the Curate,"* might draw if he used pencil instead of voice and action. And his characters were things so outside of himself, persons so real and responsible to him as well as to his readers, that his skill in fixing their shape in drawing as in writing can scarce be diminished by the fact that he drew to his own writing. But in saying all this by way of introducing these sketches,† I have yielded to the temptation to say what each of us who has studied Thackeray with care and love can say for and to himself. It seems, indeed, almost like impertinence even to direct attention to the pertness and primness of this delightful bishop, or to the bibulous anger of the face beneath him, which, if Falstaff ever had been

* This was the late Canon Brookfield.

† The illustrations to this article have never appeared before. We owe them to the courtesy of Sir W. Frederick Pollock, Bart., in whose possession the originals exist. They are published by the kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., who hold the copyright of all Thackeray's posthumous productions in literature or art.—Ed.

THE BISHOP.

in a rage, might have passed for his. What, again, can be said more than is obvious at once of the arch-archness of the soubrette's head, or of the essentially operatic pride of the lady in the Polish cap? One wishes that more than the smudged indication of a face (which might have been the face of a vacuous tenor) had been given, but one may be more than content with the

exquisite expression and action of the complete figure.

More finished and more interesting, as a singularly clever portrait sketch of a man who left his mark on the world as one of extraordinary wit, intellect, and industry, is the sketch, excellent though of the slightest touch, of James Spedding. He is known, no doubt, to THE CENTURY readers as the author of what has been aptly called a gigantic monograph on Bacon, his devotion to which was self-effacing. Thackeray knew him at Cambridge, where he was associated also with such men as Lord Houghton, Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Brookfield, the present Archbishop of Dublin, Charles Buller, and John Sterling. He was a man of learning, amazing both in extent and accuracy; of the finest sympathy; of the keenest irony and wit. To him were addressed the Laureate's lines "To J. S." Apart from his historical and other weighty studies, he had a fine faculty of dramatic criticism as regards both plays and actors; and one of his best achievements was a criticism of Miss Ellen Terry's *Portia* which appeared in "Fraser" soon after the "Merchant of Venice" was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theater. The personal charm of his influence will never be forgotten by those who knew him. Thackeray's sketch cannot give those who did not know him any suggestion of the fine head and expression which served Mr. Watts as a model for one of the heads in his great fresco painted for Lin-

THE LADY IN THE POLISH CAP.

coln's Inn Hall. To those, however, who were privileged to know Mr. Spedding well, it is full of suggestion.

Walter Herries Pollock.

Seeing a Fairy—(à la Barnes).

BY ROGER RIORDAN.

"WHEN that I was and a tiny little boy,"
One night long, long ago,
I threw my ball
Over a wall
And followed it, ye know.

And there was grass and a gravel walk,
And a great tall laurel hedge;
My ball was lying in the grass,
But to it I dared not budge,
For right in the midst of that grass-plot
There was a girl dancing,
But never leaving that one spot,
And toward me never glancing.

I shut the gate and I ran away,
And never stopped to look, sirs,
Until I was at my mother's door,
And then with fright I shook, sirs.
That's all.

Last July.

SHE'S barely twenty, and her eyes
  Are very soft and very blue;
Her lips seem made for sweet replies,—
  Perhaps they're made for kisses, too;
Her little teeth are white as pearl,
  Her nose aspires to the sky.
She really is a charming girl,
  And I adored her — last July.

We danced and swam and bowled and walked;
  She let me squeeze her finger-tips;
Entranced I listened when she talked,
  And trash seemed wisdom from her lips.
I sent her roses till my purse
  Was drained, I found, completely dry;
I longed to sing her charms in verse —
  But all of this was last July.

Of course at last we had to part;
  I saw a tear-drop on her cheek;
I left her with an aching heart,
  And dreamt about her for a week.
But out of sight is out of mind,
  And somehow, as the time went by,
Much fainter I began to find
  The memory of last July.

July has come again at last;
  With summer gowns the rocks are gay;
It seemed an echo of the past
  To meet her on the beach to-day.
She's even fairer than of yore,
  And yet, I could not tell you why,
I find the girl an awful bore —
  So long it is since last July.

Sophie St. G. Lawrence.

To a Weak-voiced Actor.

THAT you were selected the ghost to enact
  Was truly a very appropriate choice:
Who better can mimic the voice of a ghost,
  Than one who possesses the ghost of a voice?

Ben Wood Davis.

A Genoese Love-song.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF C. G. CASANORA.

I'VE told you many times, O Rosalia!
That you're my life, my love, my rose of May;
But, deaf to all my prayers, you idly hear,
Then with a little laugh you skip away!

'Tis not a world I ask for, Rosalia,
No! only just a look — a word — a kiss:
One little kiss! — 'twould cost you nothing, dear;
Your sweet mouth keeps too many one to miss.

Only just one! — and then 'twill all be over;
I'll go and die! — I shall not care for life:
At least — unless you'll let me be your lover,
And marry me, and be my little wife!

Alice K. Sawyer.

Marjorie's Kisses.

MARJORIE laughs and climbs on my knee,
And I kiss her, and she kisses me.
I kiss her, but I don't much care,
Because, although she is charming and fair,
  Marjorie's only three.

But there will come a time, I ween,
When, if I tell her of this little scene,
She will smile and prettily blush, and then
I shall long in vain to kiss her again,
  When Marjorie's seventeen.

Walter Learned.

At an Apple-stand.

WHAT I SAID.

HI, boy! I've come to get some more —
Those apples that I had before —
  Yes, these, my little shaver.
One bite brings back my boyhood; I'm
Transported to a by-gone time
  By their familiar flavor.

Alas! since from a neighbor's trees
I plucked exactly such as these,
  With cheeks to crimson shaded,
And taste like this — a pleasant tart —
And sound and perfect to the heart,
  Full twenty years have faded.

How often, on the way to school,
I took the path above the pool
  Beneath that fruity shadow,
Through which the sun of summer bright
Cast down a dappled net of light
  Upon the emerald meadow!

And how that leafy covert rang
When all the feathered minstrels sang!
  The twitter of the linnet,
The merry robin's gurgling gush,
The bluebird, bobolink, and thrush,—
  I hear them all this minute.

And there sweet Kitty Ransom came
With eyes of blue and cheeks a-flame,
  As home from school she wended,
As nimble-footed as a fawn,—
A fleck of light upon the lawn,
  Of grace and goodness blended.

I clasped her trembling finger-tips
One morn, and kissed her glowing lips,
  And pledged my love to Kitty; —
But twenty years have fled since then —
And that was Kennebunk in Maine,
  And this is New York City.

WHAT THE BOY SAID.

Say! I was borned in Kennebunk,
And 'fore she married Jacob Munk
  My ma was Kitty Ransom!
These is the fruit yer talkin' 'bout!
Now, Mister, hev a peck? Shell out!
  You'd ought to come down han'some.

W. A. Croffut.

"DAFFODILS, THAT COME BEFORE THE SWALLOW DARES."

The Winter's Tale.

("A GLANCE AT BRITISH WILD FLOWERS.")

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII. AUGUST, 1884. No. 4.

A SONG OF THE MOCKING-BIRD.

(DEDICATED TO AN ENGLISH NIGHTINGALE.)

HEAR!
Hear!
Oh, will you hear?
Reed-notes clear,
Fluted in flowery, May-drowsed solitudes,
Filtered through sun-steeped woods:
Come, catch a breath
Of balm-buds sweet as meth;
Come, drink a melody spiced with things as good
As made the bragget that old Chaucer brewed.

Or if Villon
You dote upon,
I have his note and more,
And Ronsard's best in store,
Caught from a gay *garçon*
Who sang them, clear and strong,
On Bayou Teche,
With a Creole dash
In his voice and the brim of the hat he wore!

What cheer!
What cheer!
That is the cardinal grosbeak's way,
With his sooty face and his coat so red;—
Too shrill, too red, too loud and gay
(Top-knotted, like a jay),
Too crude for the critical eye and ear!
In a wild-plum thicket of Tennessee
He flung a challenge out to me,
And, as Marsyas, easily
Beaten and flayed alive was he.
Cheer! cheer!
What cheer!

Where blows
The Cherokee rose
Amidst Floridian hills, a slave I heard
Halloo across a green tobacco-field,
And sing, as gleeful as a brook or bird,
The whiles a heavy hoe his hand did wield:
I mixed his tune
With the heat of June,
And sang it
And rang it
By the slow Aucilla
And the deep Santilla
In groves of palm and pine by tropic breezes stirred.

Oh!
Ho!
The brown thrush
In the underbrush!
Conceited, self-conscious, inclined to gush,
A voice that will not wear;
Faulty *timbre* and volume weak,
He wrings from his beak
A spiral squeak
That bores like a gimlet through the air!
And the cat-bird, too,
With that feline mew,
Is only fit for the springe and the snare!

I like
The shrike,
Because, with a thorn for a guillotine,
He does his work so well and clean!

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A practical bird,
Whose common sense
Must be immense;
For, tell me, who has ever heard
Of such a thing
As a logger-head shrike that tried to sing?

Not a mere mimic I,
That is a courtly lie
To give precedence to the nightingale
Bred in a classic vale,
Shadowed by ruins old and dim.
Give me a tilt at him!
Prestige of fame?
Romance of ages in his name?
What care I!
That bird shall die
And lie,
My countless list of slain among,
On the flowery field of song!
He
A match for me!
No more than a wren or a chickadee!
Mine is the voice of the young and the strong,
Mine the soul of the brave and the free!

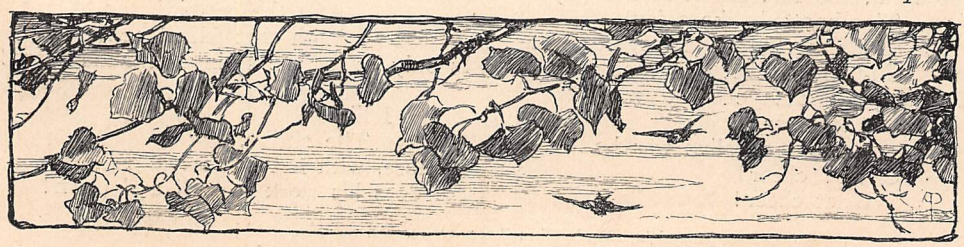
But I can pipe the oldest runes
And trill the rarest tunes
Of every tongue in which song's perfume is.
Each swell I know,
Each quaver low,
The precious rhymes and rhythmic ecstasies
Dreamed of by master-bards long dead
And buried;
And in my treasure
The lightest measure,
Rondeau, ballade, or virelay,
To music set,
Can match the vagabond troubadour's mandore fret for fret,
And in a key more gay
My triolet!

And when Night's vast and shadowy urn
Overbrims with dreams,
I stir the vales of sleep with my nocturne;
Slowly, tenderly
Outflow its rippling streams
To blend with Night's still sea of mystery;
The pungent savor of the dewy buds,
The coolness and the languor of old woods,
And the slow murmur of the darkling rills
My art distills
Into a subtle philter, wild, intense,
Of tenuous melody
And slumbrous harmony,
Blown round the dusky hills,
Through fragrant, fruity tropic thickets dense,
Lingering and lapsing on,
And lost before the dawn!

Higher!
Higher!
I aspire
To Freedom's fullest note;
The vigor of waxing birdhood thrills my throat;
Morn's wide horizon, rimmed with fervid fire,
Broadens my hope
And sets far limitations to the scope
Of my desire!
Cage me not!
Enrage me not!
Confine me to no purfled garden-plot:
My song must grow, as grows the plant or tree,
Out of the sun, and earth, and winds of Liberty!

Upon no vast
Dead past
I turn my eyes;
But every budding moment's blossom I forecast,
And take each day's new melodies by surprise!
I leap to meet fresh weather,
And feel through every feather
The first delicious foretaste of a change;
I test the range
Of Nature's every franchise, every tether!
Dream on, O Nightingale!
Old things shall fade and fail,
And the glory of the Past shall not avail
Against the Future, all-encompassing,
Whose prophet and whose poet I would be,
Whose promise and whose meaning I shall see,
Whose fires shall flame in every note I sing!

Maurice Thompson.



A GLANCE AT BRITISH WILD FLOWERS.

THE first flower I plucked in Britain was the daisy, in one of the parks in Glasgow. The sward had recently been mown, but the daisies dotted it as thickly as stars. It is a flower almost as common as the grass: find a square foot of greensward anywhere, and you are pretty sure to find a daisy, probably several of them. Bairnwort—child's flower—it is called in some parts; and its expression is truly infantile. It is the favorite of all the poets, and when one comes to see it he does not think it has been a bit overpraised. Some flowers please us by their intrinsic beauty of color and form; others by their expression of certain human qualities; the daisy has a modest, lowly, unobtrusive look that is very taking. A little white ring, its margin unevenly touched with crimson, it looks up at one like the eye of a child.

> "Thou unassuming Commonplace
> Of Nature, with that homely face,
> And yet with something of a grace,
> Which Love makes for thee!"

Not a little of its charm to an American is the unexpected contrast it presents with the rank, coarse ox-eye daisy so common in this country, and more or less abundant in Britain too. The Scotch call this latter "dog daisy." I thought it even coarser and taller there than with us. Though the commonest of weeds, the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" sticks close at home; it seems to have none of the wandering, devil-may-care, vagabond propensities of so many other weeds. I believe it has never yet

appeared upon our shores, though Wordsworth addressed it thus:

> "Thou wander'st this wide world about,
> Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt."

The daisy is prettier in the bud than in the flower, as it then shows more crimson. It shuts up on the approach of foul weather; hence Tennyson says the daisy closes

> "Her crimson fringes to the shower."

At Alloway, whither I flitted from Glasgow, I first put my hand into the British nettle, and, I may add, took it out again as quickly as if I had put it into the fire. I little suspected that rank dark-green weed there amid the grass under the old apple-trees, where the blue speedwell and cockscombs grew, to be a nettle. But I soon learned that the one plant you can count on everywhere in England and Scotland is the nettle. It is the royal weed of Britain. It stands guard along every road-bank and hedge-row in the island. Put your hand to the ground after dark in any fence corner, or under any hedge, or on the border of any field, and the chances are ten to one you will take it back again with surprising alacrity. And such a villainous fang as the plant has! it is like the sting of bees. Your hand burns and smarts for hours afterward. My little boy and I were eagerly gathering wild flowers on the banks of the Doon, when I heard him scream, a few yards from me. I had that moment jerked my stinging hand out of the grass as if I had put it into a hornet's nest, and I knew what the youngster had found. We held our burning fingers in the water, which only aggravated the poison. It is a dark-green, rankly growing plant from one to two feet high, that asks no leave of anybody. It is the police that protects every flower in the hedge. "Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety," is a figure of speech that has especial force in this island. Our nettle grows in the woods, is shy and delicate, is cropped by cattle, and its sting is mild. But apparently no cow's tongue can stand the British nettle, though when cured as hay it is said to make good fodder. Even the pigs cannot eat it till it is boiled. In starvation times it is extensively used as a pot-herb, and, when dried, its fiber is said to be nearly equal to that of flax. Rough handling, I am told, disarms it, but I could not summon up courage to try the experiment. Ophelia made her garlands

> "Of crow-flowers, daisies, nettles, and long purples."

It would be interesting to know how she managed the nettles.

A Scotch farmer with whom I became acquainted took me on a Sunday afternoon stroll through his fields. I went to his kirk in the forenoon; in the afternoon he and his son went to mine, and liked the sermon as well as I did. These banks and braes of Doon, of a bright day in May, are eloquent enough for anybody. Our path led along the river-course for some distance. The globe-flower, like a large buttercup with the petals partly closed, nodded here and there. On a broad sloping semicircular bank, where a

WILD HYACINTH, OR BLUEBELL.

level expanse of rich fields dropped down to a springy, rushy bottom near the river's edge, and which the Scotch call a brae, we reclined upon the grass and listened to the birds,—all but the lark new to me,—and discussed the flowers growing about. In a wet place the "gillyflower" was growing, suggesting our dentaria, or crinkle-root. This is said to be "the lady's smock all silver-white" of Shakspere; but these were not white, rather a pale lilac. Near by upon the ground was the nest of the meadow pipit, a species of lark, which my friend would have me believe was the wood-lark, a bird I was on the lookout for. The nest contained six brown-speckled eggs,—a large number, I thought. But I found that this is the country in which to see birds' nests crowded with eggs, as well as human habitations thronged with children. A white umbelliferous plant, very much like wild carrot, dotted the turf here and there. This, my companion said, was pig-nut, or ground chestnut, and that there was a sweet, edible tuber at the root of it; and, to make his words good, he dug one up with his fingers, recalling Caliban's words in the "Tempest":

> "And I, with my long nails, will dig thee pig-nuts."

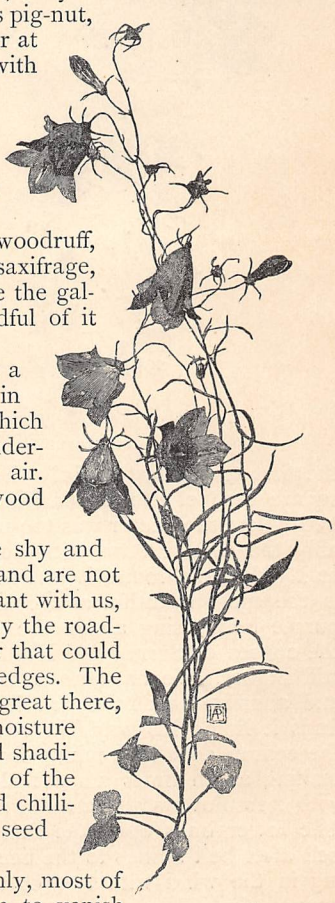
The plant grows freely about England, but does not seem to be troublesome as a weed.

In a wooded slope beyond the brae I plucked my first woodruff, a little cluster of pure white flowers, much like those of our saxifrage, with a delicate perfume. Its stalk has a whorl of leaves like the gallium. As the plant dries its perfume increases, and a handful of it will scent a room.

The wild hyacinths, or bluebells, had begun to fade, but a few could yet be gathered here and there in the woods and in the edges of the fields. This is one of the plants of which Nature is very prodigal in Britain. In places it makes the underwoods as blue as the sky, and its rank perfume loads the air. Tennyson speaks of "sheets of hyacinths." We have no wood flower in the Eastern States that grows in such profusion.

Our flowers, like our birds and wild creatures, are more shy and retiring than the British. They keep more to the woods, and are not sown so broadcast. Herb Robert is exclusively a wood plant with us, but in England it strays quite out into the open fields and by the roadside. Indeed, in England I found no so-called wood flower that could not be met with more or less in the fields and along the hedges. The main reason perhaps is that the need of shelter is never so great there, either winter or summer, as it is here, and the supply of moisture is more uniform and abundant. In dampness, coolness, and shadiness, the whole climate is woodsy, while the atmosphere of the woods themselves is almost subterranean in its dankness and chilliness. The plants come out for sun and warmth, and every seed they scatter in this moist and fruitful soil takes.

How many flowers we have which grow in the woods only, most of our choicest kinds being of sylvan birth, flowers that seem to vanish before the mere breath of cultivated fields, as wild as the partridge and



HAREBELL CAMPANULA, OR BLUEBELL.

FOXGLOVE.

the beaver, like the yellow violet, the arbutus, medeola, dicentra, claytonia, the trilliums, many of the orchids, uvularia, dalibarda, and others. In England, probably, all these plants, if they grew there, would come out into the fields and opens. The wild strawberry, however, reverses this rule; it is more a wood plant in England than with us. Excepting the rarer variety *(F. vesca)*, our strawberry thrives best in cultivated fields, and Shakspere's reference to this fruit would not be apt:

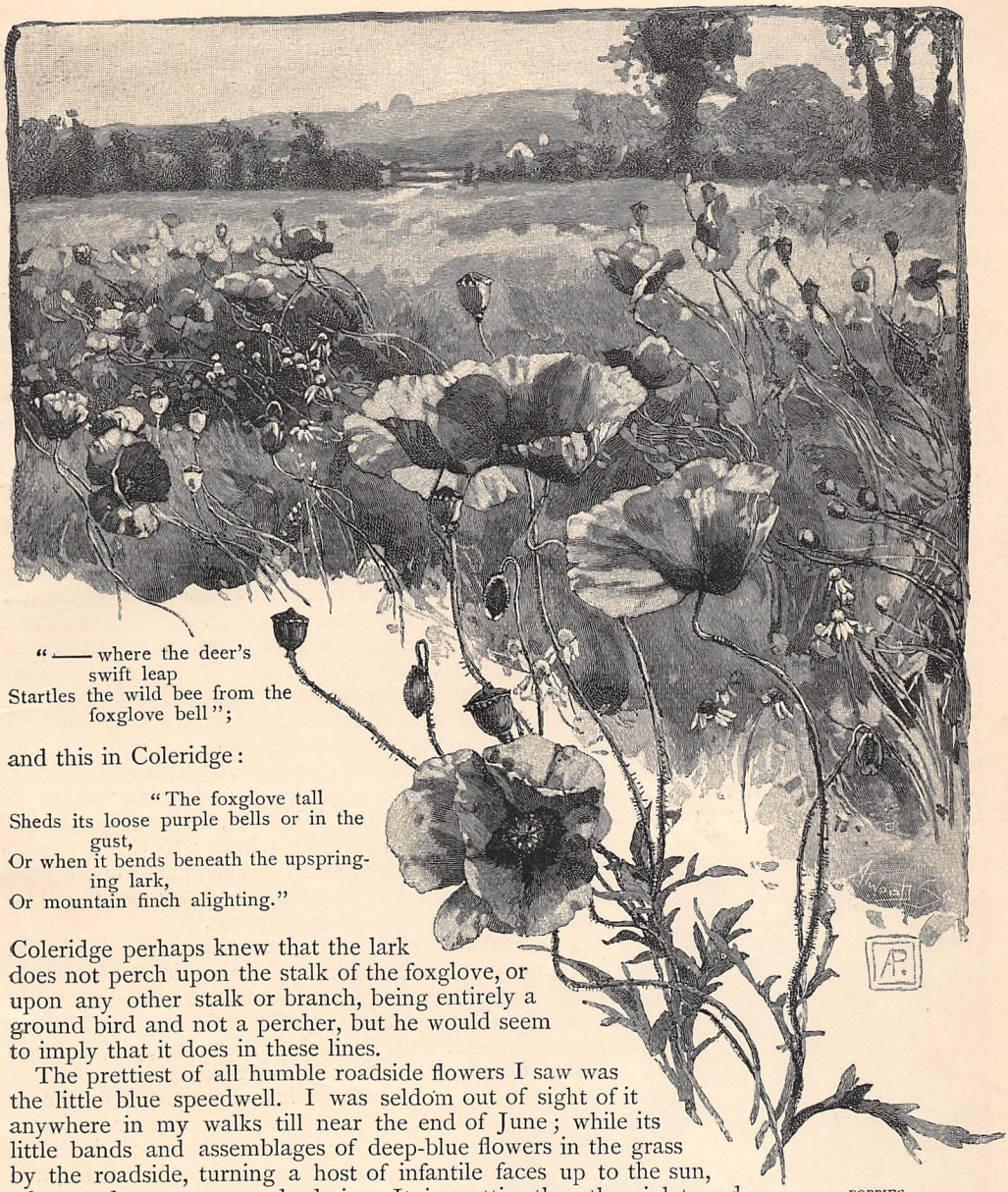
> "The strawberry grows underneath the nettle;
> And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
> Neighbor'd by fruit of baser quality."

The British strawberry is found exclusively, I believe, in woods and copses, and the ripened fruit has a pale-greenish look, not at all inviting.

Nature in this island is less versatile than with us, but more constant and uniform: with less variety and contrast in her works, and less capriciousness and reservation also. She is chary of new species, but multiplies the old ones endlessly. I did not observe so many varieties of wild flowers as at home, but a greater profusion of specimens; her lap is fuller, but the kinds are fewer. Where you find one of a kind, you will find ten thousand. Wordsworth saw "golden daffodils"

> "Continuous as the stars that shine
> And twinkle on the milky way,"

and one sees nearly all the common wild flowers in the same profusion. The buttercup, the dandelion, the ox-eye daisy, and other field flowers that have come to us from Europe, are samples of how lavishly Nature bestows her floral gifts upon the Old World. In July the scarlet poppies are thickly sprinkled over nearly every wheat and oat field in the kingdom. The green waving grain seems to have been spattered with blood. Other flowers are alike universal. Not a plant but seems to have sown itself from one end of the island to the other. Never before had I seen so much white clover. From the first to the last of July the fields in Scotland and England were white with it. Every square inch of ground had its clover blossom. Such a harvest as there was for the honey-bee, unless the nectar was too much diluted with water in this rainy climate, which was probably the case. In traveling south from Scotland, the foxglove *(Digitalis)* traveled as fast as I did, and I found it just as abundant in the southern counties as in the northern. This is the most beautiful and conspicuous of all the wild flowers I saw — a spire of large purple bells rising above the ferns and copses and along the hedges everywhere. Among the copses of Surrey and Hants I saw it five feet high, and amid the rocks of North Wales still higher. We have no conspicuous wild flower that compares with it. It is so showy and abundant that the traveler on the express train cannot miss it, while the pedestrian finds it lining his way like rows of torches. The bloom creeps up the stalk gradually as the season advances, taking from a month to six weeks to go from the bottom to the top, making at all times a most pleasing gradation of color, and showing the plant each day with new flowers and a fresh, new look. It never looks shabby and spent, from first to last. The lower buds open the first week in June, and slowly the purple wave creeps upward; bell after bell swings to the bee and moth till the end of July, when you see the stalk waving in the wind with two or three flowers at the top, as perfect and vivid as those that opened first. I wonder the poets have not mentioned it oftener. Tennyson speaks of "the foxglove spire." I note this allusion in Keats:



POPPIES.

"—— where the deer's
swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the
foxglove bell";

and this in Coleridge:

"The foxglove tall
Sheds its loose purple bells or in the
gust,
Or when it bends beneath the upspring-
ing lark,
Or mountain finch alighting."

Coleridge perhaps knew that the lark does not perch upon the stalk of the foxglove, or upon any other stalk or branch, being entirely a ground bird and not a percher, but he would seem to imply that it does in these lines.

The prettiest of all humble roadside flowers I saw was the little blue speedwell. I was seldom out of sight of it anywhere in my walks till near the end of June; while its little bands and assemblages of deep-blue flowers in the grass by the roadside, turning a host of infantile faces up to the sun, often made me pause and admire. It is prettier than the violet, and larger and deeper-colored than our houstonia. It is a small and delicate edition of our hepatica, done in indigo-blue, and wonted to the grass in the fields and by the waysides.

"The little speedwell's darling blue,"

sings Tennyson. It was very touching to see it blooming, as I did, upon the grave of Carlyle. The tender human and poetic element of this stern rocky nature was well expressed by it.

In the lake district I saw meadows purple with a species of wild geranium, probably *Geranium pratenes*. It answered well to our wild geranium, which in May sometimes covers wettish meadows in the same manner, except that this English species was of a dark-blue purple. Prunella, I noticed, was of a much deeper purple there than at home. The purple orchids also were stronger-colored but less graceful and pleasing than our own. One species which I noticed in June, with habits similar to our purple-fringed orchis, perhaps

the pyramidal orchis, had quite a coarse, plebeian look. Probably the most striking blue and purple wild flowers we have are of European origin, as succory, blue-weed or bugloss, vervain, purple loosestrife, and harebell. These colors, except with the fall asters and gentians, seem rather unstable in our flora.

It has been observed by the Norwegian botanist Schübeler that plants and trees in the higher latitudes have larger leaves and larger flowers than further south, and that many flowers which are white in the south become violet in the far north. This agrees with my own observation. The feeble light necessitates more leaf surface, and the fewness of the insects necessitates larger and more showy flowers to attract them and secure cross fertilization. Blackberry blossoms, so white with us, are a decided pink in England. Our houstonia and hepatica would probably become a deep blue in that country.

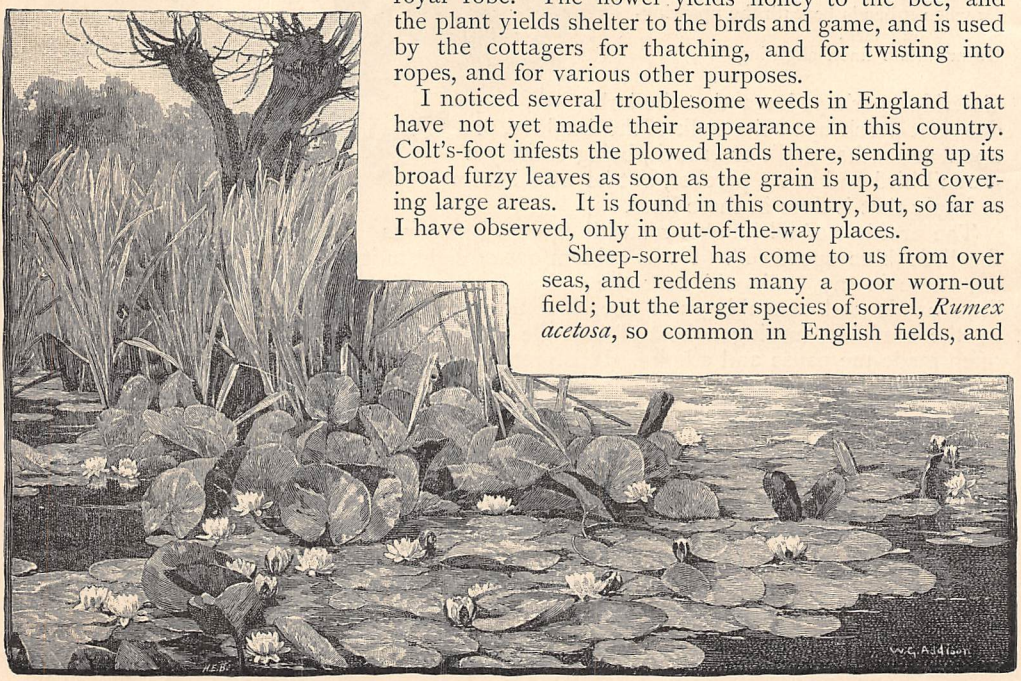
A flower which greets all ramblers to moist fields and tranquil water-courses in midsummer is the meadow-sweet, called also queen of the meadows. It belongs to the *Spiræa* tribe, where our hardhack, nine-bark, meadow-sweet, queen of the prairie, and others belong, but surpasses all our species in being sweet-scented—a suggestion of almonds and cinnamon. I saw much of it about Stratford, and in rowing on the Avon plucked its large clusters of fine, creamy-white flowers from my boat. Arnold is felicitous in describing it as the "blond meadow-sweet."

They cultivate a species of clover in England that gives a striking effect to a field when in bloom, *Trifolium incarnatum*, the long heads as red as blood. It is grown mostly for green fodder. The horse-bean or Winchester bean, sowed broadcast, is a new feature too, while its perfume, suggesting that of apple orchards, is the most agreeable to be met with.

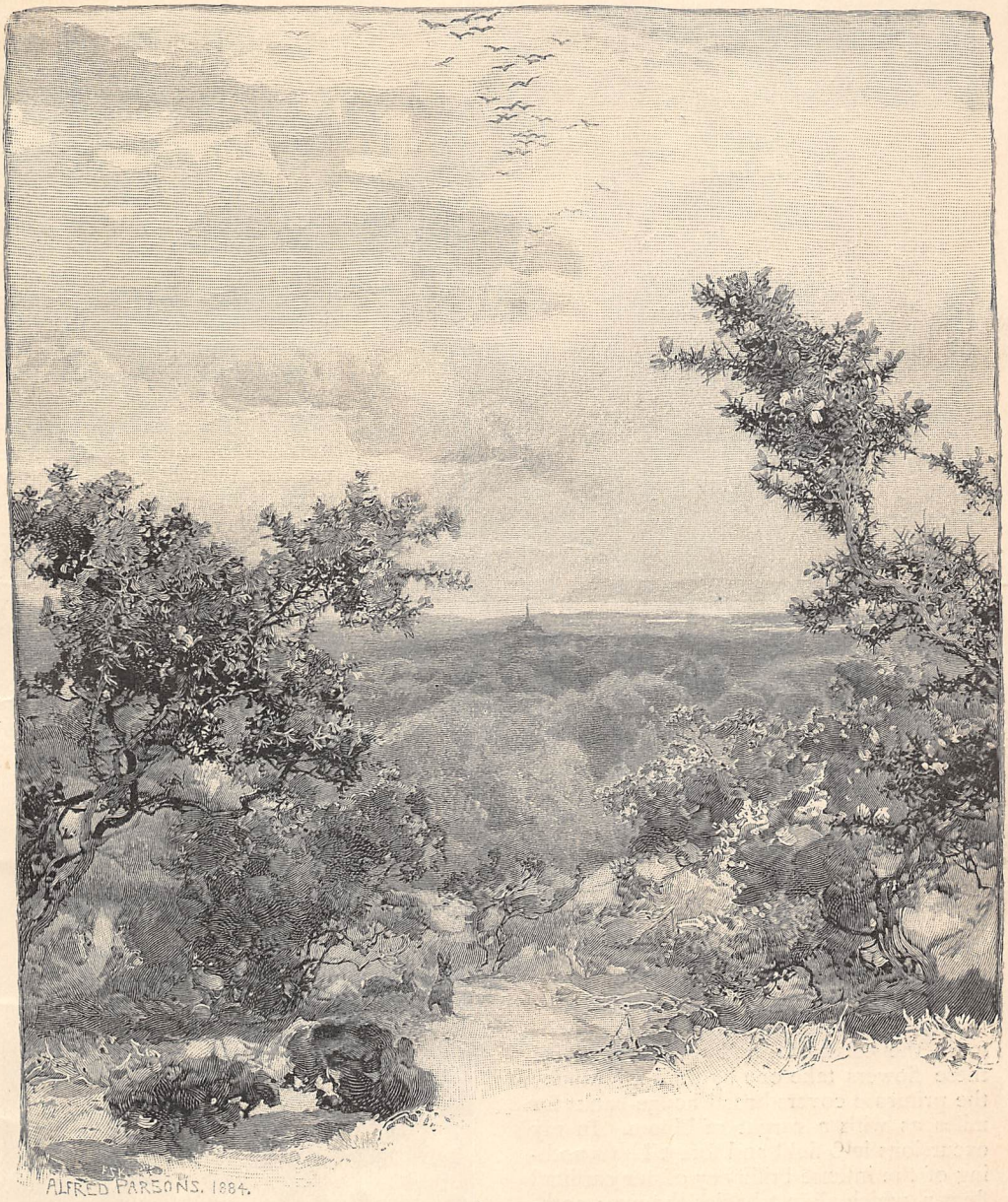
I was delighted with the furze, or whin, as the Scotch call it, with its multitude of rich yellow blossoms exhaling a perfume that reminded me of mingled cocoa-nut and peaches. It is a prickly, disagreeable shrub to the touch, like our ground juniper. It seems to mark everywhere the line of cultivation; where the furze begins the plow stops. It covers heaths and commons, and, with the heather, gives that dark hue to the Scotch and English uplands. The heather I did not see in all its glory. It was just coming into bloom when I left, the last of July; but the glimpses I had of it in North Wales, and again in northern Ireland, were most pleasing. It gave a purple border or fringe to the dark rocks (the rocks are never so lightly tinted in these islands as ours are) that was very rich and striking. The heather vies with the grass in its extent and uniformity. Until midsummer it covers the moors and uplands as with a dark-brown coat. When it blooms, this coat becomes a royal robe. The flower yields honey to the bee, and the plant yields shelter to the birds and game, and is used by the cottagers for thatching, and for twisting into ropes, and for various other purposes.

I noticed several troublesome weeds in England that have not yet made their appearance in this country. Colt's-foot infests the plowed lands there, sending up its broad furzy leaves as soon as the grain is up, and covering large areas. It is found in this country, but, so far as I have observed, only in out-of-the-way places.

Sheep-sorrel has come to us from over seas, and reddens many a poor worn-out field; but the larger species of sorrel, *Rumex acetosa*, so common in English fields, and



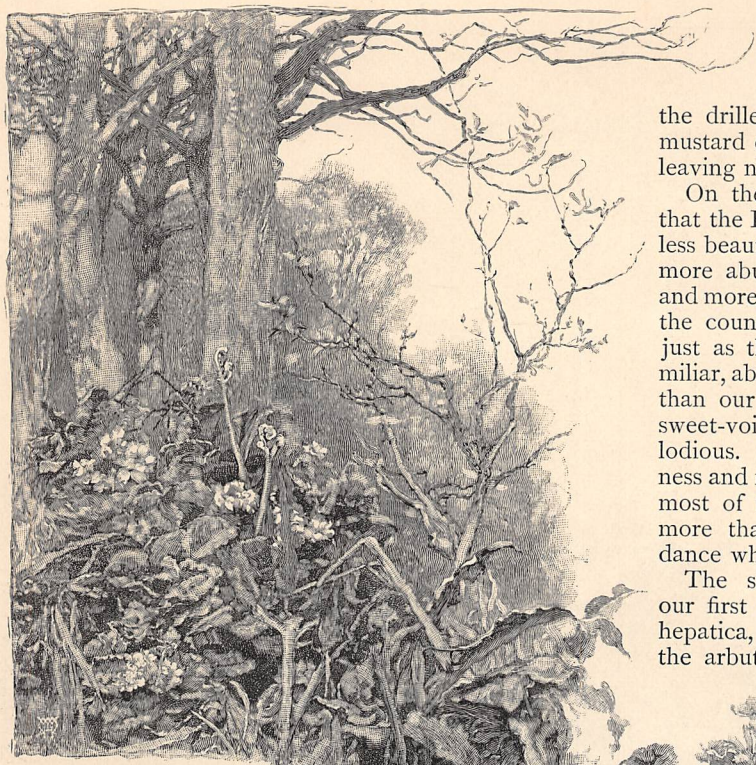
POND LILIES.



GORSE, FURZE, AND WHIN.

shooting up a stem two feet high, was quite new to me. Nearly all the related species, the various docks, are naturalized upon our shores.

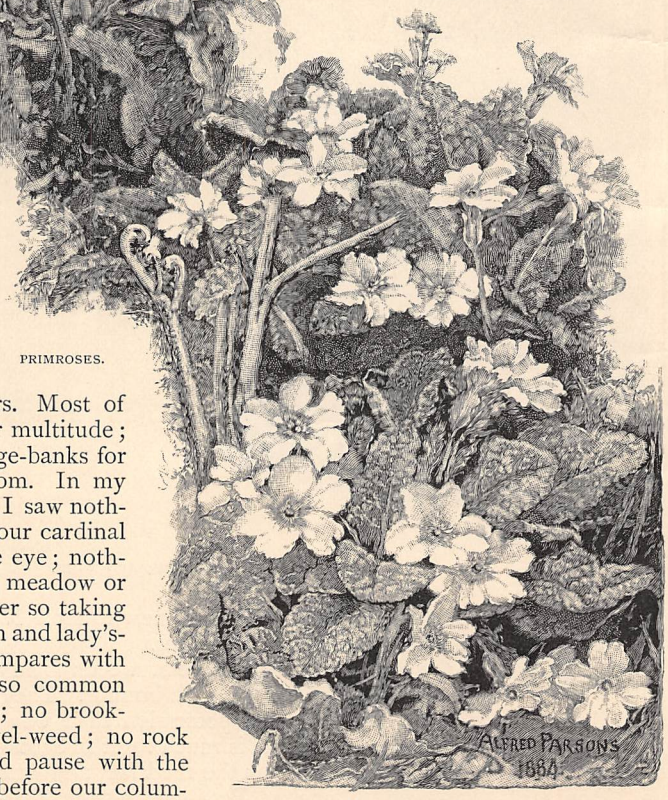
On the whole, the place to see European weeds is in America. They run riot here. They are like boys out of school, leaping all bounds. They have the freedom of the whole broad land, and are allowed to take possession in a way that would astonish an English or Scotch farmer. The Scotch thistle is much rarer in Scotland than in New York or Massachusetts. I saw only one mullein by the roadside, and that was in Wales. I did not catch a glimpse of blue-weed, bouncing Bet, elecampane, live-for-ever, bladder-campion, and others, of which I see acres at home. They hunt the weeds mercilessly; they have no room for them. You see men and boys, women and girls in the meadows and pastures cutting them out. A species of wild mustard infests the best grain lands in June; when in bloom it



gives to the oat-fields a fresh canary yellow. Then men and boys walk carefully through the drilled grain and pull the mustard out, and carry it away, leaving not one blossom visible.

On the whole, I should say that the British wild flowers are less beautiful than our own, but more abundant and noticeable, and more closely associated with the country life of the people; just as their birds are more familiar, abundant, and vociferous than our songsters, but not so sweet-voiced and plaintively melodious. An agreeable coarseness and robustness characterize most of their flowers, and they more than make up in abundance where they lack in grace.

The surprising delicacy of our first spring flowers, of the hepatica, the spring beauty, the arbutus, the bloodroot, the rue-anemone, the dicentra,—a beauty and delicacy that pertains only to wood forms,—contrasts with the more hardy, hairy, hedge-row look of their firstlings of the spring, like the primrose, the hyacinth, the wood spurge, the green hellebore, the hedge garlic, the moschatel, the daffodil, the celandine, and others. Most of these flowers take one by their multitude; the primrose covers broad hedge-banks for miles as with a carpet of bloom. In my excursions into field and forest I saw nothing of the intense brilliancy of our cardinal flower, which almost baffles the eye; nothing with the wild grace of our meadow or mountain lilies; no wood flower so taking to the eye as our painted trillium and lady's-slipper; no bog flower that compares with our calopogon and arethusa, so common in south-eastern New England; no brook-side flower that equals our jewel-weed; no rock flower before which one would pause with the same feeling of admiration as before our columbine; no violet as striking as our bird's-foot violet; no trailing flower that approaches our matchless arbutus; no fern as delicate as our maiden-hair; no flowering shrub as sweet as our azaleas. In fact, their flora presents a commoner type of beauty, very comely and pleasing,



PRIMROSES.

"AND THE MEADOW-SWEET SHOOK WITH LOVE."

but not so exquisite and surprising as our own. The contrast is well shown in the flowering of the maples of the two countries—that of the European species being stiff and coarse compared with the fringe-like grace and delicacy of our maple. In like manner the silken tresses of our white pine contrast strongly with the coarser foliage of the European pines. But what they have, they have in greatest profusion. Few of their flowers waste their sweetness on the desert air; they throng the fields, lanes, and highways, and are known and seen of all. They bloom on the house-tops, and wave from the summits of castle walls. The spring meadows are carpeted with flowers, and the midsummer grain-fields, from one end of the kingdom to the other, are spotted with fire and gold in the scarlet poppies and corn marigolds.

I plucked but one white pond lily, and that was in the Kew Gardens, where I suppose the plucking was a trespass. Its petals were slightly blunter than ours, and it had no perfume. Indeed, in the matter of sweet-scented flowers our flora shows by far the most varieties, the British flora seeming richer in this respect by reason of the abundance of specimens of any given kind.

England is, indeed, a flowery land; a kind of perpetual spring-time reigns there, a perennial freshness and bloom such as our fierce skies do not permit.

John Burroughs.

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON.

SAMUEL HOUSTON AS A CHEROKEE CHIEF. (FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF HIS GRAND-NEPHEW, SAMUEL M. PENLAND, GALVESTON, TEXAS.)

FEW men in the history of a great nation have attained the distinction Houston did, about whose early life so little is known. Indeed, the question is often asked at the present day, "Who was Sam Houston?" His ancestors, both paternal and maternal, are traced to the Highlands of Scotland. They are said to have left "the land of the heather and mist" for the North of Ireland, to escape the troubles during the time of John Knox, on whose side they fought. Such proud-born and free-thinking souls could ill brook the state of affairs in Ireland, and so, during the siege of Derry, they came to America, locating in Pennsylvania about 1690. Houston's father seems to have possessed only the means of a comfortable living, his ruling passion being for a military life. True to his instincts, he bore his part in the struggle for independence, and was the Inspector of Generals Bowyer's, and afterward of Moore's, brigade. This latter post he held at the time of his death, which overtook him in the discharge of his duty, while on a tour of inspection of the posts along the Alleghany mountains, in 1807. He inherited from his father his powerful frame, fine bearing, strong native intellect, and his military spirit. His mother was an extraordinary woman, being distinguished by a full, rather tall and matronly form, a fine carriage, and an impressive and dignified countenance. Nature had given her intellectual and moral qualities which elevated her in a still more striking manner above her immediate surroundings. Her life shone with purity and benevolence, while she was nerved with a stern fortitude which, although taxed to the utmost at times, never gave way before the wild scenes that checkered the life of the frontier settler. Houston was deeply attached to her, and fondly cherished her memory. He came from his Indian exile to close her aged eyes and weep by her bedside.

At the close of the last century there stood in the south-east part of Rockbridge county, Virginia, on the left of the Lexington road, an ordinary country church building, known as Timber Ridge Church. Near this church, for the family was a part of its congregation, Sam Houston was born, March 2, 1793. As a boy he could never be got inside a schoolhouse until he was almost nine years old, and even then, from all accounts, he never accomplished much, from a literary point of view. Although Virginia is blest with one of the finest universities of the South, she has never ranked well in her free-school system, and had much less of which to boast in that direction sev-

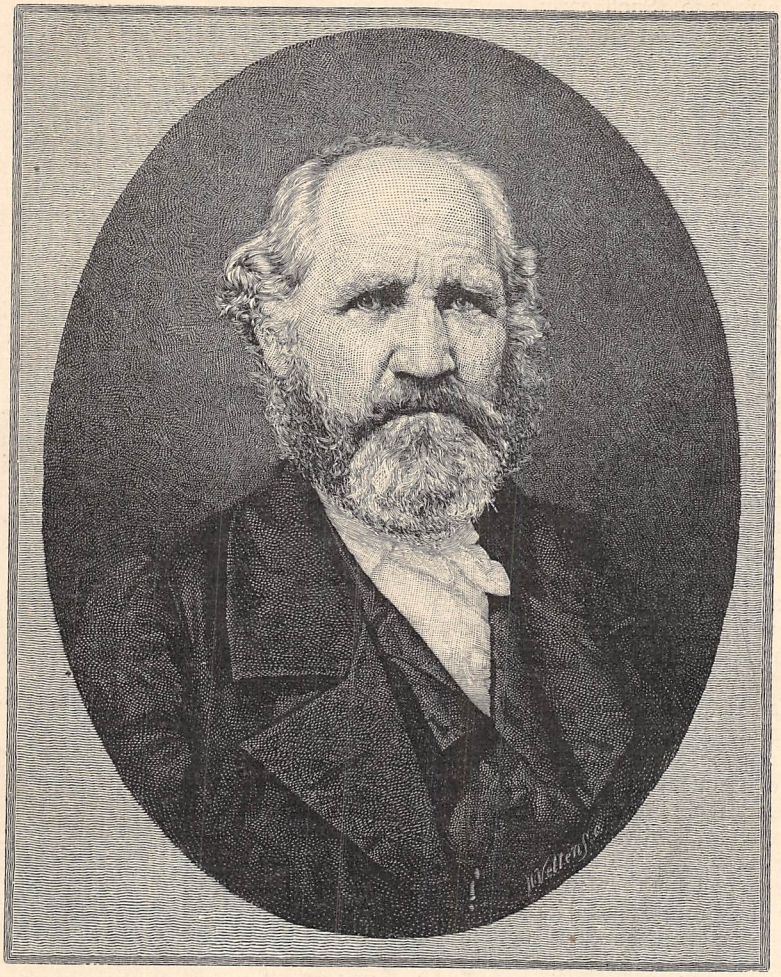
enty-five years ago. Such early beginnings as Houston made were under many difficulties. If he worked well during the spring and summer, he was allowed in winter the dubious advantages of what was then known as the "old field" school; but it is doubtful whether prior to the death of his father, which took place when Sam was a boy of thirteen, he had ever been to school, altogether, more than six months. This heavy blow changed at once the fortunes of the family, for the father had been their stay and support, keeping them in at least comfortable circumstances.

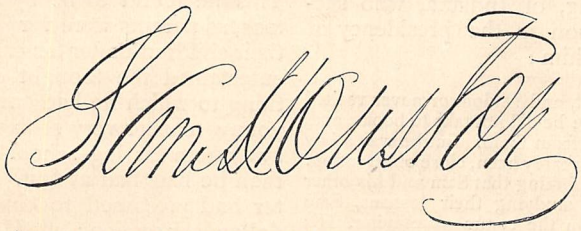
Already the fertile valleys of Tennessee had attracted some of the Houston relatives, the McEwens to Kingston on the Tennessee River, and Dr. William Moore to Dandridge on the French Broad River. With the burden of a numerous family in her widowhood, Mrs. Houston, after disposing of her little all, gathered her six sons and three daughters about her and resolutely set her face toward the Alleghany mountains. She found a home near Maryville, Blount county, on the banks of the Tennessee River, which was then the boundary between the white and the red man. This change involved making her way over rugged mountains and wild rivers, through an almost unpeopled country, beset by all the hardships consequent to such a journey seventy-five years ago. For some little while Sam worked on a farm with his brothers for the support of the family. He was very soon sent to Maryville college, then in its early years and under the presidency of its founder, the Rev. Dr. Isaac Anderson, and here he finished his school days at the age of eighteen. The Rev. Dr. Craig, of Indiana, who succeeded Dr. Anderson in the presidency of the college, says of him:

"Sam was no student, and seldom or never recited a good lesson in his life; he did not take to books, and, of course, learned little from them. But he was a boy and a man of most remarkably keen, close observation. When the Doctor was thinking that Sam and his other pupils were diligently studying their lessons, Sam would have them out on the commons playing. His special pleasure and amusement was to drill the boys in military tactics. He seems to have been a sort of natural military genius. So, instead of getting his lessons, he was mustering the boys, and, as might be expected, he had no lesson at recitation hour. Dr. Anderson said, 'Many times did I determine to give Sam Houston a whipping for neglect of study, but he would come into the school-room bowing and scraping, with as fine a dish of apologies as ever was placed before anybody, withal so very polite and manly for one of his age, that he took all the whip out of me; I could not find it in my heart to whip him.'"

Having fallen upon Pope's translation of the Iliad, Sam was so charmed with its military heroes that he was anxious to begin the study of the Greek language; but being refused on account of his deficiency in other branches, he turned on his heel, declaring most solemnly that he would never recite another lesson of any kind as long as he lived. Leaving school and home, he worked for some little while as a blacksmith, in a shop not far from Maryville. Soon afterward his brothers obtained a situation for him at Kingston, as a clerk in the store of a Mr. Sheffy; but this life being too confining for one of his restless disposition, he suddenly disappeared; and, after considerable inquiry, it was found that he had crossed the Tennessee River, and was among the Cherokee Indians, their boundary line being about three miles south of Kingston. Efforts to induce him to return home failed, Houston saying he preferred "measuring deer-tracks to measuring tape." His friends gave themselves no great uneasiness about him, thinking this a freak from which he would soon recover, but he returned only, after some months, to replenish his wardrobe, which was in a sorry plight. His mother was overjoyed to see him, and his brothers treated him kindly; but the first assumption of what Sam imagined to be authority on their part drove him once more to the woods and canebrakes, where he again passed several months. He was adopted by a chief as his son, and was initiated into the mysteries of the red man's character, and thus a fondness was formed for forest life, which led him years afterward to abandon once more the habitations of civilized men. Houston was always sensitive to money obligations, and to meet some debts contracted during his return visits he left his red friends and set up a school. This he found to be by no means an easy task, as parents were very slow about placing their children under his care; but, as he never entertained the thought of giving over anything to which he had once put his hand, the young teacher very soon was obliged to turn away from his log school-house more pupils than he had had at first. Formerly no master had presumed to charge more than six dollars per session; but Houston, thinking, no doubt, that one who had been blessed with the advantages of an Indian training should hold his lore at a dearer rate, fixed the price at eight dollars, one-third to be paid in cash, one-third in corn, and the remainder in homespun cotton cloth of variegated colors, like that which he wore.

Having discharged his debts by teaching, he once more sought his old instructor, Dr. Anderson, at Maryville. When Euclid was placed in his hands, he carried the book about for some time, and then came to the conclusion he would never be a scholar. As there





(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD, OF AN OLD DAGUERREOTYPE.)

was a call for volunteers to enlist against the Creek Indians, as well as for the war against Great Britain, he made his way toward Kingston, where Lieutenant William Arnold was recruiting for the Thirty-ninth regiment of regulars. At that date (1813) the recruiting office consisted of a sergeant in command of a parade made up of a drummer and fifer giving out martial music in the streets. Silver dollars were placed on the head of the drum, and, as a token of enlistment, the volunteer stepped up and took a dollar, which was his bounty. Houston enlisted as a private, received his bounty, was escorted to the barracks, uniformed, and made a sergeant the same day. These recruits were very soon ordered to join the troops marching to the Creek war under the command of the late Colonel John Williams, of Knoxville, Tenn., who commanded this regiment — the Thirty-ninth — in person at the battle of the Horseshoe, and afterward became a distinguished Senator from Tennessee. Already the war with the Creeks had resulted in that fearful

massacre at Fort Mimms, situated in what is now the southern part of Alabama. The fort consisted of a square of log cabins, protected by a block-house at each angle, all surrounded by a strong stockade. On the morning of the fatal day—August 30, 1813—there were in Fort Mimms no less than five hundred and fifty-three persons, of which number more than one hundred were white women and children, besides one hundred and six negro slaves. Of these by nightfall four hundred were killed and scalped, not a single white woman, not even a white child, escaping.

The whole South-west burned with a spirit of revenge, and troops were soon in the field against the Creeks. It is not necessary to dwell on the heroic march of General Jackson and his Tennesseeans through the fastnesses of the Indian country, without means of transportation, without provisions or stores of any kind, nor on the battles they fought. On the 27th day of March, 1814, after weeks of toil and hardship, Jackson was before the Creeks at the Horseshoe Bend, on the Tallapoosa River in Alabama. It was, at the date of the battle, a wild piece of ground, full of hiding-places for the Indians. Across the neck, a distance of almost four hundred yards, the Creeks had made an immense breastwork of logs, with two rows of port-holes so arranged that troops attacking it would be exposed to both a direct and a raking fire; behind the defenses was a mass of logs and brush-wood for the cover of the enemy. This spot was defended by about one thousand warriors, the very flower of the tribe, while in their huts near the banks of the river were some three hundred squaws with their children. The Indians had taken the precaution to have all their canoes brought near these huts, to facilitate escape should their works be carried. General Jackson saw at once that he had them penned for slaughter, and in order to cut off their escape he sent General Coffee, with all the mounted men and friendly Indians, to cross the river two miles below at a ford and occupy a position opposite the enemy's works. When this had been done the attack began. General Jackson had two pieces of artillery, one a three-, the other a six-pounder, but they failed to do any damage to the solid logs. Meantime General Coffee had sent some of his Indians to swim across the river and bring away all the canoes, which were then used to ferry over a body of troops under Colonel Morgan. Morgan's men first fired the cluster of huts at the bottom of the bend, and then began an attack from the rear. Jackson's men, seeing this, were anxious to be led in a charge; and the General at last consenting to the order it was hailed with a shout and a rush up to the breastworks, where the men delivered a volley through the port-holes. The fire of the Indians was deadly, and thus, muzzle to muzzle, the combat raged for some time. Houston's major, L. P. Montgomery, was the first man on top of the works, where he was instantly killed. Young Houston, who had a short time before been promoted to ensign, seeing his major fall, sprang at once to the spot and received a barbed arrow in his thigh. With the arrow still in the quivering flesh, the young ensign, calling on his men to follow him, leaped down into the mass of Indians, and by his vigorous strokes soon had a space cleared around him.

The works were soon carried, the Indians fleeing before the troops into the underbrush. Houston now sat down, called one of his lieutenants to him, and told him to pull the arrow from the wound. Two strong jerks failed, when Houston exclaimed in an agony of pain and impatience: "Try again, and if you fail this time, I will strike you to the ground." Throwing his entire weight against the arrow, the lieutenant drew it forth, but with fearful laceration and loss of blood. While the wound was being dressed by the surgeon, General Jackson rode up and spoke words of praise to his young friend, giving him an order not to enter the battle again, which Houston begged him to recall; but the General only repeated it more peremptorily, and rode on. In a few minutes Houston was once more in the thick of that hand-to-hand struggle, which closed only with the fall of night.

During the late hours of the afternoon it was found that a body of the Creeks had taken shelter under a bluff where a part of the works and some fallen trees completely protected them. Wishing to stop the fearful slaughter, Jackson sent a friendly Indian to say that, if they would yield themselves, they should be spared. They refused any terms, and replied by a volley. Failing to dislodge them with the artillery, Jackson called for volunteers, but no one responded. Houston, calling on his men to follow him, but not waiting to see if they did, rushed toward the spot, the approaches to which were raked by the deadly rifle-balls from unerring hands. He paused to look for his men, when at this instant two balls tore his right shoulder, causing his arm to dangle helpless by his side. Staggering out of the shower of bullets, he sank down, totally disabled. His own account of the affair is as follows:

"I was taken from the field and placed in the hands of the surgeon again, who extracted one ball, although no attempt was made to find the other; the surgeon

saying it was useless to torture me, as I could not live until morning. Comforts in that wilderness place were out of the question for any, but I received less attention than the other wounded, for all supposed that I was dying, and what could be done for any should be done for those likely to live."

The next day he was placed on a litter borne by two horses, and started toward Fort Williams with the other wounded, a distance of seventy-five miles. It is impossible to portray the miseries Houston endured, being not only helpless, but racked by the pains from his wounds. He had nothing, nor could he get anything, that a sick man would relish. Often the canebrake or a spreading tree was their only shelter. He lay a long while at the fort, exposed and neglected. When he had gained a very little, Colonel Johnson, father of the Postmaster-General of that name, and Colonel Cheatham brought him to the Ten Islands, where General Dougherty, who commanded the Tennessee troops, sent him on toward Kingston. Colonel Williams, of Nashville, says in a letter of recent date: "Robert H. McEwen and myself met him some distance from Kingston, on a litter supported by two horses. He was greatly emaciated, suffering at the same time from his wounds and the measles. We took him to the house of his relative, Squire John H. McEwen, where he remained for some time, and from thence he went to the home of his mother, in Blount county; he had been given up by his home folks as dead." Worn almost to a skeleton, his mother declared that she would never have known him as her son but for his eyes, which still retained something of their old expression. From these wounds he never fully recovered. When at my father's house, on his way to and from Washington in his long carriage journeys, he always had his body-servant, and a large bundle of robes and blankets, on which he slept, no matter what the season was, and his servant had often during the night to dress his wound.

The battle of the Horseshoe was a final blow to the Creeks as a nation. Their loss was 557 dead on the field, while it was thought that at least 200 more were drowned in the river. Jackson's loss was 53 killed and 147 wounded, most of whom were friendly Indians. The Creeks asked for no quarter, as their prophets had made them believe none would be given them by the whites.

The gallant conduct of Houston in this battle was the subject of general remark, and won for him the esteem and admiration of General Jackson, which subsequent events but strengthened.

After languishing for some time at his home in Blount county, he was taken to Knoxville, Tennessee, for medical treatment, when, after recovering somewhat, he proceeded to Washington, where he arrived just after the Capitol had been burned by the British. In a few months he was sufficiently restored to join his regiment at Knoxville, where he was when peace was proclaimed. On the reduction of the army he was retained as lieutenant, in recognition of his conduct at the Horseshoe, and was assigned to the First regiment, then on duty at New Orleans, at which place he joined it, going down the Mississippi River on the first steam-boat he had ever seen. He was not on duty long until he was forced to undergo an operation for the relief of his arm, the bone having been shattered and the ball still remaining near the shoulder-joint. The following April he sailed for New York, where his health improved.

Returning to Tennessee, he was detailed on duty at the adjutant's office, with head-quarters at Nashville, from January 1, 1817. In November of that year he was made a sub-agent to carry out a treaty just concluded with the Cherokees, which duty he performed to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

Being in Washington that winter with a delegation of Indians, he found out that attempts had been made to injure him with the Government, for having prevented some negroes from being smuggled into the Western States from Florida, which was then a colony of Spain. Houston claimed, in his argument before the President and the Secretary of War, that he was only trying to enforce and secure respect for the laws. His friend General Jackson espoused his cause, insisting that Houston was not only free from blame, but that the Government should reward him for his services; and as a result, Houston, feeling slighted that he received nothing, resigned his army position and returned to Nashville to read law. He was now in his twenty-fifth year, and, selling the last property he had, he entered the law office of the late Hon. James Trimble. Although he had been told he must read eighteen months, in less than seven he applied for and obtained his license, being admitted to the bar with great *éclat*.

He began his profession at Lebanon, and was very soon doing well, being considered a well-read, successful young lawyer. He was now made adjutant-general of the State, with the rank of colonel, and in October of the same year was elected Attorney-general for the Nashville circuit, over some very distinguished lawyers. As prosecuting attorney for the State, he never sent a bill before the grand jury unless he was satisfied from careful investigation that the proof made out the

case, and that the accused ought to be convicted; hence he was almost uniformly successful in his prosecutions, although he was jeered at by older members of the bar, on account of his rawness and recent advancement to the profession. In 1821 he was elected Major-General by the field-officers of the division, comprising two-thirds of the State. In 1823 he was sent to Congress from the Nashville district by a handsome majority, and in 1825 was returned without opposition, other aspirants knowing it would be useless to enter the canvass against him. Houston was a follower of Jackson, voting generally as he did; they voted for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, Houston making quite a speech on the occasion. He also voted for several bills granting internal improvements in the South-west, and against the tariff bill of that session.

In 1827 General Houston was elected Governor of the State of Tennessee by a majority of nearly twelve thousand, as successor to General William Carroll. So great was his popularity, and such was the confidence of the Legislature in his executive ability, that they opposed none of his measures. On January 22, 1829, at the age of thirty-six, he married Miss Eliza H. Allen, who was a member of a large and influential family in Smith and Sumner counties. General Carroll, after being out of the Governor's chair two years, was again eligible, and declared himself in opposition to General Houston, who was a candidate for reëlection. The following is from the letter of Colonel Williams, mentioned before:

"The first meeting between them took place at Cockerell's Springs, at a battalion muster in April.

"I was at that time sheriff of the county, as well as colonel of the militia, and, at the request of Governor Houston, drilled the regiment on that day. He desired me to acquaint myself fully with the popular feeling, and tell him after the speaking, which I did; and as the sentiment was greatly in his favor, it afforded him much satisfaction, and he left the grounds for the city in fine spirits Saturday afternoon. I was registering my name at the Nashville Inn the following Monday, when Mr. Carter, the clerk, said: 'Have you heard the news?' I answered, 'No; what news?' He replied: 'Governor Houston and his wife have separated, and she has returned to her father's family.' I was greatly shocked, having never suspected any cause for separation. I went to his room at once, and found him in company with Doctor Shelby. He was deeply mortified, and refused to explain the matter. I left him with the Doctor for a few moments, and on returning said to him, 'Governor, you must explain this sad occurrence to us, else you will sacrifice yourself and your friends.' He replied, 'I can make no explanation; I exonerate the lady *fully*, and do not justify myself. I am a ruined man. I will exile myself, and now ask you to take my resignation to the Secretary of State.' I replied, 'You must not think of such a thing;' when he said, 'It is my fixed determination, and my enemies, when I am gone, will be too magnanimous to censure my friends.' Seeing his determination, I took his resignation to the Secretary of State, who received it. The following morning he went in disguise to the steam-boat, accompanied by Doctor Shelby and myself. He wrote me afterward that he was not recognized until he reached Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas River, where he met a friend, from whom he exacted a promise not to make him known."

This affair, of course, caused a great deal of excitement, various reports flying through the State, all of them unfounded, while some were begotten by the sheerest malignity, and popular feeling was inflamed to the highest pitch. The friends of Mrs. Houston, thinking they were doing her a kindness, loaded the General's name with odium, charging him with every species of crime. General Houston remained quiet and let the storm rage on, without offering a single denial of a single calumny; he would neither vindicate himself nor let his friends do so for him, thus increasing the mystery which hung over an affair that had divided the whole State into factions. During all his after life, even among his most confidential friends, he maintained unbroken silence as to the cause of the separation, though whenever he spoke of his wife it was with the greatest kindness. The explanation below presented is accepted at Nashville as the true one, and is substantiated by the statement of Colonel Williams, whose position and intimacy with the General will render his statement unquestioned; this also agrees with what I have heard through my father's family, to whom General Houston was related.

Years afterward he revealed the cause to the lady who became his wife in Texas; and she, through a sense of conjugal and maternal duty, after his death, gave the facts to the world as follows: After his first marriage he became convinced that something which had not been revealed to him was preying upon the spirits of his bride, and he frankly told her of his suspicion, asking a frank confidence on her part, pledging himself it should not work her injury. His firm but gentle manner led to the confession that her affections had been given

and pledged to another prior to their meeting, and that filial duty alone had led her to an acceptance of Houston's offer. After their separation, he allowed the entire fault to appear as his, permitted and encouraged her application for a divorce on the plea of desertion, and she was finally married to the man of her choice.

We have already seen that in his youth Houston had formed an attachment for the chief of the Cherokees, being adopted by him as his son. Since that event this chief had removed with his tribe to Arkansas, and Houston now directed his course toward the wigwam of his former friend, which he reached after a long journey, at the falls of the Arkansas River. The old chief, whose name was Oo-lo-ot-e-ka, besides a warm, generous heart, possessed a comfortable home, a large plantation, ten or twelve servants, and some five hundred head of cattle. Here Houston was warmly welcomed, the old chief, on hearing of his approach, going some distance to meet him. It would be neither interesting nor pleasant to dwell minutely upon his second experience among the Indians. It is properly considered a blot upon his life. Having provided himself with books, he alternated between the study of the English classics and wild bouts of revelry and dissipation, apparently trying to obliterate every recollection of his former self and standing.

Having noticed with indignation the wrongs which these Indians suffered at the hands of their agents, in 1832 he went to Washington with a Cherokee delegation seeking redress. He succeeded in procuring the removal of five of the agents, but in so doing incurred the enmity of them all, as well as that of their friends. This resulted in a personal difficulty between himself and the late Mr. Stansbury, Member of Congress, from Ohio.

Houston took umbrage at something in the "National Intelligencer," which originated with Mr. Stansbury, and he at once said Mr. Stansbury should account to him for it. An angry correspondence ensued, but ten days elapsed without a meeting, during which time Stansbury went armed to and from the House. They met finally in Pennsylvania Avenue, Mr. Stansbury crossing over to intercept Houston and snapping a pistol at his breast. An altercation followed, in which Houston inflicted severe injuries upon his antagonist, who was in consequence confined to his room for several days. He sent a note to the Speaker of the House next morning, saying, "I have been waylaid, attacked, and knocked down by a bludgeon, and severely bruised and wounded by Sam Houston, *late of Tennessee*, for words spoken in my place in the House, and I request that you lay the matter before that body." This was done, and the House spent *exactly one calendar month* in hearing the matter. James K. Polk, of Tennessee, distinguished himself by his zeal to prevent an investigation. Finally Houston was condemned to be reprimanded by the Speaker, which was done in such a way as to leave no doubt that he had the sympathy of that gentleman—Mr. Andrew Stephenson. General Jackson sustained his friend General Houston in what he did; and at a later day, when he had been convicted of this assault by a court of the District of Columbia, and sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred dollars, the President's last official act but one was to remit this fine and the costs.

These exciting scenes having finally come to a close, General Houston set his face once more toward his Indian friends, returning by way of Tennessee, where many of his former friends greeted him with the greatest cordiality, the excitement against him having almost subsided. This mingling with the world outside his Indian surroundings, the return to his old haunts, the meeting once again with old friends, infused the elements of life once more into his nature, and brought him, like the prodigal of old, "unto himself." He said to a friend, "I was dying out once, and had they taken me before a justice of the peace and fined me ten dollars for assault and battery, it would have killed me; but they gave me a national tribunal for a theater, and that set me up again." Having once more arrived among his Indian friends, it was his intention to become a herdsman in the prairie solitudes; but he could settle himself to nothing, giving way to fits of morose, sullen melancholy, evidently comparing his present condition with his past,—the outcast white Indian with the Governor of the proud State of Tennessee.

At this time some of the Cherokees from Texas brought news of the war for Texan independence. General Houston, who was under the influence of "fire-water" at the time, walked out on the bank of the Grand River with John Henry, a merchant. Throwing himself on the ground, he was silent for some time, lost in thought; then, starting up hastily, he exclaimed: "Henry, let us go to Texas, for I am tired of this country, and sick of this life. Go with me, and I will make a fortune for both. We are not fit for merchants, never were, and never will be. I am going, and in that new country I will make a *man* of myself again."

He at once began making preparations for the long journey, and, casting off his Indian attire, he came out dressed as a white

man. On the 1st of December, 1832, he embraced a friend who divided a slender purse with him, saying: "Elias, remember my words. I shall yet be the President of a great republic. I shall bring that nation to the United States, and if they don't watch me closely, I shall be the President of the White House some day." After a tedious horseback ride of many miles, he finally located at St. Augustine, and began the practice of the law with the late John Dunn, whom he had known intimately at Nashville. Texas at this date may have been fair to look upon, but it was not in all respects a pleasant country in which to live, having been for years the refuge of men of the most abandoned and desperate character. Colonel Crockett says, in his autobiography, that about this date he sat down to table at a small hotel with eleven men who were known to be murderers and fugitives from justice; indeed, the only inquiry made about a new-comer was, "What did he do that made him leave home?"

Texas was then an empire in extent, with a population of less than fifty thousand, and for years had been struggling to cast off the galling yoke of Mexico, all classes being united in the effort to gain their independence. Conventions had been held for the purpose of organization, though it was not until October 11, 1833, that, under the auspices of the Committee of Safety at San Felipe, a simple form of government was adopted. Stephen F. Austin, the leading spirit in the struggle, had already been made commander of all the forces in the field. On the 12th of November, 1835, the Consultation, as the legislative body was called, met at San Felipe, and proceeded to organize a provisional government, when Henry Smith was elected Governor, J. W. Robinson Lieutenant-Governor, and Houston, who had already brought a small army into the field, was made Commander-in-Chief of all the Texan forces, General Austin having resigned. History scarcely affords a more glorious spectacle than that of Texas, without means, without munitions of war, without regular troops, her army less than ten thousand raw men, armed with rifles and hunting-knives, battling for liberty against an empire whose population was more than eight millions. Santa Anna had been waging war with varied success, victory often resting on the banner of the patriots, until the fall of the Alamo, on the 6th of March, 1836. The annals of war furnish no bloodier picture than is recorded here; the monument which marks the ground that drank the blood of those heroes tells the story when it says: "Thermopylæ had her messengers of death; the Alamo had none." The last one of the garrison went down under the violence of the Mexicans. Colonel Bowie, who was sick in bed at the fall of the fort, fired from his bed until his last shot was gone and he had a wall of dead about him; the Mexicans dared not approach, but shot him from a window, and, as the enemy came to his bed, nerving himself for a last effort, the dying Bowie plunged the deadly knife which bears his name to the vitals of the nearest foe, and expired. The gallant Colonel Travis fell mortally wounded, but was able on the approach of the foe to sit up. A Mexican officer attempted to cut off his head with a saber. Travis, with a death grasp, drew his sword, which he plunged into the body of his antagonist, both dying at the same moment. General Castrillon took Colonel Crockett, who stood alone in an angle of the fort, the barrel of his shattered gun in his right hand, in his left his huge bowie-knife, dripping blood. There was a fearful gash across his head, and at his feet a cordon of nearly twenty foemen, dead and dying. His captor, who was brave and not cruel, took his silvery-haired prisoner to Santa Anna, who flew into a rage, and at his command a file of soldiers shot down the dauntless Crockett. Santa Anna had given the most imperative orders that no prisoners should be taken. A few days afterward Colonel Fannin was induced by the most solemn promises on the part of Santa Anna to surrender his little band of beleaguered men into the hands of the Alamo butchers, and, as a result, on March 23rd four hundred and twelve Texans were led out at Goliad and shot down like dogs. It was through such deadly scenes as these that a republic was born.

General Houston during this time was at Gonzales with a greatly inferior force, consisting of but three hundred and seventy-four raw men; Santa Anna made a feint on this place, and Houston fell back toward the Colorado River, when Santa Anna, having effected the withdrawal of the patriots from Bastrop, also began a march toward the Colorado, which left in its track death and desolation. In the meantime Texas had, on the second of March, declared herself a free and independent republic; meetings were held throughout the country to raise an army to resist the Mexicans, numbering eight thousand, a draft being ordered by the consultation for that purpose.

On the fourteenth of March General Houston received intelligence of the Alamo massacre, and that three thousand of the enemy would camp that night less than forty miles from Gonzales; he began the retreat about mid-

night, and by daylight the army had marched more than ten miles, the entire baggage and stores being in a single wagon, drawn by four oxen. At Peach Creek the army was joined by a reënforcement of one hundred men, and after a halt of three hours for rest, the march was resumed.

The patriots were forced to remove their families as they retreated, and on reaching the Brazos Bottoms the spectacle was agonizing in the extreme. The roads were filled by wagons and carts loaded with helpless women and children, while many others were walking, some barefooted, carrying their little ones. Their cries were still more distressing as they raised their hands to heaven, declaring they had lost their all and knew not where to go, but would rather die on the spot than live to be butchered by the Mexicans. After seeing that all the women and children were safely over, Houston crossed the Colorado River with the army on the seventeenth, and wrote to the Military Committee: "It pains me to see desertions, but if *three hundred men only* remain with me, I shall die with them or conquer our enemies."

The army had been at Groce's Ferry only a short time when news came of the dreadful fate which had overtaken Fannin and his four hundred men. At the moment, General Houston was standing apart with Major Hockley, and said, pointing to the little band of patriots, merely a speck on the vast prairie: "Major, there's the *last hope* for Texas; with these few soldiers we must achieve our independence, or perish in the attempt."

After waiting in vain two weeks for adequate reënforcements, during which time the army suffered badly from camp sickness, but were so fortunate as to receive the two small pieces of artillery called the Twin Sisters, General Houston moved toward Buffalo Bayou, which was reached April 19th. This is simply a deep, narrow stream connecting with the San Jacinto River, near its mouth, about twenty miles south-east of the present city of Houston. The passage was a most perilous one, as there was but a single boat, small and damaged; the General with his own hands hewed fence-rails into oars for the boat; the cavalry, less than seventy in all, swam their horses over. The lines being formed again, General Houston made one of his most impassioned and eloquent appeals to his troops, firing every breast by giving as a watchword, "*Remember the Alamo.*"

Early next day the scouts brought word that the enemy was marching up from New Washington, intending to cross the San Jacinto. General Houston immediately saw the importance of cutting off his retreat, should Santa Anna cross over, and at once marched for the ferry at the junction of the Bayou and river, near Lynchburg.

He reached his objective point first, and taking the only boat on the river, had it brought under cover of his guns. He now placed his forces in a semicircular strip of timber growing about the bend of the river, while his two cannon were planted on the brow of the copse. Soon the Mexican bugles rang out over the prairie, announcing the enemy, almost eighteen hundred strong, while the rank and file of the patriots was less than seven hundred and fifty men.

After an ineffectual effort to dislodge the Texans by a heavy cannonade, Santa Anna retired to a little swell near the bay, where he had water and timber in his rear, and began throwing up breastworks.

The Texans lay upon their arms until four A. M., when three taps of their drums called them into line. About nine o'clock General Cos, with five hundred and forty fresh troops, joined Santa Anna; but Houston concealed the fact from his forces until it did no harm to reveal it. He now called a consultation of his six field officers, as to the feasibility of attacking. Two were for the attack; the others thought it most imprudent to charge more than two thousand intrenched veterans, over an open prairie, with raw troops having less than two hundred bayonets and unsupported by artillery. However, their many disadvantages but served to increase the enthusiasm of the soldiers, and when their General said, "Men, there is the enemy; do you wish to fight?" the universal shout was, "We do." "Well, then," he said, "remember it is for liberty or death; remember the Alamo!"

At the moment of attack, Deaf Smith came galloping up, his horse covered with foam, and shouted along the lines, "*I've cut down Vince's bridge.*" Each army had used this bridge in coming to the battle-field, and General Houston had ordered its destruction, thus preventing all hope of escape to the vanquished.

Santa Anna's forces were in perfect order, awaiting the attack, and reserved their fire until the patriots were within sixty paces of the breastworks, when they poured forth a volley which went over the heads of the attackers, though a ball struck General Houston's ankle, inflicting a very painful wound; at the same instant his horse was struck in the breast. Though suffering greatly and bleeding badly, General Houston was able to keep his saddle during the entire action. The patriots held their fire until it was given to the enemy in their very bosoms almost, and then, having no time to reload, made a gen-

eral rush upon the foe, who were altogether unprepared for the charge made against them, which was furious, though it lasted less than half an hour. The patriots, not having bayonets, clubbed their rifles and did execution with them. About half-past four the Mexican rout began, and closed only with the night. On the field two of the patriots lay dead and twenty-three were wounded, seven of whom afterward died, making a total of nine killed in the victory, while the Mexicans sustained a loss of six hundred and thirty-two killed and wounded, General Castrillon being among the slain. The prisoners numbered seven hundred and thirty, among whom were Generals Santa Anna and Cos who were captured a day or two after the battle, the former being among the earliest to flee. Leaving his horse bogged in the prairie, he escaped to the Brazos timber, where his pursuers found him secreted in the forks of a large live oak. So far as could be learned, but seven Mexican soldiers escaped, scores being shot or drowned in attempting to cross Buffalo Bayou. Almost forty days after the battle General Houston reached New Orleans on board the United States schooner *Flora*, having been refused passage on a small war vessel belonging to the republic; he had no money, and but for the kindness of friends would have suffered greatly, as his wound received but little attention until he reached New Orleans and had begun to show symptoms of mortification. So anxious was he to be with his young republic, that he remained only two weeks in the city, leaving for home while still scarcely able to sit alone.

The victory of San Jacinto was one of no ordinary character, for it struck the fetters forever off the hands of Texas, deciding at once a contest between an empire numbering eight million inhabitants and one of its small provinces containing a handful of men. The first result of the battle was to drive back the standard of Mexico, compelling it to retire beyond the Rio Grande, never to return except in predatory and transient incursions. This victory opened the way for American progress toward the South. Such was the immediate outcome of the battle, while the annexation of Texas and the result of the Mexican war gave us additional territory equal in extent to one-third of the then United States.

General Houston became at once the leading man in Texas, almost universal applause following him. As soon as quiet and order were restored he was made the first President of the new republic under the Constitution adopted November, 1835, which was borrowed largely from that of the United States. He very soon proposed to President Jackson the annexation of Texas, which offer was declined, Jackson having always believed that Texas was not properly retroceded to Spain by the Florida treaty; besides, he was not willing at that time to involve our Government in a war with Mexico, which he foresaw as a result of such a measure.

About two years after the revolution General Houston had his first difficulty with the people. Under the Constitution the capital had been fixed at Austin, but power was given to the President to order the temporary removal of the archives in case of danger. The Comanches were committing ravages within sight of Austin, and General Houston ordered the State records to be forwarded to him at Washington (Texas). This caused much excitement in Austin, and four hundred men placed themselves about the State-house to prevent the removal. Colonel Morton, a leading spirit of the revolution, was at their head, and wrote to General Houston, who well knew his character as a fighting man, that, if the archives were removed, he (Morton) would hunt him down like a wolf. General Houston replied in a note of characteristic brevity: "If the people of Austin do not send them, I shall come and get them and if Colonel Morton can kill me, he is welcome to my ear-cap." The guard was at once doubled, patrolmen were placed on the roads, and a select committee went into permanent session in the city hall. During a sitting of that body one who was unannounced suddenly stood in their midst, having gained entrance by means of a tall live oak which grew against the window; his garb and arms were those of a hunter, and, being spoken to by Colonel Morton, he placed his finger on his lips and remained silent. Colonel Morton flew into a rage and seized him, when the stranger drew his bowie-knife at the same instant that Morton's friends held him back. Another member of the body spoke to the stranger, saying that the meeting was a private one, and that he presumed the gentleman had mistaken the house. At this he walked to a table and wrote one line, "I am deaf." Judge Webb then wrote, "Tell us your business," when a letter was handed him, addressed to the citizens of Austin, which the judge read aloud as follows: "Fellow-citizens: Though in error, and deceived by the arts of traitors, I will give you three days more to decide whether or not you will forward to me the archives. At the end of that time you will please let me know your decision. Sam Houston." The deaf man waited a few moments for a reply, and was about to leave, when Colonel Morton handed him a note saying, "You were brave enough to insult me; are you brave enough to give

me satisfaction?" The mute wrote, "I am at your service," and after fixing terms he left by the window. Morton was told he would be killed, as he was to fight Deaf Smith, who never missed his man; but he could not be shaken in his resolve. The weapons used were rifles, the distance was a hundred paces, and the time sunset. A vast crowd saw the duel. Morton was dressed in broadcloth, his antagonist in smoke-tinted buckskin. Both were cool and stern. At the given signal both fired at the same instant; Morton sprang into the air and fell dead, a ball in his heart. Deaf Smith quietly reloaded his rifle and walked into the forest. Three days afterward he came with General Houston and ten others to Austin, and the archives were removed without further opposition.

While President of the republic, Houston received a challenge to fight a duel, sent by a man whom he regarded as greatly his inferior socially. Turning to the bearer of the challenge, he exclaimed, in a voice full of indignant scorn, "Sir, tell your principal that Sam Houston *never fights down hill.*"

It was his habit to deliver his messages to the Texan Congress orally. A few days before one of his inaugurals, a member of Congress said to the President that the body would be better pleased if he would prepare written messages; that it would be treating them more respectfully to write them out, and, besides, they could then be preserved for future reference. Accordingly, on the day fixed for the inauguration, he appeared with a large roll of paper in his hand tied with a blue ribbon, and marked in large letters "*Inaugural.*" He addressed them with the roll in his hand, waving it gracefully that all might see it, and, concluding with a polite bow, handed it to the clerk and walked out of the chamber; when opened it proved to be only blank paper!

General Houston's first term as President closed in December, 1838, and during the term of his successor, Mr. Mirabeau B. Lamar, General Houston served two terms in the Congress of the young republic. He did much good to the country, on one occasion preventing an actual dissolution of the Government by the magic of his great speech in Congress, when that body was just on the point of adjourning *sine die.*

It was during his term as Congressman, on May 9, 1840, that he married his second wife, Miss Margaret M. Lea, of Alabama, a most worthy Christian woman, who had a great influence for good over her husband. He ever spoke of the fact that to her he owed his chief honor and happiness. He was deeply attached to her, and, when a Senator at Washington, invariably spent his Sunday afternoons in writing to her and his family.

General Houston was succeeded by Mr. Lamar as second President, but was elected in 1841 as the third, and held the office when the Republic was admitted into the Union; thus fulfilling the prophecy which he had uttered on leaving the Indians for Texas. He was faithful to every obligation of life during his public career in Texas, as he had ever been elsewhere. His policy was marked by rigid economy of the revenues of the State, protection against Mexico, and friendly relations with the border Indians.

One of the questions presented by our presidential election of 1844 was the annexation of Texas, which took place in 1845; and ex-President Houston and his fast friend and compatriot, General Thomas J. Rusk, were made her first Senators, taking their seats in January, 1846. These men of commanding mien produced something of a sensation, coming to sit in the nation's council-house as the representatives of a people who had, of their own free will, withdrawn their flag from the seas, their national seal from the world, and their ministers from abroad, to become merely an integral part of our Union. Whatever views others may have entertained on the question of States' rights, General Houston was well aware what had been lost and what had been gained in the step his State had taken. His course in the Senate is well known to have been conservative. He voted for the Oregon compromise measure, and, if he could, would have averted the war with Mexico. He cast his vote for the Oregon Territorial Bill with the slavery exclusion clause; for this he was assailed, but he was finally sustained by his constituency. After the passage of the compromise measures, there was no more justly popular man in the South than General Houston, and, in 1852, he was enthusiastically endorsed for the Presidency by both the Democratic Convention and the Legislature of his State; and had not politicians watched closely, he would have been "the President of the White House." He had placed himself in strong opposition to the secession spirit shown in 1850, thus losing some of his most influential Southern supporters. He ran for Governor in 1857, defending his position on the repeal of the Missouri restriction with great force; party spirit was too strong, however, and he was defeated, although he reduced the opposition majority from 21,000 to less than 10,000. Two years of his term in the Senate were unexpired; these he used to advantage, making his memorable speech in that body against John C. Watrous. In the spring of

1859 a mass meeting was held at Austin, and General Houston was made the Union candidate for Governor, his opponents being A. J. Hamilton and John H. Reagan, the latter of whom afterward sat in Mr. Davis's Cabinet, and is at present a member of Congress from Texas. General Houston with patriotic zeal declared, "'The Constitution and the Union' is my only platform," and made but one speech, which was the best of his life. He was elected by more than 2000 majority, though, owing to divisions in the State, the Legislature was generally opposed to his measures. Their first act was to send Wigfall to the United States Senate, and about the first act of the new Governor was to send in a sterling message in reply to the proposition made by South Carolina for a convention of slave-holding States, with a view to withdrawing from the Union. From that day until he was deposed from office, Houston's every effort and sentiment were for the preservation of that Union to which he had so recently brought his State. He would not consent to have his name before the Charleston Convention of 1860, having foreseen the split in that body. His friends advocated his claim before the Constitutional Union Convention at Baltimore; but when Bell and Everett were nominated on his platform, making the fourth set of presidential aspirants in the contest, he retired, saying, "They have smothered me out."

During the campaign he made several very notable speeches, insisting that the South had no cause to secede though Mr. Lincoln should be inaugurated; he reminded Texas that she "entered not into the North, nor into the South, but into the *Union*"; and disregarding secession as the policy of any political party in Texas, he appealed to the honesty of the State to hold inviolate the compact with the General Government. He resisted a most determined pressure to force him to call an extra session of the Legislature, which he very reluctantly did only after sixty-one men had assumed authority to call for the election of delegates to a revolutionary convention. Deserted by all, and threatened by General Twiggs, after waiting in vain for help from the Federal Government, and being too old himself to engage in civil war, he gave way and the Legislature was convened.

The secession ordinance had already been passed, and now it was ratified by the Legislature, and delegates were sent to the "National Convention" at Montgomery; public property of every kind was at once turned over to the rebels, and while war was in fact being carried on against the United States, the "ordinance" was submitted to the "*voluntary ratification*" of the people, and sustained by a *majority of those who voted.* Against all this General Houston protested vehemently, in a paper which did him great credit, and the next morning after its publication, on going to the executive office, found, as he expressed it, that "the man who had ridden into the office of Lieutenant-Governor on my coat-tail was Governor in my place." General Houston indulged in a little characteristic pleasantry, and, withdrawing, began speaking against the war.

When the conflict came he retired to his almost unimproved place on Galveston Bay, crushed in spirit and broken down in body. In a letter of recent date his daughter, Mrs. Maggie H. Williams, says: "How well I remember his look when the roar of the cannon at Austin announced that our State had seceded! and his sorrowful words to my mother, 'My heart is broken.' The words were true; he never was himself again." Here, tottering on his crutch and cane, for several years made necessary by his wounds received in the cause of freedom,—the one in his ankle, received at San Jacinto, having finally disabled it,—this venerable patriot watched with anxiety and grief the disruption of that Union which he loved so well. He could not expect to see his young and numerous family settled in life, and he had no hope of educating them under existing circumstances. He remained on his place until Galveston Bay was occupied by Federal gunboats, when he returned to his old home at Huntsville. Martial law having been proclaimed in Texas, he wrote a strong protest against it, based on the Bill of Rights, but he could not get his views published until the despotism had ended. On one occasion at Houston a pass was demanded of him, when the fearless old man drew himself up proudly and said: "Go to San Jacinto, and there learn my right to travel in Texas." In a letter of recent date written by Houston's son Andrew J., now clerk of the Federal Circuit Court at Dallas, he says:

"General Houston on only one occasion asked for anything from the Confederate authorities, and that was when he made a request in person to the superintendent of the penitentiary to remove the officers and men captured on the *Harriet Lane* from convicts' cells to quarters more appropriate for prisoners of war. The superintendent gave them rooms in his own quarters, and their manly conduct during their captivity was in keeping with the courage displayed by them in battle."

Soon after he reached his home at Hunts-

ville, General Houston received news of the wounding and capture of his son, then a mere boy in the Confederate army. This severe blow, uniting with his increased bodily infirmities and the mental anxieties of the past few years, wore away his life, and on the 26th of July, 1863, aged 71 years, he died. While at the very height of his political popularity he had united with the Baptist Church, and he died in its fold, at peace with God and with Christian forgiveness of all his enemies. His last days were spent in supplicating the mercy of God for his helpless family and distracted country. Having married late, he left a widow with eight children, none of whom had reached maturity. Mrs. Houston's death occurred at Independence, Texas, December 6, 1867.

The State of Texas has recently erected on the field of San Jacinto a monument commemorative of the battle and its heroes. It is of blue American marble, seventeen and one-half feet high, plain, square spire, with pediment cap, molded base, and chamfered sub-base. Upon the front is a die of white marble, in which is set a star and nimbus, surrounded by a wreath of oak and laurel leaves. Near the top is a polished band containing nine stars to represent the nine killed. At the front of the die is the name of B. R. Brigham; on the base, the name "San Jacinto"; upon one side of the pediment the words, "Remember the Alamo"; on the other, "Come to the Bower" —the air to which the Texans marched to the fight; on the reverse of the base, the words of Napoleon—"Dead on the field of honor"; and on the other side of the base, the following from Houston's address just before the battle:

"This morning we are in preparation to meet Santa Anna. It is the only chance of saving Texas. From time to time I have looked in vain for reinforcements. We have only about seven hundred men to march with besides the camp-guard. We go to conquer. It is wisdom growing out of necessity to meet the enemy now. Every consideration enforces it. The troops are in fine spirits, and now is the time for action. We shall use our best efforts to fight the enemy to such advantage as will insure victory, though the odds are greatly against us. I leave the result in the hands of a wise God, and rely on His providence. My country will do justice to those who serve her. The rights for which we fight will be secured, and Texas free.
"SAM HOUSTON."

It has been truly said that "everything which General Houston ever uttered in a public speech or State paper was well said; under all circumstances he had the manhood to vote and speak his sentiments, regardless of personal and political consequences, consulting no guide but the best interests of his country; in every station he filled he was scrupulously honest, and was never supposed to covet, much less misapply, the public money." He, who had spent his life in seeking the prosperity and welfare of his country, died as Benton said a public man should die —poor.

Alexander Hynds.

The writer desires to express thanks to General Houston's daughter, Mrs. Maggie Williams, of Independence, Texas, for her kindness in lending the miniature of her father, from which the picture showing him in Indian costume is made, and for other valuable help in preparing this sketch.

A SANCTUARY.

It was a valley gentle as a dream,
  Cool with tree-shadows, dewy, fragrant, sweet,
Where ran, through bowery ways, a mountain stream—
  The troutlet's Eden and the fawn's retreat.

Round black-gnarled roots that heaved the moistened ground,
  By leafy mounds, and banks of odorous grass,
And in deep channels, out of sight, slow wound
  The brook — a murmur — then a braid of glass.

Huge rocks whose frown was smothered in soft bloom
  Like altars rose; faint as an infant's sigh
A lone dove cooed; and through the sylvan gloom
  Swam now and then a splendid butterfly.

The very stillness worshiped, and I heard
  The untold secret of the heart of prayer;
The life that pulsed in all required no word
  To voice the spirit of devotion there.

Upon me fell the Sanctuary's peace;
  I met the soul of Beauty face to face;
My heart was in the hymn that did not cease
  To fill with tranquil joy the holy place.

I sought no more. Within the vail I stood,
  And Nature's tenderest benison was mine;
I heard all speech proclaim the perfect Good,
  And felt that simple living was divine.

Horatio Nelson Powers.

IN REMEMBRANCE.

I.

OUR last rose left us long ago;
  Then the ripe berries came and went;
The tides run high that late were low,
  And midsummer is well-nigh spent.

A lonely primrose at the gate
  Stands watching, waiting for her wheels;
Lady, the lily says — 'tis late!
  Our high-top orchard slighted feels,

And the rank burdock spreads apace,
  Fell harbor of the venomous fly,
And in the sweetbriar's wonted place
  The deadly nightshade, drooping by

The garden-wall, begins to move
  Of sadness in my thought a touch,
A fancy I would fain reprove
  And dare not dwell on overmuch —
The shadow of a passing doubt
  I never uttered unto men;
'Tis this: what were my life without
  Her — should she never come again?

II.

SHE never came. That shadow fell, to last,
  Until the blessed Sabbath of release,
When out of martyrdom her spirit passed
  From this world's exile to the promised peace.

III.

O REST of God that endeth every pain!
O smile serene of peace that shall remain!
O birth of being! when this faulty frame
Falls into nothingness and Death's a name;
Hope, no more heartache, with possession blest,
Come to full fruit, possessing and possessed:
Earth's passions perishing, now love alone
Springs to its natural growth beside God's throne.

Bright soul! beloved best of best and wise,
True-hearted woman of the dauntless eyes
That looked on death without dismay, and saw
The future dawning with abated awe,
A little while a sylvan thou shalt dwell
In silent chambers of the woodland fell,
But no long time; already to thy sense
The calm is perfect that we saw commence
Ere the last breath had left thy lip, the while
Heaven's light seemed breaking on that parting smile;
And we believe that, sure as June will bring
Blossoms and bees and all the race that sing,
In God's good season, such a love as thine
Must vindicate its love in courts divine,
Strong in those words that all resembling thee
Shall one day hear — "Ye did it unto me."

Thomas William Parsons.

A SUMMER HOLINIGHT.

We are accustomed to speak of darkness as negation, of the night as a usurper; but a fair arbitration never yet gave the award of priority to day. Our mortality deals with the day; our immortality with the night. Why not try to regain some of the privileges of citizenship in this oldest of Saturnian kingdoms?

Night will be friendly to thee: ask a boon. There is a flavor of novelty in the idea of holding a vigil which shall be neither penitential nor scientific, nor yet in the nature of a municipal watch or military bivouac — a vigil to spy out the mysterious ways of the night, to listen, as an eavesdropper, at the door of her council-chamber. I recall with pleasure certain nights of the past summer spent in this unsecular enterprise.

The day springs; so also does the night. Our common expression, nightfall, is an inversion of the truth. The chalice of the evening air has its marked degrees showing the gradual rise of the shadow. Already the forest hedge of the horizon is submerged; the low-lying strata of sunset vapors are changed to the color of a smoldering ember; but directly overhead there is still a region of unmingled daylight — fluid sapphire with some few dissolving pearls of floating cloud. Through this translucent element the latest lingering birds take their flight, dropping down into some convenient tree when finally overtaken by dusk. Innumerable happy hints and allusions occur to the imagination during the long reign of the summer twilight. Given a bright sunset field to work upon, what heraldic conceits, what compositions of the Doré order, can be traced in the old earth's irregular profile! Every evening I observe yonder, on the brow of the hill, a devout Benedictine leaning on his staff, repeating what *aves* and *paternosters* I know not. Whoever intrudes upon the ghostly father's orisons discovers for his pains only the torso of an old tree in a hood and capote of ivy. Along the hill-slope a hobbledehoy dance of gnarled saplings is in progress. The feathery crowns of the dandelion rising above the cropped grass of the pasture figure, in this crepuscular comedy, as a service of astral lamps set to light the midsummer-night frolics of the little people. They have also the small, uncertain taper of the firefly. This taper, as though held in the invisible hand of some spirit of the underwood, goes searching along the grass, up through the trees, and now into the sky, as if piqued to discover what relationship the stars bear to its own phosphorescent atom. Nature is tender of fireflies, and only on fit nights allows them to be on parade. If the air has any asperity about it, not a firefly is to be seen.

In the nights bordering on the summer solstice, the boundaries of twilight are not easily defined. There is always a faint flush, or aurora, above the northern horizon, and by a little past two o'clock there is a very perceptible hint of dawn. It might be said that the after-glow of yesterday mingled with the "forlorn hope" of to-morrow. This scarcely intermittent twilight serves to remind us of our distance from the equator, and suggests, too, that our next neighbor under the Pole Star is the land of the Midnight Sun. Those who have lived in tropical countries say that the gloom, or opacity, there observable in the northern heavens often gave them a strange feeling of isolation and homesickness.

Who, though never so watchful, could see the appearing of a star? Without the least premonitory sparkle, a "new planet swims into his ken," but the exact instant of discovery can never be gauged. Once seen, it seems to have been shining from eternity. The first star of the evening is Arcturus,—"the beauty crest of summer weather,"—said to be, of all stars in the northern hemisphere, the one nearest the earth. If so, I understand the earnest scrutiny in which it seems to hold our planet. There are localities among the constellations specially fancied by the poets, regions of almost historic association. One such favorite haunt is Ariadne's Crown. In the old drama, the hero, expecting immediate execution at the hand of the tyrant, takes this leave of his wife:

> "My Dorigen,
> Yonder, above, 'bout Ariadne's Crown,
> My spirit shall hover for thee."

By night the concavity of the sky is much more pronounced than by day. The heavens are spread above us as a vast dome, gallery on gallery, transept and arch and recesses for the choirs of silence sunk in the mysterious mid-distances of the firmament. At first the celestial perspective appears overcrowded; star jostles star; beams become inter-knit and involved in a sort of metropolitan maze. Gradually the eye recovers from its perplexity; it becomes a measurer of interstellar space, a resolver of nebulæ, a connoisseur of infinitudes.

The sun is a despotism, the stars are a republic of light: it is better to live under a republic than under a despotism. Any allusion to the stars, either on a printed page or in the text of the orator, always brings a sense of freedom and sublimity. Any nation that claims to enjoy their tutelary regard has an heroic task to make good its boast of liberty. Have the stars aught to do with human destinies? We have seen them consenting, denying, admonitory, reminiscent, prophetic. They also lend themselves to any vagary in the mind of the gazer, so that no conclusion can be drawn as to their independent "influence."

The moon should be tried for witchcraft, as possibly she has been at some crazy assize of mediæval judicature. That she has undergone an *auto da fe*, has been burned for her sorceries, has not diminished her wizard potentiality; the present night is as full of her enchantments as when Medea gathered poison herbs under her approving light. No blame to the primitive husbandman if, firm in his belief that there was "something in the moon," he planted, or withheld his hand, according to her instructions.

If we admit a tidal impulse in the world of waters, why not admit as well that the clod feels a similar drawing moonward? There is a tremulous agitation of the leaves, a wilder rumor in the air, when late in the night the rim of the moon gleams above the dark horizon.

> "O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
> Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:
> O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din,
> The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
> Thou dost bless everywhere with silver lip,
> Kissing dead things to life."

I do not find the night as devoid of color as is frequently represented; nor will we have our nocturne a monochromatic piece. "Brown" is the adjective most commonly pressed into service by the old-time poets to characterize the complexion of the night. But the night is not brown; at least, we recognize the umber medium, and looking through and beyond it receive from all objects distinct notice of their local daylight color—nature still plainly wearing the green mantle. A difference, however, is to be noted in the unlike effects of moonlight on various leaf surfaces. The foliage of the maple and the elm shows little definition of masses, seeming rather to absorb than to radiate the light, while that of the peach and the pear tree presents a fine polished surface and outline. The leaves of the poplar, stirred by a breath imperceptible elsewhere, look like innumerable small, oval mirrors, constantly shifting to reflect at all angles the lunar majesty. The corn-field seems the repository of all the scythes and sickles that have reaped the summer meadows,—lodged here to be reannealed in moonbeams and whetted into new keenness.

The moon is shorn of half her pageantry on the earth if the dew is not there to coöperate. Moonlight and dew! Is there, or do we only fancy it, an iridescence arising from their union? I am loth to tread on the grass, lest I should destroy the starry system suspended on its blades.

At night the air carries a heavier freight of woody and vegetable odors than during the hours of sunlight; the breeze advises us of a new orient, or Spice Islands, discovered in the familiar latitude of our fields, bringing the scent of blossoming clover and grain. Brushing along some tangled border, we guess "in embalmed darkness" that the milkweed is in bloom, though its perfume bears a reminder of spring and the hyacinth. Here also is the evening primrose, whose flower ought to be as dear to the night as the daisy is to the day; and why should there not be a night's-eye on the floral records?

Nor is the night as silent as it is commonly reported, unless it be so accepted on the principle that where there is no ear there is no sound. Even then, one wakeful exception

in a universe of sleepers ought to be sufficient to give acoustic character to the nocturnal void. I found the night, like the cup of Comus, "mixed with many murmurs." First, and the nearest at hand, the lively orchestration of the crickets (the later summer adds the fife of the grasshopper and the castanets of the katydid); then, in the distance, the regular, sonorous, or snoring antiphonies of the frogs at different points along the winding course of the creek. It would not surprise me to learn that these night musicians are systematically governed by the baton and metronome, so well do they keep time in the perplexing fugue movement which they are performing. That note from the thicket is the whip-poor-will's. What in all the vocalities of Nature is there to compare with this voice of the cool and the dusk, this cloistered melodist, who was never yet heard in the profane courts of Day? It is "most musical, most melancholy,"—a not unworthy rival of the English nightingale. Yet, close by the whip-poor-will's covert one hears what might be called the mechanical process of his song—a harsh, unlubricated whir, or rattle, which suggests a laryngean ailment of some sort, as, in the same way, the wild dove's note, heard close by, suggests asthmatic breathing. As to the beetle, though I am not quite sure of having heard his "small but sullen horn," I shall not omit him from the category of nocturnal noise-makers. Like the clumsy, heavy-mailed hoplite that he is, he "sounds as he falls," and crackles in the grass in his efforts to right himself. Under the eaves the boring bee still carries on its carpentry. Rarely a half hour passes that some bird does not sing in its sleep; the swallows twitter in their sooty chimney corner; the robin at intervals declares for morning with a loud vivacious whistle, and the wood pewee sends a long note of inquiry. The falling of an apple in the orchard seems to emphasize the law of gravitation. I notice that any sound of the human voice, any unwonted noise, dropped in the deep well of nightly quiet, produces a rapidly widening circle of murmurous responses and expostulations. From the poultry-yard the night-watch there blows a drowsy *mot*, which is repeated successively by all the chanticleers of the neighborhood; the cow lows discontentedly from her paradise of June pasturage; and even the crickets grow more strident. From which I infer that the night keeps a police force in her pay. How do I know what invisible patrols supplement this audible and stationary picket-guard? Beyond all accountable sounds there is always the shadow of a sound,—"neither here nor there,"—a sound which may be the stir of atmospheric particles, or the hum of noonday activities at the capital of Cathay, or a reminiscence in air of planetary music, or the motion of our own terrestrial car, driving through space—or anything else that fancy pleases to say!

There were some cloudy nights in our calendar, but they were not without suggestion. One such night I remember in June, when the play of heat-lightning was almost continuous. These flashes, or, as they seemed, gusts of light, blowing across dark clouds banked in the horizon, momentarily opened up a magnificent aërial architecture, courts, and corridors, and vistaed interiors, such as Vulcan built for the gods of Olympus. Now and then a star glanced through some loophole in the flying clouds that filled the zenith. A singular interchange of chiaroscuro between cloud and clear sky was produced by the lightning: in the flash, the former stood out in bright relief, while during the interval the sky appeared lightest.

Sometimes I extended my walk along the bank of the creek, where, looking into the water, I could see another Cassiopeia's Chair gently rocking in the nether heavens; or I saw the whole blazing constellation of the Scorpion, with red Antares in its center, reflected in the profound shallow of the stream. What of pearl gulfs, of rivers that yield the diamond? It seemed to me that one might dive or dredge for treasure much nearer home. I listened to the musical falling of the water, and thought how they malign the naiad who say the brook "babbles": to me it uttered only eternal, liquid numbers, eloquently arguing that all streams, no matter through what country they flow, have their common rise in Castaly or Helicon. Would you characterize the suave, deceitful flight of time? It cannot be better compared than to a stream slipping away through the night, unseen, cheating with its ever-present voice.

I surveyed for the true equatorial line dividing darkness and light—the occult and fateful "turn of the night" held in religious awe by familiar tradition; but it is necessary to return again and again to establish the exact place, or rather time, passed through by this imaginary parallel. I often seemed to be traversing the cometary matter of some mortal's dream returning from its fantastic errand; but the dreams I entertained were such as have their entrance by the gate of transparencies.

The moon has begun her hunt down the western woods. Four great stars (like four great evangelists of the light) "flame in the forehead of the morning sky." Our watch is done.

Edith M. Thomas.

RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA. III.

COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS.

OUR commercial buildings offer just now a peculiarly interesting field of inquiry. In no department are we doing more work. "Down-town" New York, for example, is being so rapidly remodeled that small trace will be left in the year 1900 of the work that stood but ten years ago. In no department, again, do problems of greater difficulty and novelty suggest themselves; and in none, I think, is more strenuous effort being made to secure better artistic as well as better practical results than have hitherto been common. It is well, indeed, that this should be the case, since we are not, like our fathers, building for a short time only. Their structures have proved but temporary, while for ours a life may be predicted as long as the city's own. No one can ever build them bigger, and, however ugly we may leave them, our children are not likely to pull them down for æsthetic reasons only.

We know well the sort of business buildings that were typical some forty or fifty years ago—simple cubes of brick or stone broken by regular rows of unornamented windows. They were not even to be considered from the point of view of art, but from their very humility were not actively distressing or offensive. Offense came quickly, however, with the dawning of the "iron age." The world then thought it had found a new material which would meet its practical needs as they had never been met before, and would revolutionize the art on its artistic side as well. At first a new "iron style" was prophesied; but when this failed to appear, every time-honored fashion was drawn upon for help. Many, diverse, and frantic were the efforts made to achieve success. There were no bounds set to ambition; for the cheapness and facility with which iron could be cast into any shape, put within common reach such possibilities of elaboration and display (of *sham* elaboration and display, however) as had hitherto been reserved for occasional use in the most sumptuous and costly work. Nowhere was there more ambition, more experimenting, and more frantic "originality" than with us—as a walk up the central portion of Broadway will prove. But the ultimate result was as far as possible from the hopes we had cherished at the outset. No new iron style was evolved, and no old fashion showed its fitness for truthful, or even for satisfactory superficial treatment in the novel substance. And I think these years of struggle had a definitely pernicious as well as a merely disappointing outcome. I am sure our public would never have grown to misconceive so utterly the true grounds of architectural excellence, had not the cheap and showy lies of iron been paraded for so many years before its eyes. Had we always kept to brick and stone, we could not have been so lavish with our "applied ornament," and could not have come to love it so unwisely. We could not so have forgotten that construction is the basis of architectural excellence; that simplicity and repose are among its finest factors; and that elaborateness and ornament are only justifiable when attempted in materials of appropriate sorts, and executed with artistic feeling and manual, not mechanical, skill. Surely to iron we owe the greater part of our architectural falsehood, restlessness, ostentation, and vulgarity; and surely to it, the greater part of our present incapacity to distinguish between an organism and an aggregate of inconsequential features; between "decorated construction" and "constructed decoration"; between ornamental detail that is wrought by an artist's hand, and ornamental detail that is coarsely cast in ignoble forms.

It is impossible to find any really good iron buildings among our many thousands. All we can say is that the simplest are the best; or, more properly, the least distressing. The plain fronts that abound, for instance, in the so-called "dry-goods district" of New York are not beautiful, and neither their arches nor their lintels are a satisfactory expression of the qualities of iron. But they are infinitely better, at all events, than elaborate vulgarizations of palatial magnificence like the Grand Hotel with its thousand columns, or the Domestic Building on Union Square with its colossal statuary, or the Venetian or Arabic or flashy nondescript façades farther down Broadway.

But iron no longer greatly interests us except for interior constructional expedients. We no longer make much use of it in our visible exteriors. It has proved intractable from an artistic point of view,—whether of necessity or owing to our want of ingenuity, I do not pretend to say, though it does seem as though thirty years of earnest effort in every

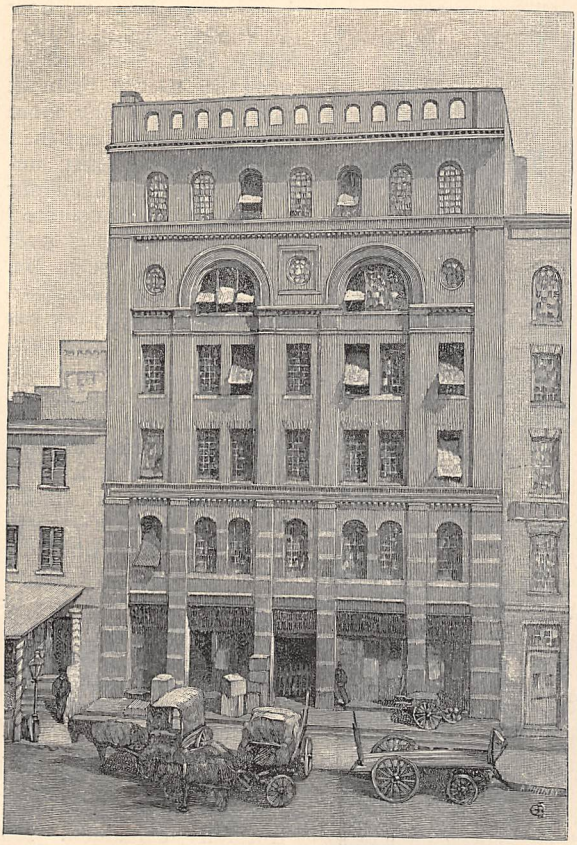
land must pretty well have exhausted its possibilities. And practically it has been tried in fiery balances and found conspicuously wanting. Fortunately for our art, we are forced back almost entirely upon brick and stone as our visible materials.

Are we now to do something really good with them,— something that will be neither a mere square box nor a superficial flourish of mendacious forms and mechanically wrought details? Certainly we are making the effort; and as certainly, I think, we are beginning to succeed. Let us consider, first, the humblest sort of problem, and take as an example of its simple but successful solution a warehouse Messrs. Babb, Cook & Willard have recently erected on Duane street, in New York. There was little to work with here: cheap materials, scanty ornament, and not even a corner site; only one of those high narrow façades that go so far to discourage effort. But effort, intelligent effort, has been brought to bear, and the result is fine in the first and chief essential of good architecture — fine in composition. The straight lines of equal windows demanded in a building of the sort are preserved throughout the lower stories; but their uniformity is relieved by the piers and great round arches which, furnishing strength to the wall, also express that strength and introduce the artistic element of design. The fifth-story openings are accommodated to the arches, and their bold variety completes the effect of intelligent composition. Such a building, as truly as the most elaborate, is an architectural growth, an entity, an organism. It proves that its builder had an idea and knew how to express it; that he was neither a mere mechanical piler-up of bricks and window-sashes, nor a mistaken searcher after that effectiveness which, it is supposed, will result from the introduction of "unnecessary" decorative features. Such excellence seems very easy of attainment,— but only now that we see it gained. Let us imagine one of our unpretentious business streets lined with buildings of this sort— I do not mean identical with it, but analogous to it in simplicity, appropriateness, and architectural feeling. We do not conceive it as a street to be merely tolerated, even if our more ambitious thoroughfares were of equal excellence in a richer way; rather as one in which we should find true pleasure, and of a permanent, because a *rational*, sort.

Another similarly simple and successful essay, due to the same firm, is to be found in Newburgh on the Hudson, and may be judged from the illustration on page 514.

A leather warehouse, which is still more uncompromisingly utilitarian in effect, and which is yet an intelligent work of art, stands near the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge, and has fronts on Jacob and Frankfort streets, though the corner between them is occupied by another building. It is extremely sturdy, almost rude, in effect, and without the slightest trace of ornament — with not even so much as we find in the little moldings which, inconspicuous though they are, yet add a tangible grace to Mr. Babb's results. But its wall is composed by means of piers and arches; it has a strong though simple cornice; and its openings are well designed and varied, those of the ground story being powerful round arches. Its solidity and strength are not more evident than its fitness of expression, or than its testimony to how much a clever architect may do with a problem so humble that it has long been held beneath the dignity of art. It is only recently, I think, that such simple works have been confided to hands more skillful than those of the ordinary builder; at least, it is only recently that we have had ocular proof of an architect's interference. And therefore it is that I count them such valuable signs of progress. The façades which are being built to inclose the Bridge arcades and fit them for storage purposes give, by the way, welcome evidence of a similar sort.

Now, for variety and the sake of pointing an instructive contrast, let us look at a great wholesale store Mr. Richardson has lately built on Bedford street in Boston — a work of the richest and most elaborate kind, and, considering its place and purpose, of the greatest possible novelty. It would be hard to exaggerate the "true architectural emotion" it produces when we first see it through a vista of narrow streets lined with commonplace commercial structures. Mr. Richardson worked, it is true, under favoring conditions. The site is a rounded corner of two diverging streets, facing a third which affords a good distant view, and is extended enough for good proportions to be possible in spite of great necessary height; and the money appropriated allowed the use of noble material and profuse decoration. But other builders have had opportunities as good, or better even, in this immediate neighborhood. It is not the fault of fate or clients that their results are so far inferior. In Mr. Richardson's building we see composition of an admirable kind. Variety exists with quietness and harmony, and imposing solidity in spite of those wide modern windows which are so often an architect's destruction. Its beauty is *built*, not applied by means of decoration. This last is profuse, as I have said, but is guided and inspired by the structural forms. It enhances and accentuates, but does not itself *supply* the element of architectural "delight." A detail to be noted is the com-



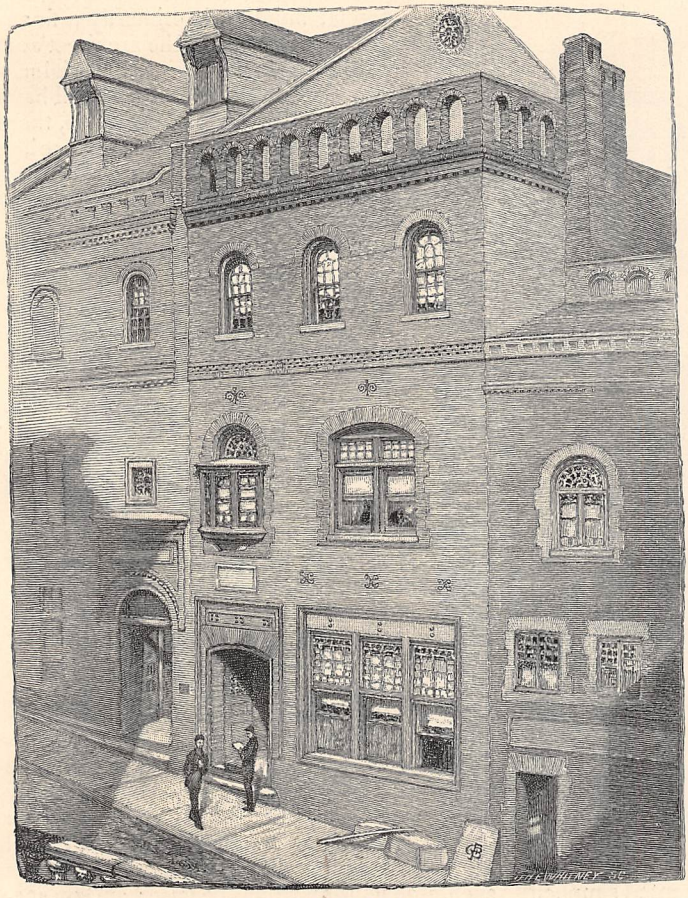
STORES, 173 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK.

paratively small size and unaccented simplicity of the doorways. Their subordination to the windows in a structure of this kind is as appropriate and expressive as is the emphasis we have seen Mr. Richardson lay upon them in buildings of another sort. Boston may well be proud of this splendid pile of dark-red sandstone, which is without question the most beautiful of all our commercial structures.

And yet we may ask ourselves whether, after all, it is as hopeful a sign for the future of our art as is such a work as Mr. Babb's. It would be absurd, of course, to compare, on their intrinsic merits as pure works of art, the sumptuous richness of the one with the frank poverty of the other. But I cannot too often repeat that architectural creations — especially with us in this first beginning of our art — have another aspect from which also they must be judged. When we look at them sensibly, they seem valuable in proportion as they offer the best practical solution of the most frequent and characteristic problems of our day and land. The power which can do well with humble opportunities, and create true art at little cost and under difficult conditions, is the power of which we have most need. A commercial building is primarily a financial investment, and the architect's art should help, not hinder, a financial success. For one architect who will have a chance like Mr. Richardson's, there will be a hundred to have a chance like Mr. Babb's. To the one we shall look to give us now and then a splendid monument; but upon the others we must depend if the generality of our city streets are to be redeemed from their barren ugliness or hideous deformity. And so I think that Mr. Babb's simplicity affords a presage of greater value than Mr. Richardson's magnificence.

Indeed, a further word of criticism may be registered. He would be an ungrateful critic who could wish that in this one case Mr. Richardson had built in any other way. He would be a theoretical purist who could say that since here we have something far too splendid and ornate to be strictly appropriate for commercial uses, it is something, therefore, which should be distinctly condemned as sinning against architectural excellence because sinning against fitness and expression of purpose. Yet, nevertheless, I think it would be unfortunate if our architects, dazzled by the beauty of this work, should come to look upon it as a standard, or as a model fit for imitation. On general grounds such a conclusion would be false; and on special grounds it would be extremely hurtful. Mr. Richardson's talent is of a very peculiar sort. Its results are, perhaps, a law unto themselves; but they are sometimes the last results in the world which should be made a law for others, or which could be safely diluted with the water of imitation. Take away the exuberant strength and fervor which enable Mr. Richardson at times to do unlawful things in a magnificently seductive way, and we should merely have the unlawfulness without the compensating charm. We have not, I repeat, so many fine monumental structures that we need quarrel with this because Mr. Richardson produced it when simply bid to build a warehouse. But it is not every one who would create a monument instead of a pretentious failure in striving for a similar transformation; and no one at all could do it, I am very sure, if attempting the task upon Mr. Richardson's lines, and imitating the manner which is natural to him.

Let us return now to New York, and see how admirable a work of art may be wrought by the perfectly straightforward resolution of a peculiarly utilitarian problem, and without

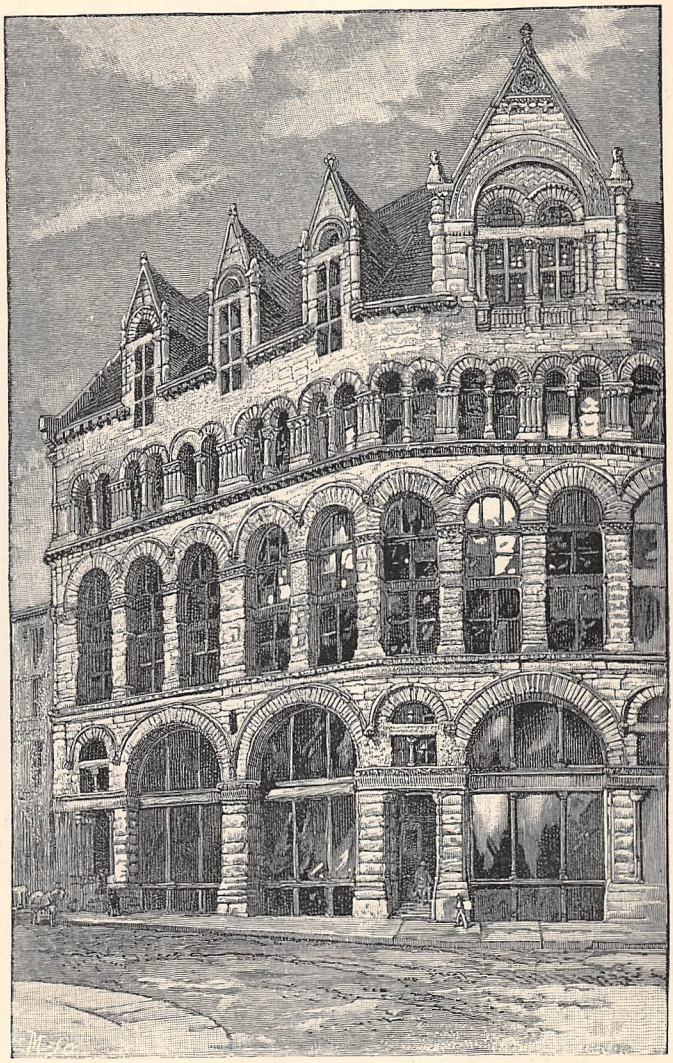


A STORE AT NEWBURGH.

the slightest recourse to ornamental embellishment. There is no building in the city which has greater beauty of a purely architectural kind than the huge storage warehouse that Mr. James E. Ware has erected at Lexington Avenue and Forty-second street. Certain factors in the programme gave him, it is true, fine opportunities of a sort which the modern architect seldom enough encounters. For one thing, he had a most unusual chance to build great unbroken fields of wall. We know what effects of imposing grandeur the architects of old realized in such fields. We know the temples of Egypt, the warehouses of Nuremberg, the various wide walls of Spain. And we are tempted to believe that the Roman baths, for instance, are finer in their present denuded state — in their huge simplicity and structural expression — than when they were overlaid with a gorgeous dress of "applied" unnecessary features. No complaint is more often in the mouth of the modern architect or his apologist than the complaint that such possibilities are not within his reach. But when by chance they are, how often does he use them well? How often does he even try to use them at all? Is any sight more common in our streets than a wall, of necessity unpierced, which its builder has seen fit to "decorate" with blind windows over its entire expanse? Mr. Ware has not fallen into such suicidal folly, nor has he left his wall in a naked monotony which would make it a mere brute pile, and not a *structure*. He has grouped his windows, strongly accentuated his string-courses, formed his angles of powerful turrets, and crowned the whole by a finely effective cornice. He has left his fields in simple strength, but has redeemed them from barrenness, emphasized their scale, and turned his building into an imposing work of architectural art. Purpose and interior disposition could not be more truthfully explained. No feature is added for the sake of beauty only, yet each brings its own quota toward general beauty of effect. In detail, as in disposition, there is nothing with which we can find fault, I think, save perhaps the corner doorway, which might have been either more simple or more forcibly accentuated. Everywhere we see evidence of original and happy inspiration. And it *is* original and happy, because entirely based on practical necessities, which are turned (not forced) into artistic opportunities. The building is, by the way, an especially instructive example of the value of light and shade in enhancing architectural forms. Look at it under a bright sun, and you will see how much it owes to the strong markings of its string-courses, to the depth of its reveals, and to the splendid shadows of its cornice and its turret roofs. It is built throughout of red brick, a slight and welcome diversity of color coming through the use of a somewhat darker tint about the openings.

No layman could have said to himself beforehand that thus and so a warehouse in a modern street should be conceived. But every eye must now acknowledge that this is just its proper form — for use, for expressive-

ness, and for appropriate beauty. It is novel, unexpected, and original; yet our first glance convinces us that it is *right* as well as strikingly effective. And are not these the reflections always suggested by a truly fine work of art, and by none that is not fine and true? No architect of the day deserves more hearty congratulation than does Mr. Ware for the artistic excellence of this building, and still more for the truthful, rational, strictly architectural way in which this has been gained. Its influence ought to be as strong and vital as its birth was unforeseen and welcome. If it could be transported to some ancient town, and tenderly touched with the softening hands of time and of historical association, its beauty would be recognized by all, as it now is by those who can appreciate architectural success apart from all adventitious aids.



STORES IN BEDFORD STREET, BOSTON.

Some of the new retail stores in our large cities, while far from being perfect or even very good works of art, are yet a noteworthy improvement on their immediate predecessors. We cannot really approve, for instance, of the tall Gorham building at the north-west corner of Broadway and Nineteenth street, with its trivial "Queen Anne" detail appropriate only to a structure of one-tenth its size. But since it is of brick, and since its detail, though so feeble, is not loud or vulgar, it is in happy contrast with such a neighbor as Lord & Taylor's iron shop. At the south-east corner of Twenty-second street is a much better work, still weak in composition, but quiet, straightforward, unpretentious, and agreeable. With others of its class it proves, if nothing more, that rampant ostentation is going out of fashion.

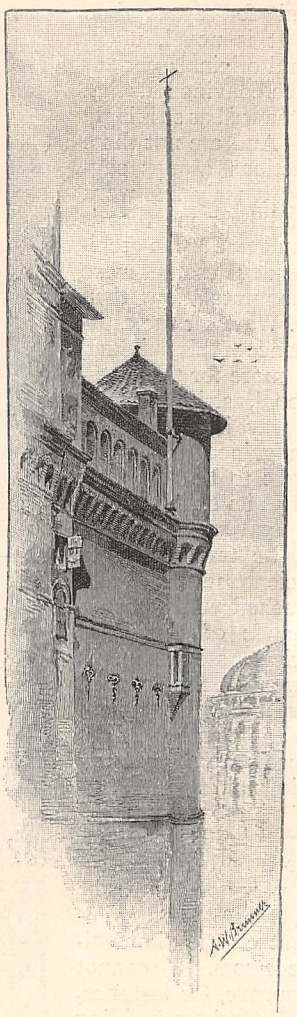
Messrs. Peabody & Stearns have built in Boston a large corner store which, in spite of some unfortunate detail, shows a fair attempt at composition and a clever treatment of the porch. This is recessed in the corner, the overhanging story being held by powerful columns which strike, in a rational and unforced way, an effective note of variety.

In our smaller towns, too, we are giving up the shrieking bathos which characterized our commercial structures of a few years ago — their cast-iron columns, their top-heavy cornices of sanded zinc, their extravagantly awkward detail. If in place of these we usually find as yet only a more or less fantastic "Queen Anne" design, we must still recognize a distinct step in advance. Though not always sensible or appropriate, and sometimes very distressing, yet such designs have now and then a sufficient grace or picturesqueness to make us partly forgive their lack of deeper excellence. And occasionally we find something that is different in character and really good. One such example I have already

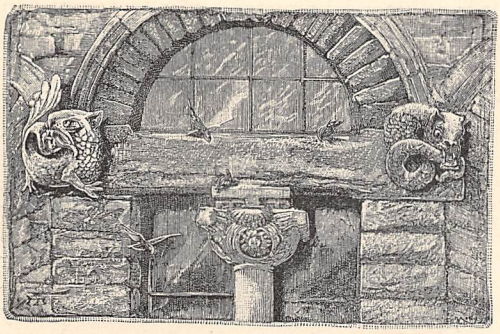
noted at Newburgh; and another, quite unlike it, and of a very charming sort, we see in the Farmers' Bank at Albany, built by Mr. Russell Sturgis. It is especially interesting since, for once, Gothic forms have been chosen, and have been treated in a very straightforward, sensible, and yet effective fashion.

Let us glance a moment at the little Industrial School Mr. Stratton has built on Sixteenth street, in New York, which is illustrated on page 519, and then pass to something very different.

Retail shops and warehouses we have had always with us; but of late years a new member has been born into our commercial family, which is one of the most unmanageable architectural children that have ever claimed attention in any day or land. We see quite clearly that architecture is not an abstract, merely "æsthetic" art, but an art rooted in practical requirements, and molded by material conditions, when we remember that the invention of the steam passenger-lift has brought about the invention of what have not improperly been called our "elevator buildings," and that they offer problems as new as they are characteristic of American soil, and especially of our cramped New York. Their chief characteristic is their enormous height. This height might not be hopelessly obstructive if one's other dimensions could be enlarged in proportion, if several stories could be put into a lofty roof, and if windows and wall spaces might be regulated quite at will. But with it goes, most often, a width that is totally inadequate; almost invariably, the impossibility of adopting a steep roof; and quite invariably, the necessity for a multitude of small rooms within, and so a multitude of small and monotonously spaced openings without. What is to be done with such a problem? I have not been surprised to hear some architects say, "Nothing. It is hopeless. We may as well surrender at once. The most we can do is to use good materials and discreet ornamentation. We can attempt no architectural composition, and if we are expressive we must, of course, be monotonous, since there is nothing but monotony to render. We must retire in ignominy behind plain walls and uniform lines of little windows."



A CORNER OF THE MANHATTAN WAREHOUSES.



WINDOW OVER DOORWAY OF BEDFORD STREET STORES.

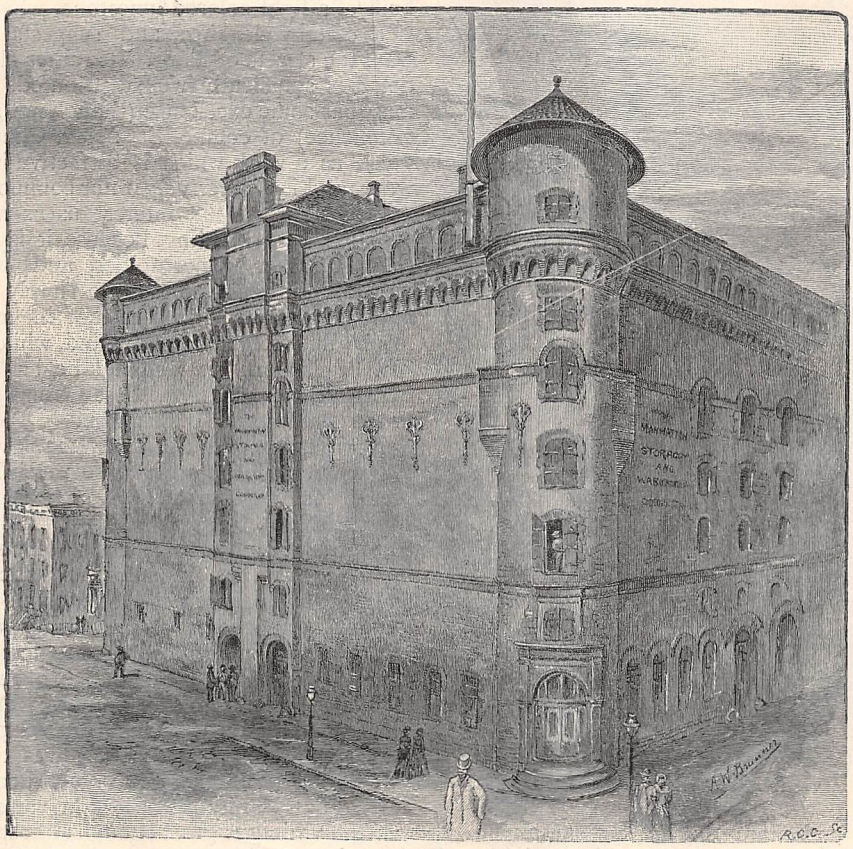
And, indeed, it would have been well if this modest hopelessness had sometimes regulated action. Especially when we look at our most ambitious apartment houses do we feel that nothing could possibly be worse, and that the barest factory would have been a good deal better. But with apartment houses we are not here concerned. Only the "office building" falls within our present chapter, and when we look at its embodiments we may change our tone a little. I do not know why it should be so, but certainly our down-town "elevator buildings" are far better than their up-town brethren. Perhaps it is because in the commercial work our desire has often been simply to build well, while in our resi-

dences we have wished to be stylish, elegant, and even "pretty," too. Unfortunate desire, and thrice unfortunate results!

By this I do not mean to say that all our office buildings are good, or that any of them approach the condition of perfect works of art. Some are hideous, and many are simply commonplace. But some are promising, and others, taking into account the difficulties which have hedged them round, may fairly be called successful. No skill, no talent, no inspiration, can ever make a really beautiful building if its proportions must remain radically and glaringly wrong, and if no opportunity is given for masking them by composition with its roofs and masses. And yet we certainly are proving that something better may be wrung from even the worst proportions and the most monotonous masses than absolute deformity or barren nakedness.

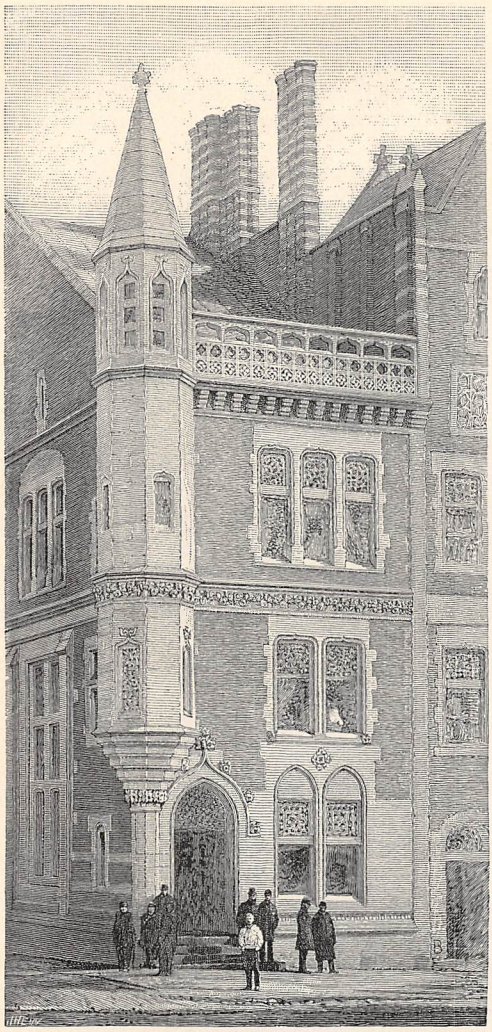
Moreover, if we look at these office buildings chronologically, we can trace, I think, a general advance toward comparative excellence. Surely, most of the latest among them are better, for example, than the Tribune building or the Western Union. And when we ask how and why they are better, we find it is because they are simpler, and because their architects have attempted structural composition instead of relying upon superficial adornment.

The Mills building, for instance, is bad in many ways, but good in the bold disposition of its masses, which has been effected by recessing the central portion, and thus putting the courtyard outside, so to say, instead of inside the structure. The Sherman building, at Broadway and Wall street, is hideously bad below, but its upper stories show good structural intentions in their piers and arches. Nor is the Morse building without evidence of effort in the right direction, as we see most clearly when we compare it with "Temple Court" across the street. And the Williamsburgh Insurance building is also comparatively successful in its main mass, in spite of the grotesque ugliness of its porch, with stumpy columns sliding down its balustrade.



MANHATTAN WAREHOUSES.

But better than any of these is Mr. Post's Post Building — at once simpler, more ra-



THE FARMERS' BANK, ALBANY, N. Y.

tional, and more agreeable than any of its rivals. An irregular site, which might well have proved embarrassing, has been cleverly turned to account, to give division and contrast of mass. The walls are composed — and as well, I think, as was possible, considering their proportions — by sturdy piers and arches; and the modest detail is pleasing in itself, and rightly placed best to perform its office. The use of a single tone of pale yellow brick and terra-cotta throughout increases the refinement and reticence which characterize the work.

Far more costly and ambitious, and far less successful, is the Washington building on the Battery. Here stone is used throughout, and is treated with a profusion of delicately carved decoration. Composition is attempted, but can hardly be said to be achieved; for the tall pilasters which run up to the cornice and are crowned with capitals do not compose the wall and unite its features, as do true piers with arches thrown between them. And the elaborate detail is wasted; for it is too delicate and too small in scale, and is distributed too impartially.

One of the most sumptuous of these great structures is Mr. Clinton's Mutual Life Insurance building on Nassau street. It is built of a light-colored limestone, which gives it a certain elegance, and suggests, by the way, the streets of Paris. Its rather elaborate detail is sufficiently well distributed, and its mass has some excellence (though not striking excellence) of composition. Mr. Clinton has given us a work which is attractive in many ways, and is neither vulgar nor commonplace. And yet it does not interest us as much as does the Post building, because it is the result of richer opportunities, and because, moreover, it does not look so simply natural and indigenous. We feel that its architect has had a foreign model in mind, while before Mr. Post's work we feel that he has merely been trying to make the best of his problem in the frankest and easiest way.

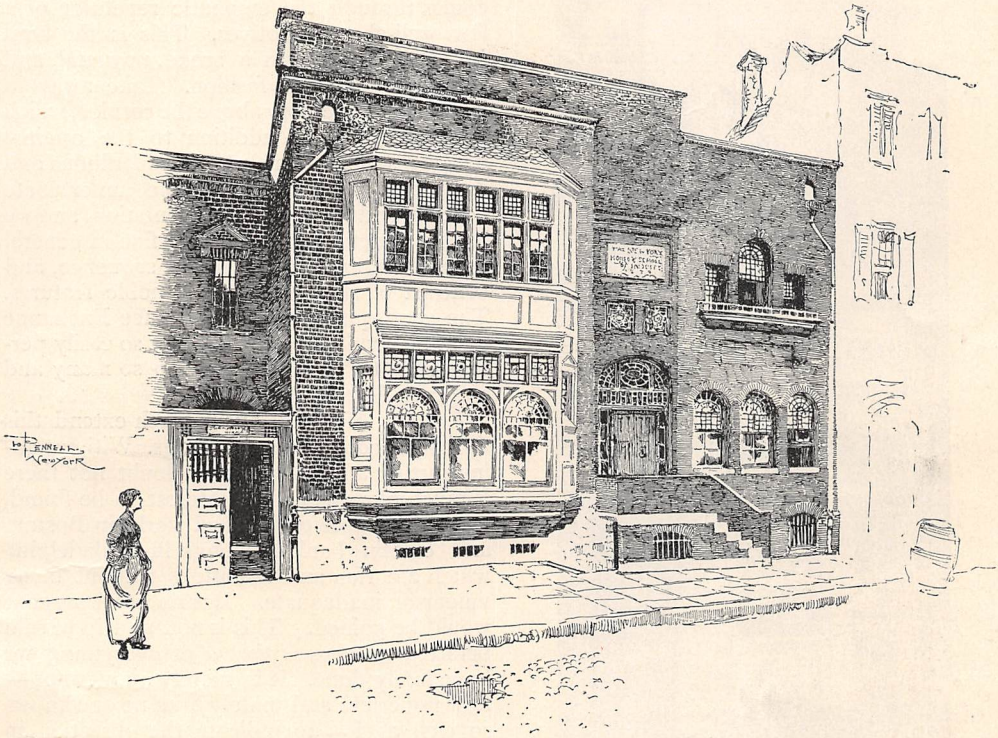
A work that does not exactly rank with the foregoing, since its scale is so much less, we see in No. 55 Broadway, which is due to Messrs. Babb, Cook & Willard. Its modest extent did not, however, lessen difficulty, but increased it rather, since the height remained so lofty. Here there was absolutely no chance to use the truest sort of structural composition; but there *is* composition, nevertheless, in the arrangement of the string-courses, of the openings, and of the ornamentation. A treatment so detailed would be out of place in a broader building, but here it was the only thing possible, and has been most successfully carried out. Unity is not lost in variety, and yet the variety is great enough almost to hide from the eye the preposterous proportions of the wall. If such a front can be agreeably treated, there must be hope for all things — more hope than, upon theoretical grounds, we might be inclined to cherish.

A new building on the east side of Broadway below Cortlandt street, designed by Mr. Hunt, offered a less difficult problem. It is rich, dignified, and pleasantly effective. Yet we cannot give it quite unqualified praise, since it is hardly a piece of true architectural composition. Its beauty comes from the polished columns which flank every window, and is *applied* beauty, though honest and elegant in its own way.

A very charming work is Messrs. McKim, Mead & White's Columbia Bank, on the corner of Forty-second street and Fifth Avenue.

Its masses are modeled by the strong projection of two bays on its longer side, the narrow Fifth Avenue front being analogous to these bays in the treatment of its upper portions. The lower story throughout is of stone beautifully worked, and is finished with a delicate cornice. The brick wall above is set back a little, producing a fortunate effect of variety and increased apparent stability. The windows are grouped in large square openings, and a delicate ornamentation of terra-cotta enforces the architectural lines and adds an element of quiet richness and elegance. The small *loggias* which surmount the bays are welcome features, lightening the structure in the place where lightness is appropriate. There is perhaps some confusion in the use of the terra-cotta, its *role* sometimes being constructive and sometimes decorative. Inside the bank we see the same refined treatment that always characterizes the interior work of these architects, though properly subdued into accordance with utilitarian purposes.

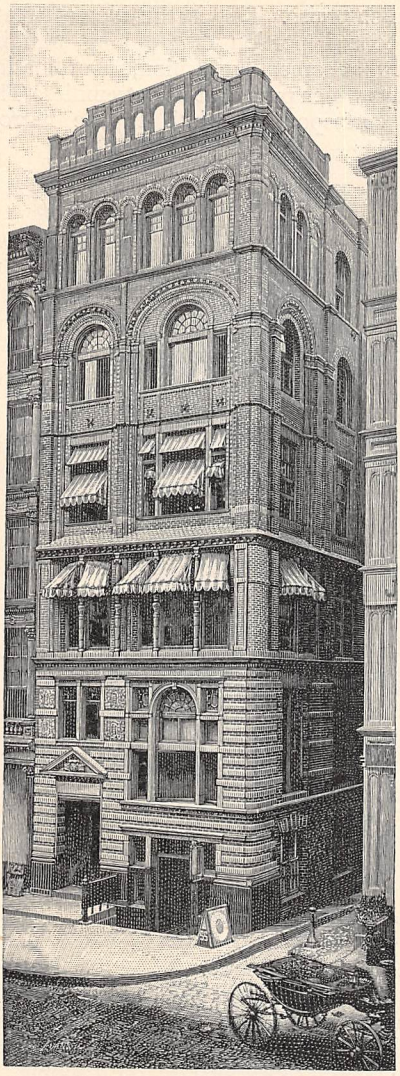
On the south-east corner of Broadway and Broome street is a building which can hardly be called a successful work of art. But beneath the infelicities of its execution we perceive a general idea which seems deserving of much praise. This is the idea of treating the central portion of the long wall in a somewhat screen-like fashion, subordinating it to bays which project at its extremities. These bays correspond in width to the narrower façade, and the corner, of course, is treated as a whole. I should like to see what the architects of the Columbia Bank would make of this arrangement, which is well suggested, but not well developed, in the Broome street work. With a front as narrow and a height as great as those of their bank, a rather tower-like treatment of the corner might be an interesting experiment.



INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL IN WEST SIXTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

I may note, in passing, an accessory detail which we find in this Broome street store. This is the attempt (and it is not unsuccessful) to bring the sign-boards which so disfigure our business structures into harmony among themselves, and to render them as little hurtful as possible to their architectural background.

But the most conspicuous of all the new commercial buildings of New York still remains for notice. This is the Produce Exchange of Mr. Post. There is no recent work of which it is so difficult to speak with fairness,— so great are its defects, and yet so great in some respects its excellence. I may as well confess at once that its ornamental details are as bad

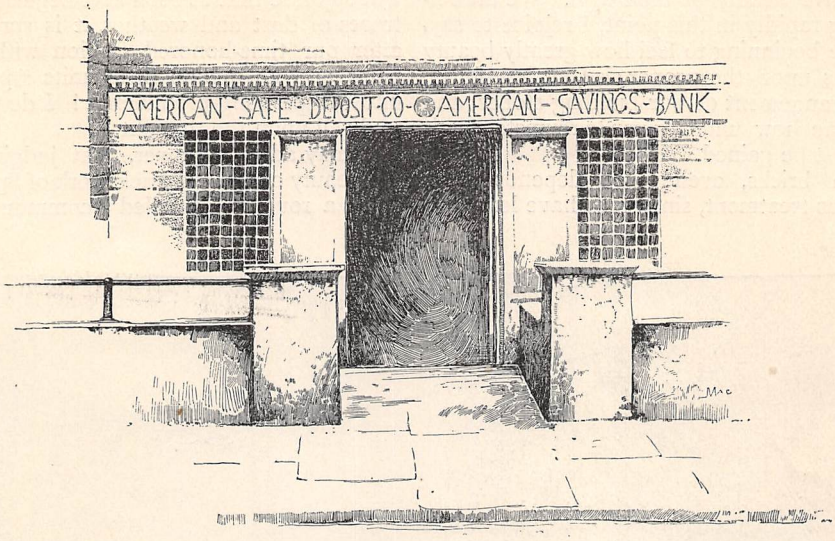


STORE AT 55 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

as bad can be. Also,—and this is a more important point,—that it is an extremely untruthful structure, so far as expressiveness is concerned, its exterior being quite unrelated to the disposition of its interior parts. The problem was not an easy one, I know—to build an immense hall for public use, and to put small offices beneath and around and above it in every inch of space it left unfilled. But a better solution, if not a perfectly true one, might well have been secured; and knowing Mr. Post's ability, we may believe he would have found it but for the feverish haste with which the work was pushed—a haste that is likely to do us ill service very often in the future, as it has done in the past in more instances than this. But, after all possible deficiencies are noted, it remains true that the Produce Exchange, superficially considered for beauty only, is one of the most imposing monuments we have. I have often spoken of the sort of composition which results from the harmonious disposition of diverse masses and features; but there is another sort which comes through the emphatic repetition of a few well-chosen motives. This is the kind Mr. Post has used in a broad, powerful, and singularly effective fashion. Take away in imagination the story above the cornice, which was, I believe, an addition to the original design; suppress the utterly superfluous and disturbing tower; forget the unfortunate porches and the crude ornamentation, and we have a structure which is very fine in general proportion, and in the shape, sequence, and contrast of strong and even noble features. The good qualities of the Produce Exchange must be good indeed, since they so easily persuade us to shut our eyes to so many and so grave defects.

I might, of course, very much extend this list of our commercial buildings. Without going further afield,—where I doubt not there is much of value and of interest to be found,—I might note other good works in Boston, and certain bank buildings in Philadelphia which are rich and ambitious without being vulgar or inadequate. But no good purpose would be gained. This is not, as I have said before, a *catalogue raisonné* of everything we have lately done. It is merely an attempt—how imperfect and unduly brief no one knows so well as I—to indicate the direction in which our architects are turning their steps and the degree of progress they are making. I cannot really *record* this progress. I can only *illustrate* it by a few examples, and try to explain it so that some hitherto indifferent eyes may be interested in its true nature and its best possibilities. If I have not done this—if I have not explained the excellence of certain works in a clear enough way to enable my readers to appreciate the kindred excellence of such others as may fall beneath their notice, and to see wherein lie the faults of less successful essays—if I have not done this, I say, I have lamentably failed in my chief intention. I have rendered of no avail the only excuse that could justify a layman in passing criticism upon the work of a profession which, more than any other in our day, is surrounded by limitations, fettered by difficulties, and discouraged and hampered by a lack of true popular understanding.

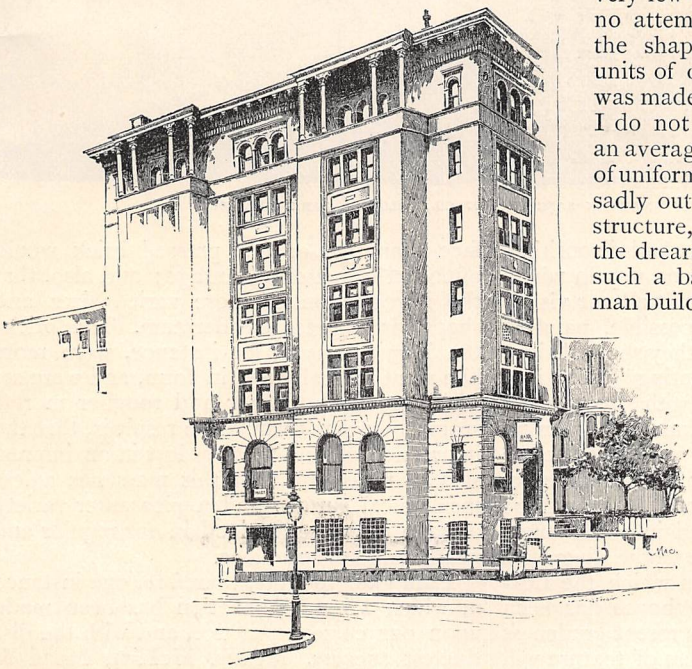
If I may still be granted a little space, I will utilize it to dwell upon an important point, to which thus far I have only incidentally referred. I have said that what, for want of a better term, may be called



FORTY-SECOND STREET ENTRANCE, COLUMBIA BANK BUILDING.

structural finish is an influential factor in architectural beauty, and one which cannot at all be appreciated in illustrations. By structural finish I do not mean the arrangement of features nor the execution of ornamental details. I mean an architect's treatment of his materials in the main portions of his work.

Structural finish may be imperfect in two different ways — mechanically or artistically. It may sin through mere carelessness, stupidity or dishonesty of workmanship. A structure may be badly built through being weakly or clumsily put together; but the best built structure, mechanically considered, may sin artistically through the unwise selection and arrangement of its units. Most of our work *did* sin conspicuously in just this way until a very few years ago. Either there was no attempt at beauty and variety in the shaping and disposition of the units of construction, or that attempt was made in wofully mistaken fashions. I do not know which is the worse,— an average brown-stone dwelling, built of uniformly proportioned blocks, often sadly out of scale with the size of the structure, and always smoothed to the dreariest monotony of surface, or such a basement as that of the Sherman building, with its brutal masses of rock and its various other vagaries of treatment. Look now at the lower story of the Columbia Bank, and you will see what I mean by *good* structural finish. The stones are neither too small nor too large, too rough nor too smooth, for their position and for appropriate contrast with the brick wall above; and they are disposed in a way which gives them a truly

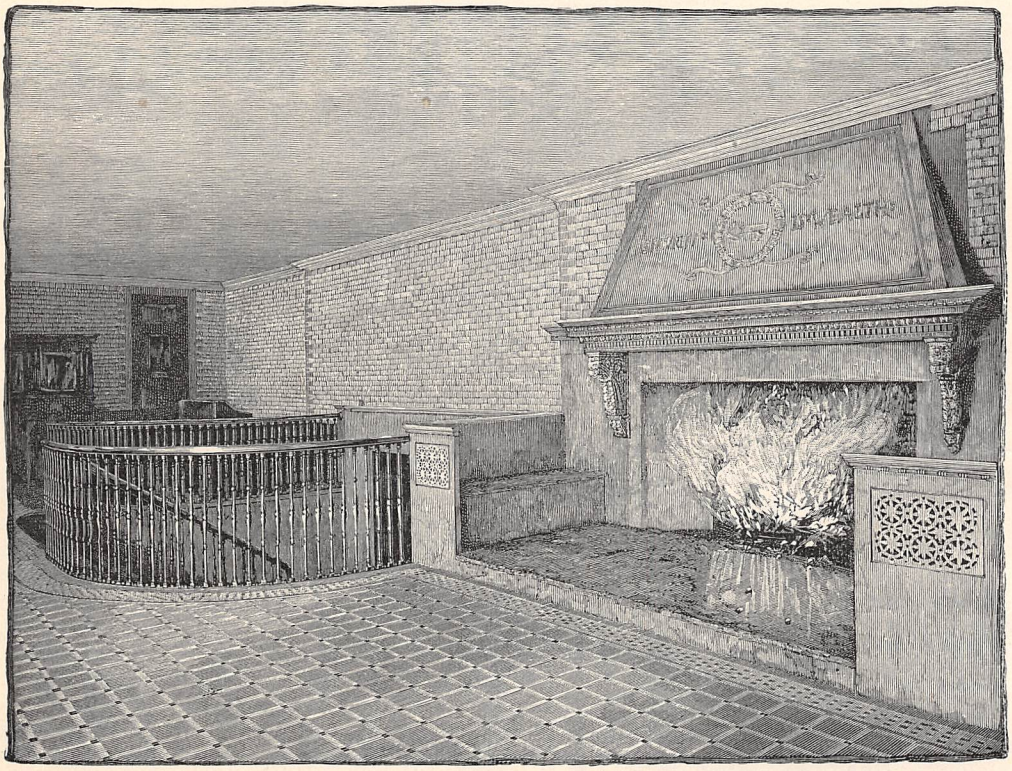


COLUMBIA BANK BUILDING, CORNER OF FORTY-SECOND STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

decorative beauty of their own. We are improving rapidly in this point, I rejoice to say. We are beginning to feel how greatly beauty depends upon the proper size, surface finish, and arrangement of our building-stones, and to divine how under given circumstances it may best be gained.

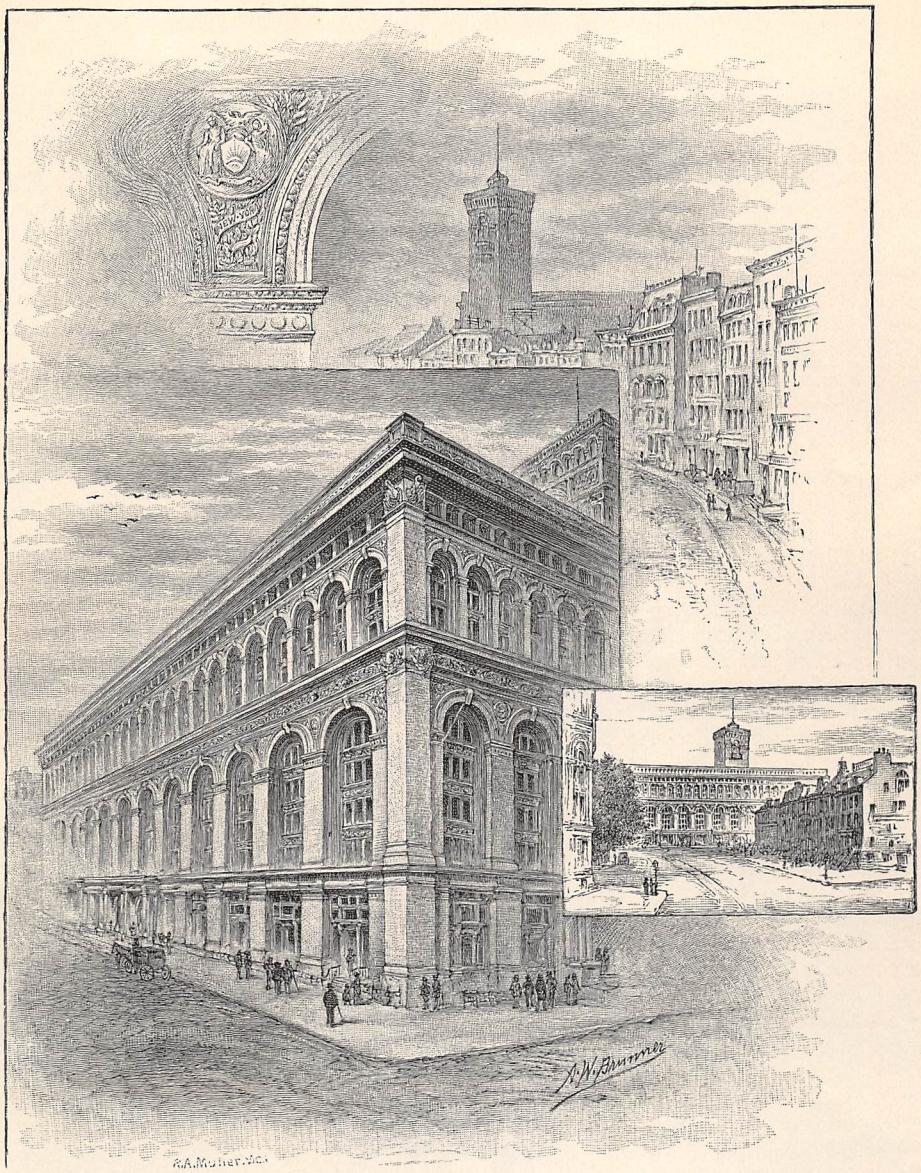
With bricks, even more depends upon judicious treatment, since they have less individual excellence to redeem bad disposition. Awhile ago there was but one way in which we cared to use them. We built all our visible brick walls as smooth as possible, painting them bright red as soon as they showed signs of "weathering," and "pointing" them into conspicuous individual life with strong white lines. Certainly, we could have hit upon no worse device; for when our units of structure are hopelessly ignoble, their individual effect should not be insisted upon. It should be allowed to sink unperceived into the effect of *mass*, or to produce mere vague diversities of tone. This is the way in which the Lexington Avenue storage warehouse has been built. If it is left intact, its present crudeness of color and hard smoothness of texture will after a while be subdued into softer beauty. But suppose that as soon as it begins to show traces of dust and weather, it is spruced up after our time-honored fashion with bright paint, and its million little units "pointed" into exasperating prominence! I do not care to dwell upon the thought.

I may add, moreover, that judging from the beauty of the old brick-work of Spain and Italy, a rougher, so-called "commoner," surface than that of our pressed brick would often tell to better advantage; and also, that the introduction of more varied sizes and shapes is a great desideratum. The bricks the Romans used, for instance, were more like what we call tiles in form, and were set with very much thicker and rougher mortar seams between them. The result is, that the impression of tiny units is lost in an impression of mass, and that this mass has a less mechanical surface and a pleasanter variety of tone than are attained in our regular and neatly laid constructions.



FIREPLACE IN AMERICAN SAFE DEPOSIT CO., COLUMBIA BANK BUILDING.

I am glad to note, therefore, one instance in which a bold innovation has been made upon our current practice, and with the distinctest success. Messrs. McKim, Mead & White are building a large house on the



PRODUCE EXCHANGE BUILDING, NEW YORK.

corner of Madison Avenue and Seventy-second street, and the bricks used in its upper stories have been made under their directions. They are, if I remember, some sixteen inches long by hardly more than three in width, and are less close and hard in texture than our "best pressed brick." And they are not monotonously alike, but considerably varied in tint, the resulting tone being a soft light brown or very dull yellow. The effect of the wall is most delightful, both on account of the less mechanically regular shape of its units and of the broken and vital quality of its color. When we remember that it is as easy to make bricks of one shape as of another, and easier to make them varied than strictly uniform in tint, there seems, indeed, no reason why we should restrict ourselves to such monotony as has hitherto prevailed in this direction.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

CARMEN SYLVA, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

UPON my desk lies a book on which is printed in bold autograph characters "Tales from Carmen Sylva's Kingdom." But who is Carmen Sylva? Has she, indeed, a realm that is situated in any portion of the globe, or is her kingdom one of pure romance, that has no existence out of the realms of fairy tale? The kingdom is far-distant Roumania, as a State new-comer among the European kingdoms, but as a land and nation older far than the governments around it, to whom it has for centuries proved a bone of contention. "Puin" the natives fondly call their land,—a word that in their speech means "my darling." Puin has had much to suffer from the nations that compass her round about, and have at various periods of her history enslaved her, trampling her fruitful garden under their iron heels, uprooting her flowers, and destroying her labors. But Puin is at peace now, and happy in her ruler, whose consort is no other than Carmen Sylva. There rests upon her brow a dual crown: one formed of leaves of laurel plucked in the gardens of Apollo; one made of stern iron, fashioned out of guns captured from Mohammedan Turks, and given to her by Charles, Prince of Hohenzollern, now King of Roumania. That he, an alien, an unimaginative and inflexible Prussian, has been able to retain the throne, that he has overthrown intrigues, confounded conspiracies, that he has gained, if not the love, at least the sincere respect of his subjects, is due in great part to the lady who sits beside him, and who, a queen in the best and richest sense of the word, has made his paths smooth and has won the hearts of all that come in contact with her. A lovable woman truly; one of those magnetic presences to whom our hearts go out at first sight, we know not why; in whom a true and noble womanhood rises above the factitious dignity of royalty. Brought under the influence of her deep blue eyes, of her full, rich, sympathetic voice, her genial smile, the wish naturally arises to know more of the woman and the queen.

"I was born far from a throne," she said to me one day, as we sat chatting in cozy *tête-à-tête* in the tiny study she had made for herself in the Villa Spinola — that house embosomed in orange and lemon gardens, which stands upon the shores of the beautiful Gulf of Genoa, where she spent some weeks last year. "Yes, I was born very far from a throne, and I am heartily glad of it. I thus had a more natural youth." She is fully aware of the fact that princes as a rule look at life through the wrong end of the telescope, fully aware that it is a fate from which it seems almost impossible to save them; but she hopes and thinks that she has escaped this doom — thanks to the wisdom of her parents, to the comparative modesty of her origin, to the fact that life has been very real and grave to her, and that she has not been shielded and guarded from seeing aught but its sunny side, or one carefully tricked out for her contemplation. Carmen Sylva, as she calls herself by her *nom de plume*, a name compounded from her fondness for song and wood, was by birth a princess of Wied, one of the many tiny principalities with which Germany abounded. At the time the princess was born, namely, December 29, 1843, her family, one of the oldest among small German princelings, had by their kindliness and culture made themselves beloved of their subjects. She was a robust, bright-eyed little girl, a very piece of quicksilver, to whom it was needful to teach reading at the age of three, in order to keep her occupied. Her alert intelligence was carefully trained by her cultured parents and by able tutors. She soon distinguished herself by her knowledge of languages, her passion for poetry and music, and her genuine love of the fine arts. Nor were the strictly feminine branches of education neglected. Princess Elizabeth learned to ply her needle as deftly as her pen, her cooking-spoon as well as her drawing-pencil. But she was by no means a merely studious child. Her lively animal spirits needed constant vent, and many a time would she manage to get outside the park, gather the village children about her, and prove the ringleader of wild and merry games. From the age of five it was her ardent desire, her ideal, to be a national school-mistress; and when she was not romping with them, it was her delight to gather the village children around her and teach them what she had just learned herself. There was not much etiquette in her father's little court, where sorrow and sickness had early taken up a permanent abode. The father was a chronic invalid, and the mother was prostrated for five years, while during the whole period of Princess Elizabeth's intellectual development, for eleven years, her youngest brother struggled wearily with a life of pain to which death hourly held out hopes of re-

lease. It is easy to understand what a sad impression all this must have made on the sensitive mind of the young girl, and why it was needful that the family life should be both quiet and natural. To give her a chance of expanding, to strengthen the health of her second brother, and also in the hope of benefiting the little invalid, the mother caused a farm to be laid out in their country-seat, in which the children themselves tilled the ground, milked the cows, tended the poultry, sowed and cut the grain,— in short, did with their own hands all rural labors. This *régime* was especially healthful to Elizabeth, who was by nature a fantastic child, inclined to weave romances and live in dreamland. It brought her into contact with the real earth, and she learned to know and love nature. Seeing her imaginative leanings, her wise mother had carefully withheld from her works of imagination and poetry, desiring to strengthen her intellect with sterner studies. But she could not prevent the child from secretly inditing verses at a tender age, nor did she remain wholly ignorant of works of fiction. A copy, somehow obtained, of "The Wide, Wide World" was long her favorite reading, and was often found hidden between the covers of some school-book, or under her pillow at night. To succor those in distress, to aid the poor and nurse the sick, was early taught her by precept and example; and with her ardent temperament, which is apt to exaggerate everything, there seemed at one time some danger that she would not have a dress to her back, so liberally did she dispose of her wardrobe to all who asked. Meanwhile, to roam the woods that surrounded the country-seat of the family, if possible alone, accompanied only by her big dogs, so that she might dream her dreams undisturbed, remained the chief pleasure of the little girl. Day by day her German home grew dearer to her, and even among the more stately Carpathians she has not forgotten the vine-clad hills of the Rhine. She, too, has given her poetical tribute to that much-sung river, and in introducing her translations of Roumanian folk-songs to her native land she invokes the Rhine in terms of endearment.

This open-air life, this rustic, simple training, united to a refined intelligence and careful mental nurture, has produced an original and charming result. To this day the Queen retains some of the unsophisticated directness of the tiller of the soil, while there is an aroma of the woods and fields in her poetry and her speech. As a mere child her instincts were toward independence and freedom, and to this day conventionality irks her. Many are the tales told of her wild exploits while in her Rhenish home. One day, when she was but ten, she was seized with a sudden desire to attend the village school. When her mother, as her custom was, came into the children's room in the early morning, Princess Elizabeth begged for leave to go and learn her lessons with the neighbors' children. The Princess of Wied either did not hear, or did not regard the demand as made in earnest, and the little girl, interpreting her silence as consent, slipped away and entered the school, where all knew her well by sight. The master was pleased, but scarcely surprised; he knew the simple habits of the Wied family, and so he continued his labors, regardless of the new scholar. They were in the midst of a singing lesson and the Princess joined in with all the ardor of her nature and the strength of her youthful lungs. Singing was a delight to her, all the more that at home, among so many invalids, she had to check her exuberant utterances. But, to the no small dismay of the whole class, a little girl standing next her, annoyed at, perchance jealous of, this full-voiced song, unable to sing her down, put her hand over the Princess's mouth to silence her. While she was in this ignominious position, there arrived a liveried servant from the castle, sent in pursuit of the fugitive, whom he bore off humiliated, and who was condemned to several days' captivity in consequence of this escapade.

Journeys to the Isle of Wight, to various German towns, and even to Paris, for the purpose of seeking change of air, and surgical aid for the invalid brother, had broken the monotony of the Princess's life; but not until she was seventeen did she make acquaintance with the great world. She then paid a visit of several months to the court of Berlin. Here an adventure befell her, and if, as Lord Beaconsfield asserts, adventures are to the adventurous, it was but right and proper that a romantic accident should befall the mercurial Princess Elizabeth. Rushing down the stairs one day with her habitual impetuosity, she slipped and would have fallen to the bottom, had not a gentleman who was ascending at the same moment caught her in his arms. It was a fall laden with unexpected consequences, for she had fallen into the arms of her future husband. But as yet she was not to rest in them for good. The young Princess evinced an almost savage dislike to matrimony, and in response to all proposals of marriage made to her replied: "I do not want to marry unless I can be Queen of Roumania." The reply seemed a very safe one in those days, when Roumania had but just been founded, and only as a principality, under the boyard

rule of the worthless Prince Couza. She little realized that later she would be taken at her word. Meantime she went home again to Wied, and resumed her offices in the sick-room and her studies; for until she was twenty-five, indeed until she married, Princess Elizabeth never ceased to take lessons. Her favorite tutor, a cultivated minister of that small sect, the Mennonites, told me that he used to allow her in later years to regulate her own studies. He had early trained her to think, and often for hours master and pupil would discuss their readings. What the Queen never could and never will suffer is surface talk. She has a manner of at once leading conversation away from trivialities, and with her fine knowledge of human nature and kindly sympathy with her fellows, she invariably succeeds in drawing out the best that is in people, and also in making them speak of that which they know best or care for most. She has the rare gift of questioning with *esprit;* she has the yet rarer gift of listening well; and at the same time she is herself an excellent talker, and knows how to set conversation going and to maintain it. In her youth she was a great reader, and had acquired Dr. Johnson's art of tearing out the heart of a book, for she has little patience to wade through detail. Her powers in this respect often perplexed her slower-witted, thorough-going German tutor.

In 1862 her little brother died, and soon after her most intimate friend. In 1867 it was thought well that the Princess should be removed awhile from the house over which ever hung the shadows of sorrow and death. Therefore her aunt, the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, took her traveling to various parts of Europe. While at St. Petersburg she was struck down with typhus fever, and when she recovered it was to learn the bitter tidings that her adored father had passed away. "Must all I love on earth be borne to the grave?" is the burden of a mournful poem written in her journal of that date. Music became her only consolation, and during her convalescence she took lessons from Mme. Schumann and Rubinstein. In the summer she went home, to find the quiet home yet quieter and sadder. During the next years every summer was spent at home on the Rhine, every winter traveling with her aunt. Even when away she diligently pursued her studies. Thus, one winter at Naples was entirely dedicated to the works of Shakspere, Scott, and Dickens. From childhood she had spoken English with ease, and had been attracted to English literature.

Meanwhile European public events were changing, a change destined to affect the "wild rose-bud of Wied," as her friends loved to call her. In 1868 Prince Charles of Hohenzollern had been chosen ruler of Roumania, and in the autumn of the next year he came to the Rhine to remind the Princess Elizabeth of her desire to rule over that kingdom. Even so it was a little while before she could consent to resign her fiercely cherished independence, but she yielded, and in November of the same year he took her to his home amid the Carpathians, after she had been united to him four times over, namely: according to the German civil code, according to the Lutheran, her own religion, according to the Roman Catholic, which is his, and according to the rites of the Greek Church, which is the creed of their kingdom. Arrived in her new home, she at once threw herself with native ardor into all her new duties. She learned to read and write Roumanian, she made herself acquainted with the needs and requirements of the land, and soon saw that she had not been wrong when, years ago, she had aspired after this throne as one which would give her a noble work to do. While keeping herself carefully aloof from the entanglements of politics, the result of her endeavors was soon felt more beneficially than those of cannon or diplomatists. She founded schools, hospitals, soup-kitchens, convalescent homes, cooking-schools and *crèches;* she encouraged popular lectures; she inculcated respect for sanitary laws, most needful in an eastern land; she founded art galleries and art schools. These institutions now bear practical testimony to the Queen's energetic love for her nation and her kind. It was her endeavor from the first to be a mother of her people in the best sense of the word, and "little mother" has long been the tender name by which her people call her. To give but one instance, a small matter, and yet one that has had much influence and greatly contributed to her popularity: It seems that Roumanian women have ever been famed for their powers of spinning and weaving, their deftness in embroidery; but the new Queen found that a love for tawdry West-European clothes and Parisian fashions threatened to extinguish their national art and to render the picturesque costume of the country a thing of the past. Out of her own private purse she founded a school of embroidery, in which the old Byzantine patterns were carefully reproduced. She encouraged the peasants to bring to her the robes they had embroidered, and when in the country she donned the national costume, and made her ladies wear it too, the only difference between her dress and that of the peasants being that she wears the veil, which, as in old Greek costume, as we may learn from the story of Helen, is the mark of queenly dignity. She further made

it obligatory that at the annual charity balls in Bucharest the national costume would be worn.

In 1870 the Queen became a mother, and though her child was only a little girl, and hence of no value to the land as heir, she was none the less precious to her mother's heart. For four years, four precious years, all the Queen's happiness was centered in this child; in her babe's beaming eyes she forgot all griefs, all worries. Joy, of which she had known so little in her life, had taken up its abode beside her, and for a time banished Sorrow, her too faithful attendant. There is a most charming portrait extant of the Queen, in all the pride and joy of young motherhood, carrying her child pick-a-back upon her shoulders. We seem to hear her speak the words of her own poem, "The Mother":

> "The fairest word on earth that's heard,
> On human lips the fairest word,
> Is mother.
> To whom such name shall once belong,
> High honor hers her whole life long,
> A mother.
> But all her earthly joys are o'er,
> Who is and then who is no more
> A mother.*

Alas! she was to be among the latter; her happiness was as short as it was intense. Death, who had already taken from her so much, dealt her the hardest, bitterest blow of all, a blow from which she will never recover. She has well said: "Almost every one has had his Gethsemane and his Calvary. Those who arise thence no longer belong to earth." That is the impression the Queen makes on those who know her. Though she can be merry enough at times, it is evident that earth does not hold her tightly, that she is one of those who have known grief and drunk its bitter cup to the lees. An epidemic of scarlet fever raged in Bucharest, and to this scourge the little Princess fell a victim. "Other mothers had to give up their treasures," said the Queen, "why should I hope to escape?" But it was her ewe lamb that had been taken. Then it came about that sorrow made the Queen an author. From her childhood she had written verses in secret; her thoughts naturally took shape in metric speech, but she had never thought of publishing, or indeed of showing, her verses except to near friends. Now, after this sore blow, her pen became her loved companion and trusted friend. She poured out her woe in song; she versified the tender sayings of her tale; she translated into German the favorite Roumanian folk-songs of her little one. This book she published, in the hope that what had given pleasure to her darling would also please the little ones in her distant German home among the vineyards and oak forests. All these early poems, as indeed her poesy in general, are characterized by a tone of deep melancholy,—not the fashionable and too often artificial world-pain, but a true and deep life-weariness, the utterance of one from whom life has taken all away, and to whom only death can now be donor. She looks to him to save and release her, and sings:

> "Death is one with Joy, 'tis he
> Heals and sets free."

But before the Queen gave to the world a printed volume, she had to suffer the dread horrors of war. The Ottoman campaign of 1877–78 had broken out; Roumania suffered cruelly and fought bravely, and King Charles was ever to the front. Hers was the task to succor the wounded and comfort the distressed. She maintained out of her private purse a lazaretto for a hundred patients, and was constantly found here or in the other hospitals, personally tending the patients; and often her persuasions alone induced the soldiers to submit to painful operations. Again and again was she present cheering and encouraging while the surgeons wielded the knife, and many a death-bed did she solace. No wonder the sick adored her as a saint; no wonder the coldly egotistical *haute société* of Bucharest were shamed out of their indifference, and accorded the Queen pecuniary and even personal aid in her noble work. There stands to-day, in the public place of Bucharest, a fine monument representing the Queen in the act of giving a drink of water to a wounded soldier. This statue was subscribed for by the wives of the Roumanian army as an enduring testimonial of their love and gratitude for her whom the popular voice now christened "the mother of the wounded."

Unwearying, indefatigable, is the Queen in the discharge of her duties; indeed, it is doubtful whether many queens interpret them so rigidly. But Queen Elizabeth is a wise woman as well as a kind one. She has her people's weal at heart, but she has also her husband's. "Yours will be a noble mission," he said to her on the day of their betrothal. "You must comfort tenderly when I have been too harsh, and you may petition for all." He knows that his uprightness is coupled with Hohenzollern lack of sympathy, that hence he often offends against the prejudices of his less sternly molded subjects, when it is his desire to act purely for their good. If King Charles is now a popular sovereign, this is mainly due to his wife,

* The translations interspersed in this article are from the pen of Miss Amy Levy.

who furnishes the emotional element to his excellent but rigid deeds. "Ours is by no means an easy throne to fill," she said to me. "We are not old and established, but strangers in the land; we must try to gain the favor and good-will of all."

When the Queen has fulfilled all her duties, there comes for her a precious moment when she may retire into her study and live for herself and her ideals. It was in 1880 that she first published. From the beginning she had taken a lively interest in the literature of her new country, greatly assisting its revival and culture; and since she never lost sight of the Fatherland she had left behind her, her desire was to act as interpreter to the European nations to whom Roumania was a *terra incognita*. Hence she translated a selection of Roumanian poems into her "beloved German tongue"; and to the land of grapes and forests, to the Rhine that witnessed her childhood, with a certain regal pride she presents this battalion of Roumanian poets. Behold, she seems to say, Vasilio Alecsandri, who has written eight volumes and has created the national drama; Eminesca, the poet of pessimism; Negruzzi, who writes prose as excellently as verse; Scherbanescu, who writes as vigorously as he fought; all these are citizens of the land over which I reign.

Her next work was called "Stürme," and was thus dedicated to her fellow-women:

"Ye, having heart and strength to bear
Deep in the fervent-glowing soul,
Whom the fierce flames of Passion's self
But strengthen, making firm and whole.

"Ye, having might, when tempests rage,
To lift the the head, free, fearing nought,
Whom the heart-pressing weight of life
Rules with the sway of earnest thought;

"Ye, breathing only light and warmth,
Forever, like a live sun's ray,
Till tenderly the bare black earth
Kindness and joy brings forth straightway; —

"Smiling, great burdens have ye borne,
Mountains of woe, and still smile on;
Guerdonless, where no trumpets sound,
Victorious battles have ye won.

"There laurel is not, nor loud fame;
There secret tear-drops fall like dew.
O Heroes, whom no crowds proclaim,
Women, I give this book to you."

The book contains four narrative poems of very unequal merit. The best is "Sappho," which, though it shows many evidences of immaturity, is original in form and treatment. Regardless of archæological necessity, with a boldness that seems to betoken a lack of reverence for historical accuracy and traditional propriety, the writer has allowed herself to take great liberties with the old Greek story. The Sappho whom she puts before us, a Sappho who desires to be nothing but a mother, who lives with her daughters and companions in a fabled castle, which for all its Greek name must have stood somewhere in German lands, is a Sappho who never existed. Quite un-Greek is the fable which causes two hearts to be torn asunder by grievous misunderstandings; un-Greek the spirit that pervades the many really charming lyrics interspersed in which the tone of world-weariness prevails; un-Greek too the form, original though the idea undoubtedly is, to blend the pentameter with the old German alliterative rhyme. It rings sonorously, and proves how seriously the writer has studied her art, that she ventures to stray from the beaten path and create a rhythm for herself. Indeed, her style is always correct and often original and striking. All four poems are rich in lyrics. The Queen has caught the peculiar warm, homely, fanciful tone that distinguishes German lyricism from that of other nations. It is in its lyrics that the often roughly handled, but naturally uncouth German tongue shows of what music and subtle fancies it is capable. But these lyrics defy translation; they lose too much when they give up their aroma of native speech. The brief title "Storms" well expresses the dominant note of the poems. Their tempestuous character would lead one to think that Byron had been the writer's model; but I have it from her lips that, unlike most Germans, she cares little for that poet.

Her next publication was in prose, a novelette called "Ein Gebet" (A Prayer), of which a clumsy English translation appeared under the paltry title of "A Love Tragedy." Soul Tragedy would have been more to the point. As a girl the Queen had often desired to write novels, but had ever put them aside with, "When I know the world, not before; I am only a Princess." This story shows she had learned to know the world and its many subtle trials, its bitter silent combats, defeats, and victories whereof the outside public knows nothing. A narrative poem, "Die Hexe," succeeded this, a work suggested by Professor Carl Cauer's statue of a fair demon, a piece of sculpture that excited much attention at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. This work is very characteristic of the Queen's writings, in that she is apt to write too fast, so that excellent fundamental ideas are made abortive by inadequate execution. She does not observe the Horatian maxim; the impetuosity that is a part of her character is reflected in her work. She lacks patience. This fault is really to be deplored, and the more that the Queen has genuine poetical gifts, a fine

fancy, a musical ear, fire and grace. But her facility constitutes her weakness. Had she not been a royal author, had she had to do battle with the exigencies, caprices, uncertainties of publishers and editors, she would have received just that schooling which she lacks, and which hinders her from being a great poet, and confines her within the ranks of the minor singers.

In the "Hexe," and in her next published work, "From Carmen Sylva's Kingdom," the Queen's strong leaning toward the romantic school is plainly marked. The folk-lore of her land has been embellished by passing through the alembic of her fanciful German brain, and hence the tales lose as contributions to comparative mythology, while they gain as fairy stories. This work, too, was penned in haste, but there was a reason for it. The Roumanian Minister of Culture had begged permission of the Queen to make a selection from her poems as a prize book for the national schools. She offered instead to write something specially suited for the purpose, and in three weeks laid before him the version of Roumanian folk-tales which she had actually written in the Roumanian tongue, and had further illustrated with her own pencil. She dedicates the book to the children of her realm, telling them how the proudest kingdom she owns is one which they too can make their own, the kingdom of fancy.

Solely the Queen's own invention are the cycle of stories that followed this book, called "Leidens Erdgang" (Sorrow's Earthly Pilgrimage).* Disconnected stories, they are yet bound together by one fundamental idea, an idea wholly symbolical. The Queen has here dealt with the eternal question, Whence and wherefore is sorrow in the world? Sorrow is brought before us as a child, the daughter of life and strife, a lovely child, and yet one upon whom none can look without weeping. She has no home, but wanders restlessly from place to place, turning in now here, now there, and ever creating havoc by her visits. It is in these visits the author lets us follow her. Sometimes we remain in the realms of pure allegory or of fairy tales; sometimes the stories are so modern, so realistic, that we are startled when, at the end, the symbolical element reënters. After touching the whole gamut of human misery in the last story, the objective character is abandoned, and in autobiographical form, under the title, "A Life," the royal author has told the history of her sufferings. It is veiled under a slight cover of fiction, but it is unmistakable that here we have Carmen Sylva's soul laid bare before us.

"I wanted to find Truth. Then Sorrow took me by the hand and said: 'Come with me. I will lead you to Truth, but you must not fear on the way!' No, I fear nothing. I am so strong I can carry mountains." Thus she begins her earthly wanderings, guided by Sorrow. She is led into the domain of the arts, and chooses music; and she sings and plays until her voice is weak and her hand fails her, and yet she cannot attain her ideal. Mournfully she puts aside the instrument, seeing she cannot be an artist. She then seeks Truth in science, but is forced to recognize that wisdom is for her but death and dust, and what she desires is to live. Then Sorrow leads her to the death-bed of a youth who fought long and sorely with dire sickness until at last he succumbed. She is made acquainted, too, with other death-beds; she weeps bitter tears beside the graves of her beloved, until at last she would die of grief. "What! die already?" said Sorrow. "You who said that you could carry mountains! Why, you have not lived yet, for you have not loved." Then Sorrow brings her to the man to whom she is to belong for life. "And Sorrow led me into matrimony and made me a mother, and loaded great and rich labors upon my shoulders. I groped about to find the right road, for we had to encounter misunderstanding and mistrust, and on the steep path stood Hate and Strife. But I did not fear, for I was a mother. Yet not many years was this high dignity mine; the beaming eyes of my child were closed, and I laid its curly head in the cold grave. Yet I stood erect, notwithstanding the fire in my breast, and asked of Sorrow, 'Where is Truth? Now that all earthly joys, all earthly hopes, have been borne to the grave, there remains for me nothing save Truth, and I have a right to find her.' Then Sorrow pressed into my hand a pencil and said, 'Seek.' And I wrote and wrote, and I knew not that I exercised an art, since years ago I had, with heavy heart, renounced an artist's life." She then strives to do good where she can; she learns to know mankind. War shakes her realm with his iron heel; she solaces the wounded and afflicted. She is ill and weary, she is no longer young, she has drunk deep of the cup of bitterness, and yet she has not looked upon Truth. "'There she stands,' said Sorrow; and when I lifted my eyes I saw a silent water and a little child stood beside it whose eyes gleamed. 'Is that child Truth?' I asked. Sorrow nodded. 'She is not redoubtable, is

* A translation of this book by the writer of this sketch, has been published by T. Fisher Unwin, of London, and Henry Holt & Company, of New York, under the title of "Pilgrim Sorrow."—ED.

she?' But as Sorrow said this the child grew bigger and bigger, until it held the whole world in its hand and embraced the entire heavens. 'Do you see Truth?' asked Sorrow. 'And now look within you; she is there also.' And as I looked within, I cried, 'Why have I fought and suffered? She was ever there about me and within me, and now I will die.' 'Not yet,' spoke Sorrow. Then it grew misty before my eyes, and I saw nothing more. Sorrow took me by the hand and led me onward."

The Queen's next work was written in verse. It is called "Jehovah," and is a new treatment of that oft-told tale about Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, a legend that may truly be interpreted as a type of its own persistence. Carmen Sylva's version of the myth is by no means the least fortunate and profound, treating the Jew as seeking belief and love, who cannot die till he has found God. And it is both bold and new to treat this motive from a wholly modern and Darwinian point of view. Many stages of existence, many metamorphoses of being has Ahasuerus to go through before he is brought to recognize that God is no visible great King, but a spirit and a truth, a working power pervading the all, whose manifestations have been evoked and made evident throughout the ages in the form best suited to the people, and the temperaments wherewith it dealt; that God in brief is too great for human grasp, but that each man knows him according to his power of comprehension. He learns this at last when, broken and weary, he has given up all hope. Both tender and powerful is the scene in which cognition comes to him, when the spell that bound him is broken, and he dies blessing the great Life that lives eternally.

From her earliest childhood Queen Elizabeth had been in the habit of noting down in large, album-like books her impressions of men and things, her life and thought experiences. Many of these detached utterances were written in French, and when, a couple of years ago, the Parisian journalist Louis Ulbach visited the Queen and regretted that he could not read her writings, he was permitted to see these. Greatly struck, he asked permission to publish a selection,—a permission which was accorded,—and under the collective title of "Les Pensées d'une Reine," these maxims and paradoxes were given to the world. In my opinion, they are quite the best work the Queen has done, and, had she written nothing else, would have given her a standing as an author. They are most remarkable, revealing acute insight, a wide range of intellectual capacity, a broad background of ripe thought. We learn to know both the sovereign and the woman from these utterances; the Queen, who may not let sincere judgments pass her lips, and says, "Un prince n'a besoin, à la rigueur, que des yeux et des oreilles; la bouche ne lui sert que pour sourire"; the woman, who compensates herself for this imposed silence in private and with her pen; the woman, who has loved and suffered, who judges her position objectively, dispassionately; the woman of keen intuition and fine feeling. Their very personal touch gives them an added charm, while for felicity of expression, for justness and certainty of observation, they can hold their own beside the aphorisms of famous writers in this department of literature. The tone that pervades them is a sad one, mistrustful of humanity, and yet withal not cynical, only at times gently ironical, as is, perhaps, no wonder when we consider that from her position she is forced to behold men in their least noble, most servile aspect. Their diversity is a special feature. She has said: "L'homme est un violon. Ce n'est que lorsque sa dernière corde se brise qu'il devient un morceau de bois." This is true of herself; she is responsive to all touches. I cannot refrain from quoting a few of these aphorisms. Those that treat of women are often peculiarly happy and incisive, though at times a little bitter. Thus, a truth designedly ignored has perhaps never been better formulated: "Une femme est lapidée pour une action que peut commettre un parfait honnête homme." How incisive too is this: "Les enfants de l'amour sont généralement beaux et intelligents. Quelle critique de nos ménages modèles!" Speaking of happiness she asks: "Le calme que vous avez acquis, est-il une preuve de force gagnée ou de faiblesse croissante?" Of sorrow she has naturally much to say, ending up her remarks with: "La vie est un art dans lequel on reste trop souvent dilettante. Pour jouer maître, il faut verser le sang de son cœur." How subtle too is this: "On ne peut jamais être fatigué de la vie, on n'est fatigué que de soi-même." While there is a touch of Heine's self-mockery in the following: "A force de vivre, on arrive à craindre même le ciel, comme la dernière et la plus cruelle déception." Nor would Joubert, that prince of *pensée* writers, have been ashamed to have been the father of the following: "Il vaut mieux avoir pour confesseur un médecin qu'un prêtre. Vous dites au prêtre que vous détestez les hommes; il vous répond que vous n'êtes pas chrétien. Le médecin vous donne de la rhubarbe et voilà que vous aimez votre semblable. Vous dites au prêtre que vous êtes fatigué de vivre; il vous répond que le

suicide est un crime. Le médecin vous donne un stimulant, et voilà que vous trouvez la vie supportable." A few more gems culled at random, and I have done quoting, though the temptation to proceed is great. Here is one on her own station: "La contradiction anime la conversation, voilà pourquoi les cours sont si ennuyeuses." "Le sommeil est un voleur généreux: il donne à la force ce qu'il prend au temps." "Quand on veut affirmer quelque chose, on appelle toujours Dieu à témoin, parce qu'il ne contrédit jamais." "Il faut être ou très-pieux ou très-philosophe! il faut dire: Seigneur, que ta volonté soit faite! ou: Nature, j'admets tes lois, même lorsqu'elles m'écrasent."

The Queen is especially proud that she has succeeded in writing her aphorisms in French, the language *par excellence* of epigram. "Not," she said to me, "because I have done so in a language foreign to me; after all, any one can acquire a language; but I am pleased because I think, and have been told, that I have acquired the Latin condensed and finished mode of expressing thought." She explained to me that it had been by no means easy to her to acquire this Latin accuracy; but she believes that living among a Latin people has been of benefit to her artistic development. The Latins have a precision and clearness of thought lacking to the Germans; if that could only be grafted on German depth and sentiment, then the Queen believes an excellent mixture could be obtained. I reminded her of Goethe's "Spräche." She said they were good, of course, but lacked the French precision: a profoundly just criticism, and one few Germans would dare to make. She defined a *pensée* as a miniature expression in quintessence of an experience or emotion.

The Queen, who speaks with great animation and fluency, is constantly putting forth such *idées mères*, and conversation with her is both stimulating and suggestive. One does not know what most to be struck with, her profundity of thought or the naïve simplicity, the frank sincerity, she has preserved amid courtly surroundings. Indeed, talking with her, one is almost tempted to think that she herself is greater than anything she has yet produced; that would she but write less rapidly, she might take that high rank among modern writers her ambition desires. She thinks it is her title that stands in her way. "That terrible title; you don't know what a block it is. No one will believe in you. They think you are only praised because you are a queen, or think this is all very well for a queen." But she is mistaken; it is not the title, but the office, that hampers her.

Though it is Carmen Sylva's ardent desire to be a poet and an author, she desires with equal ardor to fulfill the duties of her station; and, in striving after this, she tries to do more than human strength will allow. She endeavors to lead a dual existence. Thus she rises daily at four A. M. (at one time she rose at three, but this she found too fatiguing), trims her lamp, and works till eight. Those hours, she explained to me, were the only ones that were truly hers in the course of the day, when she might be an author and a woman; the rest she is Queen of Roumania. And hers is by no means an easy throne to fill; she has to be forever *en évidence*, at the beck and call of any who like to ask for her; for Roumania is a semi-oriental country, in which oriental customs prevail, and in which the sovereign cannot live in the peaceful seclusion of a Queen of England. She has often to talk for twelve or even fifteen hours at a stretch; and from this cause last winter she temporarily lost her voice. When she and the King sit down to dinner they are often so tired they cannot speak a word. Yet early sleep is not for her. Bucharest is a very gay capital — the city of pleasure, it has been called — and a very late one. Gala performances and balls do not begin before ten or eleven at night. The Queen rarely gets to bed before one, and so has but four hours' sleep. This must wear out her mental and physical organization. In the summer the court retires to Sinaïa, a health resort in the Carpathians that combines the grand scenery of Switzerland with the more lovely and romantic features of the Italian Alps. Here in a fine old monastery was the temporary residence of the court, now vacated for the quaint castle that has been built after their Majesties' own designs at a rather higher level. But even here there is no rest for the hard-worked Queen; she must receive and entertain as in the capital. Only three weeks, three precious weeks, in the autumn, are quite her own, when Sinaïa is emptied of all but its royal guests. Then she retires to a small châlet she has built for herself in the wood, within sound of the gurgling Pelesch. Here her pen has full play to hurry along as quickly as it pleases. Here she transmutes her personal sorrows and experiences into impersonal works of art.

Helen Zimmern.

NOTE.—The portrait printed herewith is from a photograph kindly taken in Romanian costume for publication in THE CENTURY.

ENDYMION.

WHAT a delicious dream and happy waking,
  When young Endymion in slumber lay,
And indistinctly heard the vine-leaves shaking
  As if a wandering wind had passed that way!

"O wandering wind," he murmured, "blowing free
  Across the heights of Latmos, lying fair
In tender moonlight, take my soul with thee,
  And bear it through the abyss of upper air,
To where Selene, in her silver car,
  Serenely beautiful, sits throned on high,
And heeds me not, yet draws me from afar,—
  And leave me, leave me there, and let me die!"

Then in his cave he heard a sigh exhaling,
  As if with that long breath the life went out,
And, drawing nearer, rustling garments trailing,
  And timid footfalls moving half in doubt,—
Till through his eyelids rosy light dawned finely,
  And on his cheek ambrosial breath fell warm,
Cool hands upon his forehead lay divinely,
  And in his arms he felt a yielding form—
And waking, saw the goddess, half-concealing
  In flowing robes of blue, her matchless grace,
And through a veil of shining mist revealing
  The splendor of her passionate pale face!

Dear love, true wife, like that fond, foolish boy,
  I loved a goddess once, and sadly said·

"Never for me, ah, not for me his joy,
  Who on her sacred breast might lay his head,
And see her noble face bend close and low,
  Pure as the sunlight, warmer than the moon,
And see her cheek with changing color glow,
  And hear her heart beat happily in tune,
And listen to her laughter, rippling free
  Like bubbling brooks heard far off in the night
When all the winds are still. Ah, not for me
  That golden rest, that deep divine delight!
And yet, 'twere some amends if I might stand
  Beside her once, and touch her finger-tips!
If once in hers she held my trembling hand,
  And softly touched me with her perfect lips!"

As dreamed Endymion, so a vain dream stirred me,
  And to myself I spoke with useless sighs;
It cannot be the quick-eared goddess heard me—
  She read my longing in my wistful eyes;
For on a happy summer night, at last,
  I found her in my arms, I know not how,
All smiles and tenderness, and held her fast;
  And kissed her hands, and lips, and cheek, and brow—
And knew her mine thenceforth, in death and life,—
Soul of my soul, my love,—dear heart, my wife!

Elizabeth Akers.

WORK FOR A CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

I.

REASONS WHY A WEAK GOVERNMENT MUST BECOME OPPRESSIVE.

THE proper function of a government is to protect the liberty of the people against aggression from within as well as without. In order that it may properly perform its function, it must be endowed with strength, and held accountable for its acts; for if it is weak, it cannot protect; if it is irresponsible, it will not. The government of our own country is unfortunately both weak and irresponsible.

That it is weak is evident without an argument; our constitutions show on their face that their very aim is to insure its weakness.

The sovereign powers are divided among three departments, one making, another enforcing, the third interpreting the laws. These departments are coördinated, in order that they may check and balance, hinder and clog each other; and the first is subdivided into two branches, so as to have more hemming in and clogging, while the second is able to arrest all action, and the third to destroy it.

That such a government is also irresponsible becomes apparent on a moment's reflection. Responsibility depending upon duty, and duty upon power, it follows that when the power is unfixed the responsibility is necessarily unfixed; and unfixed responsibility is absence of responsibility.

Where the power of administering the laws is separated from those who make them, upon whom can the duty be fixed of proposing the laws needed for the due administration of public affairs? Each congressional or legislative district may, indeed, hold its representatives to look to its own interests, but who is there that represents the country and is obliged to care for the interests of the whole people? If we consider the responsibility of the judiciary to the law-makers, we can find no answer to the question. Upon whom of the latter, in especial, does the duty of enforcing this responsibility devolve, and who in particular can be held accountable if it be not enforced? Or, if the legislature pass improper laws,— that is to say, laws contrary to the will of the people,— how can the executive be held accountable if it execute them?

And no lengthy disquisition is required to show that a government which is both weak and irresponsible necessarily loses sight of the fact that it is the agent of the popular will, betrays its trust, and becomes the servant of the people's enemies, an instrument for its oppression. The members of the legislature are not long in finding out that the checks and balances which are to hem in and clog their public acts make all attempts to serve the public, all attempts to carry out the objects for which they were deputed, a difficult, ungrateful, and discouraging task. At the same time each becomes conscious of the fact that no special duty concerning the care for the public welfare is imposed upon him in particular, and that therefore no special responsibility for this care devolves upon him. And the recognition of their weakness and irresponsibility lowers the moral tone of the body and destroys the public spirit which ought to animate it. But after the destruction of this spirit, there is nothing which admonishes them that they are public agents, and as such trustees and guardians of the interests of the people; and they learn to consider their office as private property, to be used for their private benefit. When this state of political decadence is reached, they are henceforth impelled only by two motives. The first is to keep their positions or change them for better ones; the second, to make them pecuniarily profitable. The first necessarily brings in its train the establishment of personal and party machinery, the conversion of public offices into spoils and booty, the system of maintenance and patronage, the demoralization of the administrative organs, of the civil service and the judiciary. The second converts all public powers into the merchandise of the office-holders, for sale to any one willing and able to buy.

As soon as the governmental powers have become a marketable commodity, governmental officers become the servants of private individuals,— enemies of the people; and government in consequence becomes converted from its proper function of protecting the people into an instrument for its oppression. For who will buy the governmental powers? Surely not the public-spirited, the friends of the people, but those who seek their private advancement at public expense, those who seek to oppress the people and put it under tribute to themselves.

It must be remarked that this conversion of the governmental organization into a machine in the service of private interests,

changes at the same time a weak instrument into a strong one. The government is weak, not because it lacks sufficient powers, since, no matter what the form of government may be, all sovereign powers are of necessity confided to it, but because these powers are divided among many individuals; and these, as public interests are generally matters debatable, will naturally differ among themselves in regard to the proper use of their powers, and by their dissensions hem in and clog governmental action.

But when these individuals have become the slaves of some single will, by whom they have been purchased in order that some single purpose may be accomplished, all debates, all dissensions, all checks and balances disappear. The divided powers become united, and the machine, no longer hemmed in and clogged in its action, is transformed from a condition of weakness into one of strength. Thus the government weak for protection becomes strong for oppression. Together with this transformation another one takes place. The system of irresponsibility is changed into that of responsibility, not, indeed, to the people, but to the masters who hold the rod over those whom they have purchased.

And the influences which have changed the governmental agency into a class set over against and above the people — a class no longer carrying out the will of those whose mandataries they are, but of those into whose service they have sold themselves — do not cease after this transformation has been accomplished. Indeed, they continue to operate with ever-increasing force. The personal and party machinery, with its army of henchmen and retainers, secures a firmer and firmer grip upon the people in the measure that this army becomes better disciplined and experienced, and the public, in the face of it, proportionately disorganized and reduced into a mob. Moreover, the difficulties of a reorganization become intensified by means of the very causes which produce the disorganization. For the people, seeing a weak government so oppressive, and not perceiving that its weakness is the very cause of the oppression, refuse to strengthen it, and reject the only means which might eradicate the evils, and might enable them to regain their lost liberty. And thus of their own accord they forward the cause of their enemies. This vicious circle of governmental weakness and irresponsibility, producing corruption and oppression, and again oppression perpetuating governmental weakness, irresponsibility, and corruption, is the chain forged by the nation for itself, which binds it hand and foot while the vultures eat out its vitals.

II.

HISTORICAL CORROBORATION.

NOR need I confine myself to deductive reasoning in order to show that the principle of the division of powers leads to the conversion of the public governmental agents into servants of private individuals — that it reduces these agents to impotence for good, but makes them strong for evil; historically the course of events has corresponded throughout with the logical development I have traced.

The distrust of the people in their agents, manifested by the invention of checks and balances, by the clogging and hemming in of their action, by the unfixing of governmental powers and the annulling of responsibility, lowered the moral tone of our legislative bodies, and invited the members to substitute their private interests for their public duties. Then, patronage-mongering became the occupation of our legislators in place of public affairs; and by the practice of the former and want of regard for the latter, the politicians' tricks have become an art, while statesmanship is dying out. The anxiety to serve only their private ends, to secure the greatest amount of profit from offices obtained and retained at so much expense and trouble, has moreover excited so active a competition among those desiring to sell themselves, such a fear in the mind of each that no one may desire to buy him, that they have made themselves vile and cheap enough to tempt the least unprincipled. The task, then, of capturing the governmental machinery, turning it to the profit of private masters, making it a most efficient and easily managed instrument for the oppression of the people, and rendering them tributary to these masters, was a comparatively easy one; nor did the division of powers, the checks and balances, succeed in clogging or hemming in this machinery when turned against the people, when those among whom these powers are divided had been purchased and lashed into obedience. It was easy for certain manufacturing interests to obtain control over our Congress for their purposes, and thus make the people labor for the benefit of those whose chief labor consists in gathering corruption funds and sending them to the lobbies of the Capitol. It was easy for certain other interests to reduce the vast and complicated machinery of the State legislatures into their service; to have the highways of the nation handed over to them to be dealt with according to their pleasure; to secure a hold on the very throat of commerce, and put every individual of the community under tribute.

And so despised and despicable, through

this corruption of the governmental agent, has become the principal—the people which a hundred years ago rose and faced death rather than submit to taxation without representation—that now a handful of private individuals come together, deliberate behind closed doors, and tax it to their hearts' content at the rate which promises most profit to themselves; and it submits to it as tamely as an African tribe submits to the edict of its despot. Nor has any attempt on its part to raise itself from its degradation been attended by any other result than that of more securely keeping it down. For, chained by the vicious circle of distrust engendering corruption, and corruption in turn engendering distrust, the only change it could accomplish was to substitute for one set of men another set, subject to exactly the same system, and necessarily brought to act as their predecessors had acted. Indeed, the more frequent the changes the greater the temptation of the incumbents to sell themselves as rapidly as possible, and to reject no offer, however low, for fear that they might be turned out of office before a better one were made. And so the very name reform has become a by-word of contempt; all efforts to permanently secure it seem forever barred out, and events drift hopelessly in the current running headlong into despotism, dynamite, and nihilism.

III.

THE NEEDED REFORM.

WHAT, then, is the imperative need of the hour? It is to break the circle which is chaining us, to substitute for the weakness and irresponsibility appertaining to our governmental system strength and responsibility, so that the government may be able and obliged to protect our liberty against the aggression of irresponsible private individuals who are rapidly destroying it.

But, under all conditions, in all ages and all climes, necessary changes are always opposed by two so-called conservative arguments. The first is summed up in the maxim that it is better to keep the ills we have than to fly to those we know not of; the second is an appeal to reverence the establishments of our ancestors. So it will be incumbent upon us to examine critically these arguments when applied to the condition of our own affairs.

The first is soon disposed of. If we remember that a weak government always ends in despotism, being logically and historically inconsistent with the preservation of liberty, while a strong government does not always end in despotism, and is neither logically nor historically inconsistent with liberty, it follows that in any event the change from a weak government to a strong one is a diminution of ills, since it transforms an absolute evil into a merely contingent one. Indeed, the argument can actually be turned against those who use it for the purpose of continuing in the present current, since this current is rapidly carrying us into ills we know not of; and consequently a change is the only true conservative course, the only one which can conserve and preserve our liberty beset by enemies on all sides and about being overwhelmed and destroyed.

The second argument, however, is of a graver nature and will require more extended consideration. I may begin by saying that it has peculiar force upon me personally, because no one holds in profounder reverence the men who framed our Constitution, a reverence alike for their public spirit, their genius, and their wisdom. In my opinion, all history furnishes no parallel to the body who changed the confederation of the United States into a nation. But they themselves did not pretend to set the form of government permanently for all times and for all conditions. They themselves knew that the test of time must be applied to their work, and that it must be transformed as occasion required to suit the necessities of future generations, just as they found themselves compelled to transform a previous form into the present one. The provision for amendments makes a part of the Constitution, and is as important as any of the others contained in it. Calling attention to necessary amendments in order to preserve the institutions of liberty which they had conquered for themselves and bequeathed to us as a heritage to be preserved, is therefore strictly in accord with the spirit of the Constitution and consistent with veneration for its framers. In the second place, it is now historically ascertained that in framing the Constitution according to the theory of the division of powers, they were themselves misguided by relying on the authority of the great propagator of that theory, who deduced it from what are now known to be erroneous data and a fallacious course of reasoning.

IV.

MONTESQUIEU'S ERRORS.

THOSE who contend that the ideas of great men have but little influence in shaping the course of human events, must find it a difficult task to account for the profound impress on thought and action produced by the "Spirit of the Laws," the master-work of

Montesquieu. And yet that portion of it which most nearly concerns us in this investigation, and which proclaims that liberty is dependent on the division of powers,—the portion which forms the basis on which our constitutions are founded,—is shown to be logically and historically false when examined by the light of the political science of to-day. It appears, indeed, plausible enough at the first blush, or else it could not have become the prevalent and popular theory of government in this country. A despotism certainly shows us a union of powers in one hand, not, of course, in the sense that the despot makes all the laws, executes them in person, and sits in judgment over all who transgress them,—for despots are not usually so busily engaged in affairs,—but in the sense of containing within himself all the sovereign powers, distributing them according to his arbitrament, and keeping the tenure of those whom he appoints to be his governmental agents subject to his will. But the mistake that Montesquieu made consisted in that he considered this union the characteristic mark of a despotism, which it certainly is not; for that which distinguishes a despotic from other forms of government is not the union of powers, but the fact that these powers united in a single person are exercised without any responsibility to the governed; that the despot, and not the people, is the principal of the governmental agents. Likewise the British Constitution, the instance which Montesquieu cites as proving that liberty depends on a division of the sovereign powers among coordinated departments, appears to furnish the required proof on a superficial view. And yet, after a more mature consideration, it not only shows itself not to be what Montesquieu claims that it is, but actually proves the contrary of his proposition.

There is, indeed, in Great Britain, a legislature composed of two chambers making the laws, an executive enforcing them, and a judiciary independent of the executive, though appointed by him, interpreting them. But the researches of historians have now settled the fact that these two houses never were intended to check each other; that, on the very contrary, the House of Commons had its origin in the necessity to which the Lords were put of obtaining the assistance of the people at large in their contests with the King; that aiding each other, and not checking each other, is the principle on which the two houses repose. We know, also, that in the whole course of history the two houses never were strictly coördinated—never, in fact, balanced each other; that one of them always obtained the supremacy and the ability to compel the obedience of the other,—a supremacy which at one period of English history rested with the Lords, who carried the Commons in their pockets, as it were, and which to-day remains with the Commons, whom, if it be determined upon any action, the Lords cannot successfully resist. We know, likewise, that the executive, far from checking and balancing, or being checked and balanced by, the legislature, must, on the contrary, be in perfect harmony with it, and that the very existence of the government depends on that harmony. We know that the executive is at the same time the executive and legislative committee of the legislature,—in the one capacity subject to the orders of the latter, in the other responsible to the people at large for the passage of the laws necessary to carry on the administration and secure the rights of the people. As for the judiciary, it is so far from being coördinated, so little intended to check or balance the Parliament, that its highest Court of Appeals is that very Parliament. And so all legislative, executive, and judicial supremacy is centered in one body, containing within itself all the sovereign powers openly and in a most pronounced manner united, demonstrating that liberty is perfectly consistent with such a union, and refuting the theory which Montesquieu supposed it to prove.

V.

WHY THE FRAMERS COULD NOT DISCOVER MONTESQUIEU'S ERROR.

BUT is it a subject of reproach to the framers of our Constitution that they allowed themselves to be misguided by a popular theory? Certainly not. For many reasons it was impossible for them to discover the error.

Engaged as they had been for many years in a struggle against the King for the maintenance of their liberty, born and bred, moreover, amid the traditions of a similar struggle between the Parliament and the King, the King stood out too conspicuously as the enemy of liberty to enable them to see its other enemies, though equally, perhaps even more, dangerous. Nor could it be expected of them to examine critically a view of the British Constitution which had received the sanction of Blackstone, and had been accepted by the popular assent of the English people. Neither must it be forgotten that they themselves were slave-holders, and, as they found slave-holding consistent with liberty, and as the serf-holding barons and their descendants were the principal opponents of

the King, the chief necessity seemed to be to do away with concentrated power; and this so much the more because the actions of the serf-holders were disguised by a glamour of chivalry and romance, and their motives concealed by images of a fancied freedom in a fanciful aboriginal forest. And there was nothing to counteract their false views of feudalism; for, on the one hand, political science was only at its dawn, historical science in its infancy, the records of the past hidden in darkness and piled up in inaccessible confusion. On the other hand, in the experience of their daily life they saw as yet nothing of feudalism in its recent form—the oppression that may be exercised by individuals over their peers in the eyes of the law, and the evils arising out of such an oppression. Money-lordism was yet an unknown factor.

Indeed, considering the times and the circumstances under which the Constitution was framed, the wonder is, not that the government it created is weak, but rather that it is not far weaker. If we remember that the conservative spirit—that is, the spirit which is falsely called conservative, which would conserve the swaddling-cloth of the babe for the garment of the man, which loves evil, provided that it is of the prevalent type—if we remember, I repeat, that this so-called conservative spirit was anarchic one hundred years ago, and was so formidable that unless concessions had been made to it no union of any nature could have been accomplished, we cannot blame the founders for having accepted the compromise of the division of powers, even if in their hearts they did not feel all the admiration for it and confidence in it which they expressed.

VI.

OUR DUTY.

But none of the reasons which account for and justify the introduction of the system of division of powers into the national Constitution can justify us for preserving it there. The idea of the State is no longer confused in our minds with the idea of an individual sovereign standing over and against the people, between whom and the people there is a necessary struggle in order that liberty may be preserved. It has been developed by the history of the last hundred years into the conception of the whole people; and the struggle between sovereign and people has become a contradiction in terms. Likewise, the conception of a government has grown from that of a class, depending on an individual sovereign, and consequently his tool, into the nobler conception of an agency intrusted with the expression of the general will, of servants under the duty to execute it. And a fear of its servants is unworthy of a great people; nay, more, it is a factitious sentiment pernicious to the commonwealth, spread and kept alive by its enemies in their own interests. Political science has also advanced in these hundred years, and has dispelled most of the mystery which encircled feudalism and chivalry, and raised our conceptions of liberty into so high a plane that neither the barons of Runnymede nor the Bigots and Bohuns any longer count among its champions. We know now that the most insidious and dangerous enemies of liberty are those who claim absolute freedom for themselves to oppress, crush, and enslave all who are too feeble to resist them, in order that they may grow big and great by a toil not their own.

We know that the absolute monarchy, in spite of the cruelty of the Henrys, was a decided step forward in the direction of liberty, which can only exist and thrive where the strong hand of a supreme power watches over and protects it. And even if history and political science had not taught us, our own experience would be sufficient to point out where the danger to our free institutions lies concealed, and against whom it is necessary for us to be vigilant and spare no precautions. From an agricultural people we have changed into a commercial one, and come under the dominion of a spirit of enterprise and individualism; and there is no reluctance on the part of those whose genius fits them for industrial warfare to obtain possession, by force or fraud, of the means of production—of capital—in order that all others may become their servants and labor for their pleasures and aggrandizement. We have seen vast combinations springing up everywhere and in all branches, seizing for themselves that which ought to benefit and belongs of right to the whole community, crushing out all competition with relentless cruelty, tolerating no equals, reducing to servitude all whom they do not destroy. We see them demoralizing and corrupting society, and undermining the State, which in the weakness to which it voluntarily reduces itself cannot resist them and looks on in piteous helplessness, while its own agent, the government, captured by its enemies because of its weakness, and strengthened by them in their own interests after having been captured, is turned with the weight of all the supreme powers confided to it against those from whom these powers are derived. The experience of one hundred years has indeed taught us one lesson at a bitter price; namely, that this spirit of revived feudalism will go on until it destroys all ves-

tiges of liberty and ends in a despotism more invidious than that of the absolute monarchy which displaced the extinct form, unless the sovereign people endow themselves with a courage to curb and restrain it by the majesty and force of their organized will.

And now, I ask, shall we let that spirit which presumes on the name of conservative, but which is nothing but the spirit of self-destruction,—for it is that of indolence and moral torpor and imbecility,—shall we allow that spirit to keep us in the current which ends in despotism, in the destruction of all that liberty for which our ancestors struggled and were glad to die; shall we entail upon ourselves the curse of future generations for the endless struggles which we are bequeathing to them; or shall we imitate the example of Hamilton and Madison, Washington and Franklin,—surely not men of radical temperament,—and take steps to preserve the freedom of our institutions, which as a sovereign we are set over to guard?

When we compare what is required of us with that which they set out to do, our task seems in truth easy. The change they made was more than formal—it revolutionized the whole state of society. It converted into a nation a confederation of sovereign States, loosely bound together by an unrespected form, and kept apart by the separation and conflict of interests and ideas, as well as bitter jealousies and furious quarrels. The formation of the Constitution was, indeed, a tremendous step,—a leap in the dark, its opponents called it. Nothing similar to this is required of us. We are a nation in every sense of the word; State patriotism and sectional patriotism have been merged in a patriotism embracing the whole country. All that we require is to make the merely formal change necessary in order to adapt the existing organization to the present needs of society; to forestall a revolution, not to make one. All that we require is to regain for the people, by a mere formal change, that which by stealth and fraud was snatched from them: the control over their governmental agents, and the use of the agency for public purposes. And this is accomplished as soon as we put an end to the system of a division of powers, which has enabled private individuals to usurp that control and that use.

Let us, therefore, end the system of division, of checking, balancing, hemming in, hindering, and clogging, which has been the prime source of public corruption, and let us replace the irresponsibility consequent upon the division by a union which will mark the very man who is responsible for inaction as well as for action. By this means the moral tone of our legislature will be raised, and to do service in the public cause as a representative and agent of the people will be esteemed higher than to serve private individuals. It will satisfy the aspiration of the most ambitious. Besides, the consciousness that all his actions are under the public eye, and that accountability for his failures cannot be shirked and thrown off on other shoulders, will make the practice of statesmanship the first aim of the statesman; and the consequent disuse of patronage-mongering will make a true civil-service reform not only practicable, but even desired; for the chief of the government, with his great and weighty responsibilities and high motives to devote himself to the public cause, will feel, as Gladstone recently expressed it, glad to have no other appointment at his command than that of his private secretary. And then no fear of a government perpetuating itself will be entertained, for the whole system of henchmen and retainers, the whole elaboration of party machine government, will disappear when the temptations disappear to hold on to office on account of the corrupt revenues of the offices, after the administration is no longer in accord with the country. The government then will be a strong government and a responsible one; and with strength and responsibility combined, it will be able to protect our liberty against all enemies, while it will not be able to convert its trust into its own private property. Having a government thus formed, the people will be able to grapple with all the great problems which, under the present system, baffle it. They will be able to regain the control of the national highways of commerce, and put an end to the humiliating and ruinous power of taxation usurped by private individuals for their aggrandizement, and at the same time eradicate the gigantic evils dependent upon and arising from this usurpation. The question of the tariff, which now keeps the country in a continuous state of suspense and distraction, can then be settled in a way satisfying the just demands of both free-traders and protectionists. And, indeed, in a country possessing resources which, if righteously distributed, are more than sufficient to support in comfort all its inhabitants there is no reason why the conflict between capital and labor itself could not be satisfactorily settled so as to secure the laborer against oppression and afford him the just share in the values which he creates, while at the same time guaranteeing to the capitalist a fair return for his outlays. In short, the people will have an agency which will truly express their will, and enforce it when expressed.

VII.

THE PARTICULAR MEASURES TO BE TAKEN IN ORDER TO MAKE OUR GOVERNMENT RESPONSIBLE TO US.

I SHALL now venture to designate in particular the few steps which will be necessary to accomplish the needed results. In the first place, Congress must be enabled to settle all questions of national concern, and must have the range of the objects under its dominion extended sufficiently to prevent any petty local legislature from being able to thwart the will and endanger the welfare of the whole people. It must have full power to regulate the entire question of transportation, in order that artificial boundaries may not be the shelter and refuge of those powerful combinations who now regulate it to suit themselves. For the reason that transportation is so intimately allied to commerce that the two cannot in practice be separated, as well as for other reasons hardly less cogent, the establishment of a uniform code of commerce for the whole country must be included within its province.

In the second place, the separation of the executive from the legislative must be ended; the executive must be entitled to propose laws necessary for the preservation of the public welfare, and the legislative must be enabled to control the execution of all laws passed. For this purpose the chiefs of the administrative departments must be members of Congress, ready at all times to enlighten it regarding the wants of the great departments of state, and to urge the passage of the laws required to meet these wants. One of them must stand out so conspicuous above his fellows, that upon him will be fixed the ultimate responsibility to the whole country for all the action and inaction of both Congress and the administration. At the same time the tenure of the clerical force required for the administration of public affairs must be made so secure, and so thoroughly regulated, that the public offices can no longer be converted into private patronage. Indeed, while the sense of their responsibility is developing, the public spirit of our legislators will be correspondingly developed, so that they will neither desire nor have cause to desire a continuation of the practice of spoils and booty. They will have something better to do.

In the third place, and as a corollary from the foregoing, the legislature ought in no manner to be allowed to shift its responsibility on the judiciary. The necessary and proper function of the latter is to interpret the will of the former, not to control it. Until the legislature has become the sole and responsible judge of the constitutionality of its acts, true liberty will be without our reach; for uncertainty of the law, of necessity, tends to tyranny. So long as the law-abiding citizen, who has regulated his conduct in conformity with an act of the legislature, is liable at any moment to be declared a law-breaker, and punished for his very obedience by a tribunal which, however eminent, is yet practically and necessarily irresponsible for its judgments, so long laws are not the solemn declaration of the sovereign will that they pretend to be, but partake rather of the nature of snares to entrap the unwary.

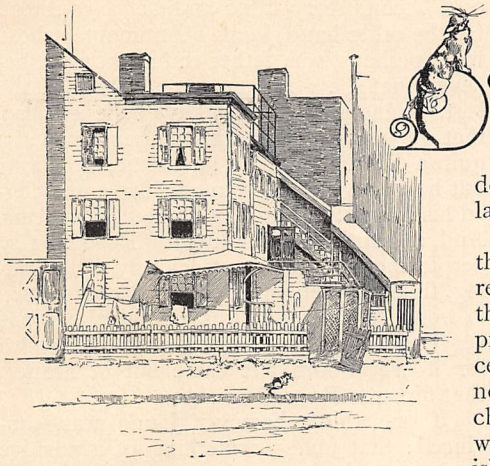
Nor is a step forward in this direction a difficult one, since the Supreme Court itself has declared by two remarkable decisions that its powers do not extend to political matters;* that it has no right to preserve the Constitution against infractions on the part of the legislative in matters of a public nature. And it would seem that necessarily the greater includes the less; that if the political guarantees of a constitution cannot look to the Supreme Court for preservation, the private interests certainly ought not to be permitted to disturb the regular functions of the law-making supremacy of the people.

In conclusion, I would recall the maxim, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." We have not been vigilant. In our scramble for a mess of pottage we have left our birthright unguarded, and it has been stolen from us. We cannot recover it from our formidable enemies unless we be well armed and equipped. Herein is work for a Constitutional Convention.

Isaac L. Rice.

[NOTE.—In the time which has elapsed between the writing and the publication of this article, two important events have taken place which must be noticed. The one is the abolition of the division of powers in the municipal government of the city of New York; the other, the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the legal-tender case (110 U. S. p. 421). This last case, in fact, hardly falls short of the principle contended for in this article, as far as the limits of the power of the judiciary are concerned. The Court holds that when Congress is not expressly prohibited from passing a certain law, it is left to its sole judgment whether or not it be a constitutional law. This doctrine Mr. Justice Field—the only dissenting judge—considers a rule "which, fully carried out, changes the whole nature of our Constitution, and breaks down the barriers which separate a government of limited from one of unlimited powers."]

* Georgia *v.* Stanton, 12 Wallace; Mississippi *v.* Johnson, 14 Wallace.



AN EFFECT IN YELLOW.

DOWN Greenwich way,—that is to say, about in the heart of the city of New York,—in a room with a south light that made even the thought of painting in it send cold creeps all down your back, Jaune d'Antimoine lived and labored in the service of Art.

By all odds, it was the very worst room in the whole building; and that was precisely the reason why Jaune d'Antimoine had chosen it, for the rent was next to nothing; he would have preferred a room that rented for even less. It certainly was a forlorn-looking place. There was no furniture in it worth speaking of; it was cheerless, desolate. A lot of studies of animals were stuck against the walls, and a couple of finished pictures—a lioness with her cubs, and a span of stunning draught-horses—stood in one corner, frameless. There was good work in the studies, and the pictures really were capital—a fact that Jaune himself recognized, and that made him feel all the more dismal because they so persistently remained unsold. Indeed, this animal-painter was having a pretty hard time of it, and as he sat there day after day in the shocking light, doing honest work and getting no return for it, he could not help growing desperately blue.

But to-day Jaune d'Antimoine was not blue, for of a sudden he had come to be stayed by a lofty purpose and upheld by a high resolve; and his purpose and resolve were that within one month's time he would gain for himself a new suit of clothes! There were several excellent reasons which together served to fortify him in his exalted resolution. The most careless observer could not fail to perceive that the clothes which he wore—and which were incomparably superior to certain others which he possessed but did not wear—were sadly shabby; and Vandyke Brown had asked him to be best man at his wedding; and further,—and this was the strongest reason of all,—Jaune d'Antimoine longed from the very depths of his soul to make himself pleasing in the eyes of Rose Carthame.

How she managed it none but herself knew; but this charming young person, although the daughter of a widowly exile of France, who made an uncertain living by letting lodgings in the region between south and west of Washington Square, always managed to dress herself delightfully. It is true that feminine analysis might reveal the fact that the materials of which her gowns were made were of the cheapest product of the loom; yet was feminine envy aroused—yea, even in the dignified portion of Fifth Avenue that lies not south but north of Washington Square—by the undeniable style of these same gowns, and by their charming accord with the stylish gait and air of the trig little body who wore them. Therefore it was that when Monsieur Jaune graciously was permitted to accompany Mademoiselle Rose in her jaunts into the grand quarter of the town, the propriety of her garments and the impropriety of his own brought a sense of desolation upon his spirit and a great heaviness upon his loyal heart.

For Jaune loved Rose absolutely to distraction. To say that he would have laid his coat in the mud for her to walk over does not—the condition of the coat being remembered—imply a very superior sort of devotion. He would have done more than this: he would have laid himself in the mud, and most gladly, that he might have preserved from contamination her single pair of nice shoes. Even a cool and unprejudiced person, being permitted to see these shoes,—and he certainly would have been, for Rose made anything but a mystery of them,—would have declared that such gallant sacrifice was well bestowed.

The ardor of Jaune's passion was increased—as has been common in love matters ever since the world began—by the knowledge that he had a rival; and this rival was a most dangerous rival, being none other than Madame Carthame's second-story-front lodger, the Count Siccatif de Courtray. Simply to be the second-story-front lodger carries with it a

most notable distinction in a lodging-house; but to be that and a count too was a combination of splendors that placed Jaune's rival on a social pinnacle and kept him there. Not that counts are rare in the region between west and south of Washington Square; on the contrary, they are rather astonishingly plentiful. But the sort of count who is very rare indeed there is the count who pays his way as he goes along. Now, in the matter of payments, at least so far as Madame Carthame was concerned, the Count Siccatif de Courtray was exemplary.

That there was something of a mystery about this nobleman was undeniable. Among other things, he had stated that he was a relative of the Siccatifs of Harlem — the old family established here in New Amsterdam in Wouter Van Twiller's time. Persons disposed to comment invidiously upon this asserted relationship, and such there were, did not fail to draw attention to the fact that the Harlem Siccatifs, without exception, were fair, while the Count Siccatif de Courtray was strikingly dark; and to the further fact that if the distinguished American family really was akin to the Count, its several members were most harmoniously agreed to give him the cold shoulder. With these malicious whisperings, however, Madame Carthame did not concern herself. She was content, more than content, to take the Count as he was, and at his own valuation. That he was a proscribed Bonapartist, as he declared himself to be, seemed to her a reasonable and entirely credible statement; and it certainly had the effect of creating about him a halo of romance. Though not proscribed, Madame Carthame herself was a Bonapartist, and a most ardent one; a fact, it may be observed, concerning which the Count assured himself prior to the avowal of his own political convictions. When, on the 20th of April, he came home wearing a cluster of violets in his button-hole, and bearing also a bunch of these Imperial flowers for Madame Carthame, and with the presentation confessed his own imperialistic faith and touched gloomily upon the sorry reward that it had brought him—when this event occurred, Madame Carthame's kindly feelings toward her second-floor lodger were resolved into an abiding faith and high esteem. It was upon this auspicious day that the conviction took firm root in her mind that the Count Siccatif de Courtray was the heaven-sent husband for her daughter Rose.

That Rose approved this ambitious matrimonial project of her mother's was a matter open to doubt; at least her conduct was such that two diametrically opposite views were entertained in regard to her intentions. On the one hand, Madame Carthame and the Count Siccatif de Courtray believed that she had made up her mind to live in her mother's own second-story front and be a countess. On the other hand, Jaune d'Antimoine, whose wish, perhaps, was father to his thought, believed that she would not do anything of the sort. Jaune gladly would have believed, also, that she cherished matrimonial intentions in quite a different, namely, an artistic, direction; but he was a modest young fellow, and suffered his hopes to be greatly diluted by his fears. And, in truth, the conduct of Rose was so perplexing, at times so atrociously exasperating, that a person much more deeply versed in women's ways than this young painter was very well might have been puzzled hopelessly: for if ever a born flirt came out of France, that flirt was Rose Carthame.

Of one thing, however, Jaune was convinced: that unless something of a positive nature was done, and done speedily, for the improvement of his outward man, his chance of success would be gone forever. Already, Madame Carthame eyed his seedy garments askance; already, for Rose had admitted the truth of his suspicions in this dismal direction, Madame Carthame had instituted most unfavorable comparisons between his own chronic shabbiness and the no less chronic splendor of the Count Siccatif de Courtray. Therefore, it came to pass — out of his abstract need for presentable habiliments, out of his desire to appear in creditable form at Vandyke Brown's wedding, and, more than all else, out of his love for Rose — that Jaune d'Antimoine registered a mighty oath before high heaven that within a month's time a new suit of clothes should be his!

Yet the chances are that he would have gone down Christopher street to the North River, and still further down, even into a watery grave,—as he very frequently thought of doing during this melancholy period of his existence,— had not his fortunes suddenly been irradiated by the birth in his mind of a happy thought. It came to him in this wise: He was standing drearily in front of a ready-made clothing store on Broadway, sadly contemplating a wooden figure clad in precisely the morning suit for which his soul panted, when suddenly something gave him a whack on the back. Turning sharply, and making use of an exclamation not to be found in the French dictionaries compiled for the use of young ladies' boarding-schools, he perceived a wooden frame-work, from the lower end of which protruded the legs of a man. From a cleft in the upper portion of the frame-work came the apologetic utterance, "Didn't mean ter hit yer, boss," and then the structure

moved slowly away through the throng. Over its four sides, he observed, were blazoned announcements of the excellences of the garments manufactured by the very clothing establishment in front of which he stood.

The thought came idly into his mind that this method of advertising was clumsy and not especially effective; followed by the further thought that a much better plan would be to set agoing upon the streets a really gentlemanly-looking man clad in the best garments that the tailoring people manufactured—while a handsome sign upon the man's back, or a silken banner proudly borne aloft, should tell where the clothes were made, and how, for two weeks only, clothes equally excellent could be bought there at a tremendous sacrifice. And then came into his mind the great thought of his life: he would disguise himself by changing his blonde hair and beard to gray and by wearing dark eye-glasses, and thus disguised he would be that man! Detection he believed to be impossible, for merely dressing himself in respectable clothes almost would suffice to prevent his recognition by even the nearest of his friends. With that prompt decision which is the sure sign of genius backed by force of character, he paused no longer to consider. He acted. With a firm step he entered the clothing establishment; with dignity demanded a personal interview with its proprietor; with eloquence presented to that personage his scheme.

"You will understand, sare," he said in conclusion, "that these clothes such as yours see themselves in the best way when they are carried by a man very well made and who 'as the air *comme il faut.* I 'ave not the custom to say that I am justly that man. But now we talk of *affaires.* Look at me and see!" And so speaking he drew himself up his full six feet and turned slowly around. There could not be any question about it: a handsomer, a more distinguished-looking man was not to be found in all New York. With the added dignity of age, his look of distinction would be but increased.

The great head of the great tailoring establishment was visibly affected. Original devices in advertising had been the making of him. He perceived that the device now suggested to him was superior to anything that his own genius had struck out. "It's a pretty good plan," he said, meditatively. "What do you want for carrying it out?"

"For you to serve two weeks, I ask but the clothes I go to wear."

For a moment the tailor paused. In that moment the destinies of Jaune d'Antimoine, of Rose Carthame, of the Count Siccatif de Courtray, hung in the balance. It was life or death. Jaune felt his heart beating like a trip-hammer. There was upon him a feeling of suffocation. The silence seemed interminable; and the longer it lasted, the more did he feel that his chances of success were oozing away, that the crisis of his life was going against him. Darkness, the darkness of desolate despair, settled down upon his soul. Mechanically he felt in his waistcoat pocket for a five-cent piece that he believed to be there—for the stillness, the restful oblivion of the North River were in his mind. His fingers clutched the coin convulsively, thankfully. At least he would not be compelled to walk down Christopher street to his death: he could pay his way to eternity in the one-horse car. Yet even while the blackness of shattered hope seemed to be closing him in irrevocably, the glad light came again. As the voice of an angel, sounded the voice of the tailor: and the words which the tailor spake were these:

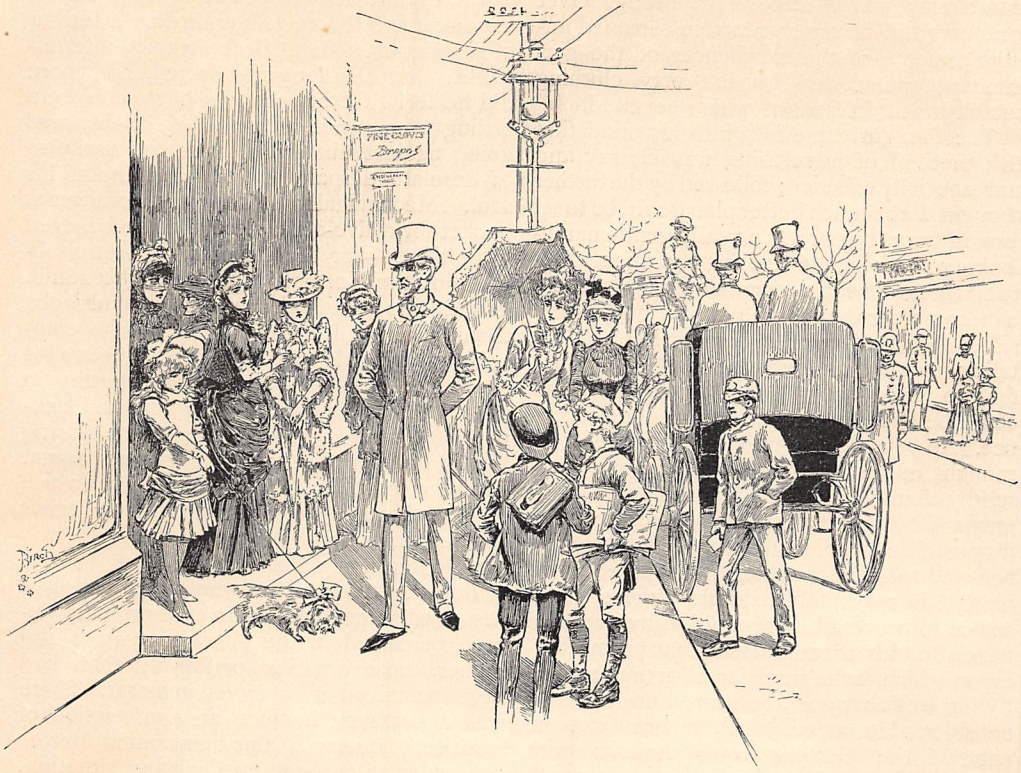
"Young man, it's a bargain!"

But the tailor, upon whom Heaven had bestowed shrewdness to an extraordinary degree, perceived in the plan proposed to him higher, more artistic, possibilities than had been perceived in it by its inventor. There was a dramatic instinct, an appreciation of surprise, of climax, in this man's mind that he proceeded to apply to the existing situation. With a wave of his hand he banished the suggested sign on the walking-advertiser's back and the suggested silken banner. His plan at once was simpler and more profound. Dressed in the highest style of art, Jaune was to walk Broadway daily between the hours of 11 A. M. and 2 P. M. He was to walk slowly; he was to look searchingly in the faces of all young women of about the age of twenty years; he was to wear, over and above his garments of price, an air of confirmed melancholy. That was all.

"But of the advertisement? 'Ow——"

"Now, never you mind about the advertisement, young man. Where that is going to come in is my business. But you can just bet your bottom dollar that I don't intend to lose any money on you. All that you have to do is just what I've told you; and to be well dressed, and walk up and down Broadway for three hours every day, and look in all the girls' faces, don't strike me as being the hardest work that you might be set at. Now come along and be measured, and day after to-morrow you shall begin."

As Jaune walked slowly homeward to his dismal studio, he meditated deeply upon the adventure before him. He did not fancy it at all; but it was the means to an end, and he was braced morally to go through with it



THE MARQUIS.

without flinching. For the chance of winning Rose he would have stormed a battery single-handed; and not a bit more of moral courage would have been needed for such desperate work than was needed for the execution of the bloodless but soul-trying project that he had in hand. For the life and spirit of him, though, he could not see how the tailor was to get any good out of this magnificent masquerading.

In one of the evening papers, about a week later, there appeared a half-column romance that quite took Jaune d'Antimoine's breath away. It began with a reference to the distinguished elderly gentleman who, during the past week, had been seen daily upon Broadway about the hour of noon; who gazed with such intense though respectful curiosity into every young woman's face; who, in the gay crowd, was conspicuous not less by the elegance of his dress than by his air of profound melancholy. Then briefly, but precisely, the sorrowful story of the Marquis de —— ("out of consideration for the nobleman's feelings," the name was withheld) was told: how, the son of a peer of France, he had married, while yet a minor, against the wishes of his stern father; how his young wife and infant daughter had been spirited away by the stern father's orders; how on his death-bed the father had confessed his evil deed to his son, and had told that mother and child had been banished to America, where the mother speedily had died of grief, and where the child, though in ignorance of her noble origin, had been adopted by an enormously rich American, about whom nothing more was known than the fact that he lived in New York. The Marquis, the article stated, now was engaged in searching for his long-lost daughter, and among other means to the desired end had hit upon this—of walking New York's chief thoroughfare in the faith that should he see his child his paternal instinct would reveal to him her identity.

"I calculate that this will rather whoop up public interest in our performance," said the tailor, cheerfully, the next day, as he handed the newspaper containing the pleasing fiction to Jaune. "That's my idea, for a starter. I've got the whole story ready to come out in sections—paid a literary feller twenty dollars to get it up for me. And you be careful to-day when you are interviewed" (Jaune

shuddered) "to keep the story up — or" (for Jaune was beginning a remonstrance) "you can keep out of it altogether, if you'd rather. Say you must refuse to talk upon so delicate a subject, or something of that sort. Yes, that's your card. It'll make the mystery greater, you know,— and I'll see that the public gets the facts, all the same."

The tailor chuckled, and Jaune was unutterably wretched. He was on the point of throwing up his contract. He opened his mouth to speak the decisive words, and shut it again as the thought came into his mind that his misery must be borne, and borne gallantly, because it was all for the love of Rose.

That day there was no affectation in his air of melancholy. He was profoundly miserable. Faithful to his contract, he looked searchingly upon the many young women of twenty years whom he met; and such of them as were possessors of tender hearts grew very sorrowful at sight of the obvious woe by which he was oppressed. His woe, indeed, was keen, for the newspaper article had had its destined effect, and he was a marked man. People turned to look at him as people had not turned before; it was evident that he was a subject of conversation. Several times he caught broken sentences which he recognized as portions of his supposititious biography. His crowning torture was the assault of the newspaper reporters. They were suave, they were surly, they were insinuatingly sympathetic, they were aggressively peremptory,— but all alike were determined to wring from him to the uttermost the details of the sorrow that he never had suffered, of the life that he never had lived. It was a confusing sort of an experience. He began to wonder, at last, whether or not it were possible that he could be somebody else without knowing it; and if it were, in whom, precisely, his identity was vested. Being but a simple-minded young fellow, with no taste whatever for metaphysics, this line of thought was upsetting.

While involved in these perplexing doubts and the crowd at the Fifth Avenue crossing, he was so careless as to step upon the heel of a lady in front of him. And when the lady turned, half angrily, half to receive his profuse apologies, he beheld Mademoiselle Carthame. The face of this young person wore an expression made up of not less than three conflicting emotions: of resentment of the assault upon the heel of her one pair of good shoes, of friendly recognition of the familiar voice, of blank surprise upon perceiving that this voice came from the lips of a total stranger. She looked searchingly upon the smoked glasses, obviously trying to pry into the secret of the hidden eyes. Jaune's blood rushed up into his face, and he realized that detection was imminent. Mercifully, at that moment the crowd opened, and with a bow that hid his face behind his hat he made good his retreat. During the remaining half hour of his walk, he thought no more of metaphysics. The horrid danger of physical discovery from which he had escaped so narrowly filled him with a shuddering alarm. Nor could he banish from his mind the harrowing thought that perhaps, for all his gray hair and painted wrinkles and fine clothes, Rose in truth had recognized him.

That night an irresistible attraction drew him to the Carthame abode. In the little parlor he found the severe Madame Carthame, her adorable daughter, and the offensive Count Siccatif de Courtray. Greatly to his relief, his reception was in the usual form: Madame Carthame conducted herself after the fashion of a well-bred iceberg; Rose endeavored to mitigate the severity of her parent's demeanor by her own affability; the Count, as much as possible, ignored his presence. Jaune could not repress a sigh of relief. She had not recognized him.

But his evening was one of trial. With much vivacity, Rose entertained the little company with an account of her romantic adventure with the French nobleman who had come to America in quest of his lost daughter; for she had read the newspaper story, and had identified its hero with the assailant of her heel. She dwelt with enthusiasm upon the distinguished appearance of the unhappy foreigner; she ventured the suggestion, promptly and sternly checked by her mamma, that she herself might be the lost child; she grew plaintive, and expressed a burning desire to comfort this stricken parent with a daughter's love; and, worst of all, she sat silent, with a far-away look in her charming eyes, and obviously suffered her thoughts to go astray after this handsome Marquis in a fashion that made even the Count Siccatif de Courtray fidget, and that filled the soul of Jaune d'Antimoine with a consuming jealousy — not the less consuming because of the absurd fact that it was jealousy of himself! As he walked home that night through the devious ways of Greenwich to his dismal studio, he seriously entertained the wish that he never had been born.

The next day all the morning papers contained elaborate "interviews" with the Marquis: for each of the several reporters who had been put on the case, believing that he alone had failed to get the facts, and being upheld by a lofty determination that no other reporter should "get a beat on him," had evolved from his own inner consciousness the

story that Jaune, for the best of reasons, had refused to tell. The stories thus told, being based upon the original fiction, bore a family resemblance to each other; and as all of them were interesting, they stimulated popular curiosity in regard to their hero to a very high pitch. As the result of them, Jaune found himself the most conspicuous man in New York. During the three hours of his walk he was the center of an interested crowd. Several benevolent persons stopped him to tell him of fatherless young women with whom they were acquainted, and to urge upon him the probability that each of these young women was his long-lost child. The representatives of a dozen detective bureaus introduced themselves to him, and made offer of their professional services; a messenger from the chief of police handed him a polite note tendering the services of the department and inviting him to a conference. It was maddening.

But worst of all were his meetings with Rose. As these multiplied, the conviction became irresistible that they were not the result of chance; indeed, her manner made doubt upon this head impossible. At first she gave him only a passing glance, then a glance somewhat longer, then a look of kindly interest, then a long look of sympathy; and at last she bestowed upon him a gentle, almost affectionate, smile that expressed, as plainly as a smile could express, her sorrow for his misery and her readiness to comfort him. In a word, Rose Carthame's conduct simply was outrageous!

The jealous anger which had inflamed Jaune's breast the night before swelled and expanded into a raging passion. He longed to engage in mortal combat this stranger who was alienating the affection that should be his. The element of absurdity in the situation no longer was apparent to him. In truth, as he reasoned, the situation was not absurd. To all intents and purposes he was two people: and it was the other one of him, not himself at all, who was winning Rose's interest, perhaps her love. For a moment the thought crossed his mind that he would adjust the difficulty in his own favor by remaining this other person always. But the hard truth confronted him that every time he washed his face he would cease to be the elderly Marquis, with the harder truth that the fabulous wealth with which, as the Marquis, the newspapers had endowed him was too entirely fabulous to serve as a basis for substantial life. And being thus cut off from hope, he fell back upon jealous hatred of himself.

That night the evening paper in which the first mention of the mysterious French nobleman had been made, contained an article cleverly contrived to give point to the mystery in its commercial aspect. The fact had been observed, the article declared, that the nobleman's promenade began and ended at a prominent clothing establishment on Broadway; and then followed, in the guise of a contribution toward the clearing up of the mystery, an interview with the proprietor of the establishment in question. However, the interview left the mystery just where it found it, for all that the tailor told was that the Marquis had bought several suits of clothes from him; that he had shown himself to be an exceptionally critical person in the matter of his wearing apparel; that he had expressed repeatedly his entire satisfaction with his purchases. In another portion of the paper was a glaring advertisement, in which the clothing man set forth in an animated fashion the cheapness and desirability of "The Marquis Suit"—a suit that "might be seen to advantage on the person of the afflicted French nobleman now in our midst, who had honored it with his approval, and in whose honor it had been named." Upon reading the newspaper narrative and its advertisement pendent, Jaune groaned aloud. He was oppressed by a horror of discovery, and here, as it seemed to him in his morbidly nervous condition, was a clew to his duplex identity sufficiently obvious to be apparent even to a detective.

THE Count Siccatif de Courtray, as has been intimated, went so far as to fidget while listening to Mademoiselle Carthame's vivacious description of her encounter with the handsome Marquis. Being regaled during the ensuing evening with a very similar narrative—a materially modified version of the events which had aroused in so lively a manner the passion of jealousy in the breast of Jaune d'Antimoine—the Count ceased merely to fidget, and became the prey to a serious anxiety. He determined that the next day, quite unobtrusively, he would observe Mademoiselle Carthame in her relations with this unknown but dangerously fascinating nobleman; and also that he would give some attention to the nobleman himself. This secondary purpose was strengthened the next morning, while the Count was engaged with his coffee and newspaper, by his finding in the "Courrier des États-Unis" a translation of the paragraph stating the curious fact that the daily walk of the Marquis began and ended at the Broadway tailor-shop.

Having finished his breakfast, the Count leisurely betook himself to Broadway. As he slowly strolled eastward, he observed on the other side of the street Jaune d'Antimoine,

in his desperately shabby raiment, hurriedly walking eastward also. The Count murmured a brief panegyric upon M. d'Antimoine, in which the words "cet animal" alone were distinguishable. They were near Broadway at this moment, and to the Count's surprise M. d'Antimoine entered the clothing establishment from which the Marquis departed upon his daily walk. Could it be possible, he thought, that fortune had smiled upon the young artist, and that he was about to purchase a new suit of clothes? The Count entertained the charitable hope that such could not be the case.

It was the Count's purpose, to the end that he might follow also the movements of Mademoiselle Carthame, to follow the Marquis from the beginning to the end of his promenade. To this end he set himself to watching closely for the appearance of the grief-stricken foreigner, moving carelessly the while from one shop-window to another that commanded a view of the field. At the end of half an hour, when the Count was beginning to think that the object of his solicitude was a myth, out from the broad portal of the clothing establishment came the Marquis in all his glory — more glorious, in truth, than Solomon and more melancholy than the melancholy Jaques. And yet for an instant the Count Siccatif de Courtray was possessed by the absurd fancy that this stately personage was Jaune d'Antimoine. Truly, here was the same tall, handsome figure, the same easy, elegant carriage, the same cut of hair and beard. But the resemblance went no further, for beard and hair were gray almost to whiteness, the face was pale and old, and the clothes, so far from being desperately seedy, were more resplendent even than the Count's own. No, the thought was incredible, preposterous, and yet the Count could not discharge it from his mind. He stamped his foot savagely; this mystery was becoming more interesting than pleasing.

In the crowd that the Marquis drew in his wake, as he slowly, sadly sauntered up Broadway, the Count had no difficulty in following him unobserved. The situation was that of the previous day, only it was intensified, and therefore, to its hero, the more horrible. The benevolent people with stray fatherless young women to dispose of were out in greater force; the detectives were more aggressive; the newspaper people were more persistent; the general public was more keenly interested in the whole performance. And Rose — most dreadful of all — was more outrageous than ever! The Count grew almost green with rage during the three hours that he was a witness of this young woman's scandalous conduct. A dozen times she met the Marquis in the course of his walk, and each time that she met him she greeted him with a yet more tender smile. A curious fact that at first surprised, then puzzled, then comforted the Count was the very obvious annoyance which these flattering attentions caused their recipient. Evidently, he persistently endeavored to evade the meetings which Rose as persistently and more successfully endeavored to force upon him. Within the scope of M. de Courtray's comprehension only one reason seemed to be sufficient to explain the determination on the part of the Marquis to resist the advances of a singularly attractive young woman, whose good disposition toward him was so conspicuously, though so irregularly, manifested: a fear of recognition. And this reason adjusted itself in a striking manner to the queer notion that had come into his mind that the Marquis was an ideal creation, whose reality was Jaune d'Antimoine. The thought was absurd, irrational, but it grew stronger and stronger within him — and became an assured conviction when, shortly after the promenade of the Marquis had ended, Jaune came forth from the clothing-store in his normal condition of shabbiness and youth. The Count was not in all respects a praiseworthy person, but among his vices was not that of stupidity. Without any very tremendous mental effort he grasped the fact that his rival had sold himself into bondage as a walking advertisement, and, knowing this, a righteous exultation filled his soul. Jaune's destiny, so far as Mademoiselle Carthame was concerned, he felt was in his power; and he was perplexed by no nice doubts as to the purpose to which the power that he had gained should be applied.

Untroubled by the knowledge that his secret was discovered, Jaune entered upon the last day of his martyrdom. It was the most agonizing day of all. The benevolent persons, the reporters, the detectives, the crowd surging about him, drove him almost to madness. He walked as one dazed. And above and over all he was possessed by a frenzy of jealousy that came of the offensively friendly smiles which Rose bestowed upon him as she forced meetings upon him again and again. It was with difficulty that he restrained himself from laying violent hands upon this bogus Marquis who falsely and infamously had beguiled away from him the love for which he gladly would have given his life. Only the blood of his despicable rival, he felt, would satisfy him. He longed to find himself with a sword in his hand on a bit of smooth turf, and the villainous Marquis over against him, ready to be run through. The thought was so delightful, so animating, that involuntarily he made a lunge,

and had to apologize confusedly to the elderly gentleman whom he had poked in the back with his umbrella.

At last the three hours of torture, the last of his two weeks of hateful servitude, came to an end. Pale beneath his false paleness, haggard beyond his false haggardness of age, he entered the clothing-store and once more was himself. With a gladness unspeakable he washed off his wrinkles and washed out the gray from his hair and beard; with a sense of infinite satisfaction that, a fortnight earlier, he would not have believed possible, he resumed his shabby old clothes. Had he chosen to do so, he might have walked away in the new and magnificent apparel which he now fairly had earned; but just at present his loathing for these fine garments was beyond all words.

The tailor fain would have had the masquerade continue longer, for, as he frankly stated, "The Marquis Suit" was having a tremendous sale. But Jaune was deaf not only to the tailor's blandishments, but to his offers of substantial cash. "Not for the milyons would I be in this part of the Marquis for one day yet more," he said firmly. And he added, "I trust to you in honor, sare, that not never shall my name be spoken in this affair."

"Couldn't speak it if I wanted to, my dear boy. It's a mystery to me how you're able to pronounce it yourself! Well, I'd like you to run the 'Marquis' for another week; but if you wont, you wont, I suppose, so there's an end of it. I'm sorry you haven't enjoyed it. I have. It's been as good a thing as I ever got hold of. Now give me your address and I'll have your clothes sent to you. Don't you want some more? I don't mind letting you have a regular outfit if you want it. One good turn, you know — and you've done me a good turn, and that's a fact."

But Jaune declined this liberal offer, and declined also to leave his address, which would have involved a revelation of his name. It was a comfort to him to know that his name was safe — a great comfort. So the garments of the forever-departed Marquis were put up in a big bundle, and Jaune journeyed homeward to his studio in Greenwich — bearing his sheaves with him — in a Bleecker street car.

"WELL, you are a cheeky beggar, d'Antimoine," said Vandyke Brown, cheerfully, the next morning, as he came into Jaune's studio with a newspaper in his hand. "So you are the Marquis who has been setting the town wild for the last week, eh? And who did you bet with? And what started you in such a crazy performance, anyway? Tell me all about it. It's as funny — Good heavens! d'Antimoine, what's the matter? Are you ill?" For Jaune had grown deathly pale and was gasping.

"I do not know of what it is that you talk," he answered, with a great effort.

"Oh, come now, that's too thin, you know. Why, here's a whole column about it, telling how you made a bet with somebody that you could set all the town to talking about you, and yet do it all in such a clever disguise that nobody would know who you really were, not even your most intimate friends. And I should say that you had won handsomely. Why, I've seen you on Broadway a dozen times myself this last week, and I never had the remotest suspicion that the Marquis was you. I must say, though," continued Brown, reflectively, and looking closely at Jaune, "that it was stupid of me. I did think that you had a familiar sort of look; and once, I remember, it did occur to me that you looked astonishingly like yourself. It — it was the clothes, you see, that threw me out. Where ever did you get such a stunning rig? I don't believe that I'd have known you dressed like that, even if you hadn't been gray and wrinkled. But tell all about it, old man. It must have been jolly fun!"

"Fun!" groaned Jaune; "it was the despair!" And then, his heart being very full and his longing for sympathy overpowering, Jaune told Brown the whole story. "But what is this of one bet, my dear Van," he concluded, "I do not of the least know."

"Well, here it all is in the paper, anyway. Calls you 'a distinguished animal-painter,' and alludes to your 'strikingly vigorous "Lioness and Cubs" and powerful "Dray Horses" at the last spring exhibition of the Society of American Artists.' Must be somebody who knows you, you see, and somebody who means well by you, too. There's nothing at all about your being an advertisement; indeed, there's nothing in the story but a good joke, of which you are the hero. It's an eccentric sort of heroism, to be sure; but then, for some unknown reason, people never seem to believe that artists are rational human beings, so your eccentricity will do you no harm. And it's no end of an advertisement for you. Whoever wrote it meant well by you. And, by Jove! I know who it is! It's little Conté Crayon. He's a good-hearted little beggar, and he likes you ever so much, for I've heard him say so; but how he ever got hold of the story, and especially of such a jolly version of it, I don't see."

At this moment, by a pleasing coincidence, Conté Crayon himself appeared with the de-

sired explanation. "You see," he said, "that beast of a Siccatif de Courtray hunted me up yesterday and told me the yarn about you and the slop-shop man. He wanted me to write it up and publish it, 'as a joke,' he said; but it was clear enough that he was in ugly earnest about it. And so, you see, I had to rush it into print in the way I chose to tell it — which wont do you a bit of harm, d'Antimoine — in order to head him off. The blackguard meant to get you into a mess, and if I'd hung fire he'd have told somebody else about it, and had the real story published. Of course, you know, there's nothing in the real story that you need be ashamed of; but if it had been told, you certainly would have been laughed at, and nasty people would have said nasty things about it. And as there wasn't any time to lose, I had to print it first and then come here and explain matters afterward. And what I've got to say is this: Just you cheek it out and say that it *was* a bet, and that you won it! Brown and I will back you up in it, and so will the slop-shop man. I've been to see him this morning, and he is so pleased with the way that 'The Marquis Suit' is selling, and with the extra free advertisement that he has got out of my article, that he's promised to adopt the bet version in his advertisement in all the papers. He is going to advertise that 'The Marquis Suit' is so called because everybody who wears it looks like a marquis — just as you did. This cuts the ground right from under the Count's feet, you see; for nobody'd believe him on his oath if they could help it.

"And now I must clear out. I've got a race at Jerome Park at two o'clock. It's all right, d'Antimoine; I assure you it's all right — but I should advise you to punch the Count's head, all the same."

Vandyke Brown thought that it was all right, too, as he talked the matter over with Jaune after little Conté Crayon had gone. But Jaune refused to be comforted. So far as the public was concerned he admitted that Conté Crayon's story had saved him, but he was oppressed by a great dread of what might be the effect of the truth upon Rose. For Jaune d'Antimoine was too honest a gentleman even to think of deceiving his mistress. He must tell her the whole story, without reserve, and as she approved or disapproved of what he had done must his hopes of happiness live or die.

"Better have it out with her to-day, and be done with it," counseled Brown.

"Ah! it is well for you to speak of a 'urry, my good Van; but it is not you who go to execute your life. No, I 'ave not the force to go to-day. To-day I go to make a long walk. Then this night I sleep well. To-morrow, in the morning, do I go to affront my destiny." And from this resolution Jaune was not to be moved.

Yet it was an unfortunate resolution, for it gave the Count Siccatif de Courtray time and opportunity for a flank movement. In the Count's breast rage and astonishment contended for the mastery as he contemplated the curious miscarriage of his newspaper assault. He had chosen this line of attack partly because his modesty counseled him to keep his own personality in the background, partly because the wider the publicity of his rival's disgrace the more complete would that disgrace be. But as his newspaper ally had failed him, he took the campaign into his own hands; that is to say, he hurried to tell the true story, and a good deal more than the true story, to Rose and Madame Carthame.

Concerning its effect upon Rose, he was in doubt; but its effect upon Madame Carthame was all that he could desire. This severe person instantly took the cue that the Count dexterously gave her by affecting to palliate Jaune's erratic conduct. He urged that, inasmuch as M. d'Antimoine was a conspicuous failure as an artist, for him to engage himself to a tailor as a walking advertisement, so far from being a disgrace to him, was greatly to his credit. And Madame Carthame promptly and vehemently asserted that it wasn't. She refused to regard what he had done in any other light than that of a crime. She declared that never again should his offensive form darken her door. Solemnly she forbade Rose from recognizing him when in the future they should chance to meet. And then she abated her severity to the extent of thanking the Count with tears in her eyes for the service that he had done her in tearing off this viper's disguise. Naturally, the Count was charmed by Madame Carthame's energetic indignation. He perceived that his unselfish investigations of the actions of Monsieur Jaune were bearing excellent fruit. Already, as he believed, the way toward his own happiness was smooth and clear. As the Count retired from this successful conference, he laughed softly to himself; nor did he pause in his unobtrusive mirth to reflect that those laugh best who laugh last.

And thus it came to pass that when Jaune, refreshed by sound slumber and a little cheered by hope, presented himself the next morning at Madame Carthame's gates, fate decreed that Rose herself should open the gates to him — in response to his ring — and in her own proper person should tell him that she was not at home. In explanation

of this obviously inexact statement she announced to him her mother's stern decree. Being but a giddy young person, however, and one somewhat lacking in fit reverence of maternal authority, she added, on her own account, that in half an hour or so she was going up Fourth street to the Gansevoort market, and that Fourth street was a public thoroughfare, upon which M. d'Antimoine also had a perfect right to walk.

In the course of this walk, while Jaune gallantly carried the market-basket, the story that Rose already had heard from the Count Siccatif de Courtray was told again — but told with a very different coloring. For Mademoiselle Carthame clearly perceived how great the sacrifice had been that Jaune had made for her sake, and how bravely, because it was for her sake, it had been made. There was real pathos in his voice; once or twice he nearly broke down. Possibly it was because she did not wish him to see her eyes that she manifested so marked an interest in the shop windows as they walked along.

"And so that adorable Marquis was unreal?" queried Mademoiselle Carthame sadly, and somewhat irrelevantly, when Jaune had told her all.

"He was not adorable. He was a disgusting beast!" replied M. d'Antimoine savagely.

"I — I loved him!" answered Rose, turning upon Jaune, at last, her black eyes. They did not sparkle, as was their wont, but they were wonderfully lustrous and soft.

Jaune looked down into the market-basket and groaned.

"And — and I love him still. I think, I — I hope, that he will live always in my heart."

The voice of Mademoiselle Carthame trembled, and her hand grasped very tightly the bag of carrots that they had been unable to make a place for in the basket, for they were coming back from the market now.

Jaune did not look up. For the life of him he could not keep back a sob. It was bitter hard, he felt, that out of his love for Rose should come love's wreck; and, harder yet, that the rival who had stolen her from him should be himself! Through the mist of his misery he seemed to hear Rose laughing softly. Could this be so? Then, indeed, was the capstone set upon his grief!

"Jaune!"

He started, and so violently that a cabbage, with half a dozen potatoes after it, sprang out of the basket and rolled along the pavement at their feet. His bowed head rose with a jerk, and their eyes met full. In hers there was a look half mocking, that as he gazed changed into tenderness; into his, as he saw the change and perceived its meaning, there came a look of glad delight.

"As though you could deceive *me!* Why, of course, I knew you from the very first!"

Then they collected the potatoes and the cabbage and walked slowly on, and great happiness was in their hearts.

The world was a brighter world for Jaune d'Antimoine when he gave into Rose's hand the market-basket on her own door-step, and turned reluctantly away. But there still were clouds in it. Rose had admitted that two things were necessary before getting married could be thought of at all seriously: something must be done by which the nose of the Count Siccatif de Courtray would be disjointed; something must be done to assure Madame Carthame that M. d'Antimoine, in some fashion at least a little removed from semi-starvation, could maintain a wife. It was certain that until these things were accomplished Madame Carthame's lofty resolution to transform her daughter into a countess, and her stern disapprobation of Jaune as a social outcast, never would be overcome.

As events turned out, it was the second of these requirements that was fulfilled first.

Mr. Badger Brush was a very rich sporting man, whose tastes were horsey but whose heart was in the right place. It was his delight to make or to back extraordinary wagers. Few New Yorkers have forgotten that very queer bet of his that resulted in putting high hats on all the Broadway telegraph poles. When Mr. Brush read the story of Jaune d'Antimoine's wager, therefore, he was greatly pleased with its originality; and when, later in the day, he fell in with little Conté Crayon at Jerome Park, he pressed that ingenious young newspaper man for additional particulars. And knowing the whereabouts of Mr. Badger Brush's heart, Conté Crayon did not hesitate to tell the whole story — winding up with the pointed suggestion that inasmuch as the hero of the story was an animal-painter of decided, though as yet unrecognized, ability, Mr. Brush could not do better than manifest his interest in a practical way by giving him an order. The sporting man rose to the suggestion with a commendable promptness and warmth.

"I don't care a blank if it wasn't a bet," he said heartily. "That young man has pluck, and he deserves to be encouraged. I'll go down and see him to-morrow, and I'll order a portrait of Celeripes; a life-size, thousand-dollar portrait, by Jove! Celeripes deserves it, after the pot of money he brought me at Long Branch, and your friend deserves it too.

And I have some other horses that I want painted, and some dogs — he paints dogs, I suppose? And I know a lot of other fellows who ought to have their horses painted, and I'll start them along at him. I'll give him all the painting he can handle in the next ten years. For it *was* a bet, you see, after all. Didn't he back his cleverness in disguise against the wits of the whole town? And didn't the slop-shop man put up the stakes? And didn't he just win in a canter? I should rather think he did! Of course it was a bet, and a mighty good one at that. Gad! Crayon, it's the best thing that's been done in New York for years. It's what I call first-class cheek. I couldn't have done it better, sir, myself!"

Thus it fell out that half an hour after Jaune got back to his studio from that memorable walk to the Gansevoort market, he had the breath-taking-away felicity of booking a thousand-dollar order, and of receiving such obviously trustworthy assurances of many more orders that his wildest hopes of success in a moment were resolved into substantial realities. When he was alone again he certainly would have believed that he had been dreaming but for the fact that Mr. Badger Brush had insisted upon paying half the price of the picture down in advance; for whatever this good-hearted, horsey gentleman did, he did thoroughly well. The crisp notes, more than Jaune ever had seen together in all his life before — save once, when he took a dealer's check for ten dollars to a bank and looked through the wire screen while the bank man haughtily cashed it — lay on the table where Mr. Badger Brush had laid them; and their blissful presence proved that his happiness was not a dream, but real.

From the corner into which, loathingly, he had kicked it, he drew forth the bundle containing "The Marquis Suit." With a certain solemnity he resumed these garments of price in which he had suffered so much torture, and, being clad, boldly presented himself to Madame Carthame with a formal demand for her daughter's hand. And in view of the sudden and prodigious change that had come over M. d'Antimoine's fortunes, almost was Madame Carthame persuaded that the matrimonial plans which she had laid out for her daughter might be changed. Yet did she hesitate before announcing that their Median and Persian quality might be questioned: for the hope that Rose might be a countess lay very close to Madame Carthame's heart. However, her determination was shaken, which was a great point gained. And presently — for Jaune's star was triumphantly in the ascendant — it was completely destroyed. The instrument of its destruction was Mr. Badger Brush's groom, Stumps.

Stumps was a talkative creature, and whenever he came down to Jaune's studio, as he very often did while the portrait of Celeripes was in progress, he had a good deal to say over and above the message that he brought as to when the horse would be free for the next "sitting" in the paddock at Mr. Brush's country place where Jaune was painting him. And Jaune, who was one of the best-natured of mortals, usually suffered Stumps to talk away until he was tired.

"You might knock me down with a wisp of hay, you might, indeed, sir," said the groom one morning a fortnight after the picture had been begun — the day but one, in fact, before that set for Vandyke Brown's wedding. "Yes, sir," he continued, "with a wisp of hay, or even with a single straw! Here I've been face to face with my own father's brother's son, and I've put out my hand to him, and he's turned away short and pretended as he didn't know me and went off! And they tells me at his lodgin', for I follered him a-purpose to find him out, that he calls hisself a Frenchman, and says as how his name — which it is Stumps, and always has been — is Count Sikativ de Cortray!"

Jaune's palette and brushes fell to the floor with a crash. "Is it posseeble that you do tell me of the Comte Siccatif de Courtray? Are you then sure that you do not make one grand meestake? Is it 'im truly that you 'ave seen?"

"Him, sir? Wy, in course it's him. Haven't I knowed him ever since he wasn't higher'n a hoss's fetlock? Don't I tell you as me and him's fust cousins? Him? In course it's him — the gump!"

"Then, my good Stump, you will now tell me of this wonder all."

"It's not much there is to tell, sir, and wat there is isn't to his credit. His father was my father's brother. My father was in the hoss line out Saint John's Wood way — in Lunnon, you know, sir — and his father lived in our street and was a swell barber. Uncle'd married a French young 'ooman as was dressmakin' and had been a lady's maid; it's along of his mother that he gets his Frenchness, you see. He was an only son, he was, and they made a lot of him — dressin' him fine, and coddlin' him, and sendin' him to school like anythink. Uncle was doin' a big trade, you see, and makin' money fast. Then, when he was a young fellow of twenty or so, and after he'd served at barberin' with his father for a couple of years, he took service with young Lord Skulpington — as had his 'cousin' livin' in a willa down our way, and

came to uncle's to be barbered frequent. And wen Lord Skulpington went sudden-like over to the Continent, wishin' to give his 'cousin' the slip, havin' got sick of her, Stumps he went along. That's a matter of ten years ago, sir, and blessed if I've laid eyes on him since until I seed him here in New York to-day. Uncle died better'n two year back, aunt havin' died fust, and he left a tidy pot of money to Stumps; and I did hear that Stumps, who'd been barberin' in Paris, had giv' up work when he got the cash and had set up to be a gentleman, but I didn't know as he'd set up to be a count too. The like of this I never did see!"

"And you are, then, sure, you will swear, my good Stump, that this are the same man?"

"Swear, sir! I'll swear to it high and low and all day long! But I must be goin', sir. You will please to remember that the hoss will be ready for you at ten o'clock to-morrow mornin', sharp."

Jaune rushed down to Vandyke Brown's studio for counsel as to whether he should go at once to the Count's lodgings and charge him with fraud to his face, or should make the charge first to Madame Carthame. But Brown was out. Nor was he in old Madder's studio, though about this time he was much more likely to be there than in his own. Old Madder said that Brown had taken Rose — Rose Madder — over to Brooklyn, to the Philharmonic, and he believed that they were going to dinner at Mr. Mangan Brown's afterward, and would not be in till late; and he seemed to be pretty grumpy about it.

Jaune fumed and fretted away what was left of the afternoon and a good part of the evening. At last Brown and Rose came home, and Brown, with a very bad grace, suffered himself to be led away from old Madder's threshold. To do him justice, though, when he had heard the story that Jaune had to tell he was all eagerness. His advice was to make the attack instantly; and without more words they set off together, walking briskly through the chill air of the late October night.

As they were passing along McDougall street — midway between Bleecker and Houston, in front of the row of pretty houses with verandas all over their fronts — Jaune suddenly gripped Brown's arm and drew him quickly within one of the little front yards and into the shadow of the high iron steps.

"Look!" he said.

On the other side of the street, in the light of the gas-lamp that stands in the center of the block, was the Count himself. For the moment that he was beneath the gas-lamp they saw him clearly. His face was set in an expression of gloomy sternness; his rapid, resolute walk indicated a definite purpose; he carried a little bundle in his hand.

"What a villain he looks!" whispered Brown. "Upon my soul, I do believe that he is going to murder somebody!"

"Ah! the vile animal! We will pursue," answered Jaune, also in a whisper.

Giving the Count a start of a dozen house fronts, they stepped out from their retreat and followed him cautiously. He walked quickly up McDougall street until he came out on Washington Square. For a moment he paused — by Sam Wah's laundry — and then turned sharply to the left along Fourth street. At a good pace he crossed Sixth Avenue, swung around the curve that Fourth street makes before beginning its preposterous journey northward, went on past the three little balconied houses whose fronts are on Washington Place, and so came out upon the open space where Washington Place and Barrow street and Fourth street all run into each other. It was hereabouts that Wouter Van Twiller had his tobacco farm a trifle less than two centuries ago.

The Count stopped, as though to get his bearings; and while they waited for him to go on Brown nudged Jaune to look at the delightfully picturesque frame house, set in a deep niche between two high brick houses, with the wooden stair elbowing up its outside to its third story. It came out wonderfully well in the moonlight, but Jaune was too much excited even to glance at it.

At the next group of corners — where Fourth street crosses Grove and Christopher streets at the point where they go sidling into each other along the slanting lines of the little park — the Count halted again. Evidently, the exceeding crookedness of Greenwich Village puzzled him — as well it might. Presently a Christopher-street car came along and set him straight; and thus guided he started resolutely westward, as though heading for the river.

"Is it posseeble that he goes 'imself to drown?" suggested d'Antimoine.

"No such good luck," Brown answered shortly.

Coming out on what used to be called "the Strand" — West street they call it now — the Count bore away from the lights of the Hoboken Ferry and from the guarded docks of the White Star and Anchor lines of steamers, skirted the fleet of oyster boats, and so came to the quiet pier at the foot of Perry street, where the hay barges unload. This pier runs a long way out into the river, for it is a part of what was called Sapokamikke Point in

Indian times. The Count stopped and looked cautiously around him, but his pursuers promptly crouched behind a dray and became invisible.

As he went out upon the pier, though, they were close upon his heels — walking noiselessly over the loose hay and keeping themselves hidden in the shadow of the barges and behind the piles of bales. At the very end of the pier he stopped. Jaune and Brown, hidden by a bale of hay, were within five feet of him. Their hearts were beating tremendously. There had been no tragical purpose in their minds when they started, but it certainly did look now as though they were in the thick of a tragedy. In the crisp October moonlight the Count's face shone deathly pale; they could see the fingers of his right hand working convulsively; they could hear his labored breathing. Below him was the deep, black water, lapping and rippling as the swirl of the tide sucked it into the dark, slimy recesses among the piles. In its bosom was horrible death. The Count stepped out upon the very edge of the pier and gazed wofully down upon the swelling waters. His dismal purpose no longer admitted of doubt. Involuntarily the two followed him until they were close at his back. Little as they loved him, they could not suffer him thus despairingly to leave the world.

But instead of casting himself over the edge of the pier, the Count slowly raised the hand that held the bundle, with the obvious intention of throwing the bundle and whatever was the evil secret that it contained into the river's depths. Quick as thought, Brown had seized the upraised arm, and Jaune had settled upon the other arm with a grip like a vise.

"No you don't, my boy! Let's see what it is before it goes overboard. Hold fast, d'Antimoine!"

The Count struggled furiously, but hopelessly.

"It's no use. You may as well give in, Stumps!"

As Brown uttered this name the Count suddenly became limp. The little bundle that he had clutched tightly through the struggle dropped from his nerveless hand, and fell open as it struck the ground. And there, gleaming in the moonlight, a brace of razors, a stubby brush, a stout pair of shears, lay loosely in the folds of a barber's jacket!

And this was the sorry climax to the brilliant romance of the proscribed Bonapartist, the Count Siccatif de Courtray!

Jaune, who was a generous-hearted young fellow, was for setting free his crest-fallen rival at once, and so having done with him. Brown took a more statesmanlike view of the situation. "We will let him go after he has owned up to Madame Carthame what a fraud he is," he said. The Count winced when this sentence was pronounced, but he uttered no remonstrance. The shock of the discovery had completely demoralized him.

It was after midnight when they reached Madame Carthame's dwelling, and Rose herself, with her hair done up in curl papers, opened the door for them. When she recognized the three visitors and perceived that the Count was in custody, and at the same moment remembered her curl papers, on her face the gaze of astonishment and the blush of maidenly modesty contended for the right of way.

Madame Carthame fairly was in bed — as was evident from the spirited conversation between herself and her vivacious daughter that was perfectly audible through the folding doors which separated the little parlor from her bedroom. It was evident, also, that she was indisposed to rise. However, her indisposition was overcome, and in the course of twenty minutes or so she appeared arrayed in a frigid dignity and a loose wrapper. Rose, meanwhile, had taken off her curl papers, and Jaune regarded her tumbled hair with ecstasy.

The tribunal being assembled, the prisoner was placed at the bar and the trial began. It was an eminently irregular trial, looking at it from a legal point of view, for the verbal evidence all was hearsay. But it also was extra legal in that it was brief and decisive. Brown gave his testimony in the shape of a repetition of the story that Jaune had told him had been told by Mr. Badger Brush's groom; and when this was concluded, Jaune produced the jacket, razors, shears, and shaving brush, and stated the circumstances under which they had been found. Then the prosecution rested.

Being questioned by the court — that is to say, by Madame Carthame — in his own defense, the Count replied gloomily that he hadn't any. "When I saw that horse fellow," he said, "I knew that I was likely to get into trouble, and that was the reason why I wanted to get rid of these things. And now the game is up. It is all true. I was a barber. I am not a count. My real name is Stumps."

Then it was that Madame Carthame, blissfully ignorant of the fact that she had neglected to remove her night-cap, stood up in her place, with her wrapper gathered about her in a statuesque fashion, and in a tragic tone uttered the single word:

"Sortez!"

And the Count went!

Out, out into the chill and gloom of night went the false Count, never to return; and with him went Madame Carthame's fond hope that her daughter would be a countess, which also was the last barrier in the way of Jaune

d'Antimoine's love. Perceiving that the force of fate inexorably was pressing upon her, Madame Carthame — still in her night-cap — bestowed upon Rose and Jaune the maternal blessing in a manner that, even allowing for the night-cap, was both stately and severe.

At Vandyke Brown's wedding Jaune d'Antimoine was radiantly magnificent in "The Marquis Suit," adding splendor to the ceremony and rendering himself most pleasing in the eyes of Rose Carthame. And a month later he was yet more radiant when he wore the famous suit again, in the church of Saint Vincent de Paul, and was married himself.

Conté Crayon brought Mr. Badger Brush down to the wedding, and the groom came too, and the tailor got wind of it and came without being asked — and had to be implored not to work it up into an advertisement, as he very much wanted to do. Mrs. Vandyke Brown, just home from her wedding journey, was the first — after the kiss of Madame Carthame had been sternly bestowed — to kiss the bride; and Mr. Badger Brush irreverently whispered to Conté Crayon that he wished, by Jove, he had her chance!

Ivory Black.

AMERICANS AT PLAY.

If the future social historian of America shall put much trust in the propositions about the character of the American people of to-day that are current in essays, newspaper leaders, sermons, and elsewhere, he will miss the mark. Some false theories, from frequent repetition, gain an authority equal to that of the Apostles' Creed. Since the first seed of the English race germinated in these shores, several theories about them have been accepted as generally true. The most of these have been false. It was very early believed that Americans were shorter-lived than their English progenitors; the falsehood is so vital that even life-insurance experience cannot quite kill it. It was long held, and I suppose it is yet held, that Yankees love money more than any other people; but does an American like a dollar any better than an Englishman or Scotchman likes four shillings? Will not the generous-hearted son of Erin higgle for a half-penny in a bargain? Isn't a franc very dear, also, to the Frenchman? In one breath Old World writers dub the people of the United States a nation of "dollar-hunters," and in the next berate them for an excessive liberality that "spoils travel." Most Englishmen hold to the opinion that Americans sit up of nights to corrupt the English language. But the most curious of fallacies about Americans are those which they hold themselves. One of these is that we are an overworked race, incapable of amusing ourselves. Over and over again the leader-writers — the only real *ex cathedrâ* preachers of our age — assure us that we are incapable of merry-making, that our attempts at fun are cumbrous failures, and that, as a people, we are quite incapable of play. The best of the joke is that we all believe this, and feel sorry for ourselves accordingly.

To one of the most refined and fastidious of New England scholars I once remarked that the American writer best known in Europe was Mark Twain. "He ought to be," was the reply. "Anybody who can make our melancholy people laugh deserves the highest honor." The foundation for this belief in that American melancholy, with a college man leading a life of scholarly seclusion, is easy to find. He reads of May-poles in old ballads, but we have none; he sees merry-makings from a distance as he travels in Europe, and sees them through the atmosphere of old poetry — all the rudeness and brutality in them fail to reach him. He only knows that our people do not dance on the village green, or kiss their sweethearts under the mistletoe, or carry in a grinning boar's head at Christmas. Our shepherds do not play upon any pipes but those that hold tobacco. Are we not, therefore, a lugubrious people?

But how even a college professor should get the notion that the American people are incapable of amusement, I cannot see. The gymnasium is rather more prominent than the library — in Harvard itself there is a professor whose business it is to teach athletics. What would the venerable founders, who adopted the solemn Latin motto which devotes the college to religious and ecclesiastical uses, have thought to see a member of the Harvard faculty taking the flying trapeze? Twenty years ago every well-informed man knew who were the great professors at the leading universities; now it is much if you can keep the run of the young men who row stroke in the boat crews, and who, with the base-ball, foot-ball, and lacrosse players, have somewhat eclipsed the renown of the great teachers.

I have been for some months involved in

all the toils of building in a place remote from supplies. When the Fourth of July came, my stone-masons, living for weeks in a tent away from their families, and consequently anxious to complete their work, agreed to work all day. But, like true holiday-keeping Americans, they could not stand it; the lake was too tempting; at noon all three "knocked off" and went a-fishing, after the ancient example of Simon Peter. The only man left on my hands was a Scotch tender, who would not lose his wages, though he had no masons to tend. The carpenters at work for me are men of about fifty years of age, who do not, it is true, dance on the green, or keep house-warmings, like ancient Englishmen, but all of them left me for a week at a stretch to attend the county fair, and the intelligent American "help" in the kitchen went also. My French-Canadian plasterer stood solitary at his post like another Casabianca; but the brick-mason couldn't lay the hearth,—his duties as village-fiddler detained him at the fair. I wonder if the social philosophers who are so sure that we have no holidays, just because everybody has always said so, ever considered what a great element in our rural life the so-called agricultural fair is, with its pumpkins and bicycle races, its big oxen, trotting-horses, gypsy fortune-tellers, needle-work, female equestrians, firemen's "tournaments," side-shows, dances, and other amusements. We have two of these in our county every autumn. Only last week I rowed five miles against a head wind in a hot September sun, on a pressing errand for my builders, and then found the steam-planing mill as still as death; proprietors and men had shut down and gone off to see the fair, six miles away,— except one fellow, who alone chose to amuse himself, in the way supposed to be congenial to our race, by attending a murder trial in the village hard by.

Living as I do on the lake that is preferred to all others in America as a resort, it seems ridiculous to talk of Americans as incapable of enjoyment. For thirty miles north and south, on both shores, Lake George is peopled in summer by many thousands who give themselves up to pleasure of every healthful sort — rowing, fishing, driving, bathing, mountain-climbing, boat-racing, canoe-racing, steam-boat excursions, moonlight sailing, lawn-tennis, base-ball, mooning on the piazza, and other outdoor recreations, to say nothing of indoor games. Nor are these all rich people; farm-houses and shell cottages are occupied by multitudes of people with little money who love recreation like good Americans, and who take vacations of a length unknown to Europeans in similar circumstances.

But these are not the peasants, you say. Alas! we have no peasants to attend feasts given by patronizing lords-of-the-manor. But our country people have their own recreations. Joshua's Rock, within gunshot of where I write, is now inclosed and forbidden; but it has been a picnicing and chowdering place for the neighborhood probably ever since the land was inhabited by white people, and, from the relics we find, it appears to have been the scene of Indian fish-suppers for centuries before. A chowder was given a few weeks ago at the head of our little bay; there was no end to the carriages, wagons, row-boats, sail-boats, and little steamers that waked the resounding echoes of our usually quiet cliffs. There were perhaps a thousand people in the crowd, and not a city person among them. They were yeomanry from the rugged flanks of French Mountain, and from the fertile grain and grass country to the south and east, with mechanics, clerks, and store-keepers from half-a-dozen villages in a radius of fifteen miles. A horse ran away, and several persons were injured. One of them was thought to be fatally hurt, but when the wounded had been cared for, the irrepressible American went on with his merry chowder as though nothing had happened. Each comer paid twenty-five cents as his contribution toward the fish chowder, and furnished the rest of his provisions himself. There was no music, no dancing, no beer, no singing, no May-pole, no gracious lady-of-the-manor, but there was unintermitting enjoyment for all that.

In vain will the historian of the future look for any reflection of all this in the novels of society that graze the cuticle of our national life. Our novelists, for the most part, shirk the chowder and the county fair. If you should write of these things frankly, you are sure to be snubbed by the refined critic, who will accuse you of "a latent sympathy with vulgarity." But we shall never have a genuinely American literature so long as we shrink from the life of our common people. Isolation and exclusiveness is not a mark of superior culture, though it passes for something of the sort. There is no vulgarity so vulgar as that which feels itself liable to contamination by contact with people of no pretensions.

In estimating the capacity of Americans for amusement, it should be remembered that if they have fewer troupes of strolling players than other peoples, they compensate themselves with no end of church "entertainments." If we keep few ancient holidays, we take liberal vacations; if we buy few comic papers, we exact that our sober journals shall keep "funny men" as jesters to King Demos. The predominant quality in two-thirds of our most popular men of letters is either wit or humor. Even in

the pulpit the most popular men are amusing, either purposely or otherwise, and it is doubtful if any other nation ever had so many humorists among its legislators as we have had.

We are accused of grimness and lack of joyousness in our merry-making, but all merry-making is serious business when the observer is out of sympathy with it. One delicious late afternoon, in a town on the banks of the Lago Maggiore, six or seven years ago, I saw the pole of an acrobat set up in the street. The fellow performed some commonplace feats of agility, such as you may see on a summer's day at Rockaway when our city people, rich and poor, are airing themselves along the shore. But the Italian was jauntily dressed in colors, and aided by a clown; his two children, mere infants, were forced to perform with him, and his wife, bedizened with tinsel, showing off her meager ugliness in tights, solicited contributions by passing round a tambourine. The oldest little boy, of five years, after performing several dangerous feats, grew nervous, missed his hold, and fell heavily on his back. The father cuffed him, and he ran, hurt and sobbing, to his mother. A charming gentleman and lady from Weimar, who had crossed the Simplon in the coupé of the diligence with me, stood by; I shall never forget the indignant emphasis of this gentleman's exclamation when the poor boy fell: "*C'est abominable!*" But the crowd of people took no notice; the tumbling and contortions of the actor, and the capers of the clown, continued to excite applause. The poor mother, in her ridiculous tights and furbelows, alternately fondled her frightened children and jingled her tambourine, praying the bystanders to contribute. I do not believe that our amusements are any more grim or disagreeable than this one which gave the common people of Stresa so much delight. Even the fun of dancing on a hay-barge towed slowly through the Kill von Kull on a moonlight night— which is so common a recreation with Manhattaners of a certain class — can hardly seem drearier to the observer than the Italian street circus did to three foreigners.

Edward Eggleston.

CHINESE GORDON.

I.

It is more than twenty years since General Gordon won the strange sobriquet which has clung to him amid all the vicissitudes of a singularly adventurous career. The story, familiar enough in the East, has been almost forgotten in the West; and, notwithstanding many biographies have appeared of late, there are probably few who could explain why the Governor-General of the Soudan is always spoken of as Chinese Gordon. Yet that Gordon is Governor-General of the Soudan is due to the exploit which won for him so unique a title. Twenty-one years ago the Chinese Empire, after submitting to a peace dictated by the allied powers amid the ashes of its imperial palace, was threatened with ruin by the rebellion of the Taipings. The heart of the empire had fallen into the hands of the rebels, who, under Chung-Wang, a kind of Chinese Mahdi, had routed the armies of China and menaced the dynasty with overthrow. For five years Shanghai itself was only preserved from capture and loot by the presence of a British garrison. Repeated attempts were vainly made by the Chinese authorities to win back their lost provinces; and as year after year passed by, it seemed as if this cancer, preying on the vitals of the empire, would eventually destroy it. At the beginning of 1863 the Taipings, numbering one hundred thousand fighting men, occupied the whole of the country stretching from Shanghai to Nankin. They held every walled city for a distance of several hundred miles to the south and west. Inflamed with fanaticism, flushed with victory, they were in undisturbed possession of the garden of China. Their head-quarters at Soochow, a strongly fortified citadel, commanded the whole province. The towns and villages were in ruins, and vast tracts of country were depopulated. It was while affairs were in this position that Gordon, then a major in the British army, was appointed to the command of the imperial forces. They consisted of four thousand Chinese mercenaries, officered for the most part by foreign sailors with a turn for filibustering, undisciplined, and demoralized by repeated defeats. In addition to this rabble, Gordon had nothing to rely upon beyond a firm base, ample munitions of war at Shanghai, and a couple of steam-tugs. The situation seemed a hopeless one, and Gordon might well have despaired. But Gordon is a man not given to despair. As was said of another whom in many respects he much resembles, "Hope shone in him as a pillar of fire after it had gone out in other men."

This faith was justified by his works. In twelve months after he assumed command he

had suppressed the Taiping rebellion. With his handful of natives, reënforced as the campaign went on by prisoners captured in the field, he defeated the rebels, and stormed their fortresses one after another, until, on his recall, he left the Chinese Government in a position to overturn the last stronghold of the rebellion in the city of Nankin. Never had a victory more brilliant been achieved with forces so inadequate, and seldom had the genius of a commander been more conspicuous in the transformation which it wrought in the fortunes of war. Because he crushed the Taipings and saved China, he acquired the name of Chinese Gordon; and because he had proved his ability to do such marvels in China, he was this year dispatched to Khartoum to accomplish a task from which an army might have recoiled. It was no unfounded expectation that the man who, with four thousand unwarlike Chinese, could crush the Taiping insurrection, might be able, with the aid of the six thousand Egyptians in Khartoum, to secure the evacuation of the Soudan. To reconquer a province studded with fortresses and garrisoned with one hundred thousand men, was a far more formidable enterprise than the extrication of some scattered garrisons from the valley of the Upper Nile. Gordon, who had done the one, was confident that he would not find it impossible to do the other. That confidence was shared by his countrymen, and in that lies the secret of the justification of his mission to the Soudan.

II.

General Gordon, although but fifty years of age, has seen service the value and variety of which affords a striking illustration of the extent of the work which falls to the share of England in the government of the world. Entering the army when a youth, his first campaign was that of the Crimea, where he displayed the courage and *sang froid* which have distinguished him through life. After the fall of Sebastopol he was employed first in defining the frontier between Russia and Turkey in Europe, and then in laying down the correct limits of the frontiers of Armenia. Hardly had he finished this task, when the outbreak of the Chinese war hurried him to the further East. He took part in the operations that resulted in the capture of Pekin; and, after the war with China was over, he served for some time in the small British force that defended Shanghai from the Taipings. In 1863 he assumed the command of the imperial troops, and, as has already been remarked, he achieved a success that startled none so much as the Chinese themselves. In the series of actions that led up to the final victory, Gordon, then only thirty years old, displayed that rare faculty for organizing and inspiring irregular troops which has always been the chief secret of his success. Never was this genius for command better displayed than when Gordon organized his body-guard out of the Taiping prisoners captured on the field, and imbued every Chinaman under his command with a belief that he was both invulnerable and invincible. He always led his troops into action himself, armed with no weapon save a small cane, but the superstition of his soldiers transformed it into a magic wand of victory, and an almost perfect immunity from wounds established a belief that he had a charmed life, similar to that with which the Russian army associated the name of Skobeleff. For the next six years, from 1865 to 1871, Gordon was employed in superintending the fortifications of the Thames, a period of service which is associated with incessant activity on behalf of the gutter-snipes and Arabs of the streets of Gravesend, where legends of "the good colonel" still linger among the boys who passed through his ragged-school.

After spending six years at Gravesend Colonel Gordon was dispatched to represent the English Government on the Danubian Commission. The work was not very congenial. The Danube, the Mississippi of Europe, has an International Commission to control its lower channel. Representatives of all the great powers, and also of the riverine states, direct the engineering works necessary to keep its mouths open for navigation; and it was on this Commission that Colonel Gordon spent the next two years of his life. From the mouth of the Danube he was summoned by the late Khedive of Egypt, and appointed ruler of the head waters of the Nile and Governor-General of the Equator. After spending a couple of years in these remote regions, he was in 1877 appointed Governor-General of the Soudan, and he continued to wield absolute power for the next three years over a region considerably larger than India. Before he finally quitted the Soudan he executed a mission to Abyssinia, which was not the least adventurous of his African exploits. Returning to England in 1880, he accepted the post of Military Secretary to Lord Ripon, who was then going out as Governor-General of India. The appointment, however, was a mistake, and before work began Colonel Gordon had resigned. The next few years he spent in travel. During a visit to South Africa he was induced to undertake the settlement of the Basutan difficulty; but the

Cape Government took alarm at his frank recognition of the justice of the rebels' complaints, and the appointment was canceled.

There was some talk at one time of appointing him President in Zululand when the late King Cetewayo was restored, but it came to nothing. Gordon spent some time in the Seychelles, where he believed he had discovered the tree of forbidden fruit; and ultimately, after visiting England, he settled for a time at Jerusalem. Here he was speedily absorbed in the identification of historical sites and in dreamy speculations concerning the future of the East, in which texts of Hebrew prophecies supplied clews for the elucidation of the problems of European diplomacy. He was at Jerusalem when the summons came from the King of the Belgians which indirectly led to his return to his old post at Khartoum.

III.

THE Soudan, or the Black Country, is a vast and undefined region stretching south of Egypt to the equator. The greater part of it is desert, and although its area exceeds that of India, its population is not three times that of the State of New York. Along the river, however, there is a strip of verdure, and in the southern and south-eastern provinces, especially in the country between the two Niles and that near the lakes and the source of the White Nile, the soil is very rich. Khartoum, the capital of the whole region, and situated at the junction of the two Niles, is an important commercial center. Egyptian government in the Soudan was a mere matter of periodical pillage, accompanied by the torture of men and the ravishing of women. Its only redeeming feature was that it prevented internecine wars; and when occasionally a good governor-general was appointed, the Bashi-Bazoukery was reduced to a minimum, and the force of the Egyptian Government was exerted for the repression of the slave-trade, which is the staple industry of the Soudan. But the system of government was essentially Turkish. When General Gordon was appointed Governor-General, he informed Ismail, the late Khedive, thrice over that his appointment would be fatal to the continuance of the old system. "Nevermore," said he, "will Egypt be able to govern the Soudan in the old Turkish or Circassian fashion after I have resided there long enough to teach the people that they have rights. If you send me, you must continue my system or lose the Soudan."

Ismail was deaf to the warning. He sent Gordon. His successor did not continue Gordon's system, and the result is before us. Egypt has lost the Soudan exactly as he predicted. To attempt to restore the Circassian system, with its corruption, its bastinado, its pillage, and its Bashi-Bazoukery, among people who for three years had been governed on English principles by an Englishman so upright and inflexible as General Gordon, led to a widespread revolt. "I laid the egg," said General Gordon to me at Southampton, "which the Mahdi has hatched. I taught the people that they had rights. Everything has sprung from that."

To a population familiarized for the first time with justice and right, the return of the old régime, with its Pashas and Bashi-Bazouks, must have been insupportable. Popular discontent was not long in raising its voice, and, after a while, in finding a head. That head was the Mahdi. For three years he has been struggling with more or less success against the attempt of the Egyptians to reassert their supremacy in these regions. Several battles, more or less bloody, and fought with varying success, led up to the complete annihilation of Hicks's army, which had been dispatched, in spite of the plaintive entreaties of its commander, into the revolted province of Kordofan. Prior to that disaster the English Government had refused to interfere with the policy of Egypt in the Soudan, but now it abandoned its attitude of indifference, and dictated to the Egyptian Government the entire evacuation of that country. The English Government at first does not seem to have troubled itself much as to how the policy of evacuation was to be carried out. Public opinion was tranquil because uninformed, when suddenly, as a voice out of the sky, General Gordon was heard asking what was to become of the garrisons. "There are some twenty-five thousand soldiers in the Soudan whose only offense is loyalty to their sovereign. Are you, in return for their fidelity, going to abandon them to massacre?"

That was the question put by General Gordon in the ears of the whole nation. Ministers hesitated. There was a delightful simplicity, to say nothing of economy, in the formula, "Let the garrisons be speared," which commended itself to some at least of the ministers. But the nation did not hesitate. It revolted against the cynical cry in favor of evacuation by massacre, and the Ministry, bowing to the storm, sent for General Gordon, and asked him to undertake the evacuation of the country with the least possible risk to life and property, and to arrange for the safe removal of the Egyptian employees and troops. His own opinion was distinctly adverse to the abandonment of Khartoum. "Defend Khartoum at all hazards," was the watchword of

his policy. "Whatever you may decide about evacuation, you cannot evacuate, because your army cannot be moved." But when the Government informed him that it was their irrevocable decision to "cut the dog's tail off," *coûte que coûte*, as he phrased it, he bowed to the inevitable; but he added *sotto voce*, "I may cut it off, but I cannot hinder its growing again." The Soudanese, in his opinion, were better than the Egyptians; he exulted in the prospect of liberating them from the Bashi-Bazouks, and although this entailed as a natural corollary the recognition of the slave-trade,— because the Soudan for the Soudanese is only another formula for the Soudan for the slave-dealers,—it was better, in his opinion, to have the slave-trade minus the Egyptian Government than the Egyptian Government and the slave-trade as well. It was in that spirit that he undertook his mission,—a mission of liberation,—purposing as soon as it was accomplished to leave for the Congo, there to found, in the Niam-Niam country, a native empire under his own sovereignty, with a standing army of liberated slaves, by whose aid he would cut the slave-trade of Central Africa up by its roots.

IV.

General Gordon was asked to go to the Soudan at three o'clock in the afternoon on Friday, the 18th day of January. He left at eight o'clock that night, and reached Khartoum in exactly one month. Mounting a fleet dromedary, he rode forth from Korosko to Abou Hamad, and, like Cæsar, the fortunes of the English Government rode with him through the desert. If he had fallen, the Cabinet would not have long survived. Fortunately he got through alive, and the first success of his mission enabled them to defeat the attack of the opposition. The popular manifestations of enthusiasm which had accompanied his course culminated in his triumphal entry into Khartoum. He had dispatched a telegram on his way to the terrified garrison: "You are men, not women. Be not afraid. I am coming." And when he arrived he told the thousands who came to kiss his feet and hail him as the savior of the Soudan: "I come without soldiers, but with God on my side, to redress the evils of the Soudan. I will not fight with any weapons but justice. There shall be no more Bashi-Bazouks." The scene that followed his arrival was dramatic. The books recording the debts of the overtaxed people were burnt publicly in front of the palace. The kourbashes, whips, and other implements of torture, were all placed on the burning pile. The jail was demolished and the prisoners were set at liberty. At night the town was in a blaze of illumination, and the negroes indulged in a display of fireworks to mark their appreciation of their deliverer. The next day General Gordon began the work of evacuation. Natives of the Soudan were appointed to the command of all the most important posts. Colonel de Coëtlogon, who had commanded the garrison, was sent home. "I consider Khartoum as safe as Kensington Park," wrote General Gordon. The fellah troops were ordered to Egypt; two thousand women and children were sent down the river to Berber. General Gordon recognized the Mahdi as Sultan of Kordofan, and issued a proclamation announcing that, as henceforth the Soudan and its Government had become independent, it would look after its own affairs without interference by the Egyptian Government in anything whatever. They could do as they pleased about slaves and the slave-trade. The petition-boxes were reëstablished, and all men were allowed free access to the palace. Over the throne of the Governor-General they read: "The hearts of men are in the hands of God." The first part of his mission had been brilliantly accomplished.

V.

What, then, was the task which General Gordon rode forth into the desert to accomplish? His mission was pacific, but he has been fighting round Khartoum. The inconsistency is solely on the surface, and that there should be even an apparent inconsistency is due alone to the extent to which General Gordon's action has been trammeled by orders from home. The main end of the policy he was dispatched to carry out was to withdraw from the Soudan the garrisons of 20,000 Egyptian troops, as well as the employees, native Christians, women, and children, who could not remain with safety when the country was evacuated. There were from 10,000 to 15,000 of the latter non-military class in Khartoum alone. General Gordon was informed that the Egyptian Government was "earnestly solicitous that no effort should be spared to insure the retreat both of the civilian population and of the garrison without loss of life." In order to secure their safe retreat he was left to act on his own discretion, both as to the most opportune time and the best method; and he was given full discretionary power to retain the troops for such reasonable period as he might think necessary, in order that the abandonment of the country might be accomplished with the least possible risk to life and property. Before retiring he was to hand over the country to the repre-

sentatives of the different petty sultans who existed before its conquest, and to attempt to form a confederation of these potentates. In accepting the duty thus imposed upon him, General Gordon asked what should be done "if the Mahdi's adherents attack the evacuating columns? It cannot be supposed that they are to offer no resistance." And he went on to say that it would be reasonable in such a case to allow them to follow up the Mahdi to such a position as might insure their future safe march. He would, he said, carry out the evacuation to the best of his ability, with avoidance, as far as possible, of all fighting. "I would, however," he added, as if anticipating the storm of misrepresentation that would be launched against him, "hope that Her Majesty's Government will give me their support and consideration should I be unable to fulfill all their expectations."

Here, therefore, we have the whole policy clearly defined. The country is to be handed over to its original owners; the troops, if need be, to be temporarily employed in establishing the power of the new rulers, and then withdrawn. If they were attacked on the march, they were to beat back their assailants, and, if necessary, assume a defensive-offensive. With that programme General Gordon went out to the Soudan; and to that programme he has adhered with a scrupulous fidelity. He has never fired a shot except in attempting to extricate the garrisons or to follow up the Mahdi's adherents to such a position as would insure the future safe march of the evacuating columns. One of the first steps taken by General Gordon was to recognize the Mahdi as ruler of Kordofan and to appoint Soudanese to the command of the various fortresses and provinces of the Soudan. It was only when the Mahdi's emissaries bade him defiance, when a storm of bullets was poured in upon the steamers sent to rescue the outlying garrisons, and when the Mahdi's adherents fusilladed his palace at Khartoum, that he assumed a militant attitude and stood on the defensive against the insurgents.

There is a possibility that General Gordon might have succeeded in arranging with the Mahdi for the safe retreat of the garrison and the Egyptian and Christian inhabitants. If, as soon as he had arrived at Khartoum, he could have ridden through into the presence of the Mahdi, he might have come to an understanding with him which would have prevented bloodshed. That at least was General Gordon's opinion, and upon that opinion he was prepared to act. So convinced was he as to the urgent need for coming into personal communication with the Mahdi, that he even contemplated getting himself made prisoner in order that he might be carried as a captive into his presence. Unfortunately his heroic scheme was vetoed by the home Government. His life, it was held, was too precious to be risked in that fashion. Foiled in this matter, General Gordon cast about for the best alternative policy. At Khartoum he found a general desire to have Zebehr, the king of the slave-traders, established as ruler in the capital of the Soudan. Zebehr, a man of supreme ability, although stained by much cruelty, could command a large local following, and his obvious interest would lead him to do what he could to expedite the safe evacuation of the country. One thing was certain: a pacific arrangement with the Mahdi having been rendered impossible, the retreat of the garrisons and the civilians was physically impossible, unless the tribes who alone could furnish means of transport were assured that the new ruler of Khartoum would not punish those who assisted the retiring Egyptians. A permanent friendly power must therefore be established at Khartoum, otherwise the tribes on the line of retreat would forthwith go over to the Mahdi. But when Gordon telegraphed for Zebehr, Zebehr was denied him. The Anti-Slavery Society had protested. The prejudice, well-founded and deep-rooted, against the king of the slave-traders arrayed public sentiment in England against the selection of such a ruler at Khartoum; and, despite the opposition of the most influential of the ministers, the Cabinet refused to allow Zebehr to proceed to Khartoum. Once more Gordon's plans were upset by his employers, and he was left face to face with a situation growing daily more perilous and anarchic. He had sent two thousand women and children down to Berber, from whence he hoped they could be sent on to the sea, General Graham's victories near Suakim being relied on to open the road. To secure the opening of the road and the safety of Berber, General Gordon urged that two squadrons of cavalry should be sent through from Suakim. That also was denied him; and then the Government, having vetoed in succession every plan by which his pacific mission might have been successful, telegraphed to him to desert his garrison and come home. Gordon's reply was a flat refusal. His soldiers had followed him to danger and death. "I cannot desert my garrison." So he remained at his post, and he will remain. Behind the ramparts of the beleaguered city he will stand or fall with those whom he was sent to save. If he cannot take them with him, he will die at his post.

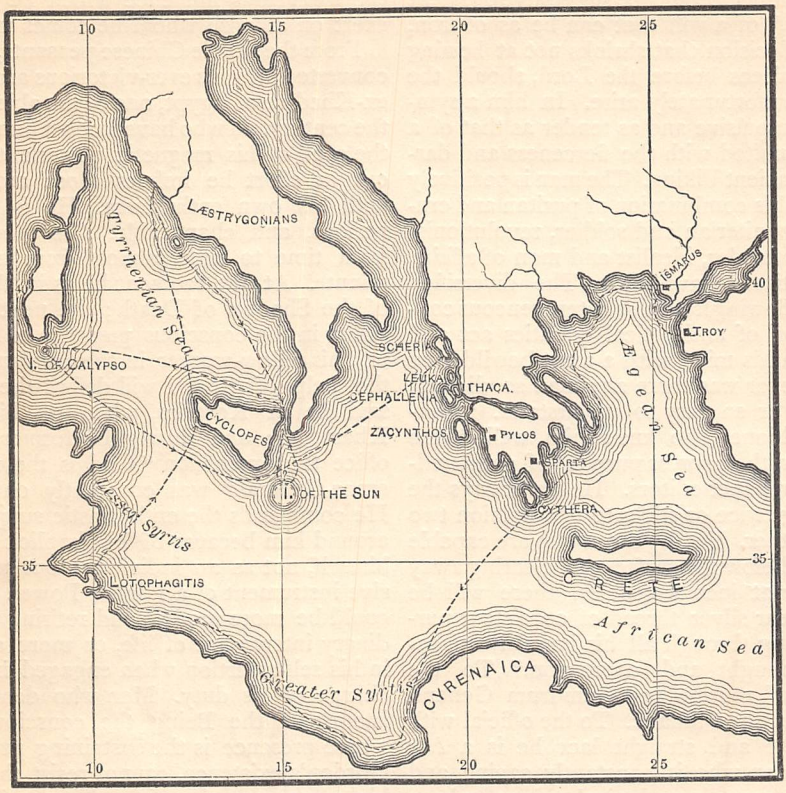
In person General Gordon is slight and short. His appearance is more suggestive of activity than stateliness, and nothing can be

more unassuming than his manner. There is a beautiful child-like simplicity about his smile, which recalls, by a certain curious association of ideas, the impression produced by the first sight of Mr. Carlyle. But there is something about his lower face suggestive of latent "hardness," of a will that can be as of iron, and of a decision that shrinks not at hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord, should the necessity unfortunately arise. In him a sympathy as impulsive and as tender as that of a woman is united with the fierceness and daring of an ancient Viking. The man is positively unique in this combination of puritan and crusader, humanitarian and soldier, revolutionist and man of order, idealist and man of affairs, that our times have seen. The diversified influences flowing from this heterogeneous conglomeration of antithetical qualities act and react upon his mind with a most bewildering result. Never was there any man so difficult to follow, or so easy to understand. "Gordon," said one who knew him well, "was created for the express purpose of confounding all newspaper editors. He never says the same thing twice or sticks to one opinion two hours together. Yet, by those who are capable of looking below the surface and clearing away the apparent inconsistencies, there will be found a clear silver thread of consistent purpose running through all his impulsive vagaries of thought and expression." To the creatures of routine and humdrum General Gordon is a sheer lunatic. To the official with his red tape and straight lace he is a *bête noire.* A man who is constantly saying and doing the most paradoxical things, whose mind is quicksilver, and whose life is dominated by a curious combination of the religious principles of Cromwell and Thomas à Kempis, is indeed an incomprehensible phenomenon to the dwellers in the well-ordered realm of commonplace. Those who have no faiths, but only habits, are naturally at a loss to account for a man of admitted genius whose convictions are the oddest jumble of enthusiasms that can be imagined. A Governor-General of the Soudan, who interrupts his administrative duties in order to try to nurse a starving little black baby back into life; the patron saint of the Anti-Slavery Society, who legitimatizes the slave-trade by a decree and resolves upon appointing the king of the slave-traders as sovereign of Khartoum, is not a man to be described by any formula; he must be classed by himself. So men who have not a tithe of his administrative genius, or his shrewd political sagacity, shrug their shoulders and say that Gordon is mad. And of course, if they themselves are the type of true sanity, they are right; but if so, then he is one of those madmen whose madness is of the nature of inspiration. Gordon's eccentricity, of which many strange stories are told, his impulsiveness, his unreasoning generosity, do not in the least impair the marvelous influence which he seems to exert on all with whom he comes in contact.

From the simple Chinese peasants, whom he converted into his ever-victorious army, to the ex-Khedive of Egypt, one of the ablest men of the century, all who have known him have felt the spell of his magnetic personality. Without an effort he imbues those around him with his own enthusiasm. He is fitful, imperious, and changeable. His mood varies from time to time, almost from minute to minute. At one moment he is in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; the next he is exulting in the conscious presence of the Eternal, his fellow-worker in the Soudan. "With the help of God I will defeat the Mahdi," said he at Korosko, when on his way to Khartoum; and during his former term of office the expression "God is the real Governor-General" was constantly on his lips. He commands the enthusiastic support of all around him because of his implicit belief in himself, not as an individual, but as the passive instrument of a Higher Power. No man could be more modest and retiring in the ordinary intercourse of life, or more audacious in his self-assertion when engaged in the discharge of his duty. Men who deny the existence of the Being the consciousness of whose presence is the sustaining principle of Gordon's existence, cannot resist the spell of his transparent sincerity. All who know him admire him, and those who know him best love him most, excepting, of course, the officials whom he distracts with his telegrams; for his personality does not make itself felt through the wire. At the present moment this unique figure has fascinated the imagination of the English people. It is as if King Arthur had come to life again, nerved with the faith of Cromwell, to serve England in the Soudan. To the mass of his countrymen he seems an ideal knight, "who reverences his conscience as his king, whose glory is redressing human wrong." And yet, with all his supreme devotion to duty, and his Christ-like self-sacrifice in the cause of the poor and oppressed and those who have no helper, he is very human. But his faults, like those of a wayward but brilliant child, increase the hold which he has upon the popular imagination; and few things are more probable than that a determination to see that he comes to no harm may yet commit England to an expedition to Khartoum which will lay the foundations of an African India.

W. T. Stead.

ON THE TRACK OF ULYSSES.



THE ROUTE OF ULYSSES.

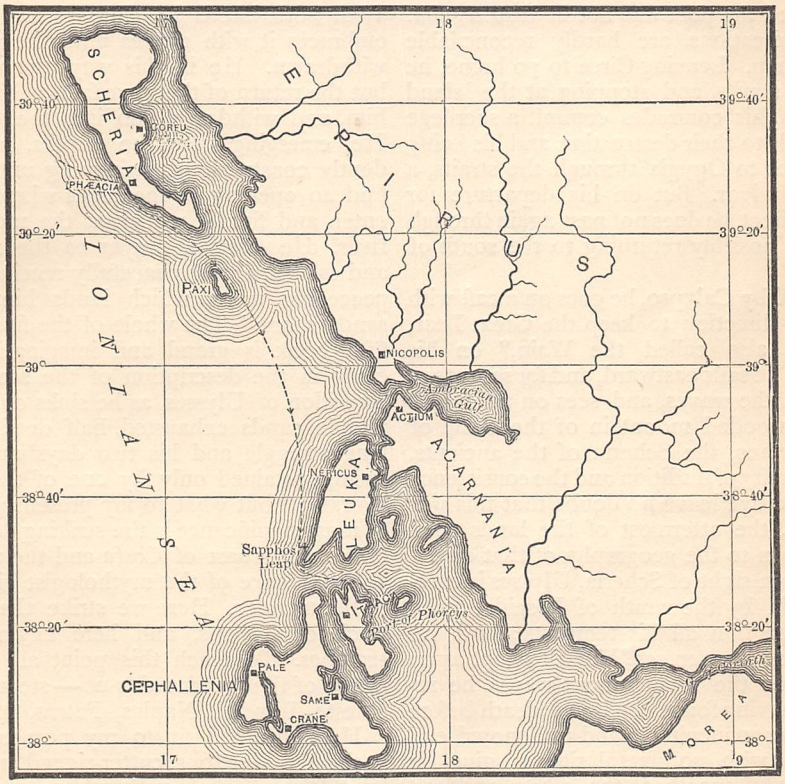
I.

WHAT remains for exploration to find on the surface of our little earth? The north and south poles, some outlying bits of Central Africa, some still smaller remnants of Central Asia — all defended so completely by the elements, barbarism, disease, starvation, by nature and inhumanity, that the traveler of modest means and moderate constitution is as effectually debarred from their discovery as if they were the moon and he inexorably condemned to retread the trodden paths of men more fortunate in their times.

What then? I said to myself, longing for a venture. Let us begin the tread-mill round again and rediscover. Suppose I take the earliest book of travel which remains to us, and burnish up again the golden thread of the journey of the most illustrious of travelers, as told in the "Odyssey," the book of the wanderings of Odysseus, whom we unaccountably call Ulysses, which we may consider not only the first history of travel, but of geography, as it is doubtless a compendium of the knowledge of the earth's surface at the day when it was composed, as the "Iliad" was the census of the known mankind of that epoch. Spread on this small loom, the fabric of the story, of the most subtle design,— art of the oldest and noblest,— is made up with warp of the will of the great gods, crossed by the woof of the futile struggles of the lesser, the demi-gods, the heroes, and tells the miserable labors of the most illustrious of wanderers, the type for all time of craft, duplicity, and daring, as well as of faith and patient endurance.

But as Homer's humanity mixes by fine degrees with his divinity, so his *terra cognita* melts away into fairy-land, and we must look for a trace written on water before landing on identifiable shores. The story opens finding Ulysses the prisoner of Love, and Calypso in Ogygia, a fairy island of which the Greek of Homeric days had heard perhaps from some storm-driven mariner, or which may be a bit

of brain-land. The details of the story make it very difficult even to conjecture where Ogygia was, if it was.* How Ulysses leaves the island alone on a raft is told by the poet in the fifth canto; how he got there the hero recounts in the narration to Alcinoüs in Phæacia. Leaving Troy, he stops at Ismarus, a town on the coast of Thrace, which he surprises and sacks; but, repulsed by the inhabitants of the lands near by rallying to the defense, and visited by the wrath of the gods for his offense, he is punished by a three days' gale, and reaches Cape Malea, where, unable to stem the north wind which still persecutes him, he runs past Cerigo down to the African coast, which he reaches in nine days. Here we enter into semi-fable.† The Lotophagi seduce his men with their magic fruit which brings oblivion, and he is obliged to fly again. This time he goes north, and comes to an island which lies before the port of the Cyclops, a terrible race: giants with one eye, and cannibals, over whose land the smoke hangs like whirlwinds—evidently Sicily. This little island, where the Greeks debark, is not to be identified, but is probably one of those to the west of Sicily, called later the Ægades. Thence, after the famous adventure of the Cyclops' cave, one of the poet's most marvelous inventions (since every detail shows that there was no positive knowledge of the land or its people—only a fantastic tradition), they fly and arrive at the floating island of Æolus, another creation of mythology, and thence to the shores of the Læstrygonians, another fabulous, man-eating race, in whose land the days are separated only by a brief pretense of night; escaping thence with his single ship and crew, Ulysses arrives at Æa, the island of Circe, conjecturally identified with Cape Circeo, between Naples and Cività Vecchia. Circe sends the hero to the land of the Cimmerians,‡ where time touches eternity, and the shades of the dead come to visit the



ITHACA AND ADJOINING ISLANDS.

* It has been conjectured that the Ogygia of Calypso was a small barren island just south of Sardinia. There is no evidence in favor of the theory, but it is possible. I adopt it in the route map *faute de mieux*.

† The Lotophagitis has been recently plausibly identified with Jerba, on the coast of Tunis, the word *rotos* being still used there, evidently a survival of some primitive language, for the date, and the transliteration of *rotos* to *lotos* being according to Grimm's law: see Reinach's letter to the "Nation" (Mar. 13, 1884) on Jerba.

‡ The Cimmerians have been conjecturally identified with the Cymri, the Cimmerian darkness with the fogs of England and the North Sea countries, but there is nothing but conjecture in the case.

unterrified living; and here Tiresias, the dead soothsayer, tells the future wanderings of the Ithacan chief. Again, returning to Æa, he is redirected toward home through the strait where Scylla and Charybdis menace his existence. This we recognize by later tradition as the Straits of Messina, but the fabulous so dominates the slight element of geography in it, that it is clear that Homer never passed that way, and gained his knowledge only from far remote report; while his second passage — after the sacrilege committed in the Island of the Sun — through the straits is puzzling, and the recital makes it clear that till Phæacia was reached the poet was not in *terra cognita*.

The indications are hardly reconcilable with the map. Leaving Circe to go home, he passes the straits, and stopping at the Island of the Sun, his comrades commit a sacrilege which leads to their destruction and his being driven back to Ogygia through the straits, a solitary survivor. But on his departure for Phæacia direct, he does not pass again through the straits, possibly returning to the south of Sicily.

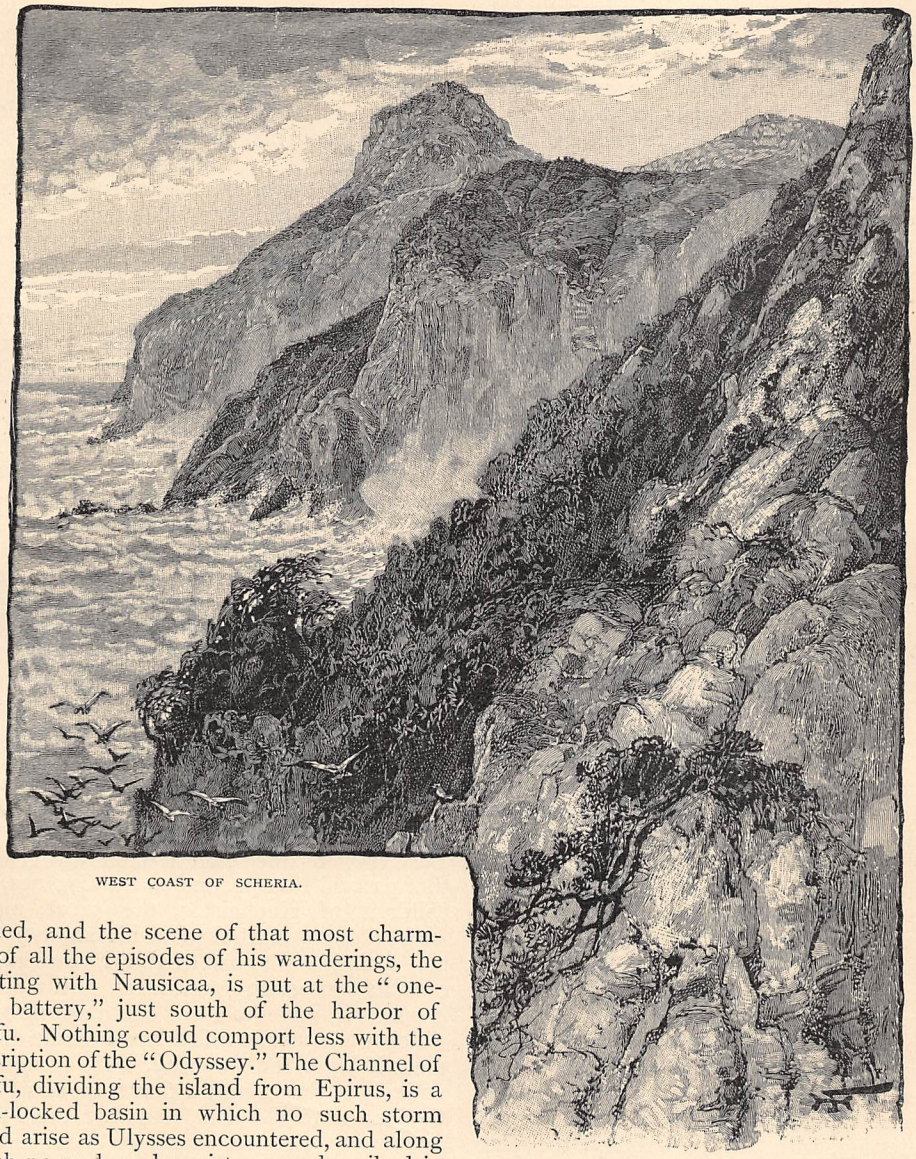
Released by Calypso, he goes on a raft with the sailing direction to keep the Great Bear, "which is also called the Wain," on his left,—*i. e.*, he sails eastward, and for seventeen days splits the waves, and sees on the eighteenth the wooded mountain of the island of the Phæacians, the Scheria of the ancients. The continuity of tradition and the consistency of the narrative leave no doubt that this was our Corfu, the uttermost of the lands positively known to the geography of that day.

Already in sight of Scheria, Ulysses is overtaken again by the wrath of Poseidon, who unchains on him all his tempests; and, his raft wrecked in open sea, himself swept away from it into the mountainous waves, he regrets not having found a glorious death before Troy, seeing an inevitable and unhonored end before him, with no funeral rites to give his soul peace. Leucothea, the white goddess, throws into the black warp a silver thread, and brings the story into new light and color. She gives him an amulet which, by its magic, carries him through the last of his grave perils, and preserves him when, with a great and wrathful burst of wind, Poseidon disperses the timbers of his raft and leaves him floating in the yeasty sea. He seizes on one of the timbers and hopefully strikes out for the land. Athene comes once more to his aid. She chains all the winds except Boreas, which, wafting him for two days and nights to the south-east, gives place to a perfect calm. Ulysses, raised on the summit of a huge wave, looks out and sees the land. But it is a terrible rock-bound coast. "He hears the roar of the waves that break on the rocks, because the shock of the great waves against the bare cliffs sounds fearfully, and the sea, far and wide, is covered with foam. But there is no peaceable roadstead, no port, safe refuge of ships; everywhere high, mountainous rocks and cliffs." He appeals to the gods for pity, and just then, "while he turns these thoughts in his spirit and heart, an immense wave throws him on the bare shore. Then his flesh would have been torn and his bones broken if Athene had not inspired him. With both hands he clutches the rock and embraces it with groans until the wave had withdrawn. He in this way escapes death, but the return of the wave falls on him, strikes him, and withdraws him into the open sea. He, emerging from the depths, more prudently coasts along, swimming until he can find an opening in the rocks where he may enter, and finally perceives the mouth of a river. He offers a prayer to the river god, and is heard and peacefully received by the peaceable wave, which lands him on the sandy shore." The whole of the finale of the fifth book is grand and imaginative, especially in the description of the sea and the condition of Ulysses as he sinks on the hospitable sands exhausted, half dead from his long struggle and his two days' and nights' swim, sustained only by one of the logs of his raft; * but what to my present purpose is of most significance is the striking description of the west coast of Corfu and the unmistakable evidence of the mythologist giving way to the traveler. Here we strike the veritable track of Ulysses, and here begin our researches. To reach this point all the commerce of the Levant aids us — steamers from Trieste, Brindisi, Naples, Patras, Malta, etc.

Here I found fit to my purpose a little yacht of twelve tons, cutter-rigged and Malta-built, the *Kestrel*, with whose master and owner I made my bargain, viz.: he was to obey all my reasonable orders for any voyage within the two archipelagos, find his ship and crew of two sailors in all they needed for service and safety, do my cooking, and insure himself, for the sum of fifteen pounds sterling a month for three months; and while he was putting in stores, fitting new cables to his anchors, and burnishing up a bit, we began to inspect Scheria.

The popular tradition of to-day fixes the landing of Ulysses near the actual city of Corfu, and an island is pointed out as his ship turned to a rock; while the spot where he

* The text leaves a doubt if he even retained his hold on this, as it describes his striking out with the veil of Leucothea under his breast.

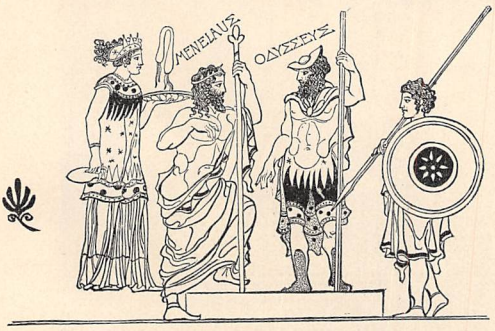


WEST COAST OF SCHERIA.

landed, and the scene of that most charming of all the episodes of his wanderings, the meeting with Nausicaa, is put at the "one-gun battery," just south of the harbor of Corfu. Nothing could comport less with the description of the "Odyssey." The Channel of Corfu, dividing the island from Epirus, is a land-locked basin in which no such storm could arise as Ulysses encountered, and along which no such rocks exist as are described in the poem. The seventeen days' drift from the westward before the tempest, and the next two days after it, wafted by Boreas, show that he was in the open Adriatic, and coasting along the rock-bound western coast of Scheria to find an inlet where he might enter. The illustration shows the character of this coast in entire concordance with the "Odyssey"; and the convent (which is visited by all the tourists who, having some days in Corfu, care for the most picturesque part of the island), by its name, Palæocastrizza, shows that it stands on the site of some ancient city or fortress, as the term "Palæocastron" is never applied by local tradition to any construction not belonging to the classical or archaic epochs. Even Byzantine ruins never receive the epithet "palæos." No trace is now to be found of any prior structure near the convent, which probably occupies the very site of that from which the name is derived. There used to be in the island an old antiquity-hunter who brought from time to time objects of gold and terra-cotta, vases, etc., to sell clandestinely in the city, dug up at a site which only he seems to have known, and of which he would never disclose the location. On inquiring for him on this my last visit to Corfu for these researches on behalf of THE CENTURY, he was not to be heard of. All

that we had learned from him was that the ruins of which he knew and where he excavated in secret were somewhere on the western coast, which corresponds to my hypothesis that the capital of Alcinoüs was there.

There is something so unpractical in the Greek laws on the subject of excavation and exportation of antique objects, that it is to be hoped that the shrewd common sense of the people will ere long see their impolicy.



MEETING OF ULYSSES AND MENELAUS. (FROM AN OLD GREEK VASE.)

Excavation without permission from the Government, even on one's own land, is punishable, and the Government practically confiscates the find when the finders are feeble, and levies a tax of half the value when they are not. Everything, therefore, is done in secret, and exportation by contraband is the only possible manner of profiting by one's good fortune. The peasant who finds an antique site carefully conceals it; and the objects he finds, instead of enabling the archæologist to classify the antiquities by reference to their provenance, are sold to some one who removes them from the country, and so all clue is lost to their true archæological position. As I shall have to show in the course of these articles, grave loss to the science of archæology sometimes occurs in this way. In this particular instance the loss to me is the being unable to identify, with any probability, the place where or near to which Ulysses landed, and where the classic meeting with Nausicaa took place. When we get to Ithaca we shall find that the author of the "Odyssey" knew well every foot of land he describes; and the scene of Ulysses' disaster, already translated, accords so well with the actual topography that it is difficult to suppose that a mere inspiration dictated it, and that the author was not well acquainted with the island of Scheria, whose capital was Phæacia.

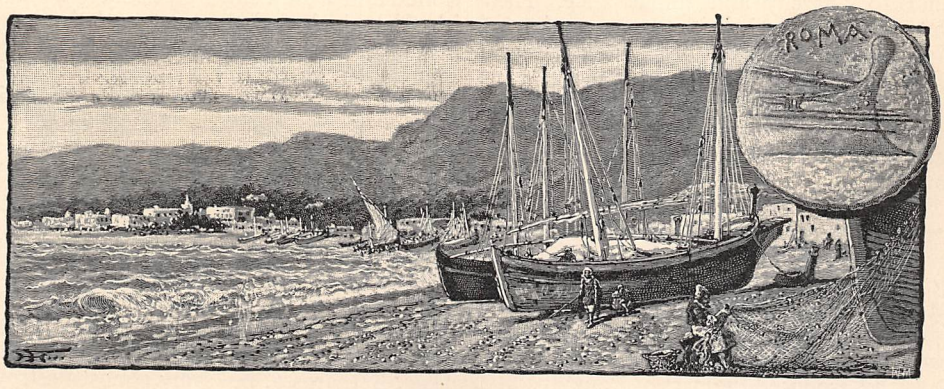
The claim of the city of Corfu to be the site of the ancient Phæacia rests on nothing but the fact that it is the only city in the island; but the ever-tranquil bay on which it lies, and the fact that Ulysses, instead of searching for a place where he could land, would rather have had to search for a place where he could not, shows conclusively that no part of the eastern coast is entitled to the honor. The "one-gun battery," where local tradition places his landing, is perhaps the least likely point, as no running stream is to be found near there. The lake, which is now suggested as the tranquil water in which Ulysses came to land, must then have been much larger than at present, and now in nowise resembles a river: it is the half-filled arm of the sea into which a wide basin of marshy land has been for centuries draining, but into which no water-course leads, and the view seen from above the "one-gun" needs scarcely a commentary to show its entire incompatibility with the "Odyssey."

The capital of Alcinoüs was, we are told by Homer, founded by his father Nausithoüs. His people were formerly inhabitants of Hyperia, "near the Cyclops," and were by these latter so ravaged and overborne that they emigrated to Phæacia. The generally accepted location of the Cyclops in Sicily suggests that Hyperia was probably there or in Italy; and that the Phæacians may have been related to the Siculi; since the Pelasgi, who invaded Italy from the north, and, uniting with the Umbri, spread over the whole of southern Italy, expelling the aborigines, are confounded by some of the earliest traditions with the Cyclops. As, from all we know, the Tyrrhene Pelasgi were the earliest metal-workers in that part of Europe, and as the Cyclops, the children of Hephaistos, the great metal-worker, are a mythological idealization of a race of smiths who had a habit of covering the eyes, for protection from sparks, with a screen in which a single hole was cut to see through, which was transmogrified into a single eye in the middle of the forehead, there is nothing unlikely in the inference that the Pelasgi and Cyclops were identical, and that the Phæacians were refugees from the conquest of southern Italy by that formidable people. That they were not Greeks we know by their absence from the catalogue of the "Iliad," where all the Hellenic tribes were recorded in their places in the league.

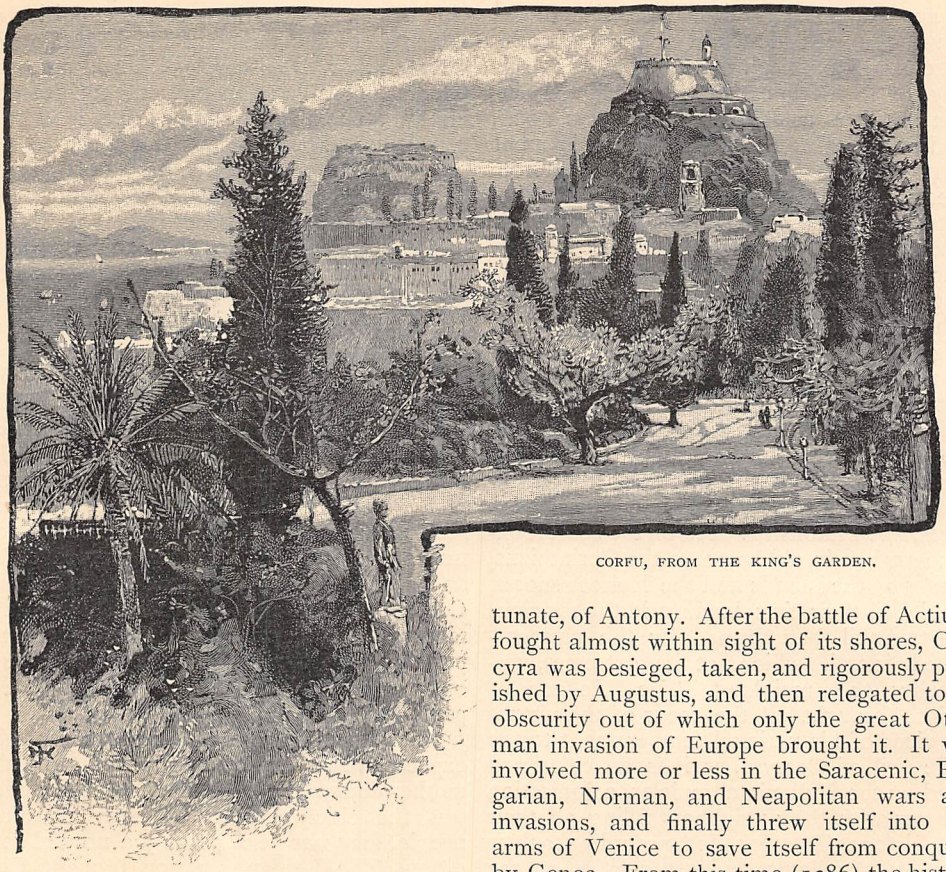
The Corfiotes of to-day boast of descent from the Phœnicians, and certainly they are not to be measured by the same standard as the Greek race in general. Their reputation for dishonesty has given rise to a Greek proverb, which relegates a person of more than usual craftiness and bad faith to the "Corfiotes." "He behaves like a Corfiote" is the greatest reproach the continental Greek can bring against a man who is too clever in business matters. In character as well as history

the Corfiote has little in common with Greece. As he had no place inside the line drawn around the Hellenic world at the great critical, even if mythical, epoch of the siege of Troy, so in his latest history he has always maintained a position more or less apart. Diodorus Siculus makes the Homeric name of the city, Phæacia, to have been derived from Phæacus, son of Poseidon, and places his reign contemporary with the Argonauts, as Phæacus protects Jason against the king of Iolcus when, returning from Colchis with Medea, he took refuge at Scheria. Mythology begins with it in the combat of Zeus and Poseidon in their struggle for supremacy in the government of the universe, and finishes with Ulysses' visit. History commences with the arrival of a colony of Corinthians under Chersicrates, who built a city which he called Chrysopolis. This was probably Corfu, for, as the immigration of Nausithoüs, coming from Italian shores, first established itself on the coast looking toward their old home, so the Corinthians, coming by the islands and the Epirote shores, would find their first landing in the spacious and tranquil bay formed by the crescent-shaped island, which, at its extremes, approaches the mainland. The Hellene of Corinth brought all the seeds of the virtues and vices of his national temperament to the fertile soil of Corcyra, as it is henceforward called by the Hellenic chronicles, colonization and war with their neighbors filling all their early history. They founded, according to their tradition, Apollonia and other cities on the mainland; but, as among the ruins of those cities there are Pelasgic remains, it is not to be supposed that they were the first colonists, but that they merely colonized, as the Romans did in the later times, with a dominant population, cities in decline or too weak to maintain their independence. This is, in ancient Greek history, oftener the meaning of the word *colonize* than the founding of a new city. To get a clear idea of the condition of this part of the world at the beginning of historical, or even heroic, record, we must take into consideration that an epoch of civilization, perhaps of empire, had long preceded the awakening of the Hellenic national life; an epoch which ought, perhaps, to be measured by centuries, if we could measure it at all, and whose record is preserved in the stupendous ruins we call Pelasgic, a name applied by the Greeks to a people who preceded them, derived possibly from the Greek name of the stork, indicating a migrating or wandering people,— wandering, probably, because their empire had been broken up by some newer and stronger race, but which the various remaining traditions accord in asserting to have once held great rule in Italy, where they were known also as Tyrrhenians, in the Peloponesus, and in Crete. We shall see presently some indications of the correctness of the assumption that they preceded by an indefinite period the great assemblage of Greeks, which the expedition to Troy perhaps marks, perhaps symbolizes; but at present I have only to do with the history and mythology of Corfu, which is in no way that we can perceive, connected with the Pelasgi.

The first wars of Corcyra were, as was to be expected of an enterprising people, with the mother country; but as in those days piracy was the chief business of every maritime people, *war* was perhaps only a normal condition. The Persian invasion brought Corcyra into the Hellenic league, but, with the duplicity of which the race furnished so many instances in ancient times, the Corcyriote fleet only sailed and took good care not to be in time for the battle, fearing the vengeance of the Persians. Their prudence brought on them, after the defeat of Xerxes at Salamis, a combined attack of the Peloponnesian States.



GREEK BOATS AND ROSTRUM OF ROMAN GALLEY.



CORFU, FROM THE KING'S GARDEN.

As the union of these was always a challenge to Athens, she sided with the Corcyriotes, and the resulting war plunged Corcyra into intestine and social strife, in which the most horrible cruelties were perpetrated by the islanders; and the animosities and renewals of revolt and war, which the divisions of the classes of the population gave opportunity for, reduced the island to anarchy and impuissance. Their subsequent history is, with the exception of an occasional revival of partial independence, one of repeated subjugation and revolt. After losing even the relative independence of alliance with Athens, they were conquered by Agathocles of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, and finally Rome.

From this time Corcyra was the base of the Roman military movements against the Levantine enemies of the republic. The commanding position of the island has, from that day to this, made it an object of the covetousness of all the maritime powers of the Mediterranean by turns. In the civil wars of Rome, the island espoused the part of Pompey, later of Brutus and Cassius, and then, always unfortunate, of Antony. After the battle of Actium, fought almost within sight of its shores, Corcyra was besieged, taken, and rigorously punished by Augustus, and then relegated to an obscurity out of which only the great Ottoman invasion of Europe brought it. It was involved more or less in the Saracenic, Bulgarian, Norman, and Neapolitan wars and invasions, and finally threw itself into the arms of Venice to save itself from conquest by Genoa. From this time (1386) the history of Corcyra, become Corfu, until the overthrow of the republic by Napoleon, is identified with that of Venice, and all the remains or structures in the island date from the Venetian occupation.

In 1537 the troops of the Sultan, under the orders of the renegade Barbarossa, made a descent on the island and laid siege to the city, which, taken by surprise, was ill-provisioned and with a small garrison. The Turkish fleet blockaded the port, and the troops beleaguered the city by land. The garrison was under the terrible alternative of being starved into surrender speedily or dismissing all the useless mouths. The latter was, on the whole, safer, for the surrender would have been disastrous even to the non-combatants, who were to Turkish barbarity no less obnoxious than the soldiers. The old men, women, and children were sent out of the city, perhaps the most horrible necessity which ever befell brave men. A successful defense of the city justified, in a military point of view, the terrible sacrifice; and, after a long and obstinate siege, Barbarossa, his army almost destroyed by battle and pestilence, withdrew, defeated.

The island was almost depopulated, ravaged, and so utterly impoverished that Venice was obliged to send the people seed-corn and beasts to till their fields. Nearly the whole of the nobility of the island had been killed in the defense.

To be in readiness for a similar emergency, the Senate augmented the already strong fortifications. The New Fort, as it is still called, was constructed, and, with a paternal regard for the well-being of the islanders which Venice did not always show for her Greek insular possessions, institutions were founded and regulations made which contributed greatly to the prosperity of the island.

In 1716 a new and determined attack was made by the Turks, under the leadership of Achmet III. Their fleet drove off that of Venice, and an army of thirty thousand men was debarked and laid siege to the city, whose defense was directed by Count Schulembourg. The outlying heights were taken quickly, and the garrison, shut in the inner line of fortifications, received the desperate assault of the Turks on the main works with more desperate resistance. After twenty days of incessant attack, the Turks carried the outworks, penetrated to the Place d'Armes, which is under the walls of the New Fort, and attempted to scale the walls themselves.

"The assault lasted more than six hours with an incredible fury. The women brought assistance to the defenders, and the priests, the crucifix in hand, ran along the ramparts or threw themselves into the fight. Finally a vigorous sortie terminated this bloody day. Attacked on every side, the assaulting force beat a retreat and lost all the outposts it had taken. A tempest, which burst on them in the night, completed the work of defeat, and, seized by panic, they embarked precipitately, leaving baggage and artillery behind them. In forty-two days they had lost fifteen thousand men." *(Isles de la Grèce.)*

The victory was commemorated by a statue to Schulembourg, which no subsequent conquest has disturbed, and which stands on the parade-ground among monuments of greater or less good taste (generally the latter), to mark the history of the island in modern days.

From that day to this, with the exception of an occasional *émeute*, nothing has come to disturb the peace of Corfu, and the once so splendid courage of the inhabitants has gone out like a fire without a draught. There is probably no province of the Hellenic kingdom so devoid of martial spirit or the virtues that grow out of it. It is now a most delightful winter resort, a Fortunate Isle left out of the current of political events and given over to invalids and to sportsmen, who find on the opposite Albanian coast the best shooting on the Mediterranean. The old citadel, with its double peak, serves as a light-house to the lines of steamers which furrow the Adriatic, cross, and make Corfu their *entrepôt* between Trieste, Venice, Brindisi, Alexandria, Constantinople, and Smyrna.

The English occupation endowed the island with good roads, most of which are maintained in fair condition still; and a winter's sojourn here lacks nothing which could be expected in the compass of ten by thirty miles, with two posts per week from Europe. The fruits are those of the northern Mediterranean in great perfection, the oranges being only second to those of Crete; the waters are still well supplied with fish, though the people do all they can to exterminate them by the use of dynamite in fishing; and the "Bella Venezia" is a hotel which, though still strange to the resources of our American caravansaries, is more appropriate to the ways of the East and of idle people than are ours. The kindly, honest old host, appropriately known as Dionysos, lacks but little of giving to the stranger the hospitality of Alcinous. And life is so cheap that one who has worn out the world and realized an income of a thousand dollars a year may find a Macarian peace in an upper room of the "Bella Venezia," with windows looking out on the beautiful mountains of Epirus, snow-clad all winter, and the bright blue of the intervening sea, with the coming, going, and merely passing ships of all nations; and, when the sun is low, have a comfortable carriage to thread the labyrinths of the immense olive groves which form almost the only shade in the island. Here one meets men of all races — Turkish reliefs on their way from Stamboul to Durazzo, or Scutari of Albania; white-skirted palikars from Epirus; Eastern Jews, with their characteristic long robes; Persians, Montenegrins, Peloponnesians, etc., who, changing steamers here, or glad to breathe a land air during the stay in port of their steamers, stroll up and down the parade, with the easy-going townsmen and tourists of all nations, seeing the island in comfort or rushing over it in the custody of Cook or Gaze, to carry away a confused remembrance of Corfu and Syra, hardly recalling which was which.

Ulysses was dismissed from Scheria loaded with presents. The modern voyager is not so fortunate. The souvenirs of Corfu which he will carry with him, whether antique or modern, will rarely recompense him for the outlay. The bric-à-brac shops abound in false antiques, arms from Epirus, Greek laces, and Eastern embroideries, which no wise buyer meddles with, dear beyond measure as they are. Be content with the moderate *pension* of the Bella Venezia, and tempt not Mercury in his favored island: he was the god of

thieves as well as merchants, and was never better worshiped in his capacity of joint protector than in the bric-à-brac shops of Corfu.

Ulysses went to Ithaca in one night, in what must have been, for the time, the quickest passage on record, and a great credit to the rowers of King Alcinoüs. Nothing like it is to be expected to-day, though it is not impossible still, and the steamer which does the service makes a long, roundabout voyage. Our yacht, though small, was too big for rowing, and we had no special motive, as Ulysses had, to get quickly to Ithaca. As our route lay by Santa Maura, which has to do with the story of the "Odyssey," if not with the wanderings from Troy, we turned aside from his course to visit it. Nericus, as it was called in Homeric nomenclature, probably formed part of the realm of the Ithacan kings, Laertes mentioning his conquest of it; but it is not mentioned in the catalogue, and we may conclude was not Greek. It is barely separated from the mainland by a narrow channel, cut by the Corinthians through a flat, which more anciently, however, must have been a shallow arm of the sea. The action of the elements is filling it up again, so that time may unite it to the Acarnanian shore, as in the Homeric days; for Laertes, in recalling to Ulysses some of his old exploits ("Odyssey," book 24), says: "Ah, that it had pleased Zeus, Apollo, Athene, to have borne me to your palace, such as I was when, at the head of the Cephalonians, I took, *on the continent*, the proud city of Nericus!" In the catalogue of the Iliad we find that "Ulysses commands the magnanimous Cephalonians; the warriors of Ithaca; those of shady Neriton, of Crocyles, of the barren Ægilipos; those of Samos [Samé of Cephalonia, not the island Samos], of Zacynthus [Zante], and of the adjoining continent. Twelve ships whose sides were painted red followed him." But Nericus occurs nowhere.

Nothing illustrates so strikingly the change in the condition of civilization as the relations between the ancient and modern chief cities of the Greek islands. The substitute for the stately Nericus is a low, flat, uninteresting town, built on the plain which lies north of Nericus, and next the roadstead. To the east lie the rugged mountains of Acarnania and the Gulf of Arta; north, in full view, is the modern fortress of Prevesa; further, and to the east, Arta, the ancient Ambracia; and the long strip of low coast which stretches away from Prevesa northward is dotted with masses of ruin — those of the imperial Nicopolis, monument of the victory of Actium, won in those blue waters. The idle shepherds of those days, watching their sheep on these hills, saw the crash of prows, the flight of Egypt, and the shame of Antony. Perhaps through this very channel, where the light-draft caïque now glides, to gain the shelter of the islands going southward, ran the fugitive ships of Cleopatra; for this was evidently the channel by which the craft of those days avoided the stormy capes of Cephalonia and the southern point of Nericus. Standing on the eastern brow of the hill on which the old city stood, and on which its ruins still mark a noble past, is the citadel. Along the plain, among the olives, the fragments of tombs lie spread like flocks of sleeping sheep. The port was on the bay now connected with the northern roadstead by the Corinthian Channel; and two or three underground passages, in part cut in solid rock, one being high enough for a man to walk in upright and cut as cleanly and evenly as the walls of a chamber, connect it with the citadel which dominates the northern part of the island, where the fertile plains lie. The ruins are of various ages, embracing Pelasgic, but mainly later, and coming down to Roman times; and the great extent of the Pelasgic *enceinte*, which almost everywhere underlies the Hellenic and Roman work, shows the great early importance of the city. The citadel is bold and commanding, and looks out on the northern and western seas on one side and the Corinthian Channel and the inland sea on the other, and down to Ithaca, which, indeed, is visible from some points.

The post-Homeric name of Nericus was Leucadia. Æneas is represented as having debarked there, and Apollo had a temple on the heights which terminate the island to the south. From the cliffs which overlook the Adriatic on that side Sappho is said to have leaped into the sea, overcome by the sorrows of her unhappy love. "Sappho's Leap" is the name of the cliff to this day, and my Corfiote captain, as we glided by, told me how the place was celebrated because the Duchess of the island had jumped off into the sea from it, and that the people had put up a great inscription in memory of it. He had never seen it, and didn't know exactly where the leap was made; but I think he was very excusable for his ignorance, as the action of the sea, driven as it is sometimes by the furious south-west wind into a very "hell of waters," which consume the rock in their fury, must long ago have brought down all that classical times had seen of the rock, and changed the face of the cliff entirely. As it now is, I could find hardly a point where a new Sappho would have found a welcome so gentle to the embrace of the Adriatic; masses of fallen rock and stony beach would have given a harsher but more speedy end.

Mythology says that when Adonis was killed, Aphrodite, seeking him through all the earth, finally found him lying dead in the temple of the Erythræan Apollo. The Sun-god, to cure her grief, counseled her to throw herself from the cliffs of Leucadia into the sea, where she would find oblivion. Here Zeus, who seems to have found obstacles in the way of his legitimate marriage, and to have wooed Hera at first with less success than attended his mortal loves, found by the same process a salutary indifference to the charms of his divine sister and afterward spouse, to which temporary coolness on his part might, perhaps, be ascribed his ultimate success with the fickle fair.

Here, in practical historical times, criminals condemned to death were thrown into the sea. The people (who even now preserve a certain sympathy with the criminal class) used to tie numbers of birds to the limbs of the condemned and cover them with feathers to break the force of their fall, and then send boats to pick them up. If they survived, they were pardoned.

In modern times nothing has occurred to signalize Santa Maura, or "Levkadi," as it is indifferently called. It was taken and retaken by Turks and Venetians, and finally passed with the rest of the Ionian Islands to the heirs of Venice. Its people are a mild, hospitable race, to whom the stranger is a guest almost in the antique sense.

We loitered along with a feeble west wind under the western shore, bold and desolate, of Levkadi, its high peaks above us breaking into ravines, and the ravines ending in cliffs, doubled "Sappho's Leap," and before us lay Ithaca, the ten-years-sought-for island. To the north was still visible a dim film which we knew to be Corfu; nearer, one less dim, which we recognized by its outline to be Paxos, an island without history and without interest, but which tradition asserts to have been once united to Corfu and separated by an earthquake. The breeze quickened at night-fall as we went round the point of the Leukadian cliffs, and before us lay the inland sea, which, separating Santa Maura, Ithaca, Cephalonia, and Zante from the mainland, is a sort of smooth-water channel for ships coming out of the Gulf of Patras, or of Corinth, as it is indifferently called, or running in there from Corfu and the upper Adriatic. The bolder portions of Ithaca are almost utterly denuded rock. One hollow, like a great theater, opens northward between two bold rocky peninsulas, and this is the vale from which the Odyssean city drew its prosperity. Olive-trees and vineyards still cover its slopes, and suggestions of white villages flashed out from the silvery green sea of olive orchards as we flitted by, running under the eastern shore to catch the breeze that blew down from the mountain as the sun sank. We had all the wind our cutter could carry, and bowled along through the smooth water in the lee of the island like a steamer. Far ahead we saw, in the gathering night, a faint glimmer of light, which seemed too faint for a light-house and too steady for a house-light, and which perplexed us exceedingly, as no light was indicated on the chart; but, creeping along shore, we found that it was a tiny chapel standing on a long and menacing peninsula of bare rock, in the window of which burned a lamp,—in all probability the fulfillment of a vow made by some devout Greek sailor who had escaped the teeth of this Scylla; or the perpetuation of an antique custom, when the little chapel of St. Nicholas, protector of sailors, was a temple of Neptune, whom the saint replaces in function and respect of the seafarer. Nothing is more interesting in this part of the world than the evidences of the unbroken continuity of religious tradition, and the gradual change of paganism into Christianity,—if, indeed, the change has taken place, which in certain districts I am scarcely disposed to admit. The little chapels which one finds planted by the seaside or solitary roadside in all the Greek islands, and even on the mainland, will generally be found to have some antique material in them, some evidence of the earlier shrine which honored one of the Greek gods. The Olympians have their homologues if not their homonyms. Zeus goes back to his awful antique dignity of the Allfather, the original sole deity of the Pelasgian, worshiped in a temple not made by hands, under the speaking oak of Dodona, the one God, maker of heaven and earth, the Dyaus or Sky-father of our Aryan ancestors, and Zeus (Deus, Divus) of the western branch of the family; but his creatures and children fall into the lower rank of saints: Apollo becomes St. Elias (Helios); Athene, the Virgin Mary; Ares, St. George; Poseidon, St. Nicholas, etc., etc.

We left St. Nicholas and his night-light behind us, and, rounding a cape into the Bay of Vathy, saw in the dim distance the light of the outer light-house, and met the wind coming out of the bay. It was late, and beating up the bay would be a long job; so we turned in and left the navigation to the sailors. We woke, as Ulysses did, under the shadow of Neriton, where the Phæacians had left him sleeping.

"In one part of Ithaca is the port of Phorcys, the old man of the sea; the bold promontories forming the circuit protect it from the great waves and the

sounding winds. The ships which have once entered it may lie without cables. At its extremity is a bushy olive-tree whose shadow hides a delicious grotto and shady retreat, sacred to the Nereids. In this asylum, refreshed by an inexhaustible fountain, are placed the vases and the jars of stone. . . . It has two entrances: one, looking toward the north, is for the use of men; the other, to the east, is more divine. Never man enters there: it is the path of the immortals.

"The olive-tree and the grotto are known to the Phæacians. There they go. The ship runs half-way up the beach, so strong is the stroke of the rowers. Then these land, carrying Ulysses, still plunged in profound sleep, and lay him on the sand, wrapped in brilliant blankets and woven linen."

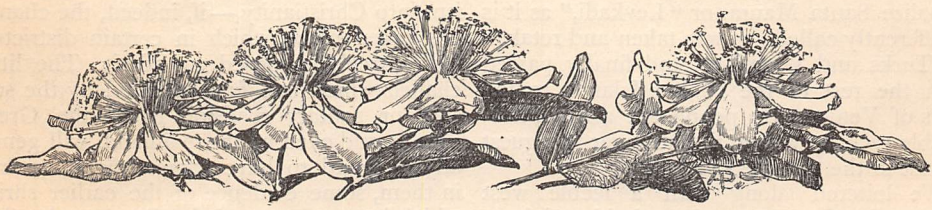
Waking, he is bewildered by the artifice of Athene and does not recognize his native island; but finally, when he appeals to the Goddess to tell him the truth, if he be in Ithaca, she replies to him:

"Now I will show you the localities of Ithaca, that you may doubt no more. There is the port of Phorcys, old man of the sea; there, at the extremity of the port, the bushy olive-tree, and under its shade a delicious grotto, dark resting-place, and sacred to the nymphs. This is the vaulted grotto where often you sacrificed entire hecatombs to the nymphs. There is Mount Neriton, shadowed by forests."

The identification of this little bay or "port" is the one contested point of the topography, and, on account of its greater commodiousness, Port Vathy (at the left as we enter the roadstead) is maintained by some authorities to be the "port of Phorcys." The geology of the two bays is conclusive evidence in favor of that which the Greeks now call Port Dexia (the right-hand port), as Port Vathy has not, and by its formation never could have had, a beach such as Homer describes, while that of Dexia is superb—a soft, unbroken stretch of sand. Other objections we shall meet further on.

[NOTE.—The puzzling question of the forms of classical names in these articles has been carefully considered, and the difficulty of adapting consistent classical orthography to popular archæology seems too great to be overcome in this place.]

W. J. Stillman.



DEATH'S ANCHOR.

WITH sorrows overfreighted,
And driven by winds of care,
Two hearts that love had mated
Were sundered in despair.
Like barques at sea,
With aimless prow,
Benighted and belated
They seemed to me.

But now, ah now!
What change is this?
Their one best treasure—bliss
Naught else could match—is gone:
A child with silent-open eyes
Has wandered forth to meet the dawn
Of Paradise.
And now, ah now!
'Mid storm and wind and eddy
Unmoved they lie,
Quiet as night and as the heaven steady.
What anchor holds them?

Memory, that shall not die
Though the loved one be dead.
Great sorrowful peace enfolds them.
What though they feel the lifting,
Long, sob-like motion of the tide?
No more for them the hopeless drifting
Calm as the sleep-hushed head
And feet of him that died,
They rest; and when the strain
Of doubt begins again,
The silent chain—
Like little hands—
Draws them together.
O anchored hearts, fear not!
Nor wreck nor weather
Can mar your lot.

George Parsons Lathrop.

A NEW ENGLAND WINTER.

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "An International Episode," "Lady Barberina," etc.

I.

MRS. DAINTRY stood on her steps a moment, to address a parting injunction to her little domestic, whom she had induced a few days before, by earnest and friendly argument,—the only coercion or persuasion this enlightened mistress was ever known to use, —to crown her ruffled tresses with a cap; and then, slowly and with deliberation, she descended to the street. As soon as her back was turned, her maid-servant closed the door, not with violence, but inaudibly, quickly, and firmly; so that when she reached the bottom of the steps and looked up again at the front,—as she always did before leaving it, to assure herself that everything was well,—the folded wings of her portal were presented to her, smooth and shining, as wings should be, and ornamented with the large silver plate on which the name of her late husband was inscribed,—which she had brought with her when, taking the inevitable course of good Bostonians, she had transferred her household goods from the "hill" to the "new land," and the exhibition of which, as an act of conjugal fidelity, she preferred—how much, those who knew her could easily understand—to the more distinguished modern fashion of suppressing the domiciliary label. She stood still for a minute on the pavement, looking at the closed aperture of her dwelling and asking herself a question; not that there was anything extraordinary in that, for she never spared herself in this respect. She would greatly have preferred that her servant should not shut the door till she had reached the sidewalk, and dismissed her, as it were, with that benevolent, that almost maternal, smile with which it was a part of Mrs. Daintry's religion to encourage and reward her domestics. She liked to know that her door was being held open behind her until she should pass out of sight of the young woman standing in the hall. There was a want of respect in shutting her out so precipitately; it was almost like giving her a push down the steps. What Mrs. Daintry asked herself was, whether she should not do right to ascend the steps again, ring the bell, and request Beatrice, the parlor-maid, to be so good as to wait a little longer. She felt that this would have been a proceeding of some importance, and she presently decided against it. There were a good many reasons, and she thought them over as she took her way slowly up Newbury street, turning as soon as possible into Commonwealth avenue; for she was very fond of the south side of this beautiful prospect, and the autumn sunshine to-day was delightful. During the moment that she paused, looking up at her house, she had time to see that everything was as fresh and bright as she could desire. It looked a little too new, perhaps, and Florimond would not like that; for of course his great fondness was for the antique, which was the reason for his remaining year after year in Europe, where, as a young painter of considerable, if not of the highest, promise, he had opportunities to study the most dilapidated buildings. It was a comfort to Mrs. Daintry, however, to be able to say to herself that he would be struck with her living really very nicely,—more nicely, in many ways, than he could possibly be accommodated —that she was sure of—in a small dark *appartement de garçon* in Paris, on the uncomfortable side of the Seine. Her state of mind at present was such that she set the highest value on anything that could possibly help to give Florimond a pleasant impression. Nothing could be too small to count, she said to herself; for she knew that Florimond was both fastidious and observant. Everything that would strike him agreeably would contribute to detain him, so that if there were only enough agreeable things he would perhaps stay four or five months, instead of three, as he had promised,—the three that were to date from the day of his arrival in Boston, not from that (an important difference) of his departure from Liverpool, which was about to take place.

It was Florimond that Mrs. Daintry had had in mind when, on emerging from the little vestibule, she gave the direction to Beatrice about the position of the door-mat, —in which the young woman, so carefully

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selected, as a Protestant, from the British Provinces, had never yet taken the interest that her mistress expected from such antecedents. It was Florimond also that she had thought of in putting before her parlor-maid the question of donning a badge of servitude in the shape of a neat little muslin coif, adorned with pink ribbon and stitched together by Mrs. Daintry's own beneficent fingers. Naturally there was no obvious connection between the parlor-maid's coiffure and the length of Florimond's stay; that detail was to be only a part of the general effect of American life. It was still Florimond that was uppermost as his mother, on her way up the hill, turned over in her mind that question of the ceremony of the front-door. He had been living in a country in which servants observed more forms, and he would doubtless be shocked at Beatrice's want of patience. An accumulation of such anomalies would at last undermine his loyalty. He would not care for them for himself, of course, but he would care about them for her; coming from France, where, as she knew by his letters, and indeed by her own reading,—for she made a remarkably free use of the "Athenæum,"—that the position of a mother was one of the most exalted, he could not fail to be *froissé* at any want of consideration for his surviving parent. As an artist he could not make up his mind to live in Boston; but he was a good son for all that. He had told her frequently that they might easily live together if she would only come to Paris; but of course she could not do that, with Joanna and her six children round in Clarendon street, and her responsibilities to her daughter multiplied in the highest degree. Besides, during that winter she spent in Paris, when Florimond was definitely making up his mind, and they had in the evening the most charming conversations, interrupted only by the repeated care of winding up the lamp or applying the bellows to the obstinate little fire, —during that winter she had felt that Paris was not her element. She had gone to the lectures at the Sorbonne, and she had visited the Louvre as few people did it, catalogue in hand, taking the catalogue volume by volume; but all the while she was thinking of Joanna and her new baby, and how the other three (that was the number then) were getting on while their mother was so much absorbed with the last. Mrs. Daintry, familiar as she was with these anxieties, had not the step of a grandmother; for a mind that was always intent had the effect of refreshing and brightening her years. Responsibility with her was not a weariness, but a joy,—at least it was the nearest approach to a joy that she knew, and she did not regard her life as especially cheerless; there were many others' that were more denuded than hers. She moved with circumspection, but without reluctance, holding up her head and looking at every one she met with a clear, unaccusing gaze. This expression showed that she took an interest, as she ought, in everything that concerned her fellow-creatures; but there was that also in her whole person which indicated that she went no farther than Christian charity required. It was only with regard to Joanna and that vociferous household—so fertile in problems, in opportunities for devotion—that she went really very far. And now to-day, of course, in this matter of Florimond's visit, after an absence of six years; which was perhaps more on her mind than anything had ever been. People who met Mrs. Daintry after she had traversed the Public Garden—she always took that way—and begun to ascend the charming slope of Beacon street, would never, in spite of the relaxation of her pace as she measured this eminence, have mistaken her for a little old lady who should have crept out, vaguely and timidly, to inhale one of the last mild days. It was easy to see that she was not without a duty, or at least a reason, —and, indeed, Mrs. Daintry had never in her life been left in this predicament. People who knew her ever so little would have felt that she was going to call on a relation; and if they had been to the manner born they would have added a mental hope that her relation was prepared for her visit. No one would have doubted this, however, who had been aware that her steps were directed to the habitation of Miss Lucretia Daintry. Her sister-in-law, her husband's only sister, lived in that commodious nook which is known as Mount Vernon Place; and Mrs. Daintry therefore turned off at Joy street. By the time she did so, she had quite settled in her mind the question of Beatrice's behavior in connection with the front door. She had decided that it would never do to make a formal remonstrance, for it was plain that, in spite of the Old World training which she hoped the girl might have imbibed in Nova Scotia (where, until lately, she learned, there had been an English garrison), she would in such a case expose herself to the danger of desertion; Beatrice would not consent to stand there holding the door open for nothing. And after all, in the depths of her conscience Mrs. Daintry was not sure that she ought to; she was not sure that this was an act of homage that one human being had a right to exact of another, simply because this other happened to wear a little muslin cap with pink ribbons. It was a service that ministered

to her importance, to her dignity, not to her hunger or thirst; and Mrs. Daintry, who had had other foreign advantages besides her winter in Paris, was quite aware that in the United States the machinery for that former kind of tribute was very undeveloped. It was a luxury that one ought not to pretend to enjoy, — it was a luxury, indeed, that she probably ought not to presume to desire. At the bottom of her heart Mrs. Daintry suspected that such hankerings were criminal. And yet, turning the thing over, as she turned everything, she could not help coming back to the idea that it would be very pleasant, it would be really delightful, if Beatrice herself, as a result of the growing refinement of her taste, her transplantation to a society after all more elaborate than that of Nova Scotia, should perceive the fitness, the felicity, of such an attitude. This perhaps was too much to hope; but it did not much matter, for before she had turned into Mount Vernon Place Mrs. Daintry had invented a compromise. She would continue to talk to her parlor-maid until she should reach the bottom of her steps, making earnestly one remark after the other over her shoulder, so that Beatrice would be obliged to remain on the threshold. It is true that it occurred to her that the girl might not attach much importance to these Parthian observations, and would perhaps not trouble herself to wait for their natural term; but this idea was too fraught with embarrassment to be long entertained. It must be added that this was scarcely a moment for Mrs. Daintry to go much into the ethics of the matter, for she felt that her call upon her sister-in-law was the consequence of a tolerably unscrupulous determination.

II.

Lucretia Daintry was at home, for a wonder; but she kept her visitor waiting a quarter of an hour, during which this lady had plenty of time to consider her errand afresh. She was a little ashamed of it; but she did not so much mind being put to shame by Lucretia, for Lucretia did things that were much more ambiguous than any she should have thought of doing. It was even for this that Mrs. Daintry had picked her out, among so many relations, as the object of an appeal in its nature somewhat precarious. Nevertheless, her heart beat a little faster than usual as she sat in the quiet parlor, looking about her for the thousandth time at Lucretia's "things," and observing that she was faithful to her old habit of not having her furnace lighted until long after every one else. Miss Daintry had her own habits, and she was the only person her sister-in-law knew who had more reasons than herself. Her taste was of the old fashion, and her drawing-room embraced neither festoons nor Persian rugs, nor plates and *plaques* upon the wall, nor faded stuffs suspended from unexpected projections. Most of the articles it contained dated from the year 1830; and a sensible, reasonable, rectangular arrangement of them abundantly answered to their owner's conception of the decorative. A rosewood sofa against the wall, surmounted by an engraving from Kaulbach; a neatly drawn carpet, faded, but little worn, and sprigged with a floral figure; a chimney-piece of black marble, veined with yellow, garnished with an empire clock and antiquated lamps; half a dozen large mirrors, with very narrow frames; and an immense glazed screen representing, in the livid tints of early worsted work, a ruined temple overhanging a river,— these were some of the more obvious of Miss Daintry's treasures. Her sister-in-law was a votary of the newer school, and had made sacrifices to have everything in black and gilt; but she could not fail to see that Lucretia had some very good pieces. It was a wonder how she made them last, for Lucretia had never been supposed to know much about the keeping of a house, and no one would have thought of asking her how she treated the marble floor of her vestibule, or what measures she took in the spring with regard to her curtains. Her work in life lay outside. She took an interest in questions and institutions, sat on committees and had views on Female Suffrage,— a movement which she strongly opposed. She even wrote letters sometimes to the "Transcript," not "chatty" and jocular, and signed with a fancy name, but "over" her initials, as the phrase was,— every one recognized them,— and bearing on some important topic. She was not, however, in the faintest degree slipshod or disheveled, like some of the ladies of the newspaper and the forum; she had no ink on her fingers, and she wore her bonnet as scientifically poised as the dome of the State House. When you rang at her door-bell you were never kept waiting, and when you entered her dwelling you were not greeted with those culinary odors which, pervading halls and parlors, had in certain other cases been described as the right smell in the wrong place. If Mrs. Daintry was made to wait some time before her hostess appeared, there was nothing extraordinary in this, for none of her friends came down directly, and she never did herself. To come down directly would have seemed to her to betray a frivolous eagerness for the social act. The delay, moreover, not only gave

her, as I have said, opportunity to turn over her errand afresh, but enabled her to say to herself, as she had often said before, that though Lucretia had no taste, she had some very good things, and to wonder both how she had kept them so well, and how she had originally got them. Mrs. Daintry knew that they proceeded from her mother and her aunts, who had been supposed to distribute among the children of the second generation the accumulations of the old house in Federal street, where many Daintrys had been born in the early part of the century. Of course she knew nothing of the principles on which the distribution had been made, but all she could say was that Lucretia had evidently been first in the field. There was apparently no limit to what had come to her. Mrs. Daintry was not obliged to look, to assure herself that there was another clock in the back parlor,—which would seem to indicate that all the clocks had fallen to Lucretia. She knew of four other time-pieces in other parts of the house, for of course in former years she had often been upstairs; it was only in comparatively recent times that she had renounced that practice. There had been a period when she mounted to the second story as a matter of course, without asking leave. On seeing that her sister-in-law was in neither of the parlors, she ascended and talked with Lucretia at the door of her bedroom, if it happened to be closed. And there had been another season when she stood at the foot of the staircase, and, lifting her voice, inquired of Miss Daintry — who called down with some shrillness in return — whether she might come up, while the maid-servant, wandering away with a vague cachinnation, left her to her own devices. But both of these phases belonged to the past. Lucretia never came into *her* bedroom to-day, or did she presume to penetrate into Lucretia's; so that she did not know for a long time whether she had renewed her chintz, or whether she had hung in that bower the large photograph of Florimond, presented by Mrs. Daintry herself to his aunt, which had been placed in neither of the parlors. Mrs. Daintry would have given a good deal to know whether this memento had been honored with a place in her sister-in-law's "chamber," — it was by this name, on each side, that these ladies designated their sleeping-apartment; but she could not bring herself to ask directly, for it would be embarrassing to learn — what was possible — that Lucretia had not paid the highest respect to Florimond's portrait. The point was cleared up by its being revealed to her accidentally that the photograph — an expensive and very artistic one, taken in Paris — had been relegated to the spare-room, or guest-chamber. Miss Daintry was very hospitable, and constantly had friends of her own sex staying with her. They were very apt to be young women in their twenties; and one of them had remarked to Mrs. Daintry that her son's portrait — he must be wonderfully handsome — was the first thing she saw when she woke up in the morning. Certainly Florimond was handsome; but his mother had a lurking suspicion that, in spite of his beauty, his aunt was not fond of him. She doubtless thought he ought to come back and settle down in Boston; he was the first of the Daintrys who had had so much in common with Paris. Mrs. Daintry knew as a fact that, twenty-eight years before, Lucretia, whose opinions even at that period were already wonderfully formed, had not approved of the romantic name which, in a moment of pardonable weakness, she had conferred upon her rosy babe. The spinster (she had been as much of a spinster at twenty as she was to-day) had accused her of making a fool of the child. Every one was reading old ballads in Boston then, and Mrs. Daintry had found the name in a ballad. It doubled any anxiety she might feel with regard to her present business to think that, as certain foreign newspapers which her son sent her used to say about ambassadors, Florimond was perhaps not a *persona grata* to his aunt. She reflected, however, that if his fault were in his absenting himself, there was nothing that would remedy it so effectively as his coming home. She reflected, too, that if she and Lucretia no longer took liberties with each other, there was still something a little indiscreet in her purpose this morning. But it fortified and consoled her for everything to remember, as she sat looking at the empire clock, which was a very handsome one, that her husband at least had been disinterested.

Miss Daintry found her visitor in this attitude, and thought it was an expression of impatience; which led her to explain that she had been on the roof of her house with a man who had come to see about repairing it. She had walked all over it, and peeped over the cornice, and not been in the least dizzy; and had come to the conclusion that one ought to know a great deal more about one's roof than was usual.

"I am sure you have never been over yours," she said to her sister-in-law.

Mrs. Daintry confessed with some embarrassment that she had not, and felt, as she did so, that she was superficial and slothful. It annoyed her to reflect that while she supposed, in her new house, she had thought of everything, she had not thought of this im-

portant feature. There was no one like Lucretia for giving one such reminders.

"I will send Florimond up when he comes," she said; "he will tell me all about it."

"Do you suppose he knows about roofs, except tumble-down ones, in his little pictures? I am afraid it will make him giddy." This had been Miss Daintry's rejoinder, and the tone of it was not altogether reassuring. She was nearly fifty years old; she had a plain, fresh, delightful face, and, in whatever part of the world she might have been met, an attentive observer of American life would not have had the least difficulty in guessing what phase of it she represented. She represented the various and enlightened activities which cast their rapid shuttle — in the comings and goings of eager workers — from one side to the other of Boston Common. She had, in an eminent degree, the physiognomy, the accent, the costume, the conscience, and the little eye-glass of her native place. She had never sacrificed to the graces, but she inspired unlimited confidence. Moreover, if she was thoroughly in sympathy with the New England capital, she reserved her liberty; she had a great charity, but she was independent and witty; and if she was as earnest as other people, she was not quite so serious. Her voice was a little masculine; and it had been said of her that she didn't care in the least how she looked. This was far from true, for she would not for the world have looked better than she thought was right for so plain a woman.

Mrs. Daintry was fond of calculating consequences; but she was not a coward, and she arrived at her business as soon as possible.

"You know that Florimond sails on the twentieth of this month. He will get home by the first of December."

"Oh, yes, my dear, I know it; everybody is talking about it. I have heard it thirty times. That's where Boston is so small," Lucretia Daintry remarked.

"Well, it's big enough for me," said her sister-in-law. "And of course people notice his coming back; it shows that everything that has been said is false, and that he really does like us."

"He likes his mother, I hope; about the rest I don't know that it matters."

"Well, it certainly will be pleasant to have him," said Mrs. Daintry, who was not content with her companion's tone, and wished to extract from her some recognition of the importance of Florimond's advent. "It will prove how unjust so much of the talk has been."

"My dear woman, I don't know anything about the talk. We make too much fuss about everything. Florimond was an infant when I last saw him."

This was open to the interpretation that too much fuss had been made about Florimond, — an idea that accorded ill with the project that had kept Mrs. Daintry waiting a quarter of an hour while her hostess walked about on the roof. But Miss Daintry continued, and in a moment gave her sister-in-law the best opportunity she could have hoped for. "I don't suppose he will bring with him either salvation or the other thing; and if he has decided to winter among the bears, it will matter much more to him than to any one else. But I shall be very glad to see him if he behaves himself; and I needn't tell you that if there is anything I can do for him —" and Miss Daintry, tightening her lips together a little, paused, suiting her action to the idea that professions were usually humbug.

"There, is indeed, something you can do for him," her sister-in-law hastened to respond; "or something you can do for me, at least," she added, more discreetly.

"Call it for both of you. What is it?" and Miss Daintry put on her eye-glass.

"I know you like to do kindnesses, when they are *real* ones; and you almost always have some one staying with you for the winter."

Miss Daintry stared. "Do you want to put him to live with me?"

"No, indeed! Do you think I could part with him? It's another person, — a lady!"

"A lady! Is he going to bring a woman with him?"

"My dear Lucretia, you wont wait. I want to make it as pleasant for him as possible. In that case he may stay longer. He has promised three months; but I should so like to keep him till the summer. It would make me very happy."

"Well, my dear, keep him, then, if you can."

"But I can't, unless I am helped."

"And you want me to help you? Tell me what I must do. Should you wish me to make love to him?"

Mrs. Daintry's hesitation at this point was almost as great as if she had found herself obliged to say yes. She was well aware that what she had come to suggest was very delicate; but it seemed to her at the present moment more delicate than ever. Still, her cause was good, because it was the cause of maternal devotion. "What I should like you to do would be to ask Rachel Torrance to spend the winter with you."

Miss Daintry had not sat so much on committees without getting used to queer pro-

posals, and she had long since ceased to waste time in expressing a vain surprise. Her method was Socratic; she usually entangled her interlocutor in a net of questions.

"Ah, do you want *her* to make love to him?"

"No, I don't want any love at all. In such a matter as that I want Florimond to be perfectly free. But Rachel is such an attractive girl; she is so artistic and so bright."

"I don't doubt it; but I can't invite all the attractive girls in the country. Why don't you ask her yourself?"

"It would be too marked. And then Florimond might not like her in the same house; he would have too much of her. Besides, she is no relation of mine, you know; the cousinship — such as it is, it is not very close — is on your side. I have reason to believe she would like to come; she knows so little of Boston, and admires it so much. It is astonishing how little idea the New York people have. She would be different from any one here, and that would make a pleasant change for Florimond. She was in Europe so much when she was young. She speaks French perfectly, and Italian, I think, too; and she was brought up in a kind of artistic way. Her father never did anything; but, even when he hadn't bread to give his children, he always arranged to have a studio, and they gave musical parties. That's the way Rachel was brought up. But they tell me that it hasn't in the least spoiled her; it has only made her very familiar with life."

"Familiar with humbug!" Miss Daintry ejaculated.

"My dear Lucretia, I assure you she is a very good girl, or I never would have proposed such a plan as this. She paints very well herself, and tries to sell her pictures. They are dreadfully poor — I don't mean the pictures, but Mrs. Torrance and the rest, — and they live in Brooklyn, in some second-rate boarding-house. With that, Rachel has everything about her that would enable her to appreciate Boston. Of course it would be a real kindness, because there would be one less to pay for at the boarding-house. You haven't a son, so you can't understand how a mother feels. I want to prepare everything, to have everything pleasantly arranged. I want to deprive him of every pretext for going away before the summer; because in August — I don't know whether I have told you — I have a kind of idea of going back with him myself. I am so afraid he will miss the artistic side. I don't mind saying that to you, Lucretia, for I have heard you say yourself that you thought it had been left out here. Florimond might go and see Rachel Torrance every day if he liked; of course, being his cousin, and calling her Rachel, it couldn't attract any particular attention. I shouldn't much care if it did," Mrs. Daintry went on, borrowing a certain bravado, that in calmer moments was eminently foreign to her nature, from the impunity with which she had hitherto proceeded. Her project, as she heard herself unfold it, seemed to hang together so well that she felt something of the intoxication of success. "I shouldn't care if it did," she repeated, "so long as Florimond had a little of the conversation that he is accustomed to, and I was not in perpetual fear of his starting off."

Miss Daintry had listened attentively while her sister-in-law spoke, with eager softness, passing from point to point with a *crescendo* of lucidity, like a woman who had thought it all out, and had the consciousness of many reasons on her side. There had been momentary pauses, of which Lucretia had not taken advantage, so that Mrs. Daintry rested at last in the enjoyment of a security that was almost complete, and that her companion's first question was not of a nature to dispel.

"It's so long since I have seen her. Is she pretty?" Miss Daintry inquired.

"She is decidedly striking; she has magnificent hair!" her visitor answered, almost with enthusiasm.

"Do you want Florimond to marry her?"

This, somehow, was less pertinent. "Ah, no, my dear," Mrs. Daintry rejoined, very judicially. "That is not the kind of education — the kind of *milieu* — one would wish for the wife of one's son." She knew, moreover, that her sister-in-law knew her opinion about the marriage of young people. It was a sacrament more high and holy than any words could express, the propriety and timeliness of which lay deep in the hearts of the contracting parties, below all interference from parents and friends; it was an inspiration from above, and she would no more have thought of laying a train to marry her son, than she would have thought of breaking open his letters. More relevant even than this, however, was the fact that she did not believe he would wish to make a wife of a girl from a slipshod family in Brooklyn, however little he might care to lose sight of the artistic side. It will be observed that she gave Florimond the credit of being a very discriminating young man; and she indeed discriminated for him in cases in which she would not have presumed to discriminate for herself.

"My dear Susan, you are simply the most immoral woman in Boston!" These were

the words of which, after a moment, her sister-in-law delivered herself.

Mrs. Daintry turned a little pale. "Don't you think it would be right?" she asked quickly.

"To sacrifice the poor girl to Florimond's amusement? What has she done that you should wish to play her such a trick?" Miss Daintry did not look shocked; she never looked shocked, for even when she was annoyed she was never frightened; but after a moment she broke into a loud, uncompromising laugh, — a laugh which her sister-in-law knew of old, and regarded as a peculiarly dangerous form of criticism.

"I don't see why she should be sacrificed. She would have a lovely time if she were to come on. She would consider it the greatest kindness to be asked."

"To be asked to come and amuse Florimond?"

Mrs. Daintry hesitated a moment. "I don't see why she should object to that. Florimond is certainly not beneath a person's notice. Why, Lucretia, you speak as if there were something disagreeable about Florimond."

"My dear Susan," said Miss Daintry, "I am willing to believe that he is the first young man of his time; but, all the same, it isn't a thing to do."

"Well, I have thought of it in every possible way, and I haven't seen any harm in it. It isn't as if she were giving up anything to come."

"You have thought of it too much, perhaps. Stop thinking for a while. I should have imagined you were more scrupulous."

Mrs. Daintry was silent a moment; she took her sister-in-law's asperity very meekly, for she felt that if she had been wrong in what she proposed, she deserved a severe judgment. But why was she wrong? She clasped her hands in her lap and rested her eyes with extreme seriousness upon Lucretia's little *pince-nez*, inviting her to judge her, and too much interested in having the question of her culpability settled to care whether or no she were hurt. "It is very hard to know what is right," she said presently. "Of course it is only a plan; I wondered how it would strike you."

"You had better leave Florimond alone," Miss Daintry answered. "I don't see why you should spread so many carpets for him. Let him shift for himself. If he doesn't like Boston, Boston can spare him."

"You are not nice about him; no, you are not, Lucretia!" Mrs. Daintry cried, with a slight tremor in her voice.

"Of course I am not as nice as you, — he is not my son; but I am trying to be nice about Rachel Torrance."

"I am sure she would like him, — she would delight in him," Mrs. Daintry broke out.

"That's just what I'm afraid of; I couldn't stand that."

"Well, Lucretia, I am not convinced," Mrs. Daintry said, rising, with perceptible coldness. "It is very hard to be sure one is not unjust. Of course I shall not expect you to send for her; but I shall think of her with a good deal of compassion, all winter, in that dingy place in Brooklyn. And if you have some one else with you — and I am sure you will, because you always do, unless you remain alone on purpose, this year, to put me in the wrong, — if you have some one else I shall keep saying to myself: 'Well, after all, it might have been Rachel!'"

Miss Daintry gave another of her loud laughs at the idea that she might remain alone "on purpose." "I shall have a visitor, but it will be some one who will not amuse Florimond in the least. If he wants to go away, it wont be for anything in this house that he will stay."

"I really don't see why you should hate him," said poor Mrs. Daintry.

"Where do you find that? On the contrary, I appreciate him very highly. That's just why I think it very possible that a girl like Rachel Torrance — an odd, uninstructed girl, who hasn't had great advantages — may fall in love with him and break her heart."

Mrs. Daintry's clear eyes expanded. "Is *that* what you are afraid of?"

"Do you suppose my solicitude is for Florimond? An accident of that sort — if she were to show him her heels at the end — might perhaps do him good. But I am thinking of the girl, since you say you don't want him to marry her."

"It was not for that that I suggested what I did. I don't want him to marry any one — I have no plans for that," Mrs. Daintry said, as if she were resenting an imputation.

"Rachel Torrance least of all!" and Miss Daintry indulged still again in that hilarity, so personal to herself, which sometimes made the subject look so little jocular to others. "My dear Susan, I don't blame you," she said; "for I suppose mothers are necessarily unscrupulous. But that is why the rest of us should hold them in check."

"It's merely an assumption, that she would fall in love with him," Mrs. Daintry continued, with a certain majesty; "there is nothing to prove it, and I am not bound to take it for granted."

"In other words, you don't care if she

should! Precisely; that, I suppose, is your *rôle*. I am glad I haven't any children; it's very sophisticating. For so good a woman, you are very bad. Yes, you *are* good, Susan; and you *are* bad."

"I don't know that I pretend to be particularly good," Susan remarked, with the warmth of one who had known something of the burden of such a reputation, as she moved toward the door.

"You have a conscience, and it will wake up," her companion returned. "It will come over you in the watches of the night that your idea was — as I have said — immoral."

Mrs. Daintry paused in the hall, and stood there looking at Lucretia. It was just possible that she was being laughed at, for Lucretia's deepest mirth was sometimes silent, — that is, one heard the laughter several days later. Suddenly she colored to the roots of her hair, as if the conviction of her error had come over her. Was it possible she had been corrupted by an affection in itself so pure? "I only want to do right," she said, softly. "I would rather he should never come home, than that I should go too far."

She was turning away, but her sister-in-law held her a moment and kissed her. "You are a delightful woman, but I wont ask Rachel Torrance!" This was the understanding on which they separated.

III.

Miss Daintry, after her visitor had left her, recognized that she had been a little brutal; for Susan's proposition did not really strike her as so heinous. Her eagerness to protect the poor girl in Brooklyn was not a very positive quantity, inasmuch as she had an impression that this young lady was on the whole very well able to take care of herself. What her talk with Mrs. Daintry had really expressed was the lukewarmness of her sentiment with regard to Florimond. She had no wish to help his mother lay carpets for him, as she said. Rightly or wrongly, she had a conviction that he was selfish, that he was spoiled, that he was conceited; and she thought Lucretia Daintry meant for better things than the service of sugaring for the young man's lips the pill of a long-deferred visit to Boston. It was quite indifferent to her that he should be conscious, in that city, of unsatisfied needs. At bottom, she had never forgiven him for having sought another way of salvation. Moreover, she had a strong sense of humor, and it amused her more than a little that her sister-in-law — of all women in Boston — should have come to her on that particular errand. It completed the irony of the situation that one should frighten Mrs. Daintry — just a little — about what she had undertaken; and more than once that day Lucretia had, with a smile, the vision of Susan's countenance as she remarked to her that she was immoral. In reality, and speaking seriously, she did not consider Mrs. Daintry's inspiration unpardonable; what was very positive was simply that she had no wish to invite Rachel Torrance for the benefit of her nephew. She was by no means sure that she should like the girl for her own sake, and it was still less apparent that she should like her for that of Florimond. With all this, however, Miss Daintry had a high love of justice; she revised her social accounts from time to time, to see that she had not cheated any one. She thought over her interview with Mrs. Daintry the next day, and it occurred to her that she had been a little unfair. But she scarcely knew what to do to repair her mistake, by which Rachel Torrance also had suffered, perhaps; for, after all, if it had not been wicked of her sister-in-law to ask such a favor, it had at least been cool; and the penance that presented itself to Lucretia Daintry did not take the form of dispatching a letter to Brooklyn. An accident came to her help, and four days after the conversation I have narrated she wrote her a note, which explains itself, and which I will presently transcribe. Meanwhile, Mrs. Daintry, on her side, had held an examination of her heart; and though she did not think she had been very civilly treated, the result of her reflections was to give her a fit of remorse. Lucretia was right: she had been anything but scrupulous; she had skirted the edge of an abyss. Questions of conduct had long been familiar to her; and the cardinal rule of life in her eyes was that before one did anything which involved in any degree the happiness or the interest of another, one should take one's motives out of the closet in which they are usually laid away and give them a thorough airing. This operation, undertaken before her visit to Lucretia, had been cursory and superficial; for now that she repeated it, she discovered among the recesses of her spirit a number of nut-like scruples which she was astonished to think she should have overlooked. She had really been very wicked, and there was no doubt about *her* proper penance. It consisted of a letter to her sister-in-law, in which she completely disavowed her little project, attributing it to a momentary intermission of her reason. She saw it would never do, and she was quite ashamed of herself. She did not exactly thank Miss Daintry for the manner in which she had admonished her,

but she spoke as one saved from a great danger, and assured her relative of Mount Vernon Place that she should not soon again expose herself. This letter crossed with Miss Daintry's missive, which ran as follows:

"MY DEAR SUSAN: I have been thinking over our conversation of last Tuesday, and I am afraid I went rather too far in my condemnation of your idea with regard to Rachel Torrance. If I expressed myself in a manner to wound your feelings, I can assure you of my great regret. Nothing could have been farther from my thoughts than the belief that you are wanting in delicacy. I know very well that you were prompted by the highest sense of duty. It is possible, however, I think, that your sense of duty to poor Florimond is a little too high. You think of him too much as that famous dragon of antiquity,—wasn't it in Crete, or somewhere?—to whom young virgins had to be sacrificed. It may relieve your mind, however, to hear that this particular virgin will probably, during the coming winter, be provided for. Yesterday, at Doll's, where I had gone in to look at the new pictures (there is a striking Appleton Brown) I met Pauline Mesh, whom I had not seen for ages, and had half an hour's talk with her. She seems to me to have come out very much this winter, and to have altogether a higher tone. In short, she is much enlarged, and seems to want to take an interest in something. Of course you will say: Has she not her children? But, somehow, they don't seem to fill her life. You must remember that they are very small as yet, to fill anything. Anyway, she mentioned to me her great disappointment in having had to give up her sister, who was to have come on from Baltimore to spend the greater part of the winter. Rosalie is very pretty, and Pauline expected to give a lot of Germans, and make things generally pleasant. I shouldn't wonder if she thought something might happen that would make Rosalie a fixture in our city. She would have liked this immensely; for, whatever Pauline's faults may be, she has plenty of family feeling. But her sister has suddenly got engaged in Baltimore (I believe it's much easier than here), so that the visit has fallen through. Pauline seemed to be quite in despair, for she had made all sorts of beautifications in one of her rooms, on purpose for Rosalie; and not only had she wasted her labor (you know how she goes into those things, whatever we may think, sometimes, of her taste), but she spoke as if it would make a great difference in her winter; said she should suffer a great deal from loneliness. She says Boston is no place for a married woman, standing on her own merits; she can't have any sort of time unless she hitches herself to some attractive girl who will help her to pull the social car. You know that isn't what every one says, and how much talk there has been the last two or three winters about the frisky young matrons. Well, however that may be, I don't pretend to know much about it, not being in the married set. Pauline spoke as if she were really quite high and dry, and I felt so sorry for her that it suddenly occurred to me to say something about Rachel Torrance. I remembered that she is related to Donald Mesh in about the same degree as she is to me,—a degree nearer, therefore, than to Florimond. Pauline didn't seem to think much of the relationship,—it's so remote; but when I told her that Rachel (strange as it might appear) would probably be thankful for a season in Boston, and might be a good substitute for Rosalie, why she quite jumped at the idea. She has never seen her, but she knows who she is,—fortunately, for I could never begin to explain. She seems to think such a girl will be quite a novelty in this place. I don't suppose Pauline can do her any particular harm, from what you tell me of Miss Torrance, and, on the other hand, I don't know that she could injure Pauline. She is certainly very kind (Pauline, of course), and I have no doubt she will immediately write to Brooklyn, and that Rachel will come on. Florimond wont, of course, see as much of her as if she were staying with me, and I don't know that he will particularly care about Pauline Mesh, who, you know, is intensely American; but they will go out a great deal, and he will meet them (if he takes the trouble), and I have no doubt that Rachel will take the edge off the east wind for him. At any rate, I have perhaps done her a good turn. I must confess to you—and it wont surprise you—that I was thinking of her, and not of him, when I spoke to Pauline. Therefore I don't feel that I have taken a risk, but I don't much care if I have. I have my views, but I never worry. I recommend you not to do so either,—for you go, I know, from one extreme to the other. I have told you my little story; it was on my mind. Aren't you glad to see the lovely snow?

Ever affectionately yours,

L. D.

"P. S.—The more I think of it, the more convinced I am that you *will* worry now about the danger for Rachel. Why did I drop the poison into your mind? Of course I didn't say a word about you or Florimond."

This epistle reached Mrs. Daintry, as I have intimated, about an hour after her letter to her sister-in-law had been posted; but it is characteristic of her that she did not for a moment regret having made a retractation rather humble in form, and which proved, after all, scarcely to have been needed. The delight of having done that duty carried her over the sense of having given herself away. Her sister-in-law spoke from knowledge when she wrote that phrase about Susan's now beginning to worry from the opposite point of view. Her conscience, like the good Homer, might sometimes nod; but when it woke, it woke with a start; and for many a day afterward its vigilance was feverish. For the moment, her emotions were mingled. She thought Lucretia very strange, and that *she* was scarcely in a position to talk about one's going from one extreme to the other. It was good news to her that Rachel Torrance would probably be on the ground after all, and she was delighted that on Lucretia the responsibility of such a fact should rest. This responsibility she now already, after her revulsion, as we know, regarded as grave; she exhaled an almost luxurious sigh when she thought of having herself escaped from it. What she did not quite understand was Lucretia's apology, and her having, even if Florimond's happiness were not her motive, taken almost the very step which, three days before, she had so severely criticised. This was puzzling, for Lucretia was usually so consistent. But, all the same, Mrs. Daintry did not repent of her own penance; on the contrary, she took

more and more comfort in it. If, with that, Rachel Torrance should be really useful, it would be delightful.

IV.

FLORIMOND DAINTRY had stayed at home for three days after his arrival; he had sat close to the fire in his slippers, every now and then casting a glance over his shoulders at the hard, white world which seemed to glare at him from the other side of the window-panes. He was very much afraid of the cold, and he was not in a hurry to go out and meet it. He had met it, on disembarking in New York, in the shape of a wave of frozen air, which had traveled from some remote point in the West (he was told) on purpose, apparently, to smite him in the face. That portion of his organism tingled yet with it, though the gasping, bewildered look which sat upon his features during the first few hours had quite left it. I am afraid it will be thought he was a young man of small courage; and on a point so delicate I do not hold myself obliged to pronounce. It is only fair to add that it was delightful to him to be with his mother, and that they easily spent three days in talking. Moreover, he had the company of Joanna and her children, who, after a little delay, occasioned apparently by their waiting to see whether he would not first come to them, had arrived in a body and had spent several hours. As regards the majority of them, they had repeated this visit several times in the three days, Joanna being obliged to remain at home with the two younger ones. There were four older ones, and their grandmother's house was open to them as a second nursery. The first day their Uncle Florimond thought them charming; and as he had brought a French toy for each, it is probable that this impression was mutual. The second day their little ruddy bodies and woollen clothes seemed to him to have a positive odor of the cold; it was disagreeable to him, and he spoke to his mother about their "wintry smell." The third day they had become very familiar; they called him "Florry"; and he had made up his mind that to let them loose in that way on his mother, Joanna must be rather wanting in delicacy,— not mentioning this deficiency, however, as yet, for he saw that his mother was not prepared for it. She evidently thought it proper, or at least it seemed inevitable, either that she should be round at Joanna's, or the children should be round in Newbury street; for "Joanna's" evidently represented primarily the sound of small, loud voices, and the hard breathing that signalized the intervals of romps. Florimond was rather disappointed in his sister, seeing her after a long separation; he remarked to his mother that she seemed completely submerged. As Mrs. Daintry spent most of her time under the waves with her daughter, she had grown to regard this element as sufficiently favorable to life, and was rather surprised when Florimond said to her that he was sorry to see she and his sister appeared to have been converted into a pair of *bonnes d'enfants*. Afterward, however, she perceived what he meant. She was not aware, until he called her attention to it, that the little Merrimans took up an enormous place in the intellectual economy of two households. "You ought to remember that they exist for you, and not you for them," Florimond said to her, in a tone of friendly admonition; and he remarked, on another occasion, that the perpetual presence of children was a great injury to conversation,— it kept it down so much; and that in Boston they seemed to be present even when they were absent, inasmuch as most of the talk was about them. Mrs. Daintry did not stop to ask herself what her son knew of Boston, leaving it years before as a boy, and not having so much as looked out of the window since his return; she was taken up mainly with noting certain little habits of speech which he evidently had formed, and in wondering how they would strike his fellow-citizens. He was very definite and trenchant; he evidently knew perfectly what he thought; and though his manner was not defiant — he had, perhaps, even too many of the forms of politeness, as if, sometimes, for mysterious reasons, he were playing upon you,— the tone in which he uttered his opinions did not appear exactly to give you the choice. And then, apparently, he had a great many; there was a moment when Mrs. Daintry vaguely foresaw that the little house in Newbury street would be more crowded with Florimond's views than it had ever been with Joanna's children. She hoped very much people would like him, and she hardly could see why they should fail to find him agreeable. To herself he was sweeter than any grandchild; he was as kind as if he had been a devoted parent. Florimond had but a small acquaintance with his brother-in-law; but after he had been at home forty-eight hours he found that he bore Arthur Merriman a grudge, and was ready to think rather ill of him,— having a theory that he ought to have held up Joanna and interposed to save her mother. Arthur Merriman was a young and brilliant commission-merchant, who had not married Joanna Daintry for the sake of Florimond, and, doing an active business all day in East Boston, had a

perfectly good conscience in leaving his children's mother and grandmother to establish their terms of intercourse.

Florimond, however, did not particularly wonder why his brother-in-law had not been round to bid him welcome. It was for Mrs. Daintry that this anxiety was reserved; and what made it worse was her uncertainty as to whether she should be justified in mentioning the subject to Joanna. It might wound Joanna to suggest to her that her husband was derelict,—especially if she did not think so, and she certainly gave her mother no opening; and, on the other hand, Florimond might have ground for complaint if Arthur should continue not to notice him. Mrs. Daintry earnestly desired that nothing of this sort should happen, and took refuge in the hope that Florimond would have adopted the foreign theory of visiting, in accordance with which the new-comer was to present himself first. Meanwhile, the young man, who had looked upon a meeting with his brother-in-law as a necessity rather than a privilege, was simply conscious of a reprieve; and up in Clarendon street, as Mrs. Daintry said, it never occurred to Arthur Merriman to take this social step, nor to his wife to propose it to him. Mrs. Merriman simply took for granted that her brother would be round early some morning to see the children. A day or two later the couple dined at her mother's, and that virtually settled the question. It is true that Mrs. Daintry, in later days, occasionally recalled the fact that, after all, Joanna's husband never had called upon Florimond; and she even wondered why Florimond, who sometimes said bitter things, had not made more of it. The matter came back at moments when, under the pressure of circumstances which, it must be confessed, were rare, she found herself giving assent to an axiom that sometimes reached her ears. This axiom, it must be added, did not justify her in the particular case I have mentioned, for the full purport of it was that the queerness of Bostonians was collective, not individual.

There was no doubt, however, that it was Florimond's place to call first upon his aunt, and this was a duty of which she could not hesitate to remind him. By the time he took his way across the long expanse of the new land and up the charming hill, which constitutes, as it were, the speaking face of Boston, the temperature either had relaxed, or he had got used, even in his mother's hot little house, to his native air. He breathed the bright, cold sunshine with pleasure; he raised his eyes to the arching blueness, and thought he had never seen a dome so magnificently painted. He turned his head this way and that, as he walked (now that he had recovered his legs, he foresaw that he should walk a good deal), and freely indulged his most valued organ, the organ that had won him such reputation as he already enjoyed. In the little artistic circle in which he moved in Paris, Florimond Daintry was thought to have a great deal of eye. His power of rendering was questioned, his execution had been called pretentious and feeble; but a conviction had somehow been diffused that he saw things with extraordinary intensity. No one could tell better than he what to paint, and what not to paint, even though his interpretation was sometimes rather too sketchy. It will have been guessed that he was an impressionist; and it must be admitted that this was the character in which he proceeded on his visit to Miss Daintry. He was constantly shutting one eye, to see the better with the other, making a little telescope by curving one of his hands together, waving these members in the air with vague pictorial gestures, pointing at things which, when people turned to follow his direction, seemed to mock the vulgar vision by eluding it. I do not mean that he practiced these devices as he walked along Beacon street, into which he had crossed shortly after leaving his mother's house; but now that he had broken the ice, he acted quite in the spirit of the reply he had made to a friend in Paris, shortly before his departure, who asked him why he was going back to America,—"I am going to see how it looks." He was, of course, very conscious of his eye; and his effort to cultivate it was both intuitive and deliberate. He spoke of it freely, as he might have done of a valuable watch or a horse. He was always trying to get the visual impression; asking himself, with regard to such and such an object or a place, of what its "character" would consist. There is no doubt he really saw with great intensity; and the reader will probably feel that he was welcome to this ambiguous privilege. It was not important for him that things should be beautiful; what he sought to discover was their identity,—the signs by which he should know them. He began this inquiry as soon as he stepped into Newbury street from his mother's door, and he was destined to continue it for the first few weeks of his stay in Boston. As time went on, his attention relaxed; for one couldn't do more than see, as he said to his mother and another person; and he had seen. Then the novelty wore off,—the novelty which is often so absurdly great in the eyes of the American who returns to his native land after a few years spent in the foreign element,—an effect to be accounted for only on the supposition that in the secret parts of his

mind he recognizes the aspect of life in Europe as, through long heredity, the more familiar; so that superficially, having no interest to oppose it, it quickly supplants the domestic type, which, upon his return, becomes supreme, but with its credit in many cases appreciably and permanently diminished. Florimond painted a few things while he was in America, though he had told his mother he had come home to rest; but when, several months later, in Paris, he showed his "notes," as he called them, to a friend, the young Frenchman asked him if Massachusetts were really so much like Andalusia.

There was certainly nothing Andalusian in the prospect as Florimond traversed the artificial bosom of the Back Bay. He had made his way promptly into Beacon street, and he greatly admired that vista. The long, straight avenue lay airing its newness in the frosty day, and all its individual façades, with their neat, sharp ornaments, seemed to have been scoured, with a kind of friction, by the hard, salutary light. Their brilliant browns and drabs, their rosy surfaces of brick, made a variety of fresh, violent tones, such as Florimond liked to memorize, and the large, clear windows of their curved fronts faced each other, across the street, like candid, inevitable eyes. There was something almost terrible in the windows; Florimond had forgotten how vast and clean they were, and how, in their sculptured frames, the New England air seemed, like a zealous housewife, to polish and preserve them. A great many ladies were looking out, and groups of children in the drawing-rooms were flattening their noses against the transparent plate. Here and there, behind it, the back of a statuette or the symmetry of a painted vase, erect on a pedestal, presented itself to the street, and enabled the passer to construct, more or less, the room within,— its frescoed ceilings, its new silk sofas, its untarnished fixtures. This continuity of glass constituted a kind of exposure within and without, and gave the street the appearance of an enormous corridor, in which the public and the private were familiar and intermingled. But it was all very cheerful and commodious, and seemed to speak of diffused wealth, of intimate family life, of comfort constantly renewed. All sorts of things, in the region of the temperature, had happened during the few days that Florimond had been in the country. The cold wave had spent itself, a snow-storm had come and gone, and the air, after this temporary relaxation, had renewed its keenness. The snow, which had fallen in but moderate abundance, was heaped along the side of the pavement; it formed a radiant cornice on the housetops, and crowned the windows with a plain white cap. It deepened the color of everything else, made all surfaces look ruddy, and at a distance sent into the air a thin, delicate mist — a tinted exhalation,— which occasionally softened an edge. The upper part of Beacon street seemed to Florimond charming,— the long, wide, sunny slope, the uneven line of the older houses, the contrasted, differing, bulging fronts, the painted bricks, the tidy facings, the immaculate doors, the burnished silver plates, the denuded twigs of the far extent of the Common on the other side; and to crown the eminence and complete the picture, high in the air, poised in the right place, over everything that clustered below, the most felicitous object in Boston,— the gilded dome of the State House. It was in the shadow of this monument, as we know, that Miss Daintry lived; and Florimond, who was always lucky, had the good fortune to find her at home.

V.

It may seem that I have assumed on the part of the reader too great a curiosity about the impressions of this young man, who was not very remarkable, and who has not even the recommendation of being the hero of our perhaps too descriptive tale. The reader will already have discovered that a hero fails us here; but if I go on at all risks to say a few words about Florimond, he will perhaps understand the better why this part has not been filled. Miss Daintry's nephew was not very original; it was his own illusion that he had in a considerable degree the value of rareness. Even this youthful conceit was not rare, for it was not of heroic proportions, and was liable to lapses and discouragements. He was a fair, slim, civil young man, and you would never have guessed from his appearance that he was an impressionist. He was neat and sleek and quite anti-Bohemian, and, in spite of his looking about him as he walked, his figure was much more in harmony with the Boston landscape than he supposed. He was a little vain, a little affected, a little pretentious, a little good-looking, a little amusing, a little spoiled, and at times a little tiresome. If he was disagreeable, however, it was also only a little; he did not carry anything to a very high pitch; he was accomplished, industrious, successful,—all in the minor degree. He was fond of his mother and fond of himself; he also liked the people who liked him. Such people could belong only to the class of good listeners, for Florimond, with the least encouragement (he was very susceptible to that), would chatter by the hour. As he was very observant, and knew a great many stories,

his talk was often entertaining, especially to women, many of whom thought him wonderfully sympathetic. It may be added that he was still very young and fluid, and neither his defects nor his virtues had a great consistency. He was fond of the society of women, and had an idea that he knew a great deal about that element of humanity. He believed himself to know everything about art, and almost everything about life, and he expressed himself as much as possible in the phrases that are current in studios. He spoke French very well, and it had rubbed off on his English.

His aunt listened to him attentively, with her nippers on her nose. She had been a little restless at first, and, to relieve herself, had vaguely punched the sofa-cushion which lay beside her,— a gesture that her friends always recognized; they knew it to express a particular emotion. Florimond, whose egotism was candid and confiding, talked for an hour about himself,—about what he had done, and what he intended to do, what he had said, and what had been said to him; about his habits, tastes, achievements, peculiarities, which were apparently so numerous; about the decorations of his studio in Paris; about the character of the French, the works of Zola, the theory of art for art, the American type, the "stupidity" of his mother's new house,—though of course it had some things that were knowing,—the pronunciation of Joanna's children, the effect of the commission business on Arthur Merriman's conversation, the effect of everything on his mother, Mrs. Daintry, and the effect of Mrs. Daintry on her son Florimond. The young man had an epithet, which he constantly introduced, to express disapproval; when he spoke of the architecture of his mother's house, over which she had taken great pains (she remembered the gabled fronts of Nuremburg), he said that a certain effect had been dreadfully missed, that the character of the doorway was simply "crass." He expressed, however, a lively sense of the bright cleanness of American interiors. "Oh, as for that," he said, "the place is kept,—it's kept;" and, to give an image of this idea, he put his gathered fingers to his lips an instant, seemed to kiss them or blow upon them, and then open them into the air. Miss Daintry had never encountered this gesture before; she had heard it described by traveled persons; but to see her own nephew in the very act of it, led her to administer another thump to the sofa-cushion. She finally got this article under control, and sat more quiet, with her hands clasped upon it, while her visitor continued to discourse. In pursuance of his character as an impressionist, he gave her a great many impressions; but it seemed to her that as he talked he simply exposed himself,— exposed his egotism, his little pretensions. Lucretia Daintry, as we know, had a love of justice, and though her opinions were apt to be very positive, her charity was great and her judgments were not harsh; moreover, there was in her composition not a drop of acrimony. Nevertheless, she was, as the phrase is, rather hard on poor little Florimond; and to explain her severity we are bound to assume that in the past he had in some way offended her. To-day, at any rate, it seemed to her that he patronized his maiden aunt. He scarcely asked about her health, but took for granted on her part an unlimited interest in his own sensations. It came over her afresh that his mother had been absurd in thinking that the usual resources of Boston would not have sufficed to maintain him; and she smiled a little grimly at the idea that a special provision should have been made. This idea presently melted into another, over which she was free to regale herself only after her nephew had departed. For the moment she contented herself with saying to him, when a pause in his young eloquence gave her a chance: "You will have a great many people to go and see. You pay the penalty of being a Bostonian; you have several hundred cousins. One pays for everything."

Florimond lifted his eyebrows. "I pay for that every day of my life. Have I got to go and see them all?"

"All — every one," said his aunt, who, in reality, did not hold this obligation in the least sacred.

"And to say something agreeable to them all?" the young man went on.

"Oh, no, that is not necessary," Miss Daintry rejoined, with more exactness. "There are one or two, however, who always appreciate a pretty speech." She added, in an instant: "Do you remember Mrs. Mesh?"

"Mrs. Mesh?" Florimond apparently did not remember.

"The wife of Donald Mesh; your grandfathers were first cousins. I don't mean her grandfather, but her husband's. If you don't remember her, I suppose he married her after you went away."

"I remember Donald; but I never knew he was a relation. He was single then, I think."

"Well, he's double now," said Miss Daintry; "he's triple, I may say, for there are two ladies in the house."

"If you mean he's a polygamist — are there Mormons even here?" Florimond, leaning back in his chair, with his elbow on the arm, and twisting with his gloved fingers the point

of a small, fair mustache, did not appear to have been arrested by this account of Mr. Mesh's household; for he almost immediately asked, in a large, detached way: "Are there any nice women here?"

"It depends on what you mean by nice women; there are some very sharp ones."

"Oh, I don't like sharp ones," Florimond remarked, in a tone which made his aunt long to throw her sofa-cushion at his head. "Are there any pretty ones?"

She looked at him a moment, hesitating. "Rachel Torrance is pretty, in a strange, unusual way,— black hair and blue eyes, a serpentine figure, old coins in her tresses; that sort of thing."

"I have seen a good deal of that sort of thing," said Florimond, a little confusedly.

"That I know nothing about. I mention Pauline Mesh's as one of the houses that you ought to go to, and where I know you are expected."

"I remember now that my mother has said something about that. But who is the woman with coins in her hair? — what has she to do with Pauline Mesh?"

"Rachel is staying with her; she came from New York a week ago, and I believe she means to spend the winter. She isn't a woman, she's a girl."

"My mother didn't speak of her," said Florimond; "but I don't think she would recommend me a girl with a serpentine figure."

"Very likely not," Miss Daintry answered, dryly. "Rachel Torrance is a far-away cousin of Donald Mesh, and consequently of mine and of yours. She's an artist, like yourself; she paints flowers on little panels and *plaques*."

"Like myself? — I never painted a *plaque* in my life!" exclaimed Florimond, staring.

"Well, she's a model, also; you can paint her if you like; she has often been painted, I believe."

Florimond had begun to caress the other tip of his mustache. "I don't care for women who have been painted before. I like to find them out. Besides, I want to rest this winter."

His aunt was disappointed; she wished to put him into relation with Rachel Torrance, and his indifference was an obstacle. The meeting was sure to take place sooner or later, but she would have been glad to precipitate it, and, above all, to quicken her nephew's susceptibilities. "Take care you are not found out yourself!" she exclaimed, tossing away her sofa-cushion and getting up.

Florimond did not see what she meant, and he accordingly bore her no rancor; but when, before he took his leave, he said to her, rather irrelevantly, that if he should find himself in the mood during his stay in Boston, he should like to do her portrait,— she had such a delightful face,— she almost thought the speech a deliberate impertinence. "Do you mean that you have discovered me, — that no one has suspected it before?" she inquired with a laugh, and a little flush in the countenance that he was so good as to appreciate.

Florimond replied, with perfect coolness and good-nature, that he didn't know about this, but that he was sure no one had seen her in just the way he saw her; and he waved his hand in the air with strange circular motions, as if to evoke before him the image of a canvas, with a figure just rubbed in. He repeated this gesture, or something very like it, by way of farewell, when he quitted his aunt, and she thought him insufferably patronizing.

This is why she wished him, without loss of time, to make the acquaintance of Rachel Torrance, whose treatment of his pretensions she thought would be salutary. It may now be communicated to the reader — after a delay proportionate to the momentousness of the fact — that this had been the idea which suddenly flowered in her brain as she sat face to face with her irritating young visitor. It had vaguely shaped itself after her meeting with that strange girl from Brooklyn, whom Mrs. Mesh, all gratitude, — for she liked strangeness,— promptly brought to see her; and her present impression of her nephew rapidly completed it. She had not expected to take an interest in Rachel Torrance, and could not see why, through a freak of Susan's, she should have been called upon to think so much about her; but, to her surprise, she perceived that Mrs. Daintry's proposed victim was not the usual forward girl. She perceived at the same time that it had been ridiculous to think of Rachel as a victim,— to suppose that she was in danger of vainly fixing her affections upon Florimond. She was much more likely to triumph than to suffer; and if her visit to Boston were to produce bitter fruits, it would not be she who should taste them. She had a striking, oriental head, a beautiful smile, a manner of dressing which carried out her exotic type, and a great deal of experience and wit. She evidently knew the world, as one knows it when one has to live by its help. If she had an aim in life, she would draw her bow well above the tender breast of Florimond Daintry. With all this, she certainly was an honest, obliging girl, and had a sense of humor which was a fortunate obstacle to her falling into a *pose*. Her coins and amulets and seamless garments were, for her, a part of the general joke of one's looking like a Circassian or a Smyrniote, — an accident for which Nature was responsible; and it may be said of her that she took

herself much less seriously than other people took her. This was a defect for which Lucretia Daintry had a great kindness; especially as she quickly saw that Rachel was not of an insipid paste, as even triumphant coquettes sometimes are. In spite of her poverty and the opportunities her beauty must have brought her, she had not yet seen fit to marry, — which was a proof that she was clever as well as disinterested. It looks dreadfully cold-blooded as I write it here, but the notion that this capable creature might administer poetic justice to Florimond gave a measurable satisfaction to Miss Daintry. He was in distinct need of a snub, for down in Newbury street his mother was perpetually swinging the censer; and no young nature could stand that sort of thing, —least of all such a nature as Florimond's. She said to herself that such a "putting in his place" as he might receive from Rachel Torrance would probably be a permanent correction. She wished his good, as she wished the good of every one; and that desire was at the bottom of her vision. She knew perfectly what she should like: she should like him to fall in love with Rachel, as he probably would, and to have no doubt of her feeling immensely honored. She should like Rachel to encourage him just enough — just so far as she might without being false. A little would do, for Florimond would always take his success for granted. To this point did the study of her nephew's moral regeneration bring the excellent woman, who a few days before had accused his mother of a lack of morality. His mother was thinking only of his pleasure; *she* was thinking of his immortal spirit. She should like Rachel to tell him at the end that he was a presumptuous little boy, and that since it was his business to render "impressions," he might see what he could do with that of having been jilted. This extraordinary flight of fancy on Miss Daintry's part was caused in some degree by the high spirits which sprang from her conviction, after she met the young lady, that Mrs. Mesh's companion was not in danger; for even when she wrote to her sister-in-law in the manner the reader knows, her conscience was not wholly at rest. There was still a risk, and she knew not why she should take risks for Florimond. Now, however, she was prepared to be perfectly happy when she should hear that the young man was constantly in Arlington street; and at the end of a little month she enjoyed this felicity.

(To be continued.)

THE REMARKABLE WRECK OF THE "THOMAS HYKE."

It was half-past one by the clock in the office of the Registrar of Woes. The room was empty, for it was Wednesday, and the Registrar always went home early on Wednesday afternoons. He had made that arrangement when he accepted the office. He was willing to serve his fellow-citizens in any suitable position to which he might be called, but he had private interests which could not be neglected. He belonged to his country, but there was a house in the country which belonged to him; and there were a great many things appertaining to that house which needed attention, especially in pleasant summer weather. It is true he was often absent on afternoons which did not fall on the Wednesday, but the fact of his having appointed a particular time for the furtherance of his outside interests so emphasized their importance that his associates in the office had no difficulty in understanding that affairs of such moment could not always be attended to in a single afternoon of the week.

But although the large room devoted to the especial use of the Registrar was unoccupied, there were other rooms connected with it which were not in that condition. With the suite of offices to the left we have nothing to do, but will confine our attention to a moderate-sized room to the right of the Registrar's office, and connected by a door, now closed, with that large and handsomely furnished chamber. This was the office of the Clerk of Shipwrecks, and it was at present occupied by five persons. One of these was the clerk himself, a man of goodly appearance, somewhere between twenty-five and forty-five years of age, and of a demeanor such as might be supposed to belong to one who had occupied a high position in state affairs, but who, by the cabals of his enemies, had been forced to resign the great operations of statesmanship which he had been directing, and who now stood, with a quite resigned air, pointing out to the populace the futile and disastrous efforts of the incompetent one who was endeavoring to fill his place. The Clerk of Shipwrecks had never fallen from such a position, having never occupied one, but he had acquired the demeanor referred to without going through the preliminary exercises.

Another occupant was a very young man,

the personal clerk of the Registrar of Woes, who always closed all the doors of the office of that functionary on Wednesday afternoons, and at other times when outside interests demanded his principal's absence, after which he betook himself to the room of his friend the Shipwreck Clerk.

Then there was a middle-aged man named Matthers, also a friend of the clerk, and who was one of the eight who had made application for a sub-position in this department, which was now filled by a man who was expected to resign when a friend of his, a gentleman of influence in an interior county, should succeed in procuring the nomination as congressional representative of his district of an influential politician, whose election was considered assured in case certain expected action on the part of the administration should bring his party into power. The person now occupying the sub-position hoped to get something better, and Matthers, consequently, was very willing, while waiting for the place, to visit the offices of the department and acquaint himself with its duties.

A fourth person was J. George Watts, a juryman by profession, who had brought with him his brother-in-law, a stranger in the city.

The Shipwreck Clerk had taken off his good coat, which he had worn to luncheon, and had replaced it by a lighter garment of linen, much bespattered with ink; and he now produced a cigar-box, containing six cigars.

"Gents," said he, "here is the fag end of a box of cigars. It's not like having the pick of the box, but they are all I have left."

Mr. Matthers, J. George Watts, and the brother-in-law each took a cigar with that careless yet deferential manner which always distinguishes the treatee from the treator; and then the box was protruded in an off-hand way toward Harry Covare, the personal clerk of the Registrar; but this young man declined, saying that he preferred cigarettes, a package of which he drew from his pocket. He had very often seen that cigar-box with a Havana brand, which he himself had brought from the other room after the Registrar had emptied it, passed around with six cigars, no more nor less, and he was wise enough to know that the Shipwreck Clerk did not expect to supply him with smoking material. If that gentleman had offered to the friends who generally dropped in on him on Wednesday afternoon the paper bag of cigars sold at five cents each when bought singly, but half a dozen for a quarter of a dollar, they would have been quite as thankfully received; but it better pleased his deprecative soul to put them in an empty cigar-box, and thus throw around them the halo of the presumption that ninety-four of their imported companions had been smoked.

The Shipwreck Clerk, having lighted a cigar for himself, sat down in his revolving chair, turned his back to his desk, and threw himself into an easy cross-legged attitude, which showed that he was perfectly at home in that office. Harry Covare mounted a high stool, while the visitors seated themselves in three wooden arm-chairs. But few words had been said, and each man had scarcely tossed his first tobacco ashes on the floor when some one wearing heavy boots was heard opening an outside door and entering the Registrar's room. Harry Covare jumped down from his stool, laid his half-smoked cigarette thereon, and bounced into the next room, closing the door after him. In about a minute he returned, and the Shipwreck Clerk looked at him inquiringly.

"An old cock in a pea-jacket," said Mr. Covare, taking up his cigarette, and mounting his stool. "I told him the Registrar would be here in the morning. He said he had something to report about a shipwreck; and I told him the Registrar would be here in the morning. Had to tell him that three times, and then he went."

"School don't keep Wednesday afternoons," said Mr. J. George Watts, with a knowing smile.

"No, sir," said the Shipwreck Clerk, emphatically, changing the crossing of his legs. "A man can't keep grinding on day in and out without breaking down. Outsiders may say what they please about it, but it can't be done. We've got to let up sometimes. People who do the work need the rest just as much as those who do the looking on."

"And more too, I should say," observed Mr. Matthers.

"Our little let-up on Wednesday afternoons," modestly observed Harry Covare, "is like death; it is sure to come, while the let-ups we get other days are more like the diseases which prevail in certain areas; you can't be sure whether you're going to get them or not."

The Shipwreck Clerk smiled benignantly at this remark, and the rest laughed. Mr. Matthers had heard it before, but he would not impair the pleasantness of his relations with a future colleague by hinting that he remembered it.

"He gets such ideas from his beastly statistics," said the Shipwreck Clerk.

"Which come pretty heavy on him sometimes, I expect," observed Mr. Matthers.

"They needn't," said the Shipwreck Clerk, "if things were managed here as they ought to be. If John J. Laylor," meaning thereby

the Registrar, "was the right kind of a man, you'd see things very different here from what they are now. There'd be a larger force."

"That's so," said Mr. Matthers.

"And not only that, but there'd be better buildings, and more accommodations. Were any of you ever up to Anster? Well, take a run up there some day, and see what sort of buildings the department has there. William Q. Green is a very different man from John J. Laylor. You don't see him sitting in his chair and picking his teeth the whole winter, while the representative from his district never says a word about his department from one end of a session of Congress to the other. Now if I had charge of things here, I'd make such changes that you wouldn't know the place. I'd throw two rooms off here, and a corridor and entrance door at that end of the building. I'd close up this door," pointing toward the Registrar's room, "and if John J. Laylor wanted to come in here he might go round to the end door like other people."

The thought struck Harry Covare that in that case there would be no John J. Laylor, but he would not interrupt.

"And what is more," continued the Shipwreck Clerk, "I'd close up this whole department at twelve o'clock on Saturdays. The way things are managed now, a man has no time to attend to his own private business. Suppose I think of buying a piece of land, and want to go out and look at it, or suppose any one of you gentlemen were here and thought of buying a piece of land and wanted to go out and look at it, what are you going to do about it? You don't want to go on Sunday, and when are you going to go?"

Not one of the other gentlemen had ever thought of buying a piece of land, nor had they any reason to suppose that they ever would purchase an inch of soil unless they bought it in a flower-pot; but they all agreed that the way things were managed now there was no time for a man to attend to his own business.

"But you can't expect John J. Laylor to do anything," said the Shipwreck Clerk.

However, there was one thing which that gentleman always expected John J. Laylor to do. When the clerk was surrounded by a number of persons in hours of business, and when he had succeeded in impressing them with the importance of his functions, and the necessity of paying deferential attention to himself if they wished their business attended to, John J. Laylor would be sure to walk into the office and address the Shipwreck Clerk in such a manner as to let the people present know that he was a clerk and nothing else, and that he, the Registrar, was the head of that department. These humiliations the Shipwreck Clerk never forgot.

There was a little pause here, and then Mr. Matthers remarked:

"I should think you'd be awful bored with the long stories of shipwrecks that the people come and tell you."

He hoped to change the conversation, because, although he wished to remain on good terms with the subordinate officers, it was not desirable that he should be led to say much against John J. Laylor.

"No, sir," said the Shipwreck Clerk, "I am not bored. I did not come here to be bored, and as long as I have charge of this office I don't intend to be. The long-winded old salts who come here to report their wrecks never spin out their prosy yarns to me. The first thing I do is to let them know just what I want of them; and not an inch beyond that does a man of them go, at least while I am managing the business. There are times when John J. Laylor comes in, and puts in his oar, and wants to hear the whole story, which is pure stuff and nonsense, for John J. Laylor doesn't know anything more about a shipwreck than he does about ——"

"The endemics in the Lake George area," suggested Harry Covare.

"Yes; or any other part of his business," said the Shipwreck Clerk; "and when he takes it into his head to interfere, all business stops till some second mate of a coal-schooner has told his whole story, from his sighting land on the morning of one day to his getting ashore on it on the afternoon of the next.—Now I don't put up with any such nonsense. There's no man living that can tell me anything about shipwrecks. I've never been to sea myself, but that's not necessary; and if I had gone, it's not likely I'd been wrecked. But I've read about every kind of shipwreck that ever happened. When I first came here I took care to post myself upon these matters, because I knew it would save trouble. I have read 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*,' 'The Sinking of the *Royal George*,' and wrecks by waterspouts, tidal waves, and every other thing which would knock a ship into a cocked hat, and I've classified every sort of wreck under its proper head; and when I've found out to what class a wreck belongs, I know all about it. Now, when a man comes here to report a wreck, the first thing he has to do is just to shut down on his story, and to stand up square and answer a few questions that I put to him. In two minutes I know just what kind of shipwreck he's had; and then, when he gives me the name of his vessel, and one or two other points, he may go. I know all

about that wreck, and I make a much better report of the business than he could have done if he'd stood here talking three days and three nights. The amount of money that's been saved to our tax-payers by the way I've systematized the business of this office is not to be calculated in figures."

The brother-in-law of J. George Watts knocked the ashes from the remnant of his cigar, looked contemplatively at the coal for a moment, and then remarked:

"I think you said there's no kind of shipwreck you don't know about?"

"That's what I said," replied the Shipwreck Clerk.

"I think," said the other, "I could tell you of a shipwreck, in which I was concerned, that wouldn't go into any of your classes."

The Shipwreck Clerk threw away the end of his cigar, put both his hands into his trousers pockets, stretched out his legs, and looked steadfastly at the man who had made this unwarrantable remark. Then a pitying smile stole over his countenance, and he said: "Well, sir, I'd like to hear your account of it; and before you get a quarter through I can stop you just where you are, and go ahead and tell the rest of the story myself."

"That's so," said Harry Covare. "You'll see him do it just as sure pop as a spread rail bounces the engine."

"Well, then," said the brother-in-law of J. George Watts, "I'll tell it." And he began:

"It was just two years ago, the first of this month, that I sailed for South America in the *Thomas Hyke*."

At this point the Shipwreck Clerk turned and opened a large book at the letter T.

"That wreck wasn't reported here," said the other, "and you wont find it in your book."

"At Anster, perhaps?" said the Shipwreck Clerk, closing the volume, and turning round again.

"Can't say about that," replied the other. "I've never been to Anster, and haven't looked over their books."

"Well, you needn't want to," said the clerk. "They've got good accommodations at Anster, and the Registrar has some ideas of the duties of his post, but they have no such system of wreck reports as we have here."

"Very like," said the brother-in-law. And he went on with his story. "The *Thomas Hyke* was a small iron steamer of six hundred tons, and she sailed from Ulford for Valparaiso with a cargo principally of pig iron."

"Pig iron for Valparaiso?" remarked the Shipwreck Clerk. And then he knitted his brows thoughtfully, and said, "Go on."

"She was a new vessel," continued the narrator, "and built with water-tight compartments; rather uncommon for a vessel of her class, but so she was. I am not a sailor, and don't know anything about ships. I went as passenger, and there was another one named William Anderson, and his son Sam, a boy about fifteen years old. We were all going to Valparaiso on business. I don't remember just how many days we were out, nor do I know just where we were, but it was somewhere off the coast of South America, when, one dark night, with a fog besides, for aught I know, for I was asleep, we ran into a steamer coming north. How we managed to do this, with room enough on both sides for all the ships in the world to pass, I don't know; but so it was. When I got on deck the other vessel had gone on, and we never saw anything more of her. Whether she sunk or got home is something I can't tell. But we pretty soon found that the *Thomas Hyke* had some of the plates in her bow badly smashed, and she took in water like a thirsty dog. The captain had the forward water-tight bulkhead shut tight, and the pumps set to work, but it was no use. That forward compartment just filled up with water, and the *Thomas Hyke* settled down with her bow clean under. Her deck was slanting forward like the side of a hill, and the propeller was lifted up so that it wouldn't have worked even if the engine had been kept going. The captain had the masts cut away, thinking this might bring her up some, but it didn't help much. There was a pretty heavy sea on, and the waves came rolling up the slant of the deck like the surf on the sea-shore. The captain gave orders to have all the hatches battened down so that water couldn't get in, and the only way by which anybody could go below was by the cabin door, which was far aft. This work of stopping up all openings in the deck was a dangerous business, for the decks sloped right down into the water, and if anybody had slipped, away he'd have gone into the ocean, with nothing to stop him; but the men made a line fast to themselves, and worked away with a good will, and soon got the deck and the house over the engine as tight as a bottle. The smoke-stack, which was well forward, had been broken down by a spar when the masts had been cut, and as the waves washed into the hole that it left, the captain had this plugged up with old sails, well fastened down. It was a dreadful thing to see the ship a-lying with her bows clean under water, and her stern sticking up. If it hadn't been for her

water-tight compartments that were left uninjured, she would have gone down to the bottom as slick as a whistle. On the afternoon of the day after the collision the wind fell, and the sea soon became pretty smooth. The captain was quite sure that there would be no trouble about keeping afloat until some ship came along and took us off. Our flag was flying, upside down, from a pole in the stern; and if anybody saw a ship making such a guy of herself as the *Thomas Hyke* was then doing, they'd be sure to come to see what was the matter with her, even if she had no flag of distress flying. We tried to make ourselves as comfortable as we could, but this wasn't easy with everything on such a dreadful slant. But that night we heard a rumbling and grinding noise down in the hold, and the slant seemed to get worse. Pretty soon the captain roused all hands, and told us that the cargo of pig iron was shifting and sliding down to the bow, and that it wouldn't be long before it would break through all the bulkheads, and then we'd fill and go to the bottom like a shot. He said we must all take to the boats, and get away as quick as we could. It was an easy matter launching the boats. They didn't lower them outside from the davits, but they just let 'em down on deck and slid 'em along forward into the water, and then held 'em there with a rope till everything was ready to start. They launched three boats, put plenty of provisions and water in 'em, and then everybody began to get aboard. But William Anderson, and me, and his son Sam, couldn't make up our minds to get into those boats and row out on the dark, wide ocean. They were the biggest boats we had, but still they were little things enough. The ship seemed to us to be a good deal safer, and more likely to be seen when day broke, than those three boats, which might be blown off if the wind rose, nobody knew where. It seemed to us that the cargo had done all the shifting it intended to, for the noise below had stopped; and, altogether, we agreed that we'd rather stick to the ship than go off in those boats. The captain, he tried to make us go, but we wouldn't do it; and he told us if we chose to stay behind and be drowned it was our affair, and he couldn't help it; and then he said there was a small boat aft, and we'd better launch her, and have her ready in case things should get worse, and we should make up our minds to leave the vessel. He and the rest then rowed off so as not to be caught in the vortex if the steamer went down, and we three staid aboard. We launched the small boat in the way we'd seen the others launched, being careful to have ropes tied to us while we were doing it; and we put things aboard that we thought we should want. Then we went into the cabin, and waited for morning. It was a queer kind of a cabin, with a floor inclined like the roof of a house, but we sat down in the corners, and were glad to be there. The swinging lamp was burning, and it was a good deal more cheerful in there than it was outside. But, about daybreak, the grinding and rumbling down below began again, and the bow of the *Thomas Hyke* kept going down more and more; and it wasn't long before the forward bulkhead of the cabin, which was what you might call its front wall when everything was all right, was under our feet, as level as a floor, and the lamp was lying close against the ceiling that it was hanging from. You may be sure that we thought it was time to get out of that. There were benches with arms to them fastened to the floor, and by these we climbed up to the foot of the cabin stairs, which, being turned bottom upward, we went down in order to get out. When we reached the cabin door we saw part of the deck below us, standing up like the side of a house that is built in the water, as they say the houses in Venice are. We had made our boat fast to the cabin door by a long line, and now we saw her floating quietly on the water, which was very smooth, and about twenty feet below us. We drew her up as close under us as we could, and then we let the boy Sam down by a rope, and after some kicking and swinging he got into her; and then he took the oars, and kept her right under us while we scrambled down by the ropes which we had used in getting her ready. As soon as we were in the boat we cut her rope and pulled away as hard as we could; and when we got to what we thought was a safe distance we stopped to look at the *Thomas Hyke*. You never saw such a ship in all your born days. Two-thirds of the hull was sunk in the water, and she was standing straight up and down with the stern in the air, her rudder up as high as the topsail ought to be, and the screw propeller looking like the wheel on the top of one of these windmills that they have in the country for pumping up water. Her cargo had shifted so far forward that it had turned her right up on end, but she couldn't sink, owing to the air in the compartments that the water hadn't got into; and on the top of the whole thing was the distress flag flying from the pole which stuck out over the stern. It was broad daylight, but not a thing did we see of the other boats. We'd supposed that they wouldn't row very far, but would lay off at a safe distance until daylight; but they must have been scared and rowed farther than they intended. Well, sir, we staid in that boat all day, and

watched the *Thomas Hyke;* but she just kept as she was, and didn't seem to sink an inch. There was no use of rowing away, for we had no place to row to; and besides, we thought that passing ships would be much more likely to see that stern sticking high in the air than our little boat. We had enough to eat, and at night two of us slept while the other watched, dividing off the time, and taking turns to this. In the morning there was the *Thomas Hyke* standing stern up just as before. There was a long swell on the ocean now, and she'd rise and lean over a little on each wave, but she'd come up again just as straight as before. That night passed as the last one had, and in the morning we found we'd drifted a good deal farther from the *Thomas Hyke*, but she was floating just as she had been, like a big buoy that's moored over a sand-bar. We couldn't see a sign of the boats, and we about gave them up. We had our breakfast, which was a pretty poor meal, being nothing but hard-tack and what was left of a piece of boiled beef. After we'd sat for a while doing nothing, but feeling mighty uncomfortable, William Anderson said: 'Look here, do you know that I think we would be three fools to keep on shivering all night and living on hard-tack in the day-time, when there's plenty on that vessel for us to eat, and to keep us warm. If she's floated that way for two days and two nights, there's no knowing how much longer she'll float, and we might as well go on board and get the things we want as not.' 'All right,' said I, for I was tired doing nothing, and Sam was as willing as anybody. So we rowed up to the steamer, and stopped close to the deck, which, as I said before, was standing straight up out of the water like the wall of a house. The cabin door, which was the only opening into her, was about twenty feet above us, and the ropes which we had tied to the rails of the stairs inside were still hanging down. Sam was an active youngster, and he managed to climb up one of these ropes; but when he got to the door he drew it up and tied knots in it about a foot apart, and then he let it down to us, for neither William Anderson nor me could go up a rope hand over hand without knots or something to hold on to. As it was, we had a lot of bother getting up, but we did it at last, and then we walked up the stairs, treading on the front part of each step instead of the top of it, as we would have done if the stairs had been in their proper position. When we got to the floor of the cabin, which was now perpendicular like a wall, we had to clamber down by means of the furniture, which was screwed fast, until we reached the bulkhead, which was now the floor of the cabin. Close to this bulkhead was a small room which was the steward's pantry, and here we found lots of things to eat, but all jumbled up in a way that made us laugh. The boxes of biscuits and the tin cans, and a lot of bottles in wicker covers, were piled up on one end of the room, and everything in the lockers and drawers was jumbled together. William Anderson and me set to work to get out what we thought we'd want, and we told Sam to climb up into some of the state-rooms, of which there were four on each side of the cabin, and get some blankets to keep us warm, as well as a few sheets, which we thought we could rig up for an awning to the boat; for the days were just as hot as the nights were cool. When we'd collected what we wanted, William Anderson and me climbed into our own rooms, thinking we'd each pack a valise with what we most wanted to save of our clothes and things; and while we were doing this, Sam called out to us that it was raining. He was sitting at the cabin door looking out. I first thought to tell him to shut the door so's to keep the rain from coming in; but when I thought how things really were, I laughed at the idea. There was a sort of little house built over the entrance to the cabin, and in one end of it was the door; and in the way the ship now was the open doorway was underneath the little house, and of course no rain could come in. Pretty soon we heard the rain pouring down, beating on the stern of the vessel like hail. We got to the stairs and looked out. The rain was falling in perfect sheets, in a way you never see except round about the tropics. 'It's a good thing we're inside,' said William Anderson, 'for if we'd been out in this rain we'd been drowned in the boat.' I agreed with him, and we made up our minds to stay where we were until the rain was over. Well, it rained about four hours; and when it stopped, and we looked out, we saw our little boat nearly full of water, and sunk so deep that if one of us had stepped on her she'd have gone down, sure. 'Here's a pretty kittle of fish,' said William Anderson; 'there's nothing for us to do now but to stay where we are.' I believe in his heart he was glad of that, for if ever a man was tired of a little boat, William Anderson was tired of that one we'd been in for two days and two nights. At any rate there was no use talking about it, and we set to work to make ourselves comfortable. We got some mattresses and pillows out of the state-rooms, and when it began to get dark we lighted the lamp, which we had filled with sweet-oil from a flask in the pantry, not finding any other kind, and we hung it from the railing of the stairs.

We had a good night's rest, and the only thing that disturbed me was William Anderson lifting up his head every time he turned over, and saying how much better this was than that blasted little boat. The next morning we had a good breakfast, even making some tea with a spirit lamp we found, using brandy instead of alcohol. William Anderson and I wanted to get into the captain's room, which was near the stern, and pretty high up, so as to see if there was anything there that we ought to get ready to save when a vessel should come along and pick us up; but we were not good at climbing, like Sam, and we didn't see how we could get up there. Sam said he was sure he had once seen a ladder in the compartment just forward of the bulkhead, and as William was very anxious to get up to the captain's room, we let the boy go and look for it. There was a sliding door in the bulkhead under our feet, and we opened this far enough to let Sam get through; and he scrambled down like a monkey into the next compartment, which was light enough, although the lower half of it, which was next to the engine-room, was under the water-line. Sam actually found a ladder with hooks at one end of it, and while he was handing it up to us, which was very hard to do, for he had to climb up on all sorts of things, he let it topple over, and the end with the iron hooks fell against the round glass of one of the port-holes. The glass was very thick and strong, but the ladder came down very heavy and shivered it. As bad luck would have it, this window was below the water-line, and the water came rushing in in a big spout. We chucked blankets down to Sam for him to stop up the hole, but 'twas of no use; for it was hard for him to get at the window, and when he did the water came in with such force that he couldn't get a blanket into the hole. We were afraid he'd be drowned down there, and told him to come out as quick as he could. He put up the ladder again, and hooked it on to the door in the bulkhead, and we held it while he climbed up. Looking down through the doorway, we saw, by the way the water was pouring in at the opening, that it wouldn't be long before that compartment was filled up; so we shoved the door to and made it all tight, and then said William Anderson: 'The ship'll sink deeper and deeper as that fills up, and the water may get up to the cabin door, and we must go and make that as tight as we can.' Sam had pulled the ladder up after him, and this we found of great use in getting to the foot of the cabin stairs. We shut the cabin door, and locked and bolted it; and as it fitted pretty tight, we didn't think it would let in much water if the ship sunk that far. But over the top of the cabin stairs were a couple of folding doors, which shut down horizontally when the ship was in its proper position, and which were only used in very bad, cold weather. These we pulled to and fastened tight, thus having a double protection against the water. Well, we didn't get this done any too soon, for the water did come up to the cabin door, and a little trickled in from the outside door, and through the cracks in the inner one. But we went to work and stopped these up with strips from the sheets, which we crammed well in with our pocket knives. Then we sat down on the steps, and waited to see what would happen next. The doors of all the state-rooms were open, and we could see through the thick plate-glass windows in them, which were all shut tight, that the ship was sinking more and more as the water came in. Sam climbed up into one of the after state-rooms, and said the outside water was nearly up to the stern; and pretty soon we looked up to the two port-holes in the stern, and saw that they were covered with water; and as more and more water could be seen there, and as the light came through less easily, we knew that we were sinking under the surface of the ocean. 'It's a mighty good thing,' said William Anderson, 'that no water can get in here.' William had a hopeful kind of mind, and always looked on the bright side of things; but I must say that I was dreadfully scared when I looked through those stern windows and saw water instead of sky. It began to get duskier and duskier as we sank lower and lower, but still we could see pretty well, for it's astonishing how much light comes down through water. After a little while we noticed that the light remained about the same; and then William Anderson he sings out: 'Hooray, we've stopped sinking!' 'What difference does that make?' says I. 'We must be thirty or forty feet under water, and more yet for aught I know.' 'Yes, that may be,' said he; 'but it is clear that all the water has got into that compartment that can get in, and we have sunk just as far down as we are going.' 'But that don't help matters,' said I; 'thirty or forty feet under water is just as bad as a thousand as to drowning a man.' 'Drowning!' said William; 'how are you going to be drowned? No water can get in here.' 'Nor no air, either,' said I; 'and people are drowned for want of air, as I take it.' 'It would be a queer sort of thing,' said William, 'to be drowned in the ocean and yet stay as dry as a chip. But it's no use being worried about air. We've got air enough here to last us for ever so long. This stern compartment is the biggest in the ship, and it's got lots of

air in it. Just think of that hold; it must be nearly full of air. The stern compartment of the hold has got nothing in it but sewing-machines. I saw 'em loading her. The pig-iron was mostly amidships, or at least forward of this compartment. Now, there's no kind of a cargo that'll accommodate as much air as sewing-machines. They're packed in wooden frames, not boxes, and don't fill up half the room they take. There's air all through and around 'em. It's a very comforting thing to think the hold isn't filled up solid with bales of cotton or wheat in bulk.' It might be comforting, but I couldn't get much good out of it. And now Sam, who'd been scrambling all over the cabin to see how things were going on, sung out that the water was leaking in a little again at the cabin door, and around some of the iron frames of the windows. 'It's a lucky thing,' said William Anderson, 'that we didn't sink any deeper, or the pressure of the water would have burst in those heavy glasses. And what we've got to do now is to stop up all the cracks. The more we work, the livelier we'll feel.' We tore off more strips of sheets and went all round, stopping up cracks wherever we found them. 'It's fortunate,' said William Anderson, 'that Sam found that ladder, for we would have had hard work getting to the windows of the stern state-rooms without it; but by resting it on the bottom step of the stairs, which now happens to be the top one, we can get to any part of the cabin.' I couldn't help thinking that if Sam hadn't found the ladder it would have been a good deal better for us; but I didn't want to damp William's spirits, and I said nothing.

"And now I beg your pardon, sir," said the narrator, addressing the Shipwreck Clerk, "but I forgot that you said you'd finish this story yourself. Perhaps you'd like to take it up just here?"

The Shipwreck Clerk seemed surprised, and had, apparently, forgotten his previous offer. "Oh, no," said he, "tell your own story. This is not a matter of business."

"Very well, then," said the brother-in-law of J. George Watts, "I'll go on. We made everything as tight as we could, and then we got our supper, having forgotten all about dinner, and being very hungry. We didn't make any tea, and we didn't light the lamp, for we knew that would use up air; but we made a better meal than three people sunk out of sight in the ocean had a right to expect. 'What troubles me most,' said William Anderson, as he turned in, 'is the fact that if we are forty feet under water, our flag-pole must be covered up. Now, if the flag was sticking out, upside down, a ship sailing by would see it and would know there was something wrong.' 'If that's all that troubles you,' said I, 'I guess you'll sleep easy. And if a ship was to see the flag, I wonder how they'd know we were down here, and how they'd get us out if they did!' 'Oh, they'd manage it,' said William Anderson; 'trust those sea-captains for that.' And then he went to sleep. The next morning the air began to get mighty disagreeable in the part of the cabin where we were, and then William Anderson he says: 'What we've got to do is to climb up into the stern state-rooms, where the air is purer. We can come down here to get our meals, and then go up again to breathe comfortable.' 'And what are we going to do when the air up there gets foul?' says I to William, who seemed to be making arrangements for spending the summer in our present quarters. 'Oh, that'll be all right,' said he. 'It don't do to be extravagant with air any more than with anything else. When we've used up all there is in this cabin, we can bore holes through the floor into the hold and let in air from there. If we're economical, there'll be enough to last for dear knows how long.' We passed the night each in a state-room, sleeping on the end wall instead of the berth, and it wasn't till the afternoon of the next day that the air of the cabin got so bad we thought we'd have some fresh; so we went down on the bulkhead, and with an auger that we found in the pantry we bored three holes, about a yard apart, in the cabin floor, which was now one of the walls of the room, just as the bulkhead was the floor, and the stern end, where the two round windows were, was the ceiling or roof. We each took a hole, and I tell you it was pleasant to breathe the air which came in from the hold. 'Isn't this jolly?' said William Anderson. 'And we ought to be mighty glad that that hold wasn't loaded with codfish or soap. But there's nothing that smells better than new sewing-machines that haven't ever been used, and this air is pleasant enough for anybody.' By William's advice we made three plugs, by which we stopped up the holes when we thought we'd had air enough for the present. 'And now,' says he, 'we needn't climb up into those awkward state-rooms any more. We can just stay down here and be comfortable, and let in air when we want it.' 'And how long do you suppose that air in the hold is going to last?' said I. 'Oh, ever so long,' said he, 'using it so economically as we do; and when it stops coming out lively through these little holes, as I suppose it will after a while, we can saw a big hole in this flooring and go into the hold, and do our breathing, if we want to.' That even-

ing we did saw a hole about a foot square, so as to have plenty of air while we were asleep, but we didn't go into the hold, it being pretty well filled up with machines; though the next day Sam and I sometimes stuck our heads in for a good sniff of air, though William Anderson was opposed to this, being of the opinion that we ought to put ourselves on short rations of breathing so as to make the supply of air hold out as long as possible. 'But what's the good,' said I to William, 'of trying to make the air hold out if we've got to be suffocated in this place after all?' 'What's the good?' says he. 'Haven't you enough biscuits, and canned meats, and plenty of other things to eat, and a barrel of water in that room opposite the pantry, not to speak of wine and brandy if you want to cheer yourself up a bit, and haven't we good mattresses to sleep on, and why shouldn't we try to live and be comfortable as long as we can?' 'What I want,' said I, 'is to get out of this box. The idea of being shut up in here down under the water is more than I can stand. I'd rather take my chances going up to the surface and swimming about till I found a piece of the wreck, or something to float on.' 'You needn't think of anything of that sort,' said William, 'for if we were to open a door or a window to get out, the water'd rush in and drive us back and fill up this place in no time; and then the whole concern would go to the bottom. And what would you do if you did get to the top of the water? It's not likely you'd find anything there to get on, and if you did you wouldn't live very long floating about with nothing to eat. No, sir,' says he, 'what we've got to do is to be content with the comforts we have around us, and something will turn up to get us out of this; you see if it don't.' There was no use talking against William Anderson, and I didn't say any more about getting out. As for Sam, he spent his time at the windows of the state-rooms a-looking out. We could see a good way into the water, further than you would think, and we sometimes saw fishes, especially porpoises, swimming about, most likely trying to find out what a ship was doing hanging bows down under the water. What troubled Sam was that a sword-fish might come along and jab his sword through one of the windows. In that case it would be all up, or rather down, with us. Every now and then he'd sing out, 'Here comes one!' and then, just as I'd give a jump, he'd say, 'No, it isn't; it's a porpoise.' I thought from the first, and I think now, that it would have been a great deal better for us if that boy hadn't been along. That night there was a good deal of motion to the ship, and she swung about and rose up and down more than she had done since we'd been left in her. 'There must be a big sea running on top,' said William Anderson, 'and if we were up there we'd be tossed about dreadful. Now the motion down here is just as easy as a cradle, and, what's more, we can't be sunk very deep; for if we were, there wouldn't be any motion at all.' About noon the next day we felt a sudden tremble and shake run through the whole ship, and far down under us we heard a rumbling and grinding that nearly scared me out of my wits. I first thought we'd struck bottom, but William he said that couldn't be, for it was just as light in the cabin as it had been, and if we'd gone down it would have grown much darker, of course. The rumbling stopped after a little while, and then it seemed to grow lighter instead of darker; and Sam, who was looking up at the stern windows over our heads, he sung out, 'Sky!' And, sure enough, we could see the blue sky, as clear as daylight, through those windows! And then the ship, she turned herself on the slant, pretty much as she had been when her forward compartment first took in water, and we found ourselves standing on the cabin floor instead of the bulkhead. I was near one of the open state-rooms, and as I looked in there was the sunlight coming through the wet glass in the window, and more cheerful than anything I ever saw before in this world. William Anderson he just made one jump, and, unscrewing one of the state-room windows, he jerked it open. We had thought the air inside was good enough to last some time longer; but when that window was open and the fresh air came rushing in, it was a different sort of thing, I can tell you. William put his head out and looked up and down and all around. 'She's nearly all out of water!' he shouted, 'and we can open the cabin door.' Then we all three rushed at those stairs, which were nearly right side up now, and we had the cabin doors open in no time. When we looked out we saw that the ship was truly floating pretty much as she had been when the captain and crew left her, though we all agreed that her deck didn't slant as much forward as it did then. 'Do you know what's happened?' sung out William Anderson, after he'd stood still for a minute to look around and think. 'That bobbing up and down that the vessel got last night shook up and settled down the pig-iron inside of her, and the iron plates in the bow, that were smashed and loosened by the collision, have given way under the weight, and the whole cargo of pig-iron has burst through and gone to the bottom. Then, of course, up we came. Didn't

I tell you something would happen to make us all right?'

"Well, I wont make this story any longer than I can help. The next day after that we were taken off by a sugar-ship bound north, and we were carried safe back to Ulford, where we found our captain and the crew, who had been picked up by a ship after they'd been three or four days in their boats. This ship had sailed our way to find us, which, of course, she couldn't do as at that time we were under water and out of sight.

"And now, sir," said the brother-in-law of J. George Watts to the Shipwreck Clerk, "to which of your classes does this wreck of mine belong?"

"Gents," said the Shipwreck Clerk, rising from his seat, "it's four o'clock, and at that hour this office closes."

Frank R. Stockton.

DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

XLVIII.

A BUNDLE OF HOPES.

RICHLING insisted, in the face of much skepticism on the part of the baker's widow, that he felt better, was better, and would go on getting better, now that the weather was cool once more.

"Well, I hope you vill, Mr. Richlin', dtat's a fect. 'Specially ven yo' vife comin'. Dough *I* could a-tooken care ye choost tso koot as vot she couldt."

"But maybe you couldn't take care of her as well as I can," said the happy Richling.

"Oh, tdat's a tdifferendt. A voman kin tek care herself."

Visiting the French market on one of these glad mornings, as his business often required him to do, he fell in with Narcisse just withdrawing from the celebrated coffee-stand of Rose Nicaud. Richling stopped in the moving crowd and exchanged salutations very willingly; for here was one more chance to hear himself tell the fact of Mary's expected coming.

"So'y, Mistoo 'Itchlin'," said Narcisse, whipping away the pastry crumbs from his lap with a handkerchief and wiping his mouth, "not to encounteh you a lill biffo', to join in pahtaking the cup what cheeahs at the same time whilce it invigo'ates; to-wit, the coffee cup — as the maxim say. I dunno by what fawmule she makes that coffee, but 'tis astonishin' how 'tis good, in fact. I dunno if you'll believe me, but I feel almost I could pahtake anotheh cup ——? 'Tis the tooth." He gave Richling time to make any handsome offer that might spontaneously suggest itself, but seeing that the response was only an over-gay expression of face, he added, "But I conclude, no. In fact, Mistoo 'Itchlin', thass a thing I have discovud — that too much coffee millytates ag'inst the chi'og'aphy; and thus I abstain. Well, seh, ole Abe is elected."

"Yes," rejoined Richling, "and there's no telling what the result will be."

"You co'ect, Mistoo 'Itchlin'." Narcisse tried to look troubled.

"I've got a bit of private news that I don't think you've heard," said Richling. And the Creole rejoined promptly:

"Well, I *thought* I saw something on yo' thoughts — if you'll excuse my tautology. Thass a ve'y diffycult to p'event sometime. But, Mistoo 'Itchlin', I trus' 'tis not you 'ave allowed somebody to swin'le you? — confiding them too indiscweetly, in fact?" He took a pretty attitude, his eyes reposing in Richling's.

Richling laughed outright.

"No, nothing of that kind. No, I ——"

"Well, I'm ve'y glad," interrupted Narcisse.

"Oh, no, 'tisn't trouble at all. I've sent for Mrs. Richling. We're going to resume housekeeping."

Narcisse gave a glad start, took his hat off, passed it to his left hand, extended his right, bowed from the middle with princely grace, and, with joy breaking all over his face, said:

"Mistoo 'Itchlin', in fact,— shake!"

They shook.

"Yesseh — an' many 'appy 'eturn! I dunno if you kin billieve that, Mistoo 'Itchlin'; but I was juz about to 'ead that in yo' physio'-nomie! Yesseh. But, Mistoo 'Itchlin', when shall the happy o'casion take effect?"

"Pretty soon. Not as soon as I thought,

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for I got a dispatch yesterday saying her mother is very ill, and of course I telegraphed her to stay till her mother is at least convalescent. But I think that will be soon. Her mother has had these attacks before. I have good hopes that before long Mrs. Richling will actually be here."

Richling began to move away down the crowded market-house, but Narcisse said:

"Thass yo' di'ection? 'Tis the same, mine. We may accompany togetheh — if you'll allow yo' 'umble suvvant?"

"Come along! You do me honor!" Richling laid his hand on Narcisse's shoulder, and they went at a gait quickened by the happy husband's elation. Narcisse was very proud of the touch, and, as they began to traverse the vegetable market, took the most populous arcade.

"Mistoo 'Itchlin'," he began again, "I muz congwatu*late* you! You know I always admiah yo' lady to excess. But appopo of that news, I might infawm you some intelligens consunning myseff."

"Good!" exclaimed Richling. "For it's good news, isn't it?"

"Yesseh, — as you may say, — yes. Faw in fact, Mistoo 'Itchlin', I 'ave ass Dr. Seveah to haugment me."

"Hurrah!" cried Richling. He coughed and laughed and moved aside to a pillar and coughed, until people looked at him, and lifted his eyes, tired but smiling, and, paying his compliments to the paroxysm in one or two ill-wishes, wiped his eyes at last, and said:

"And the Doctor augmented you?"

"Well, no, I can't say that — not p'ecisely."

"Why, what did he do?"

"Well, he 'efuse' me, in fact."

"Why — but that isn't good news, then."

Narcisse gave his head a bright, argumentative twitch:

"Yesseh. 'Tis t'ue he 'efuse'; but ad the same time — I dunno — I thing he wasn' so mad about it as he make out. An' you know thass one thing, Mistoo 'Itchlin', whilce they got life they got hope; and hence I ente'tain the same."

They had reached that flagged area without covering or inclosure, before the third of the three old market-houses, where those dealers in the entire miscellanies of a housewife's equipment, excepting only stoves and furniture, spread their wares and fabrics in the open weather before the Bazar market rose to give them refuge. He grew suddenly fierce.

"But any'ow I don't care! I had the spunk to ass 'im, an' he din 'ave the spunk to dischawge me! All he can do, 'tis to shake the fis' of impatience." He was looking into his companion's face, as they walked, with an eye distended with defiance.

"Look out!" exclaimed Richling, reaching a hurried hand to draw him aside. Narcisse swerved just in time to avoid stepping into a pile of crockery, but in so doing went full into the arms of a stately female figure dressed in the crispest French calico and embarrassed with numerous small packages of dry goods. The bundles flew hither and yon. Narcisse tried to catch the largest as he saw it going, but only sent it farther than it would have gone, and as it struck the ground it burst like a pomegranate. But the contents were white: little thin, square-folded fractions of barred jaconet and white flannel; rolls of slender, white lute-string ribbon; very narrow papers of tiny white pearl buttons, minute white worsted socks, spools of white floss, cards of safety-pins, pieces of white castile soap, etc.

"*Mille pardons, madame!*" exclaimed Narcisse; "I make you a thousan' poddons, madam!"

A thousand were too few to dispel the majestic wrath that flashed from the eyes and radiated from the whole dilating, and subsiding, and reëxpanding, and rising, and stiffening form of Kate Ristofalo!

"Officerr," she panted,—for instantly there was a crowd, and a man with the silver-crescent badge was switching the assemblage on the legs with his cane to make room,—"Officerr," she gasped, leveling her tremulous finger at Narcisse, "arrist that man!"

"Mrs. Ristofalo!" exclaimed Richling, "don't do that! It was all an accident! Why, don't you see it's Narcisse, my friend?"

"Yer frind rised his hand to sthrike me, sur, he did! Yer frind rised his hand to sthrike me, he did!" And up she went and down she went, shortening and lengthening, swelling and decreasing. "Yes, yes, I know yer frind; indeed I do! I paid two dollars and a half fur his acquaintans nigh upon three yeers agone, sur. Yer frind!" And still she went up and down, enlarging, diminishing, heaving her breath and waving her chin around, and saying in broken utterances, while a hackman on her right held his whip in her auditor's face, crying, "Carriage, sir? carriage, sir?"

"Why didn' — he rin agin — a man, sur? I — I — oh! I wish Mr. Ristofalah war heer! — to teach um how — to walk! — Yer frind, sur,— ixposing me!" She pointed to Narcisse and the policeman gathering up the scattered lot of tiny things. Her eyes filled with tears, but still shot lightning. "If he's

hurrted me, he's got 'o suffer fur ud, Mr. Richlin'!" And she expanded again.

"Carriage, sir, carriage?" continued the man with the whip.

"Yes!" said Richling and Mrs. Ristofalo in a breath. She took his arm, the hackman seized the bundles from the policeman, threw open his hack door, laid the bundles on the front seat, and let down the folding steps. The crowd dwindled away to a few urchins.

"Officer," said Mrs. Ristofalo, her foot on the step and composure once more in her voice, "ye needn' arrest um. I could of done ud, sur," she added to Narcisse himself, "but I'm too much of a laydy, sur!" And she sank together and stretched herself up once more, entered the vehicle, and sat with a perpendicular back, her arms folded on her still heaving bosom, and her head high.

As to her ability to have that arrest made, Kate Ristofalo was in error. Narcisse smiled to himself; for he was conscious of one advantage that overtopped all the sacredness of female helplessness, public right, or any other thing whatsoever. It lay in the simple fact that he was acquainted with the policeman. He bowed blandly to the officer, stepped backward, touching his hat, and walked away, the policeman imitating each movement with the promptness and faithfulness of a mirror.

"Aren't ye goin' to get in, Mr. Richlin'?" asked Mrs. Ristofalo. She smiled first and then looked alarmed.

"I — I can't very well — if you'll excuse me, ma'am."

"Ah, Mr. Richlin'!" — she pouted girlishly. "Gettin' proud!" She gave her head a series of movements, as to say she might be angry if she would, but she wouldn't. "Ye wont know uz when Mrs. Richlin' comes."

Richling laughed, but she gave a smiling toss to indicate that it was a serious matter.

"Come," she insisted, patting the seat beside her with honeyed persuasiveness, "come and tell me all about ud. Mr. Ristofalah nivver goes into peticklers, an' so I har'ly know anny more than jist she's a-comin'. Come, git in an' tell me about Mrs. Richlin' — that is, if ye like the subject — and I don't believe ye do." She lifted her finger, shook it roguishly close to her own face, and looked at him sidewise. "Ah, nivver mind, sur! that's rright! Furgit yer old frinds — maybe ye wudden't do ud if ye knewn everythin'. But that's rright; that's the way with min." She suddenly changed to subdued earnestness, turned the catch of the door, and, as the door swung open, said: "Come, if ud's only fur a bit o' the way — if ud's only fur a ming-ute. I've got something to tell ye."

"I must get out at Washington Market," said Richling, as he got in. The hack hurried down Old Levee street.

"And now," said she, merriment dancing in her eyes, her folded arms tightening upon her bosom, and her lips struggling against their own smile, "I'm just a good mind not to tell ye at ahll!"

Her humor was contagious and Richling was ready to catch it. His own eye twinkled.

"Well, Mrs. Ristofalo, of course, if you feel any embarrassment ——"

"Ye villain!" she cried, with delighted indignation, "I didn' mean nawthing about *that*, an' ye knew ud! Here, git out o' this carridge!" But she made no effort to eject him.

"Mary and I are interested in all your hopes," said Richling, smiling softly upon the damaged bundle which he was making into a tight package again on his knee. "You'll tell me your good news if it's only that I may tell her, will you not?"

"*I* will. And it's joost this, Mr. Richlin': that if there be's a war, Mr. Ristofalah's to be lit out o' prison."

"I'm very glad!" cried Richling, but stopped short, for Mrs. Ristofalo's growing dignity indicated that there was more to be told.

"I'm sure ye air, Mr. Richlin'; and I'm sure ye'll be glad — a heap gladder nor I am — that in that case he's to be Captain Ristofalah."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sur." The wife laid her palm against her floating ribs and breathed a sigh. "I don't like ud, Mr. Richlin'. No, sur. I don't like tytles." She got her fan from under her handkerchief and set it a-going. "I nivver liked the idee of bein' a tytled man's wife. No, sur." She shook her head, elevating it as she shook it. "It creates too much invy, Mr. Richlin'. Well, good-bye." The carriage was stopping at the Washington Market. "Now, don't ye mintion it to a livin' soul, Mr. Richlin'!"

Richling said, "No."

"No, sur; fur there be's manny a slip 'tuxt the cup an' the lip, ye know; an' there may be no war after all, and we may all be disapp'inted. But he's bound to be tleared if he's tried, and don't ye see — I — I don't want um to be a captain, annyhow, don't ye see?"

Richling saw, and they parted.

THUS everybody hoped. Dr. Sevier, wifeless, childless, had his hopes too, nevertheless. Hopes for the hospital and his many patients in it and out of it; hopes for his town and his State; hopes for Richling and

Mary; and hopes with fears, and fears with hopes, for the great sisterhood of States. Richling had one hope more. After some weeks had passed Dr. Sevier ventured once more to say:

"Richling, go home. Go to your wife. I must tell you you're no ordinary sick man. Your life is in danger."

"Will I be out of danger if I go home?" asked Richling.

Dr. Sevier made no answer.

"Do you still think we may have war?" asked Richling again.

"I know we shall."

"And will the soldiers come back," asked the young man, smilingly, "when they find their lives in danger?"

"Now, Richling, that's another thing entirely; that's the battle-field."

"Isn't it all the *same* thing, Doctor? Isn't it all a battle-field?"

The Doctor turned impatiently, disdaining to reply. But in a moment he retorted:

"We take wounded men off the field!"

"They don't take themselves off," said Richling, smiling.

"Well," rejoined the Doctor, rising and striding toward a window, "a good general may order a retreat."

"Yes, but — maybe I oughtn't to say what I was thinking ——"

"Oh, say it!"

"Well, then, he don't let his surgeon order it. Doctor," continued Richling, smiling apologetically as his friend confronted him, "you know, as you say, better than any one else, all that Mary and I have gone through — nearly all — and how we've gone through it. Now, if my life should end here shortly, what would the whole thing mean? It would mean nothing, Doctor; it would be meaningless. No, sir; this isn't the end. Mary and I" — his voice trembled an instant and then was firm again — "are designed for a long life. I argue from the simple fitness of things — this is not the end."

Dr. Sevier turned his face quickly toward the window, and so remained.

XLIX.

FALL IN!

THERE came a sound of drums. Twice on such a day, once the day before, thrice the next day, till by and by it was the common thing. High-stepping childhood with laths and broom-handles at shoulder was not fated, as in the insipid days of peace, to find, on running to the corner, its high hopes mocked by a wagon of empty barrels rumbling over the cobble-stones. No; it was the Washington Artillery, or the Crescent Rifles, or the Orleans Battalion, or, best of all, the blue-jacketed, white-leggined, red-breeched, and red-fezzed Zouaves; or, better than the best, it was all of them together, their captains stepping backward, sword in both hands, calling "*Gauche! gauche!*" ("Left! left!") "Guide right!" — "*Portez armes!*" and facing around again, throwing their shining blades stiffly to belt and epaulette, and glancing askance from under their abundant plumes to the crowded balconies above. Yea, and the drum-majors before, and the brilliant-petticoated vivandières behind!

What pomp! what giddy rounds! Pennons, cock-feathers, clattering steeds, pealing salvos, banners, columns, ladies' favors, balls, concerts, toasts, the Free Gift Lottery — don't you recollect? — and this uniform and that uniform, brother a captain, father a colonel, uncle a major, the little rector a chaplain, Captain Ristofalo of the Tiger Rifles; the Levee covered with munitions of war, steamboats unloading troops, troops, troops, from Opelousas, Attakapas, Texas; and a supper to this company, a flag to that battalion, farewell sermon to the Washington Artillery, tears and a kiss to a spurred and sashed lover, hurried weddings,— no end of them,— a sword to such a one, addresses by such and such, serenades to Miss and to Mademoiselle.

Soon it will have been a quarter of a century ago!

And yet — do you not hear them now, coming down the broad, granite-paved, moonlit street, the light that was made for lovers glancing on bayonet and sword soon to be red with brothers' blood, their brave young hearts already lifted up with the triumph of battles to come, and the trumpets waking the midnight stillness with the gay notes of the Cracovienne?

> "Again, again, the pealing drum,
> The clashing horn, they come, they come,
> And lofty deeds and daring high
> Blend with their notes of victory."

Ah! the laughter; the music; the bravado; the dancing; the songs! "Voilà l'Zouzou!" "Dixie!" "Aux armes, vos citoyens!" "The Bonnie Blue Flag!" — it wasn't bonnie very long. Later the maidens at home learned to sing a little song — it is among the missing now — a part of it ran:

> "Sleeping on grassy couches;
> Pillowed on hillocks damp;
> Of martial fame how little we know
> Till brothers are in the camp."

By and by they began to depart. How many they were! How many, many! We

had too lightly let them go. And when all were gone, and they of Carondelet street and its tributaries, massed in that old gray, brittle-shanked regiment the Confederate Guards, were having their daily dress parade in Coliseum Place, and only they and the Foreign Legion remained, when sister Jane made lint, and flour was high, and the sounds of commerce were quite hushed, and in the custom-house gun-carriages were a-making, and in the foundries big guns were being cast, and the cotton gun-boats and the rams were building, and at the rotting wharves the masts of a few empty ships stood like dead trees in a blasted wilderness, and poor soldiers' wives crowded around the "Free Market," and grass began to spring up in the streets,— they were many still, while far away; but some marched no more, and others marched on bleeding feet, in rags; and it was very, very hard for some of us to hold the voice steady and sing on through the chorus of the little song,—

"Brave boys are they!
Gone at their country's call.
And yet — and yet — we cannot forget
That many brave boys must fall."

Oh! Shiloh, Shiloh!

But before the gloom had settled down upon us it was a gay dream.

"Mistoo 'Itchlin', in fact, 'ow you ligue my uniefawm? You thing it suit my style? They got about two poun' of gole lace on that uniefawm. Yesseh. Me, the h-only thing, — I don' ligue those epaulette'. So soon ev'y-body see that on me, 'tis 'Lieut'nan!' in thiz place, an' 'Lieut'nan'!' in that place. My de'seh, you'd thing I'm a majo'-gen'l, in fact. Well, of co'se, I don' ligue that."

"And so you're a lieutenant?"

"Third! Of the Chasseurs-à-Pied! Coon he'p it, in fact; the fellehs elected me. Goin' at Pensacola to-maw. Dr. Seveah *con*tinue my sala'y whilce I'm gone, no matteh the len'th. Me, I don' care, so long the sala'y *con*tinue, if that waugh las' ten yeah! You ah pe'haps goin' ad the ball to-nighd, Mistoo 'Itchlin'? I dunno 'ow 'tis — I suppose you'll be aztonizh' w'en I infawm you — that ball wemine me of that battle of Wattaloo! Did you evva yeh those line' of Lawd By'on,—

'Theh was a soun' of wibalwy by night,
W'en — 'Ush- 'ark! — A deep soun' stwike!' — ?

Thaz by Lawd By'on. Yesseh. Well"—

The Creole lifted his right hand energetically, laid its inner edge against the brass button of his *képi*, and then waved it gracefully abroad,—

"Au 'evoi, Mistoo 'Itchlin'. I leave you to defen' the city."

"To-morrow," in those days of unreadiness and disconnection, glided just beyond reach continually. When at times its realization was at length grasped, it was away over on the far side of a fortnight or farther. However, the to-morrow for Narcisse came at last.

A quiet order for attention runs down the column. Attention it is. Another order follows, higher-keyed, longer drawn out, and with one sharp "clack!" the sword-bayoneted rifles go to the shoulders of as fine a battalion as any in the land of Dixie.

"En avant!"— Narcisse's heart stands still for joy — "March!"

The bugle rings, the drums beat; "tramp, tramp," in quick succession, go the short-stepping, nimble Creole feet, and the old walls of the Rue Chartres ring again with the pealing huzza, as they rang in the days of Villeré and Lafrénière, and in the days of the young Galvez, and in the days of Jackson.

The old Pontchartrain cars move off, packed. Down at the "Old Lake End" the steamer for Mobile receives the burden. The gong clangs in her engine-room, the walking-beam silently stirs, there is a hiss of water underneath, the gang-plank is in, the wet hawser-ends whip through the hawse-holes, — she moves; clang goes the gong again — she glides — or is it the crowded wharf that is gliding? — No.— Snatch the kisses! snatch them! Adieu, adieu! She's off, huzza — she's off!

Now she stands away. See the mass of gay colors — red, gold, blue, yellow, with glitter of steel and flutter of flags, a black veil of smoke sweeping over. Wave, mothers and daughters, wives, sisters, sweethearts — wave, wave; you little know the future!

And now she is a little thing, her white wake following her afar across the green waters, the call of the bugle floating softly back. And now she is a speck. And now a little smoky stain against the eastern blue is all,— and now she is gone. Gone. Gone.

Farewell, soldier boys! Light-hearted, little-forecasting, brave, merry boys! God accept you, our offering of first fruits! See that mother — that wife — take them away; it is too much. Comfort them, father, brother; tell them their tears may be for naught.

"And yet — and yet — we cannot forget
That many brave boys must fall."

Never so glad a day had risen upon the head of Narcisse. For the first time in his life he moved beyond the corporate limits of his native town.

"'Ezcape fum the aunt, thou sluggud!'" "Au 'evoi'" to his aunt and the uncle of his aunt. "Au 'evoi'! Au 'evoi'!" — desk, pen,

book — work, care, thought, restraint — all sinking, sinking beneath the receding horizon of Lake Pontchartrain, and the wide world and a soldier's life before him.

Farewell, Byronic youth! You are not of so frail a stuff as you have seemed. You shall thirst by day and hunger by night. You shall keep vigil on the sands of the Gulf and on the banks of the Potomac. You shall grow brown, but prettier. You shall shiver in loathsome tatters, yet keep your grace, your courtesy, your joyousness. You shall ditch and lie down in ditches, and shall sing your saucy songs of defiance in the face of the foe, so blackened with powder and dust and smoke that your mother in heaven would not know her child. And you shall borrow to your heart's content chickens, hogs, rails, milk, buttermilk, sweet potatoes, what not; and shall learn the American songs, and by the camp fire of Shenandoah Valley sing "The years creep slowly by, Lorena" to messmates with shaded eyes, and "Her bright smile haunts me still." Ah, boy! there's an old woman still living in the Rue Casa Calvo — your bright smile haunts her still. And there shall be blood on your sword, and blood — twice — thrice — on your brow. Your captain shall die in your arms; and you shall lead charge after charge, and shall step up from rank to rank; and all at once, one day, just in the final onset, with the cheer on your lips, and your red sword waving high, with but one lightning stroke of agony, down, down you shall go in the death of your dearest choice.

L.

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

ONE morning, about the 1st of June, 1861, in the city of New York, two men of the mercantile class came from a cross street into Broadway, near what was then the upper region of its wholesale stores. They paused on the corner, near the edge of the sidewalk.

"Even when the States were seceding," said one of them, "I couldn't make up my mind that they really meant to break up the Union."

He had rosy cheeks, a retreating chin, and amiable, inquiring eyes. The other had a narrower face, alert eyes, thin nostrils, and a generally aggressive look. He did not reply at once, but after a quick glance down the great thoroughfare and another one up it, said, while his eyes still ran here and there:

"Wonderful street, this Broadway."

He straightened up to his fullest height and looked again, now down the way, now up, his eye kindling with the electric contagion of the scene. His senses were all awake. They took in, with a spirit of welcome, all the vast movement: the uproar, the feeling of unbounded multitude, the commercial splendor, the miles of towering buildings; the long, writhing, grinding mass of coming and going vehicles, the rush of innumerable feet, and the countless forms and faces hurrying, dancing, gliding by, as though all the world's mankind, and womankind, and childhood must pass that way before night.

"How many people, do you suppose, go by this corner in a single hour?" asked the man with the retreating chin. But again he got no answer. He might as well not have yielded the topic of conversation, as he had done; so he resumed it. "No, I didn't believe it," he said. "Why, look at the Southern vote of last November — look at New Orleans. The way it went there, I shouldn't have supposed twenty-five per cent. of the people would be in favor of secession. Would you?"

But his companion, instead of looking at New Orleans, took note of two women who had come to a halt within a yard of them and seemed to be waiting, as he and his companion were, for an opportunity to cross the street. The two new-comers were very different in appearance, the one from the other. The older and larger was much beyond middle life, red, fat, and dressed in black stuff good as to fabric, but uncommonly bad as to fit. The other was young and pretty, refined, tastefully dressed, and only the more interesting for the look of permanent anxiety that asserted itself with distinctness about the corners of her eyes and mouth. She held by the hand a rosy, chubby little child that seemed about three years old, and might be a girl or might be a boy, so far as could be discerned by masculine eyes. The man did not see this fifth member of their group until the elder woman caught it under the arms in her large hands, and lifting it above her shoulder, said, looking far up the street:

"Oh, paypy, paypy, choost look de fla-ags! One, two, dtree, — a tuzzent, a hundut, a dtowsant fla-ags!"

Evidently the child did not know her well. The little face remained without a smile, the lips sealed, the shoulders drawn up, and the legs pointing straight to the spot whence they had been lifted. She set it down again.

"We're not going to get by here," said the less talkative man. "They must be expecting some troops to pass here. Don't you see the windows full of women and children?"

"Let's wait and look at them," responded the other, and his companion did not dissent.

"Well, sir," said the more communicative

one, after a moment's contemplation, "I never expected to see this!" He indicated by a gesture the stupendous life of Broadway beginning slowly to roll back upon itself like an obstructed river. It was obviously gathering in a general pause to concentrate its attention upon something of leading interest about to appear to view. "We're in earnest at last, and we can see, now, that the South was in the deadest kind of earnest from the word go."

"They can't be any more in earnest than we are now," said the more decided speaker.

"I had great hopes of the peace convention," said the rosier man.

"I never had a bit," responded the other.

"The suspense was awful — waiting to know what Lincoln would do when he came in," said he of the poor chin. "My wife was in the South, visiting her relatives; and we kept putting off her return, hoping for a quieter state of affairs — hoping and putting off — till first thing you know the lines closed down and she had the hardest kind of a job to get through."

"I never had a doubt as to what Lincoln would do," said the man with sharp eyes; but while he spoke he covertly rubbed his companion's elbow with his own, and by his glance toward the younger of the two women gave him to understand that though her face was partly turned away the very pretty ear with no ear-ring in the hole pierced for it was listening. And the readier speaker rejoined in a suppressed voice:

"That's the little lady I traveled in the same car with all the way from Chicago."

"No times for ladies to be traveling alone," muttered the other.

"She hoped to take a steam-ship for New Orleans, to join her husband there."

"Some rebel fellow, I suppose."

"No, a Union man, she says."

"Oh, of course," said the sharp-eyed one, skeptically. "Well, she's missed it. The last steamer's gone and may get back or may not." He looked at her again, narrowly, from behind his companion's shoulder. She was stooping slightly toward the child, rearranging some tie under its lifted chin and answering its questions in what seemed a chastened voice. He murmured to his fellow, "How do you know she isn't a spy?"

The other one turned upon him a look of pure amusement, but seeing the set lips and earnest eye of his companion, said softly, with a faint, scouting hiss and smile:

"She's a perfect lady — a perfect one."

"Her friend isn't," said the aggressive man.

"Here they come," observed the other aloud, looking up the street. There was a general turning of attention and concentration of the street's population toward the edge of either sidewalk. A force of police was clearing back into the by-streets a dense tangle of drays, wagons, carriages, and white-topped omnibuses, and far up the way could be seen the fluttering and tossing of handkerchiefs, and in the midst a solid mass of blue with a sheen of bayonets above and every now and then a brazen reflection from in front, where the martial band marched before. It was not playing. The ear caught distantly, instead of its notes, the warlike thunder of the drum corps.

The sharper man nudged his companion mysteriously.

"Listen," he whispered. Neither they nor the other pair had materially changed their relative positions. The older woman was speaking.

"'Twas te fun'est dting! You pe lookin' for te Noo 'Leants shteamer, undt me lookin' for te Hambourg shteamer, undt coompt right so togedter und never vouldn't 'a' knowedt udt yet, ovver te mayn exdt me, 'Misses Reisen, vot iss your name?' undt you headt udt. Undt te minudt you shpeak, udt choost come to me like a flash o' lightenin'—'Udt iss Misses Richlin'!'" The speaker's companion gave her such attention as one may give in a crowd to words that have been heard two or three times already within the hour.

"Yes, Alice," she said once or twice to the little one, who pulled softly at her skirt asking confidential questions. But the baker's widow went on with her story, enjoying it for its own sake.

"You know, Mr. Richlin' he told me finfty dtimes, 'Misses Reisen, doant kif up te pissness!' Ovver I see te mutcheenery proke undt te foundtries all makin' guns undt kennons, undt I choost says, 'I kot plenteh moneh — I dtink I kfit undt go home.' Ovver I sayss to de Doctor, 'Dte oneh dting — vot Mr. Richlin' ko-in to too?' Undt Dr. Tseweer he sayss, 'How menneh pa'ls flour you kot shtowed avay?' Undt I sayss, 'Tsoo hundut finfty.' Undt he sayss, 'Misses Reisen, Mr. Richlin' done made you rich; you choost kif um dtat flour; udt be wort' twenny-fife tollahs te pa'l, yet.' Undt sayss I, 'Doctor, you' right, undt I dtank you for te goodt idea; I kif Mr. Richlin' innahow one pa'l!' Undt I done-d it. Ovver I sayss, 'Doctor, dtat's not like a rigler sellery, yet.' Undt dten he sayss, 'You know, *mine* pookkeeper he gone to te vorr, undt I need ——'"

A crash of brazen music burst upon the ear and drowned the voice. The throng of the sidewalk pushed hard upon its edge.

"Let me hold the little girl up," ventured the milder man, and set her gently upon his shoulder, as amidst a confusion of outcries and flutter of hats and handkerchiefs the broad, dense column came on with measured tread, its stars and stripes waving in the breeze and its backward-slanting thicket of bayoneted arms glittering in the morning sun. All at once there arose from the great column, in harmony with the pealing music, the hoarse roar of the soldiers' own voices singing in time to the rhythm of their tread. And a thrill runs through the people, and they answer with mad huzzas and frantic wavings and smiles half of wild ardor and half of wild pain; and the keen-eyed man here by Mary lets the tears roll down his cheeks unhindered as he swings his hat and cries "Hurrah! hurrah!" while on tramps the mighty column singing from its thousand thirsty throats the song of John Brown's Body.

Yea, so, soldiers of the Union,— though that little mother there weeps but does not wave, as the sharp-eyed man notes well through his tears,—yet even so, yea, all the more, go — "go marching on," saviors of the Union; your cause is just. Lo, now, since nigh twenty-five years have passed, we of the South can say it!

"And yet— and yet, we cannot forget"—

and we would not.

LI.

A PASS THROUGH THE LINES.

About the middle of September following the date of the foregoing incident, there occurred in a farm-house head-quarters on the Indiana shore of the Ohio river the following conversation:

"You say you wish me to give you a pass through the lines, ma'am. Why do you wish to go through?"

"I want to join my husband in New Orleans."

"Why, ma'am, you'd much better let New Orleans come through the lines. We shall have possession of it, most likely, within a month." The speaker smiled very pleasantly, for very pleasant and sweet was the young face before him, despite its lines of mental distress, and very soft and melodious the voice that proceeded from it.

"Do you think so?" replied the applicant, with an unhopeful smile. "My friends have been keeping me at home for months on that idea, but the fact seems as far off now as ever. I should go straight through without stopping, if I had a pass."

"Ho!" exclaimed the man, softly, with pitying amusement. "Certainly, I understand you would try to do so. But, my dear madam, you would find yourself very much mistaken. Suppose, now, we should let you through our lines. You'd be between two fires. You'd still have to get into the rebel lines. You don't know what you're undertaking."

She smiled wistfully.

"I'm undertaking to get to my husband."

"Yes, yes," said the officer, pulling his handkerchief from between two brass buttons of his double-breasted coat and wiping his brow. She did not notice that he made this motion purely as a cover for the searching glance which he suddenly gave her from head to foot. "Yes," he continued, "but you don't know what it is, ma'am. After you get through the *other* lines, what are you going to do *then?* There's a perfect reign of terror over there. I wouldn't let a lady relative of mine take such risks for thousands of dollars. I don't think your husband ought to thank me for giving you a pass. You say he's a Union man; why don't he come to you?"

Tears leaped into the applicant's eyes.

"He's become too sick to travel," she said.

"Lately?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought you said you hadn't heard from him for months." The officer looked at her with narrowed eyes.

"I said I hadn't had a letter from him." The speaker blushed to find her veracity on trial. She bit her lip, and added, with perceptible tremor: "I got one lately from his physician."

"How did you get it?"

"What, sir?"

"Now, madam, you know what I asked you, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes. Well, I'd like you to answer."

"I found it three mornings ago, under the front door of the house where I live with my mother and my little girl."

"Who put it there?"

"I do not know."

The officer looked her steadily in the eyes. They were blue. His own dropped.

"You ought to have brought that letter with you, ma'am," he said, looking up again; "don't you see how valuable it would be to you?"

"I did bring it," she replied, with alacrity, rummaged a moment in a skirt pocket, and brought it out. The officer received it and read the superscription audibly.

"'Mrs. John H——' Are you Mrs. John H——?"

"That is not the envelope it was in," she

replied. "It was not directed at all. I put it into that envelope merely to preserve it. That's the envelope of a different letter — a letter from my mother."

"Are you Mrs. John H——?" asked her questioner again. She had turned partly aside and was looking across the apartment and out through a window. He spoke once more. "Is this your name?"

"What, sir?"

He smiled cynically.

"Please don't do that again, madam."

She blushed down into the collar of her dress.

"That is my name, sir."

The man put the missive to his nose, snuffed it softly, and looked amused, yet displeased.

"Mrs. H——, did you notice just a faint smell of — garlic — about this ——?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I have no less than three or four others with the very same odor." He smiled on. "And so, no doubt, we are both of the same private opinion that the bearer of this letter was — who, Mrs. H——?"

Mrs. H—— frequently by turns raised her eyes honestly to her questioner's and dropped them to where, in her lap, the fingers of one hand fumbled with a lone wedding-ring on the other, while she said:

"Do you think, sir, if you were in my place you would like to give the name of the person you thought had risked his life to bring you word that your husband — your wife — was very ill, and needed your presence? Would you like to do it?"

The officer looked severe.

"Don't you know perfectly well that wasn't his principal errand inside our lines?"

"No."

"No!" echoed the man; "and you don't know perfectly well, I suppose, that he's been shot at along this line times enough to have turned his hair white? Or that he crossed the river for the third time last night, loaded down with musket caps for the rebels?"

"No."

"But you must admit you know a certain person, wherever he may be, or whatever he may be doing, named Raphael Ristofalo?"

"I do not."

The officer smiled again.

"Yes, I see. That is to say, you don't *admit* it. And you don't deny it."

The reply came more slowly:

"I do not."

"Well, now, Mrs. H——, I've given you a pretty long audience. I'll tell you what I'll do. But do you please tell me, first, you affirm on your word of honor that your name is really Mrs. H——; that you are no spy, and have had no voluntary communication with any, and that you are a true and sincere Union woman."

"I affirm it all."

"Well, then, come in to-morrow at this hour, and if I am going to give you a pass at all I'll give it to you then. Here, here's your letter."

As she received the missive she lifted her eyes, suffused, but full of hope, to his, and said:

"God grant you the heart to do it, sir, and bless you."

The man laughed. Her eyes fell, she blushed, and, saying not a word, turned toward the door and had reached the threshold when the officer called, with a certain ringing energy:

"Mrs. Richling!"

She wheeled as if he had struck her, and answered:

"What, sir!" Then turning as red as a rose, she said, "Oh, sir, that was cruel!" covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud. It was only as she was in the midst of these last words that she recognized in the officer before her the sharper-visaged of those two men who had stood by her in Broadway.

"Step back here, Mrs. Richling."

She came.

"Well, madam! I should like to know what we are coming to, when a lady like you — a palpable, undoubted lady — can stoop to such deceptions!"

"Sir," said Mary, looking at him steadfastly and then shaking her head in solemn asseveration, "all that I have said to you is the truth."

"Then will you explain how it is that you go by one name in one part of the country, and by another in another part?"

"No," she said. It was very hard to speak. The twitching of her mouth would hardly let her form a word. "No — no — I can't — tell you."

"Very well, ma'am. If you don't start back to Milwaukee by the next train, and stay there, I shall ——"

"Oh, don't say that, sir! I must go to my husband! Indeed, sir, it's nothing but a foolish mistake made years ago that's never harmed any one but us. I'll take all the blame of it if you'll only give me a pass!"

The officer motioned her to be silent.

"You'll have to do as I tell you, ma'am. If not, I shall know it; you will be arrested, and I shall give you a sort of pass that you'd be a long time asking for." He looked at the face mutely confronting him and felt himself relenting. "I dare say this does sound very cruel to you, ma'am; but remember, this is a cruel war. I don't judge you. If I did, and

could harden my heart as I ought to, I'd have you arrested now. But, I say, you'd better take my advice. Good morning. *No, ma'am, I can't hear you!* So, now, that's enough! Good morning, madam."

LII.

TRY AGAIN.

ONE afternoon in the month of February, 1862, a locomotive engine and a single weather-beaten passenger coach, moving southward at a very moderate speed through the middle of Kentucky, stopped in response to a handkerchief signal at the southern end of a deep, rocky valley, and, in a patch of gray, snow-flecked woods, took on board Mary Richling, dressed in deep mourning, and her little Alice. The three or four passengers already in the coach saw no sign of human life through the closed panes save the roof of one small cabin that sent up its slender thread of blue smoke at one corner of a little badly cleared field a quarter of a mile away on a huge hill-side. As the scant train crawled off again into a deep, ice-hung defile, it passed the silent figure of a man in butternut homespun, spattered with dry mud, standing close beside the track on a heap of cross-tie cinders and fire-bent railroad iron, a gray goat-beard under his chin, and a quilted homespun hat on his head. From beneath the limp brim of this covering, as the train moved by him, a tender, silly smile beamed upward toward one hastily raised window whence the smile of Mary and the grave, unemotional gaze of the child met it for a moment before the train swung round a curve in the narrow way, and quickened speed on down grade.

The conductor came and collected her fare. He smelt of tobacco above the smell of the coach in general.

"Do you charge anything for the little girl?"

The purse in which the inquirer's finger and thumb tarried was limber and flat.

"No, ma'am."

It was not the customary official negative; a tawdry benevolence of face went with it, as if to say he did not charge because he would not; and when Mary returned a faint beam of appreciation, he went out upon the rear platform and wiped the plenteous dust from his shoulders and cap. Then he returned to his seat at the stove and renewed his conversation with a lieutenant in hard-used blue, who said "the rebel lines ought never to have been allowed to fall back to Nashville," and who knew "how Grant could have taken Fort Donelson a week ago if he had had any sense."

There were but few persons, as we have said, in the car. A rough man in one corner had a little captive, a tiny, dappled fawn, tied by a short rough bit of rope to the foot of the car seat. When the conductor by and by lifted the little Alice up from the cushion, where she sat with her booties straight in front of her at its edge, and carried her, speechless and drawn together like a kitten, and stood her beside the captive orphan, she simply turned about and pattered back to her mother's side.

"I don't believe she even saw it," said the conductor, standing again by Mary.

"Yes, she did," replied Mary, smiling upon the child's head as she smoothed its golden curls; "she'll talk about it to-morrow."

The conductor lingered a moment, wanting to put his own hand there, but did not venture, perhaps because of the person sitting on the next seat behind, who looked at him rather steadily until he began to move away.

This was a man of slender, commanding figure and advanced years. Beside him, next the window, sat a decidedly aristocratic woman, evidently his wife. She, too, was of fine stature, and so, without leaning forward from the back of her seat, or unfolding her arms, she could make kind eyes to Alice, as the child with growing frequency stole glances, at first over her own little shoulder, and later over her mother's, facing backward and kneeling on the cushion. At length a "cooky" passed between them in dead silence, and the child turned and gazed mutely in her mother's face with the cooky just in sight.

"It can't hurt her," said the lady, in a sweet voice, to Mary, leaning forward with her hands in her lap. By the time the sun began to set in a cool, golden haze across some wide stretches of rolling fallow, a conversation had sprung up, and the child was in the lady's lap, her little hand against the silken bosom, playing with a costly watch.

The talk began about the care of Alice, passed to the diet, and then to the government of children, all in a light way, a similarity of convictions pleasing the two ladies more and more as they found it run further and further. Both talked, but the strange lady sustained the conversation, although it was plainly both a pastime and a comfort to Mary. Whenever it threatened to flag, the handsome stranger persisted in reviving it.

Her husband only listened and smiled, and with one finger made every now and then a soft, slow pass at Alice, who each time shrank as slowly and softly back into his wife's fine

arm. Presently, however, Mary raised her eyebrows a little and smiled, to see her sitting quietly in the gentleman's lap; and as she turned away and rested her elbow on the window-sill and her cheek on her hand in a manner that betrayed weariness, and looked out upon the ever-turning landscape, he murmured to his wife, "I haven't a doubt in my mind," and nodded significantly at the preoccupied little shape in his arms. His manner with the child was imperceptibly adroit, and very soon her prattle began to be heard. Mary was just turning to offer a gentle check to this rising volubility, when up jumped the little one to a standing posture on the gentleman's knee and, all unsolicited and with silent clapping of hands, plumped out her full name:

"Alice Sevier Witchlin'!"

The husband threw a quick glance toward his wife; but she avoided it and called Mary's attention to the sunset as seen through the opposite windows. Mary looked and responded with expressions of admiration, but was visibly disquieted, and the next moment called her child to her.

"My little girl mustn't talk so loud and fast in the cars," she said, with tender pleasantness, standing her upon the seat and brushing back the stray golden waves from the baby's temples and the brown ones, so like them from her own. She turned a look of amused apology to the gentleman and added, "She gets almost boisterous sometimes," then gave her regard once more to her offspring, seating the little one beside her as in the beginning and answering her musical small questions with composing yeas and nays.

"I suppose," she said, after a pause and a look out through the window,—"I suppose we ought soon to be reaching M—— station, now, should we not?"

"What, in Tennessee? Oh! no," replied the gentleman. "In ordinary times we should; but at this slow rate we cannot nearly do it. We're on a road, you see, that was destroyed by the retreating army and made over by the Union forces. Besides, there are three trains of troops ahead of us, that must stop and unload between here and there and keep you waiting, there's no telling how long."

"Then I'll get there in the night!" exclaimed Mary.

"Yes, probably after midnight."

"Oh, I shouldn't have *thought* of coming before to-morrow if I had known that!" In the extremity of her dismay she rose half from her seat and looked around with alarm.

"Have you no friends expecting to receive you there?" asked the lady.

"Not a soul! And the conductor says there's no lodging-place nearer than three miles ——"

"And that's gone, now," said the gentleman.

"You'll have to get out at the same station with us," said the lady, her manner kindness itself and at the same time absolute.

"I think you have claims on us, anyhow, that we'd like to pay."

"Oh! impossible," said Mary. "You're certainly mistaking me."

"I think you have," insisted the lady; "that is, if your name is Richling."

Mary blushed.

"I don't think you know my husband," she said; "he lives a long way from here."

"In New Orleans?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," said Mary, boldly. She couldn't fear such good faces.

"His first name is John, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. Do you really know John, sir?" The lines of pleasure and distress mingled strangely in Mary's face. The gentleman smiled. He tapped little Alice's head with the tips of his fingers.

"I used to hold him on my knee when he was no bigger than this little image of him here."

The tears leaped into Mary's eyes.

"Mr. Thornton," she whispered, huskily, and could say no more.

"You must come home with us," said the lady, touching her tenderly on the shoulder. "It's a wonder of good fortune that we've met. Mr. Thornton has something to say to you — a matter of business. He's the family's lawyer, you know."

"I must get to my husband without delay," said Mary.

"Get to your husband?" asked the lawyer, in astonishment.

"Yes, sir."

"Through the lines?"

"Yes, sir."

"I told him so," said the lady.

"I don't know how to credit it," said he. "Why, my child, I don't think you can possibly know what you are attempting. Your friends ought never to have allowed you to conceive such a thing. You must let us dissuade you. It will not be taking too much liberty, will it? Has your husband never told you what good friends we were?"

Mary nodded and tried to speak.

"Often," said Mrs. Thornton to her husband, interpreting the half-articulated reply.

They sat and talked in low tones, under the dismal lamp of the railroad coach, for two or three hours. Mr. Thornton came around and took the seat in front of Mary, and sat with one leg under him facing back toward her.

Mrs. Thornton sat beside her, and Alice slumbered on the seat behind vacated by the lawyer and his wife.

"You needn't tell me John's story," said the gentleman; "I know it. What I didn't know before, I got from a man with whom I corresponded in New Orleans."

"Dr. Sevier?"

"No, a man who got it from the Doctor."

So they had Mary tell her own story.

"I thought I should start just as soon as my mother's health would permit. John wouldn't have me start before that, and after all I don't see how I could have done it — rightly. But by the time she was well — or partly well — every one was in the greatest anxiety and doubt everywhere. You know how it was."

"Yes," said Mrs. Thornton.

"And everybody thinking everything would soon be settled," continued Mary.

"Yes," said the sympathetic lady, and her husband touched her quietly, meaning for her not to interrupt.

"We didn't think the Union *could* be broken so easily," pursued Mary. "And then all at once it was unsafe and improper to travel alone. Still I went to New York, to take steamer around by sea. But the last steamer had sailed, and I had to go back home; for — the fact is,"— she smiled,—"my money was all gone. It was September before I could raise enough to start again; but one morning I got a letter from New Orleans telling me that John was very ill, and inclosing money for me to travel with."

She went on to tell the story of her efforts to get a pass on the bank of the Ohio river, and how she had gone home once more, knowing she was watched, not daring for a long time to stir abroad, and feeding on the frequent hope that New Orleans was soon to be taken by one or another of the many naval expeditions that from time to time were, or were said to be, sailing.

"And then suddenly—my mother died."

Mrs. Thornton gave a deep sigh.

"And then," said Mary, with a sudden brightening, but in a low voice, "I determined to make one last effort. I sold everything in the world I had and took Alice and started. I've come very slowly, a little way at a time, feeling along, for I was resolved not to be turned back. I've been weeks getting this far, and the lines keep moving south ahead of me. But I haven't been turned back," she went on to say, with a smile, "and everybody, white and black, everywhere, has been just as kind as kind can be." Tears stopped her again.

"Well, never mind, Mrs. Richling," said Mrs. Thornton; then turned to her husband and asked, "May I tell her?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mrs. Richling,— but do you wish to be called Mrs. Richling?"

"Yes," said Mary, and "Certainly," said Mr. Thornton.

"Well, Mrs. Richling, Mr. Thornton has some money for your husband. Not a great deal, but still — some. The younger of the two sisters died a few weeks ago. She was married, but she was rich in her own right. She left almost everything to her sister, but Mr. Thornton persuaded her to leave some money — well, two thousand dollars — 'tisn't much, but it's something, you know — to — ah — to Mr. Richling. Husband has it now at home and will give it to you — at the breakfast-table to-morrow morning; can't you, dear?"

"Yes."

"Yes, and we'll not try to persuade you to give up your idea of going to New Orleans. I know we couldn't do it. We'll watch our chance,—eh, husband?—and put you through the lines; and not only that, but give you letters to —why, dear," said the lady, turning to her partner in good works, "you can give Mrs. Richling a letter to Governor Blank! and another to General Um-hm, can't you; and —yes, and one to Judge Youknow. Oh, they will take you anywhere! But first you'll stop with us till you get well rested—a week or two, or as much longer as you will."

Mary pressed the speaker's hand.

"I can't stay."

"Oh, you know you needn't have the least fear of seeing any of John's relatives. They don't live in this part of the State at all; and even if they did, husband has no business with them just now, and being a Union man, you know ——"

"I want to see my husband," said Mary, not waiting to hear what Union sympathies had to do with the matter.

"Yes," said the lady, in a suddenly subdued tone. "Well, we'll get you through just as quickly as we can." And soon they all began to put on wraps and gather their luggage. Mary went with them to their home, laid her tired head beside her child's in sleep, and late next morning rose to hear that Fort Donelson was taken, and the Southern forces falling back. A day or two later came word that Columbus, on the Mississippi, had been evacuated. It was idle for a woman to try just then to perform the task she had set for herself. The Federal lines?

"Why, my dear child, they're trying to find the Confederate lines and strike them. You can't lose anything—you may gain much—

by remaining quiet here awhile. The Mississippi, I don't doubt, will soon be open from end to end."

A fortnight seemed scarcely more than a day when it was past, and presently two of them had gone. One day comes Mr. Thornton, saying:

"My dear child, I cannot tell you how I have the news, but you may depend upon its correctness. New Orleans is to be attacked by the most powerful naval expedition that ever sailed under the United States flag. If the place is not in our hands by the first of April, I will put you through both lines, if I have to go with you myself." When Mary made no answer, he added: "Your delays have all been unavoidable, my child."

"Oh! I don't know; I don't know," exclaimed Mary, with sudden distraction; "it seems to me I *must* be to blame, or I'd have been through long ago. I ought to have *run through* the lines. I ought to have 'run the blockade.'"

"My child," said the lawyer, "you're mad."

"You'll see," replied Mary, almost in soliloquy.

(To be continued.)

A PROBLEMATIC CHARACTER.*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN,

Author of "Gunnar," "Tales from Two Hemispheres," "Ilka on the Hill-top," etc.

I.

MADAME VALÉRIE DE SALINCOURT, fresh from Parisian salons, found herself, for some reason or other, forced to cross the Atlantic. The English blood which she had received from her mother had apparently had small effect upon her character, which remained Gallic to the core. It gave her, however, the mastery of two languages, which she used with equal skill. After drifting about the United States for three or four months in a shockingly unprotected fashion, she finally, by some freak of fate, found herself a professor of French, as the circulars asserted, in the Young Ladies' Seminary at Catoville. Catoville is, from the Bostonian point of view, west of the border line of civilization, but yet not sufficiently far west to be an entire stranger to the amenities of social intercourse. It prided itself on the public spirit of its citizens, on its church fairs and attendant strawberry festivals, and on the good looks of its young ladies. In fact, if Catoville could have contemplated its own reflection in the river on a fine day, it would have been eminently well satisfied with its likeness. Madame de Salincourt, however, who knew nothing of the glorious history of the town, positively shuddered when she caught the first glimpse of Catoville. If she had been an emotional young lady, she would probably have cried; but Madame, though she might by a stretch of the term be called emotional, was not, according to the American standard, young; that is, not so young that tears could be supposed to add to her attractiveness. In France she had still passed for a young lady, and wherever she had walked there had been a halo of conquests about her head. At thirty she was the acknowledged leader of a brilliant social clique, which derived much importance from its supposed connection with Chiselhurst; at thirty-one she was—a professor at the Young Ladies' Seminary in Catoville. Fortune plays odd tricks on those who surrender themselves too recklessly into her hands; Madame, it must be surmised, had played for high stakes, and to all appearances she had lost.

During her first week in Catoville Madame de Salincourt was possessed with a kind of tigerlike restlessness, which it required all her philosophy to conquer. She was sometimes seen to walk distractedly up and down the long, empty halls, wringing her hands, and if surprised by any one, she would sweetly aver that she had a bad pain in the head. No wonder, then, that to the good people of Catoville Madame seemed a very complex phenomenon; but as all agreed that she was "a most ladylike person," and that she had a very sweet way of talking, the opinion gradually gained ground that her reported eccentricities were to be set down to her foreign education. The Rev. Mr. Hennesey, the venerable minister at whose recommendation Madame had received her appointment, stood up for her bravely whenever any of the ladies of his congregation seemed inclined to take a

* The author is well aware that this title in the plural ("Problematische Naturen") has already been used by Friedrich Spielhagen, who borrowed it from Goethe's "Wahrheit und Dichtung."

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critical view of her, and he propounded with much pertinence the question whether in all likelihood they would not appear quite as queer if they went to sojourn in the land of France. Mr. Hennesey had crossed the ocean with Madame, he said, and if there was another lady on board who was more womanly and more entirely proper in her conduct than Madame, he had certainly failed to make her acquaintance. With such a powerful champion she could not long remain an object of suspicion; and she did not fail to observe that the community was more than half inclined to take her into its favor, if she would only permit it. She tried to persuade herself that, as her exile would probably be of short duration, it would hardly be worth the trouble to conquer the hearts of a rural community; but, as on second thought, it occurred to her that the favor even of a dog is preferable to its enmity, she lapsed with a kind of languid hauteur toward the resolution to make herself agreeable.

In her school-room she was from the first moment a success. Her pupils adored her, and made feeble attempts to imitate her toilets. She troubled herself very little with the French grammar (of which she had indeed only the vaguest notions), but she talked most brilliantly and entertainingly, and translated what she said into very picturesque English. She told stories, recited poems, and once acted long scenes from Racine and Corneille with a dramatic fervor and impressiveness which to her pupils were simply miraculous; and there was moreover a certain radiant intelligence in her glance which seemed to interpret her crisp French sentences even when she neglected to translate them. If there had been a psychologist among the twenty-two young ladies who paid eighteen dollars a term extra for the privilege of French conversation, she would undoubtedly have perceived that Madame's class-room declamations were anything but didactic; that they had, in fact, little or no reference to her pupils, but were rather a kind of safety-valve through which the fair declaimer worked off her latent energy which otherwise might have found vent in less harmless activities. But, fortunately, the twenty-two *ingénues* were not gifted with philosophical insight; and, as far as I know, not one of them made the above observation. And they were really quite excusable; for Madame was altogether too absorbing to allow any one to make observations in her presence. And whether it was herself or the young ladies who primarily enlisted her interest, it could not be disputed that the latter acquired in an astonishingly short time a considerable *répertoire* of French phrases, serviceable for the most varied occasions.

II.

Among the twenty-two there was one who especially distinguished herself by the ardor of her devotion to Madame. Her name was Alice Beach, and her home was somewhere in New England, where her father had made a large fortune as a paper manufacturer, and where she also had a paternal uncle who had gained immortality as the producer of a popular soap. She was hardly the one whom Madame would have selected out of the twenty-two as her special friend and companion; for there was nothing insinuating in her manner, no conscious effort to please, and there was in her bearing no trace of those superficial graces to which society applies the epithet charming. Her gait was unelastic, and there was something curiously angular in her mode of dressing. One of Madame's first reflections when she saw her was that she lacked style. Her high-necked dresses had a kind of pathetic primness which reminded you of the "Puritan maiden Priscilla," or perhaps of some cherished miniature of your great-grandmother as she was in her maiden days, before your great-grandfather fell in love with her. The pure brow, the blonde hair, and the placid blue eyes were apparently also Puritanic bequests, as were the uncompromising frankness and honesty which seemed to radiate from every line and feature.

It was quite accidentally that Madame de Salincourt discovered this unobtrusive little maiden; but, having once discovered her, she did not fail to do justice to her charms. Alice interested her very much as a new plant or animal might interest a scientific observer, and she did not rest until she had accounted for her, to her own satisfaction, with scientific exhaustiveness. She had had an *a priori* notion of what the typical maiden of this huge virgin continent must be, and it pleased her to imagine that Alice strictly conformed to this preconceived ideal. It was very grateful, too, in her terrible solitude, to find, if not a kindred, at all events a sympathetic, soul,—ears that could listen, eyes that could weep, and two pure maidenly lips that could utter the sweetest and most consoling words. It mattered little that Madame's griefs were more than half imagined; she suffered as much as if they had been the sternest reality. The mere accumulated energy of her vehement Gallic nature, and the dark memories which she was constantly nursing, sometimes drove her to the verge of madness and made her a not unfitting object of compassion.

"Ah, my precious one!" she would exclaim, with a tragic gesture, as the two sat alone at night in her snugly furnished bou-

doir. "You know not what serpent you may be nursing in your sweet virginal bosom. You know not but that I may have murdered my great-grandfather, and brought my grandmother's gray hair with sorrow to the grave. You are not afraid of me? No? Well, then, I tell you, you ought to be. I assure you I can be terrible. I warn you for your own sweet sake. Cast me off before I shall have injured you. I am a horrid, miserable thing who brings sorrow and misfortune upon all those whom I love. You are good and pure! I know it by your blessed eyes, like those of Saint Cecilia, that you are good and pure. Flee from me, before my touch has defiled you!"

Alice was too well accustomed to this style of declamation to be in the least alarmed. She took it to be an amplification *ad libitum* of one of those terrific monologues which Madame delighted in reciting; she would no more have thought of drawing personal inferences from Madame's self-accusations than she would have suspected Booth of the murder of Polonius. Nevertheless, though she yielded an ungrudging admiration to Madame both for her stately physique and her wonderful accomplishments, there were moments when a sort of chill would creep over her soul, and the founts of sympathy would refuse to flow. The unrelieved intensity of Madame's discourse would pall upon her and a deadly weariness would possess her. But, after all, these moods were rare, and she invariably did penance for them by an increased devotion. She began to understand vaguely that she was indispensable to Madame, whose loneliness, far from friends and kindred, touched her, and whose manifold experience of men and things afforded her both entertainment and instruction. For Alice was a stanch little utilitarian, and often measured, in the most unsuspected manner, the educational value of her acquaintances. Indeed, Madame, who imagined that she read her like an open book, would have been surprised if she could have divined the sly little plots which hid themselves behind her demurely innocent face. Thus she was far from suspecting, when Alice extended to her an invitation to spend the Christmas holidays with her in her home, that she had computed the reflected glory which would fall upon herself from the brilliancy of her friend, and that she was anticipating, with a keen satisfaction, the sensation which Madame's dazzling personality would make among the plain and unsophisticated folk who frequented her father's house. For all that, I am not sure but that Madame was right in believing her principal motive a benevolent one; and it is more than likely that the less disinterested reflections were afterthoughts.

It was on a damp and murky morning about a week before Christmas that they took their seats in the private compartment of a Pullman car, and composed themselves with smiling resignation for a day of discomfort. The train had hardly begun to rattle away over the rails when Madame gave a long, undisguised yawn, and stared with moody irritation upon the dismal landscape. The transitions in her humor were always sudden, and her companion had got beyond the point when she was readily surprised. And to-day Alice was, contrary to her habit, herself preoccupied. Now a vague smile would flit across her countenance; then she would relapse into a troubled meditation, through which broke, at times, the light of a happy memory.

"Alice, Alice! you naughty puss," cried Madame, "you have been deceiving your best and truest friend. You have been hiding a secret from me."

"Yes, I have, Madame," replied the girl, leaning forward eagerly, as if grasping at the opportunity to make a revelation. "I have been wanting several times to speak to you. But I have found it so difficult. But now, I suppose, I must, as you would probably find out for yourself, if I did not tell you."

"Oh, you cruel, deceitful puss," said Madame in a terrible contralto, fixing her dark eyes tragically on her friend and raising her finger menacingly. "This base and ungrateful child, whom I have loved ten times more than if she were my own daughter, has a lover."

"Is that so terrible, Madame?" asked the girl with a sort of shamefaced exultation which was wondrously becoming to her.

"Heavenly powers," ejaculated Madame, raising her eyes to the ceiling; "she asks if it is terrible! How can you ask if it is terrible for a babe, hardly out of pinafores, to have a lover; to carry on a clandestine correspondence and all the time to be walking about as demure and innocent as if she had not even a suspicion of the existence of the tree of knowledge which bears forbidden fruit. Can you ask, heartless and abandoned creature, if that is terrible?"

Alice raised her frank blue eyes to her interlocutor's face, with an anxious expression, as if she was not quite sure whether Madame's mock heroics were not this time to be taken seriously; but as she detected the shadow of a smile lurking about the corners of her mouth, she gave a sigh of relief, and again leaning forward clasped her friend's hands in her own.

"My father and my mother know all about it," she said in a hushed, modest voice, "and they approve of it. Hannibal is an artist and he is awfully smart."

"And this awfully smart Monsieur Hannibal," said Madame, with an air of irrepressible amusement, "is he also rich? is he handsome? and has he the *bel air?*"

"He is very, *very* handsome," replied the girl earnestly, and blushing with an air of sweet confusion. "I don't think he is rich (although, to be sure, I never thought of asking him), but my uncle Joel, the soap man, has taken a great fancy to him, and he has promised father to put him down in his will for several hundred thousands."

"Your uncle Joel, the soap man!" repeated Madame, burying her head in her lap and shaking with suppressed laughter. "Oh, my sweet one, your adorable innocence makes me want to weep at my own worldly depravity. But as weeping is bad for my complexion, I have no choice but to laugh instead."

Alice, who was unable to comprehend why her uncle Joel was so amusing, fixed again her puzzled glance upon Madame's face and was half inclined to resent her merriment.

"I am sure, my uncle is a very worthy and prominent man," she said with an injured mien. "He is a deacon, and he has built the orphan asylum for the children of factory hands. He is a bachelor, and a very kind-hearted and charitable man."

"My precious child," exclaimed Madame, clasping the girl in her embrace, and showering kisses upon her forehead and cheeks, "I do not question but that your uncle Joel is a most admirable and accomplished soap man. But, you know, I am nothing but a flippant and frivolous Frenchwoman, who am quite unworthy of so sweet and pure a friend as yourself. It is to my discredit, and not to yours, that your innocence sometimes amuses me, my darling. Your ignorance of the world's standards and your prim little upright ways of stating things, without the faintest concession to the conventional follies which dominate men's minds, fills me with — what shall I call it? — a respectful tenderness for what would be heroism, if you were at all conscious of it. Well, I see you don't understand me, my sweet one; so much the better; I would advise you never to attempt to understand me."

The day passed without further disagreements, as Madame took care to make no further allusion either to Uncle Joel or Monsieur Hannibal. She felt that both were unsafe topics, and feared that with all her tact she should be unable to steer her conversational bark among the shoals and quicksands of Alice's enigmatical sensibilities. She therefore drew a sigh of relief when, about eleven o'clock in the evening, the conductor called out "Kingsbridge." She was hurriedly collecting her wraps when, to her horror, a tall young man came bouncing into the compartment, and in the most unceremonious manner clasped Alice in his arms and kissed her.

"Your father told me to fetch you up," he said in a buoyant but crudely modulated voice; "he is having his snooze over the paper just now, and I thought it would be a pity to wake him. And it is *so* jolly to see you again. I have got——"

Mr. Tarleton, either from awkwardness or on account of the imperfect light, had so far failed to take any notice of Madame, whom he now began to eye in an uneasy manner over his *fiancée's* shoulder. The latter therefore seized the first available pause in his speech to present him to her companion.

"Yes, to be sure," continued Hannibal with a not ungraceful bow, and heartily inclosing Madame's slim fingers in his broad palm; "the old gentleman said something about your coming along with Alice. I am very glad to make your acquaintance, I am sure. This is a very fine country you are coming to. First time, I suppose, you are visiting Kingsbridge? Well, it is sure not to be the last. Strangers who come here once never fail to return. We should regard it as an insult if they didn't."

During this amiable soliloquy Mr. Tarleton had relieved the ladies of their bags and shawls, and had conducted them to a closed carriage which was waiting for them on the other side of the station. Having helped Madame to a seat, and taken the checks to procure the trunks, he found himself alone with Alice on the platform. He paused for a moment, and saw Madame leaning out of the carriage so that the light of the lantern fell full upon her countenance.

"Heavens," he exclaimed to himself, in a voice of deep conviction, "what a stunning woman!"

III.

When Alice and her guest descended into the sitting-room the next morning, they found Mr. Beach seated in an arm-chair before an open wood fire, reading the morning paper, from which the rural New Englander is wont to gather his political wisdom. He greeted his daughter a trifle stiffly, and expressed the hope that Madame de Salincourt had rested comfortably.

"Gloriously, thank you, most gloriously," exclaimed the vivacious lady. "I assure you, Mr. Beach, that if I were to spend the remainder of my days in sleeping, I would select this place as the most favorable spot upon the globe for such a purpose."

"You mean to say that it is a sleepy place," said Mr. Beach dryly.

"No, far from it. I merely mean that the comforts of your sleeping apartments are such as to make one look upon the daylight as an enemy, and count wakefulness as a robbery from the delights of slumber."

Mr. Beach, to whom such hyperbolical statements had a highly suspicious sound, sent his daughter a questioning look, as if to say: "Who the deuce is that you have brought home with you?" And Alice, who felt a little uneasy, determined to seize the first opportunity to have a private interview with him, and to explain to him her friend's idiosyncracies. In the meanwhile the object of her solicitude was taking a rapid survey of the appointments of the room, and was wondering how in heaven's name a rich man could support existence with grimly papered walls, and horsehair-covered furniture. She bestowed a passing glance upon the portrait in oil of a young man in a soldier's uniform, which hung over the mantel-piece, and she paid a tribute of sentiment to the unsheathed swords which were suspended crosswise from the lower edge of the broad gilt frame. She knew that this was her host's only son, who had been killed in the battle of Chancellorsville; and, glancing again back at the bereaved father, she wondered that so great a sorrow could have left him so stiff and angular, and without in some way softening the harsh contour of his countenance. She felt positively irritated at the style of his beard, and wished she knew him well enough to suggest that he would be a much handsomer man if he would let his mustache grow and shave his chin. She made a mental sketch of him when thus metamorphosed, and concluded that with certain modifications of costume he could be made a very impressive old gentleman. She seemed thus suddenly to have found the clue to Mr. Beach's character, which straightway crystallized in her mind as that of a Puritanic Virginius; and she immediately began to respect him in this new capacity. Her attention was just being diverted to the Three Christian Graces upon the wall and the large-flowered Brussels carpet, when a little bell tinkled, and Alice took her hand and led her out to breakfast. In the breakfast-room they found Mr. Tarleton standing with his back to the fire, lifting now one foot, and now another, as if to warm his soles.

"Ah, good morning," said Madame graciously, extending a soft jeweled hand. "I did not know you lived here."

"No, I don't live here," responded the young man with a good-natured laugh; "but" (with a shy glance at Alice)—"but I mean to some day."

Madame seated herself at the table; and Hannibal, who had only taken in her general contour the night before, had now an opportunity to bestow upon her a more discriminating admiration. He speculated for an instant upon her age, and concluded rashly that she must be yet on the sunny side of thirty; for, indeed, Madame had passed that fatal dividing line so stealthily that not one of her friends had perceived it. Her charms, though they were beyond the stage of the bud, had paused at the exact moment of perfection, shrinking from the ripeness of a too exuberant bloom. The details of Madame's face were all in keeping with her impressive and stately personality. Only her dark brown eyes, perhaps, with their soft, caressing glance, seemed to contradict the *noli me tangere* which her dignified bearing expressed. Her delicately modeled nose and chin, too, with a just perceptible curve where the latter joined the lines of the throat, gave evidence of the most refined intentions on nature's part when it designed her, and the beautiful curve of the lips added the finishing touch to a physique which was already amply equipped for accomplishing no end of mischief. This reflection, to be sure, was very remote from Hannibal, as he sat gazing with an undisguised interest at Madame de Salincourt's handsome features; on the contrary, he was thinking that she might be of great use to him in his artistic pursuits, in the double capacity of a subject and a critic. He began to have an uneasy sense that his pictorial performances, in all likelihood, would not satisfy her, and the longer he gazed the meaner an opinion he entertained of himself and his poor ambitions. Madame seemed almost to have divined the drift of his thoughts, for she presently looked up from her plate and said:

"You are an artist, I hear, monsieur. You will be famous some day, and I shall be very proud of your acquaintance."

"I hope you may have the opportunity, at all events," he answered, blushing. "I think Alice would never forgive me if I did not realize her expectations. And the fact is, she treats my greatness as a matter so entirely beyond dispute that I myself, too, fall into the same way of thinking, and carry my head with quite a comical dignity."

"I think you do me injustice, Hannibal," murmured Alice, scarcely audibly. "I should forgive you if you never succeeded in convincing a single person but myself of your greatness."

"And my own self," ejaculated the lover, laughing.

"That goes without saying," replied the girl; "I don't think you need much persuasion on that point."

"No, I don't suppose I do," he assented good-humoredly. "I have not been named

Hannibal for nothing. Hannibals are never distinguished for modesty. The fact is, I have no patience with those fellows who shake their heads lugubriously and say that we have no artistic atmosphere and that sort of twaddle. If we haven't got it, it is for them to make it. It makes me mad to hear people of common sense lament our youth, and say we can't do anything in the way of art because we are too young. It would be more sensible to my mind to cry if we were old and decrepit, not because we are young and strong. We have a grand future before us, and we mean to produce things here which will take away the breath of the old monarchies on the other side. You just wait; our turn is coming, and it is coming soon."

Madame listened to this Declaration of Independence with a look of bright intelligence and an occasional approving nod, which were highly encouraging to the orator. He felt at once that Madame was a kindred soul who would understand all the subtleties of his complex and enigmatical nature. Alice, too, was blushing with pleasure and quietly exulting in the soundness and brilliancy of his sentiments; and Mr. Beach, whose neutral countenance was rarely illuminated by a ray of emotion, now suddenly displayed a gratified expression struggling fiercely in his beard, and fixing his gray eyes upon the young man, remarked:

"I think you are right, Hannibal. We have taken the lead of the world in manufacture, in machinery, and in all useful inventions, and I can't for the life of me see why we shouldn't beat them in the arts as well. You just go ahead, Hannibal, and show the chaps over there that we know a thing or two on this side of the water, too. The American character, madam," he went on, addressing himself to his guest, "is not at all understood in Europe. We are not oppressed here by standing armies and by distinctions of caste, and our young men are therefore free to aspire to whatever they may choose. This young fellow, madam, who sits opposite to you there, may, for aught I know, some day be President of the United States."

Madame was not in the least startled by this august possibility, but observed, between two sips of coffee, and with her usual engaging smile:

"He would be a decided improvement on the present incumbent. And yet I hope fate has a better lot in store for him."

"So do I, Mrs. Salincourt," cried Tarleton, who, when anybody but himself was talking, seemed to be wrestling to keep down importunate ideas. "I have not a particle of political ambition. It is a pleasant thing to think, of course, that if I exerted myself in that direction, I might reach the highest honor in the gift of the nation; but really I would far rather develop the artistic possibilities of this glorious continent than distribute its offices."

The conversation was continued in this vein for a full hour, and Madame was hugely entertained. Every person whom she met was to her a puzzle which tormented her until she guessed it, and she never failed to find some striking formula even for the most commonplace character. Everything impressed her vividly, and she often deceived herself by supposing that the supplementary touches which her imagination was always on the alert to furnish were really part of the observed personality. As for Hannibal Tarleton, he adapted himself so readily to the dramatic rôle which she assigned to him that she was positively grateful to him for possessing the characteristics for which, in her capacity as a *Parisienne* and a flower of an old and ripe civilization, she felt a superior pity. It was so perfectly comprehensible that the typical youth of this huge continent who stood facing westward, with the vast, fertile prairies and the slumbering wealth of the mountains spread out before him, should exult in his strength, and only feel eager to plunge headlong into the stress of action. He could never feel the sickening sense of limitation and impotence which is the uppermost emotion of him who, at the threshold of his career, finds himself part of a fixed and inflexible machinery, and doomed to revolve all his life long in one narrow little circle of social and official routine. Mr. Tarleton's crudity and frank egotism were thus invested with a kind of sociological interest, and although she laughed at him, she still could not help respecting him. In the first place, his face had some very good points which could not escape a person of Madame's æsthetic susceptibilities. It was a thoroughly manly face, freely and largely modeled, without any finical refinement. His eyes were blue and a trifle defiant, and his brow exhibited two perpendicular wrinkles which might be interpreted either as a challenging scowl (but without the faintest suggestion of ill-humor) or as an indication that their possessor was intent upon some mental problem. A rather innocent blonde mustache adorned his upper lip, and a pair of fine, densely-curled side-whiskers covered his cheeks. His manners were lounging and careless, and his costume of indifferent fit. He moved about a good deal in the chair into which he had flung himself when the breakfast was at an end, tipped it back, clasped his hands behind his neck, and betrayed restlessness which was apparently the result of suppressed energy. Madame made the very

obvious reflection that he lacked repose, but enjoyed on the whole his aggressive manner of talking and the eager way in which he half started forward when a tempting idea took possession of him. And she enjoyed still more the admiring deference with which his little *fiancée* listened to him while he delivered himself with much vigor and emphasis on subjects concerning which she evidently did not venture to entertain an opinion. Madame knew perfectly well, too, that it was the supposed effect of his brilliancy on her guest which made Alice's eyes beam so delightedly, and she was too kind-hearted to dispel the happy illusion. It was not until her hostess had excused herself to attend to some household duty, and the old gentleman had betaken himself to his office, that she thought fit to measure her wits with those of the rural artist.

"Where do you exhibit your pictures?" Madame was asking as they moved, side by side, into the drawing-room, and took their seats in arm-chairs before the fire.

"Oh, it has got to be rather a monotonous business, by this time, to take three and five dollar prizes at the county fairs," he replied. "But the fact is, in New York they don't understand me, and in Boston they are so confoundedly Bostonian. They have swallowed the whole wisdom of the universe, and it has disagreed with them. They are intellectually dyspeptic. They comprehend no other view of American history than the Bostonian. I sent my 'Columbia' there, last year, but they wouldn't admit her, and when I got her back, I had my doubts whether the case had been opened. I sold her afterward to Colonel Hopper for a hundred and twenty dollars."

"But are you so perfectly sure that you might not have something to learn from the Bostonians?" inquired Madame sweetly. "It is a dangerous thing for an artist to be too well satisfied with himself, and to fortify himself against criticism."

Madame could also be didactic when it suited her purpose.

Mild as the criticism was, her listener was so unaccustomed even to implied censure, that he hardly knew how to interpret it. He stared at the fair speaker with a vague bewilderment, and then got up and walked two or three times the length of the floor.

"I think you are rather hard on me," he said bluntly, stopping squarely, with his hands in his pockets, in front of Madame.

"Not at all; I am on the contrary very soft on you," she replied, being wholly ignorant of the meaning of the slang which she had unconsciously employed.

"You had better not," he observed jocosely; "Alice might not like it."

"I am sure I don't understand."

"It is well you don't. Good morning."

And without further warning he sauntered out of the room and was gone.

"I have offended him," thought Madame; "but he must learn to know his master. Within an hour he will be back."

IV.

MADAME DE SALINCOURT discovered within many days that Kingsbridge afforded no great variety of amusements, and as dullness, as she declared, always endangered her reason, she was forced to ply her inventiveness in order to preserve her sanity. A number of quiet Beaches and Brownlows and Tarletons called upon her, and entertained her languidly by their appearance rather than by their conversation; and Hannibal, who could not be permanently deterred from a handsome woman by any amount of criticism, danced attendance upon her at all hours. Nevertheless Madame continued to yawn in corners, and to feel apprehensive about her reason. The lugubrious respectability of the house oppressed her, and the routine of sleeping, waking, and eating nearly drove her to distraction. Hannibal was therefore a god-send when he arrived one morning, and proposed to take her to his studio.

"Oh, Monsieur Hannibal," she cried, rising with a half-suppressed yawn, "you are an angel — in sheep's clothing," she added laughingly.

"Now, Mrs. Salincourt, look here," said the young man bluntly. "What is it you object to in my clothing?"

"My dear friend," ejaculated Madame, "it is not the sheep's clothing I object to in you. It is the angel."

"You puzzle me awfully," he said, with a boyish look of comic bewilderment.

"I know it perfectly," she answered; "and as soon as I have put on my hat and cloak, I will explain myself."

And with a brilliant, half-mischievous glance, she rustled out into the hall, while he sat listening for her footsteps on the carpeted stairs.

"Confound her," he muttered to himself; "she is stunning. But she is one too many for me."

"A deliciously ingenuous youth," was Madame's mental comment as she adorned herself with a striking Parisian hat, and flung her fur cloak about her. "Who knows but there may be possibilities of entertainment in him!"

"You were saying," observed Hannibal, as he joined her in the hall, and after having presented excuses for Alice's absence, "that you objected to my angelic disposition."

"I beg your pardon," she rejoined promptly, "that was not what I said."

"What did you say, then?"

"I object to being cross-examined in that style as if I were on the witness-stand. But with all respect for your dear and excellent New England, it seems to me that it is kept from being interesting by a too literal interpretation of the Ten Commandments. Take, for instance, our dear Alice. She suffers, in my opinion, from the unrelieved goodness of her character. It is a case of moral apoplexy—a too abundant flow of goodness to the heart. I shouldn't be surprised any morning to see her translated in a chariot of fire, or fed by ravens, or something of the sort."

"You mean to say that she is stupidly good."

"Not at all. Don't leap at conclusions, please! I merely mean to say that a greater complexity of character would increase her charm."

They were walking rapidly down the street, which had a raw, ragged, and inhospitable look. The sky was overcast, but glimpses of clear sky opened here and there a pathway for a few straggling rays of sunshine. Hannibal was wondering, in an impersonal sort of fashion, how he could acquiesce so readily in Madame's criticism of Alice (the real meaning of which he divined rather than comprehended) and not feel even a spark of indignation. His self-respect had somehow received a rude shock since Madame's arrival; he was tormented all day long by an uneasy consciousness that she was laughing in her sleeve at him, and in the light of her larger experience found him lamentably wanting. He had been so accustomed to appear admirable in every one's eyes, that the mere suspicion of superior criticism made him miserable. Nor was there any consolation now in the thought that, whatever the rest of the world might think of him, there was at least one faithful soul who loved him, without stricture or reservation. Madame's opinion seemed for the moment to be of vastly greater importance than that of Alice or of anybody else. His defiance was slowly ebbing away; for he had lost all confidence in his former standards of judgment. In inviting Madame to his studio, he was therefore performing an act of severe self-discipline; he had pondered for a week seriously before being able to face the resolution. So far from expecting praise, he had rather made up his mind, with a kind of dogged recklessness, that he might just as well know the worst. He had purposely arranged the visit at an hour when it would be impossible for Alice to accompany them; first, because he feared that Madame would perhaps be merciful in the presence of one whom she would naturally shrink from wounding; and secondly, because in the opposite case he would like to keep Alice's admiration as a sort of refuge when his self-esteem should have been destroyed. He had squarely faced the ordeal and staked a good deal on the consequences; and as, with a fluttering heart, he pushed open the door of the little studio, he had a sense as if he were admitting the fierce light of the world's enlightened judgment, before which he expected his paltry performances to pale and shrivel into nothing. The studio had evidently been elaborately prepared for the reception of the distinguished visitor. Four or five large canvases, all carefully draped, were arranged on easels where the light would strike them to best advantage, and odds and ends of furniture had apparently been imported for the occasion from the other portions of the house. The draperies which regulated the light from the skylights and the large north window were of some cheap crimson material, and a piece of faded carpet covered a square piece of floor in the middle of the room. The place looked more like a rural photographer's shop than an artist's studio.

Hannibal scrutinized his visitor's features anxiously as she took her seat in front of the easels.

"I don't want to apologize, Mrs. Salincourt," he said, nervously, flinging back the drapery from the middle canvas; "but I want you to be perfectly frank with me and tell me I am an idiot, if you think so. This is my 'Columbia,' which I have borrowed from Colonel Hopper, in order to show her to you. The cap of liberty and the stars and stripes are mere conventional work, of course, and as for the discrowned kings of Europe—all portraits, as you observe—at her feet, and the slaves with broken shackles, that too is a cheap invention, and I don't pride myself on it. She has got to be colossal, of course; everything is colossal on this side of the ocean. But I wont explain. If she needs a commentary, she can't be good for much. I want you to look at her face, and if you see anything in it, tell me what it is."

Madame made no immediate reply, but sat gazing at the picture with a flushed and anxious countenance, like a saint before a crucifix. Then, with a sudden impulse, she arose and made the artist a profound reverence.

"Monsieur Hannibal!" she said, with intense gravity, "I have been unjust to you. With all my heart I beg your pardon. You are a man of genius!"

"You are cruel," he cried, in dismay; "you are making fun of me."

"*Ciel!* no, I am not making fun of you,"

she exclaimed, in a voice that thrilled through him like celestial music. "I have made fun of you for the last time. Henceforth we are friends, we are comrades. We understand each other."

And with an air of frank *cameraderie* she reached out her hand to him, and after a moment's hesitation he grasped it firmly and held it long, gazing earnestly into her eyes. When at length she withdrew it, he woke up with a start, and after a few aimless steps on the floor threw himself, face downward, upon a lounge. He was so intoxicated with happiness that he did not trust himself to speak or even to look at her, for fear of committing some irreparable folly.

"Now, in order to prove to you my sincerity," she began, with a slight effort, "let me tell you what I see in your picture."

He raised himself on his elbow, as if prepared to listen, but said nothing.

"The face expresses to me a bright, indomitable intelligence," said Madame, directing her eyes once more to the canvas; "it expresses a defiant disregard of all musty traditions, a supreme self-dependence, an inexhaustible energy, and a kind of humane, democratic self-respect which is yet not hauteur."

"Bravo! That was well said," he cried, springing up from the lounge and again pacing the floor joyously. "It was something of the sort I meant to put into it, although I never could have said it so well."

"The eyes are the eyes of genius," Madame continued with increasing fervor. "The mouth and nostrils have something of the divine, I will not say scorn, but dignity of the Apollo Belvedere. There is nothing tame and conventional in the modeling. Every line means something, every intention is vigorous, though sometimes bunglingly expressed. I can well understand why a hanging committee should exclude such a picture. Even genius requires a term of apprenticeship; it cannot leap into perfection at one grand bound. Undoubtedly the meanest canvas that found its way into the exhibition, showed more technical cleverness than your 'Columbia'; and it is the ruin of greatness to accept its promise in lieu of achievement."

"Ah, that was what you were driving at, was it?" cried Hannibal, with feverish hilarity. "Well, I don't mind it in the least; I am convinced that you speak the truth, and I am bound to follow your advice, whatever it be. Tell me, what shall I do?"

"My dear friend, I almost shrink from the responsibility of advising you. But I will be loyal to your interests and not consult my own cowardly feeling. What is a man of your powers to do in this respectable little hole? God has equipped you splendidly, but He made a mistake in permitting you to be born in New England. You were made for a larger rôle than can be comfortably played in a community where no free soul has elbow-room. It is pathetic to see you with your irrepressible intelligence aspiring downward, longing from genius toward mediocrity. Ah! there blows a different breeze, a breeze laden with the perfumes of all the centuries, through the old lands of Europe, and one whiff of it will transform you into a different being. Your chief drawback now is that your culture is deficient, and you are ignorant of the thoughts which agitate the world. It is only when your mind shall have expanded in a congenial atmosphere, and your hand shall have acquired the skill which dances over technical difficulties as if they were mere child's play, —it is then, and not until then, that your genius will find its adequate expression. Other ties, though never so dear, are of minor consequence and must not be allowed to interfere with this supreme destiny."

Madame, hurried along on the current of her eloquence, finished with a little pant, then arose and swept with much rustle of drapery first up toward the door, and, turning about, paused again before the easels. She looked incomparably lovely in her generous ardor, and Hannibal, who seemed to be breathing the air of blissful heights, felt an irresistible impulse to fling himself at her feet and declare that he loved her to distraction. He had never associated the idea of a woman with such security of bearing, coupled with such brilliant changeableness, and conversational surprises; he had thought of girls as little fragile slips of things who needed a great deal of petting, and who would in return be unconscionably grateful. A woman who could be imperious, tempestuous, and even calmly didactic, whose mere presence reduced one to the attitude of an adorer (and not a bestower of condescending caresses) — such a woman was as much a revelation to him as if she had belonged to an undiscovered species. At the same time, while Madame was thus complicating his notions of her sex, he was conscious of a kind of glorious kinship with her as a creature co-equal with himself in mind and stature. He thought of himself as a solitary eagle soaring into space and finding there, in the blue empyrean, a companion of his own species. It was merely his unfamiliarity with aquiline etiquette which prevented him from proclaiming his discovery, taking her assent for granted. As for his former ties, they had receded into an immeasurable distance, they had ceased to exist, or, perhaps, had never existed.

Madame criticised the other pictures — a "Pocahontas," "Ponce de Leon Seeking the Fountain of Youth," and "Evangeline Sleeping in the Wilderness" — in the same appreciative spirit, judiciously mingling censure and praise.

"You speak out of my own soul!" he cried ecstatically as she finished some neatly turned phrase. "I always knew I was born for something great, only I never knew until now how to set about carrying out nature's intentions with me. First, I entered college, thinking that that was the proper way; but I got into mischief there the first week, and before I had finished my sophomore year I was expelled for caricaturing the faculty. I don't think, on the whole, I learned much. I didn't learn even to talk well. If I could talk as well as you, Mrs. Salincourt, I think Alice's family and mine would have entered into a conspiracy to make a preacher of me; so I thank my stars I am a bungler in that respect."

He uttered the concluding sentences with a boyish petulance which Madame found very amusing. He looked at times so much like a great lumbering boy, that she could not banish a feeling of maternal superiority, which at once gave color to her words.

"I warn you," she responded, "that you must not take all my brilliancy for originality. I have associated all my life long with the cleverest men in the world; men who scattered epigrams and precious thoughts about them with a royal heedlessness, never caring where they fell. A great many of them fell by the wayside, and I was one of the little birds who picked them up. In Paris ideas are as common as cobble-stones, and epigrams crackle about your ears until they give you the headache. No man can have a just estimate of himself until he has spent a year in Paris; there only can he acquire the proper degree of humility."

"Oh, I assure you, you gave me an uncomfortable dose of that article the very day of your arrival here," retorted Hannibal laughing.

"You needed it," responded Madame. "You were growing wild, with a rank and hideous growth. I came here to prune and to civilize you. You will do me honor yet, Monsieur Hannibal. *Au revoir.*"

She uttered the last words, holding her hand on the door-knob, and as she opened the door she gave him an enchanting nod over her shoulder. He seized his hat and was in a moment at her side.

V.

During the week that followed, Hannibal Tarleton walked about in a perpetual intoxication of bliss. That he abused Madame de Salincourt's patience, and sometimes bored her, did not occur to him. He was not accustomed to look upon himself as an undesirable companion, and he accordingly interpreted her moods without reference to himself. That she sometimes yawned in his face, and sweetly rebuffed him, did not discourage him; it rather added to the zest of pursuit, and being rarely troubled with diffidence regarding his own powers, he did not doubt that in the end she would be brought to bay and forced to surrender. I do not mean to imply that he was at all times conscious that such was his purpose. On the contrary, there were moments when something sinister in her nature would suddenly stare out upon him, and he would involuntarily shrink from her as from something artificial and alien, which his honest Northern heart could never hope to fathom. He was occasionally troubled by doubts regarding her past, of which he knew nothing and concerning which he dared not question her. He was also at rare intervals sane enough to consider that as Alice's friend and confidante Madame had played an equivocal part toward himself. He remembered that her remarks about his *fiancée*, though never directly slighting, had been colored by a pitying superiority, which was well calculated to undermine the admiration of an ambitious lover. But these were mere vague, cobwebby fancies which sometimes flitted through his mind, and could hardly be dignified with the name of thoughts. A touch of Madame's hand, a witty remark, or the sound of her gay and careless laughter reduced him instantly to his former unreasoning bondage. There was no use in disguising the fact that he was in love with her, and that, compared with her, Alice was too insignificant to be considered.

As for Madame de Salincourt, I would rather not analyze her feelings. For no analysis, however ingenious, would do justice to the complexity of her motives. Madame was by no means the incarnate demon which the good people of Kingsbridge would have judged her to be, if they had been familiar with a certain chapter of her past history. She was, on the contrary, full of kindly impulses, and liked doing a friend a favor, if it could be done without inconvenience to herself. She honestly believed that Hannibal was a man of genius, but he was not of the supreme importance to her that he fancied himself to be. He lacked the social adroitness and finish without which no man could be admirable in her sight. She had no real desire to take him away from his harmless little Alice, and still less had she a thought of appropriating him to herself. She only liked playing with edge tools, to dance upon the brinks of precipices, to finger gently the Damoclesian sword, which

might and might not in the end fall down and hurt somebody. That was her idea of excitement, and it was what gave zest to her existence. She had been brought up in a society where this was held to be a perfectly legitimate occupation for women, and although she had had a very severe lesson, she had not profited by it.

The Christmas vacation was quickly drawing to an end, and both Alice and Madame were conscious of a sense of relief at the thought of escaping once more to the companionship of the "twenty-two," between whom and themselves no entangling relationships could possibly arise. Alice, though she was as blind as a girl of her stern uprightness is apt to be, had begun to reflect uneasily upon her own inferiority to Madame, and as she was not quite generous enough to enjoy this consciousness in her lover's presence, she had no objection to depriving him of the opportunity for further comparison. She was far from questioning his loyalty, nor had her enthusiasm for her guest suffered any serious abatement; but her humility had begun to tire her, and she was anxious to have her thoughts more profitably and less onerously employed. It was with an indefinable heaviness of heart that she retired to the bedroom where she and Madame slept, the night before their departure, and she went over the multiplication-table four times before her eyelids showed any disposition to droop.

Madame, to whom sleep was not a refuge from toil, but a stupid necessity, favored late hours, both morning and night. She was now sitting alone in the drawing-room playing snatches of frivolous music, and now and then wheeling about on the piano-stool, gazing in vague despair at the venerable likenesses of George and Martha Washington. She was sitting thus with her head thrown backward and her hands folded in her lap, when the door was flung open and Mr. Tarleton entered. She gave a start as she caught sight of his face. Some mysterious change had come over him. He had an air of daring; there was a luminous gaze in his eyes which made him almost beautiful. Without any preliminary he walked quickly up to her, seized her hand, and seated himself on a cricket at her feet.

"I am in a festive mood to-night, Mrs. Salincourt," he said, with a joyous buoyancy in his voice which aroused dim echoes within her. "I want to offer up a hecatomb to Apollo for your artistic wisdom, a pair of young doves to Venus for your personal loveliness, and my heart to yourself if you think it worth taking."

She looked down smiling upon his upturned face and shook her head; but she did not withdraw the hand which he still held in his, and there was something soft and caressing in her glance which he could not but interpret in his favor. She had always had a weakness for youth, and the beautiful manly florescence that shone from his face and form appealed strongly to her. Her cheeks flushed and her pulses quickened.

"My poor boy, you cannot offer me what no longer belongs to you," she said, gently.

"I am my own master," cried the young man, seizing her hand and pressing it passionately to his lips, "and I will belong to no one but you."

"Ah, but suppose I did not want you, Monsieur!" she exclaimed, archly.

He did not hear what she said. He was gazing into her face with an audacious look, which gradually softened and grew languishing and ecstatic. He had risen to his feet, and she was making a feeble effort to release herself; but as long as her eyes were quiescent, he was safe in disregarding the remonstrance of her hands.

"Monsieur Hannibal! Monsieur Hannibal!" she said, in a laughing whisper. "You must leave me now. I had no idea you were such a terrible man."

"I will follow you wherever you go!" he cried vehemently, pressing a hasty kiss upon her cheek.

"That I call obtaining favors under false pretenses," she responded, with the same hushed but irrepressible gayety. "I supposed that it was our eternal separation which furnished the excuse for such an affectionate leave-taking; and now you mean to impose upon me."

"Indeed I do; you cannot escape me now."

"That we shall see," she answered, disengaging her hand with a dexterous movement from his grasp. "I have a genius for obliterating my track when I have anything at stake. Good-bye, Monsieur Hannibal! Good-bye forever!"

He sprang forward, but she had slipped out through the door before he could prevent her. He stood for a moment staring disconsolately at her retreating figure, then seized his hat and left the house.

Madame, with all her assumed coolness, was yet in a flutter of excitement when she entered her bedroom. Her head was throbbing, and there was an intoxicating rush of sound in her ears. She undressed rapidly, casting all the while uneasy glances at the sleeping Alice, whose pure profile traced itself in light relief against her white pillow. She raised the candle to the level of her head and stepped close up to the bedside; her long, loose hair fell down over her shoulders and her white robe. As the light fell upon the sleeping girl's face, she opened her eyes wonderingly.

"'Out, damned spot! Out, I say!'" cried Madame, in a tragic whisper. "'One, two! Why, then 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! A soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?'"

"Please, Madame, don't be Lady Macbeth so late in the night," begged the girl, raising herself on her elbow. "It frightens me. Your acting is so horribly real."

Madame placed the candle on a small toilet-stand, and with the uncertain step and the blind stare of a sleep-walker leaned over the bed: "'The Thane of Fife had a wife,'" she went on, in the same hoarse, terrible whisper. "'Where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that. You mar all with this starting.'"

"Please, Madame, please, have pity on me and stop!" pleaded Alice, shuddering. "I shall go mad if you go on."

"'Here's the smell of blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! Oh! Oh!'"

The three hushed groans stole through the still house, and Alice started back in terror.

"'Wash your hands, put on your nightgown. Look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried. He cannot come out on 's grave.'"

She stood for a while rubbing her hands as with a desperate will, and her voice was an agonized pleading as she continued:

"'To bed! to bed! There's knocking at the gate! Come, come, come! Give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed! to bed! to bed!'"

Wild with fright and utterly unable to control herself, the girl jumped up, when Madame, abandoning her stage manner, suddenly flung herself over her and smothered her in her caresses.

"Oh, you adorable little goose!" she said, with an immoderate, hysterical laugh, "how could you think I was in earnest? What harm did I ever do you, you sweet, ungrateful child? Here, come close to me! Closer still! I love you wildly, hungrily. I could devour you. You are so horribly, so irresistibly lovely. So, nestle close to me. I am such a dreadful lonely woman, and I have nobody in the world to love me except you, puss. Promise me, puss, that you will never, never leave me."

"Pray, Madame, let me get up!" begged the girl, still but half reassured. "You strangle me. I cannot breathe."

"No, you cannot leave me! You shall not leave me!" she commanded, with a fresh fit of laughter, clasping her friend's slim form more tightly in her embrace. "I shall die if you leave me. Now, do not be afraid of me, sweet Alice," she implored, in a changed tone, and abruptly checking her laughter. "I have had a hard, horrible life, my darling! I have done wicked things and I have had wicked things done to me. But since I have known you I have been peaceful and good. Don't you believe me, Alice?"

"I don't believe you have ever done wicked things, Madame," said Alice, in her calm, pure voice. "But to-night you are not yourself; some one else seemed to be speaking through you, and therefore I was afraid. I did not know you, Madame, you were so dreadful."

"Yes, it was my own suppressed self you saw to-night, Alice. I am quite as dreadful as you thought. I am treacherous and cruel. I believe I could even murder."

"Dear, dear Madame, don't speak such sinful words, or I shall certainly leave you. It is wicked to slander one's self so grievously. Do you know, Madame, that you must some day render an account for every idle word you have spoken? You are tempting God, and you are loading sin upon your conscience."

"Ah, my dear child, the recording angel has given up long ago keeping diary of my peccadilloes."

"Oh, Madame, Madame," moaned the girl in dismay. "I cannot be your friend any more, if you indulge in such sacrilege."

With a forcible wrench she tore herself from the elder woman's embrace and sprung out upon the floor. Madame buried her face in the pillow and lay silent while Alice hesitatingly took a wrapper from a chair and threw it about herself. She was slowly approaching the door, when the sound of a smothered sob arrested her. She was more shocked and bewildered than angry, and she seized eagerly the first sign of her friend's repentance.

"I knew that it was not your real self that spoke so flippantly," she said in a tone of grave pity.

"Yes, it was," insisted Madame with the petulant perversity of a naughty child, but sobbing as if her heart would break.

"I know you better than you do yourself," said Alice soothingly, throwing off the wrapper and creeping into bed. "I know that you are good and true."

She took the candle from the table to blow it out, and, as the light fell full upon her delicate face, she looked like one of those sweet virginal saints of Fra Angelico, who seem to have no share in earth's imperfections. She stole close up to Madame and patted her and soothed her until she was fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

THREE DANGERS.

THERE are strong impulses in human nature that make war against society and that tend to subvert the social order. Self-love and benevolence are the central forces of human life; both are essential to progress and happiness, but they are always in conflict; individual and social welfare is secured only when they are brought into harmony. They are like the centripetal and centrifugal forces of the solar system. These forces are, so far as our measurements can ascertain, perfectly balanced; therefore, we have the rhythm and harmony of the heavenly bodies. When self-love and benevolence are perfectly balanced in human conduct, we shall have on earth the beginning of the thousand years of peace. All the mischiefs that students of social science seek to prevent or to cure arise from the excess of one or the other of these forces.

No doubt misdirected kindness is a source of much physical and moral evil. Many children are ruined by the exaggerated unselfishness of their parents — the parents undergoing all the hardships and making all the sacrifices; the children growing up in greedy indolence, always ministered unto and never ministering; so going out into life helpless and selfish, with their powers undeveloped and their characters spoiled. Another excessive development of the same principle is seen in the sentimental philanthropy and the indiscriminate almsgiving by which paupers and criminals have been propagated on a grand scale.

But the evils arising from an excess of goodness have been small when compared with those arising from selfishness. These last are, by eminence, the unsocial evils. Pure egoism is the antithesis of society. Its impulse is to get everything and give nothing in exchange for it; while, as Herbert Spencer says, "the universal basis of coöperation (and therefore of social life) is the proportioning of benefits received to services rendered." The selfishness which sets this law at naught is the source of all crimes against the person and property, and of all those evils which directly tend to the disintegration of society. Of these there are a multitude; but the three of which I wish to speak are — the vice of intemperance, the causes that directly assail the family, and the practice of gambling. I shall not undertake to show how they may be counteracted; I wish simply to point out the manner in which they tend to undermine and subvert the social order.

I.

THE evils of intemperance furnish a topic sufficiently hackneyed; but I wish to deal with an aspect of the question that is somewhat less familiar. I am not discussing the rule of abstinence; nor denying that there may be a legitimate use, dietetic or even convivial, for alcoholic beverages; nor considering the question as a moralist, nor as a physiologist: I would simply call attention to the unsocial effect of the drinking habits now existing among us. Let it be admitted that many persons use alcoholic beverages without being injured by them; with that form of use we have nothing to do; we are dealing now with *intemperance* in the strict sense of the word — with that use of ardent spirits which is on all sides admitted to be excessive and injurious. When a man uses alcoholic liquors in such a way that his property, be it large or small, is rapidly diminished, and he goes every month a little nearer to want and dependence; when he uses them in such a way that his physical and mental energies are impaired, and his power of caring for himself and those dependent on him is sensibly lessened, all will allow that his use of them is pernicious. The harmful effect upon the individual does not need to be dwelt upon; it is the effect upon the common weal that we are now considering. It is plain that one who has a surplus, large or small, and who consumes it in indulgences which yield no benefit to himself nor to any other person, violates the fundamental law of society. The surplus thus consumed would have served him, and those dependent on him, in future sickness or infirmity sure to come; the destruction of this surplus brings him to the verge of pauperism, and makes it probable that the time will come when he, and perhaps others whom he ought to support, will be a charge upon public or private charity. In short, such a waste of savings reduces the waster to that condition in which, as soon as he is overtaken by sickness or misfortune, he will be able to make no proportionate return for the services that he will require. But society depends, as Mr. Spencer tells us, on the ability and disposition of the individuals composing it to make such a proportionate return. If all men were in the condition to which this man has reduced himself, society would be impossible.

What is true of one who wastes a surplus that he has earned or inherited, is equally true of one who consumes upon this unnatural appetite all that he earns beyond what is necessary to sustain life, so that he never gains a surplus, and always lives on the edge of pauperism.

Still more unsocial is the conduct of one who spends on this indulgence more than his net income, incurring bad debts for the necessaries of life to his landlord, his grocer, his tailor, and thus devouring the savings of his thrifty neighbors.

Still more unsocial is the conduct of one who ruins his health by his drinking habits —thus not only disabling himself for self-supporting industry, but entailing upon his offspring enfeebled and morbid physical constitutions, predisposing them to insanity or vice or pauperism or crime. If, at the same time, the home in which these children are being reared is so squalid or so disorderly that there is small opportunity for them to learn those lessons of self-respect and self-restraint by which men and women are fitted for citizenship,—so that by environment as well as by organization they are crippled and degraded,—the unsocial effects of this vice will be set in a still stronger light. And when, as the result of such drinking practices, the man is often led to direct encroachments upon the persons or the property of his neighbors, the fact that he has become an enemy of society scarcely requires further demonstration.

Now, consider how many thousands of our fellow-citizens there are of whom most, if not all, these things are true. As a direct consequence of the use of alcoholic liquors, they are wasting their surplus, or failing to gain a surplus; by their failure to fulfill their contracts, they are devouring the gains of their neighbors; they are ruining their health and bequeathing physical and moral disorders to their children, and entailing upon society that curse of curses, hereditary pauperism; they are appealing to their neighbors for charity, and crowding the hospitals and the almshouses; they are committing assaults, robberies, murders,—all manner of offenses against the public peace and welfare.

Look at the subject from another point of view. The official reports of the United States Government show that at least six hundred millions of dollars are expended in this country every year for alcoholic liquors. That a considerable portion of this is used productively, in the arts, and innocently, or without any social injury, for drinking purposes, may be admitted.

Let us concede that one-half of it is used in this way. Half of all this amount must then be expended in such a manner as to produce those very effects of which we have been speaking. That is to say, we are paying out every year three hundred millions of dollars in the purchase of want, and pauperism, and vice, and disease, and insanity, and crime. So much money ought to procure a large quantity of these staples, and it does. Nobody can deny that we get our money's worth.

Look at it from another point of view. A low estimate puts the number of persons engaged in the sale of liquor at five hundred thousand. We have admitted that these persons render some service to the community; let us admit that half of the number would be required to dispense the amount of liquor that could be consumed without social injury. We have left an army of a quarter of a million liquor-sellers, to whom we are paying three hundred million dollars every year. Society is rendering to them a pretty valuable service. What service are they rendering to society? They are devoting their energies to the destruction of society. They live wholly upon the ruin of their fellow-men. The whole tendency of the employment for which society pays them so large a sum is to reduce their fellow-citizens to those conditions of want and disease and moral degradation in which society becomes impossible. We are safe in characterizing this as a highly unsocial proceeding.

I have not intended any exaggeration in these statements; I believe that I have kept far within the truth. Neither have I any nostrum for the cure of this disease, nor any faith in those most commonly advertised. My own belief is that the roots of this evil run very deep, and that it will take many generations to eradicate them.

Nevertheless, it is well for all students of human welfare to keep distinctly before their minds the unsocial effects of intemperance — the large number of persons who, through this vice, become violators of the organic law of society, either as its burdens or as its foes.

II.

Let us now consider those unsocial forces that make war upon society by assailing the family. The monogamous family, formed by the union of one woman with one man, and by the increase of children born to them, is the structural unit of modern society. Whatever may be the political unit, the family is the social unit. Society is an organism. Now, as a physical organism is formed not of atoms nor of molecules, but of organized cells, in like manner the modern social organism is composed not of individuals, but of households.

What the earlier forms of society may have been I do not undertake to say; but it is almost certain that monogamy is a late product of the social evolution. Late or early, it is by most philosophers admitted to characterize that society whose type is the highest and whose foundations are the firmest.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his "Data of Ethics," tells us that "tribes in which promiscuity prevails, or in which the marital relations are transitory, and tribes in which polyandry entails in another way indefinite relationships, are incapable of much organization. Nor do peoples who are habitually polygamous show themselves able to take on those high forms of social coöperation which demand due subordination of self to others. Only when monogamic marriage has become general and eventually universal, only when there have consequently been established the closest ties of blood, only when family altruism has been most fostered, has social altruism become most conspicuous."

Mr. Bagehot, in his "Physics and Politics," shows how the training of the family fits nations for survival and conquest. "A cohesive family," he says, "is the best germ for a campaigning nation. In a Roman family the boys, from the time of their birth, were bred to a domestic despotism which well prepared them for subjection in after life to a military discipline, a military drill, and a military despotism. They were ready to obey their generals because they were compelled to obey their fathers; they conquered the world in manhood because as children they were bred in homes where the tradition of passionate valor was steadied by the habit of implacable order. And nothing of this is possible in loosely bound family groups (if they can be called families at all), where the father is more or less uncertain, where descent is not traced through him. . . . An ill-knit nation, which does not recognize paternity as a legal relation, would be conquered like a mob by any other nation which had a vestige or a beginning of the *patria potestas*."

In another place he says: "The nations with a thoroughly compacted family system have 'possessed the earth,'—that is, they have taken all the finest districts in the most competed-for parts; and the nations with loose systems have been merely left to mountain-ranges and lonely islands. The family system, and that in its highest form (the monogamous form), has been so exclusively the system of civilization that literature hardly recognizes any other."

These witnesses testify from a point of view strictly scientific; they are not the slaves of tradition; they only repeat the verdict of history. The fact that the monogamous family furnishes the highest type of the social organization—the one most favorable to stability and strength and peace—is beyond the denial of intelligent men.

The dependence of the physical welfare of society upon the maintenance of the family is easily explained. Even the physical vigor of the people is likely to decline under any other system. Population would decrease by the substitution for monogamy of either polyandry or polygamy; and the physical nurture of young children can be provided for in no other way so well as in the monogamous family. As a matter of history, polyandry has commonly been based on the practice of destroying female infants, or of selling them after they are grown into foreign parts; while polygamy is ordinarily the consequence of fierce and constant wars in which the males of the population are largely destroyed. Both these forms of domestic life seem, therefore, to grow out of conditions in the highest degree unsocial.

But it is not chiefly for its physical existence and welfare that society depends on the family. It is for the cultivation of the moral qualities that fit men for association with one another that the family is indispensable. "Monogamy is doubtless the Creator's law," says Professor Roscher, "since only in monogamous countries can we expect to find the intimate union of family life, the beauties of social intercourse and free citizenship." The passages which I have quoted from Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Walter Bagehot emphasize the importance of the family as a training-school in which discipline and the habit of subordination and the unselfish sentiments and habitudes are acquired. Without these virtues society is impossible, and there is no school for the cultivation of these virtues that compares with the monogamous family. We are beginning to discover, in our charitable work, that it is better to place the children who are the wards of the State in families than to rear them in asylums and refuges; since a home which comes considerably short of the ideal is a better place for a child to grow up in than the best public institutions.

Since, therefore, the family in its present form bears to society a relation so vital; since, in Mr. Spencer's words, "those high forms of social coöperation which demand due subordination of self to others" are only taken on by those who have been trained in the family, it is evident that any force assailing the sacredness or the security of the family must be, in the highest sense of the word, an unsocial force. By so much as the permanence of the family is disturbed, by so much

is the bond of society weakened. An increase of the proportion of the people who do not live in families means an increase of public peril, a decay of social virtue, a diminution of the common weal.

Unfortunately, it is quite impossible to deny that this institution, on whose health the social order depends, is now suffering a considerable loss of respect and power. There are yet in the land hundreds of thousands of safe and happy homes; but the proportion of our population who do not live in families is steadily increasing. That this must be true is made evident by two startling facts: first, that the proportion of marriages to the population is rapidly decreasing; second, that the proportion of divorces to the number of marriages is rapidly increasing. Fewer families are formed; more families are broken up.

The statistics of Massachusetts relating to this subject are more complete than those of any other State; but, so far as the facts have been gathered in other States, substantially the same tendencies appear. We may take Massachusetts, therefore, as a fair sample; and we find that in that commonwealth the population increased between 1860 and 1880 forty-five per cent., while the marriages increased only twenty-five per cent. In 1860 there was one marriage to every 99 persons; in 1880 one marriage to every 114 persons.

The number of divorces, meanwhile, increased from 243 in 1860 to 600 in 1878 (I have not the figures for 1880), one hundred and forty-five per cent. In 1860 there was one divorce for every 51 marriages; in 1878 there was one divorce for every 21 marriages. Massachusetts is the best of the New England States in this respect; in all the others the proportion of divorces to marriages is much larger than in Massachusetts.

It is not possible to add to the significance of these figures. They are the numerical expression of a force that is assailing the foundations of society. Fewer families, smaller families, an increasing number of families disbanded by divorce — this is the ominous record. A much smaller proportion of our people are now living in families than was the case twenty-five or fifty years ago. This means less discipline of the young; less self-restraint among young and old; less training in the virtues of industry and sympathy and helpfulness and self-sacrifice. It means, also, a greater exposure of the young and the weak to temptation, and greater opportunities of vice. Part of what it signifies is seen in the fact that while twenty years ago the number of illegitimate children annually born in Massachusetts was less than three hundred, the number now born every year exceeds eight hundred. The population has increased, meanwhile, only about forty-five per cent.

It is not necessary to infer from these figures that the era of national dissolution has set in. On the whole, the world is growing better; but in this current of moral progress there are eddies, and we are just now in one of them. Therefore it becomes us to take our bearings.

Some reasons for this state of things readily suggest themselves. The effect of the popular social philosophy, which during the last quarter of a century has greatly exaggerated individualism, has been alluded to in a former article. The sacredness of personality has been exalted, and the relations and mutual obligations of persons have been overlooked. Most of our talk has been of rights, not much of duties or of services; and the consequence is a disinclination to assume the responsibilities and to make the sacrifices involved in the family relation. With this intellectual cause must be reckoned an economical cause, the effects of which are visible on every side. The large system of industry which masses the population in the cities and the great manufacturing centers affords, if I mistake not, an explanation of many of the facts which we have been considering. Economically, this modern system, by which capital is aggregated in vast amounts and laborers are congregated in great multitudes, is, no doubt, an improvement over the old system; it enormously increases production, and multiplies the wealth of the nation. But socially and morally the system has not yet justified itself; it requires considerable modification to make it serve the social interests of the community.

What are the facts? In the cities and in the large manufacturing villages great numbers of laborers of both sexes — more than half of them young women — are gathered together. Many of them come from the country; the growth of the cities at the expense of the country consists largely in the removal of the young men and women from the farms to the cities and the factory towns, where they find employment in the mills and the shops. Here they are thrown together rather rudely in their work; the boarding-houses where most of them spend their nights and their Sundays afford them none of the restraints of a home; their evenings are wont to find them on the streets and in cheap places of amusement. The wages of these operatives, especially of the females, are, as a general rule, very small. In a table showing the wages paid in forty-four different mills in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, I find that the average wages paid to women was $6.10 per week, and to female children $3.41. I

am sure that the average weekly earnings of females over fifteen years of age, in our factories, box shops, button shops, brass-works, and so forth, would be less than five dollars. Out of this those who do not live at home must pay for board and room, washing and clothing. What a pinching life this must be can be easily imagined.

In the same communities where these girls are employed are numbers of young men of their own social grade, and of grades a little higher, to whom marriage and the possession of a home seem, in the present state of society, a distant and not always a desirable prospect.

Such are the conditions — the herding together of operatives, male and female, in places remote from their homes, with low wages and strong temptations. The moral fruits of such an exposure are not likely to promote the founding of permanent families; the character and habits developed in such an environment are not the best outfit for happy wedlock.

Another feature of the life we are considering is its lack of permanence. Owing to strikes, failures, changes of business, operatives are continually flitting from one place to another. Such instability of life discourages the forming of families, and often results in scattering those that are formed.

I am convinced that it is to the industrial conditions which I have now in an inadequate way outlined, that much of the neglect and deterioration of family life is due. There are manufacturing communities in which these evils have been largely overcome, through the intelligence and good-will of the employers of labor. They may be overcome everywhere. But the unsocial forces that are undermining the family, and thus assailing the life of society in its most vital part, are generated to a considerable degree by the selfishness which too often characterizes the administration of capital. They will not be counteracted until employers cease to think of labor simply as a commodity, and begin to understand their responsibility for the moral and social welfare of the people by whose labor their fortunes are gained.

III.

But by far the most dangerous of the unsocial forces now threatening the destruction of society is the gambling mania. It is probably true that there is less of what may be called social gambling now than there was one hundred years ago. In the days of Queen Anne and the Georges in England, and in our own revolutionary times, gambling was a common diversion in what was considered the best society; men like Fox, Pitt, and Wilberforce, at one time or another in their lives, plunged deeply into its excitements; it was scarcely disreputable at that time, on either side of the water, to play heavily for money. Of late years this has not been true, though the signs are that the practice is just now becoming more prevalent in fashionable society. The fascinations of poker are, if I am rightly informed, beginning to be confessed in many polite circles.

Lottery gambling, also, in spite of all the measures taken to suppress it, still holds its own pretty firmly, and especially among the poorest classes. The amount of money squandered by poor laborers, by negroes more than by any other class, in the policy-shops of our chief cities, is said to be very large. Gambling-houses of all sorts, recognized as such, are commonly suppressed in well-ordered communities; here and there in a city moral sentiment is too weak to cope with the abomination, but weakness of this sort is universally regarded as a reproach. Such places exist, of course, in all our large cities; but they generally hide themselves. The social injury resulting from those forms of gambling to which I have now alluded is, no doubt, very great. Tens of thousands of our young men, for whom great sacrifices have been made, on whom the future welfare of households depends, are ruined by them every year; most observing persons are ready to repeat from personal knowledge sad stories of the wreck of fortune and character. But the injury done to society by those forms of gambling that are recognized and undisguised is trifling when compared with the damage done by that form of gambling which wears the mask of business. Those are the pimples on the skin; this is the corruption in the blood.

This kind of gambling is sometimes called speculation; but speculation it is not, in any proper sense of that word. To buy property of any sort and hold it for a rise in its value is a legitimate business transaction. Speculation, when it hoards the necessaries of life, may often be a heartless and injurious business; it may, on the other hand, have beneficent results, putting money in the hands of producers in the dullest times, carrying over an unsalable surplus, and thus equalizing the pressure of supply and demand. "To buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market" may sound like an extremely selfish maxim, and the man who has no higher principle of action will not attain to any heroic virtue; nevertheless, society can have no quarrel with him. Buying and selling may be selfish business; but buying and selling is a wholly dif-

ferent operation from gambling; and a very large share of the so-called commercial operations of this land to-day is not buying and selling at all, but simply and only gambling.

All legitimate commerce consists in an exchange of values. If I buy goods of a merchant, there is an exchange of money for merchandise; the merchant desires the money more than the merchandise; I desire the merchandise more than the money. It is simply a transfer of property, by which each one satisfies his wants. If I employ a physician to attend me in sickness, or a music-teacher to instruct my children, or a laborer to clean my carpets, there is still an exchange of values. I give my money for the services of the physician or the music-teacher or the laborer because they are valuable to me; they give me their services because they want my money. But when one man bets another that a certain card has such a face, or that one horse will trot a mile in fewer seconds than another, or that wheat will sell for so many cents a bushel thirty days from date, and the loser pays the bet, what exchange takes place? The winner gets the loser's money; the loser gets nothing at all in exchange for it. This is gambling. The gambler's business is simply this: to get money or other property away from his neighbors, and to give them nothing whatever in exchange for it. Whatever money or other property any man wins in gambling some one else loses; by as much as he is enriched some one else is impoverished; for all that he has got in gambling he has given no equivalent. Other people have parted with the money that he has gained, and he has given them for it no merchandise, no service, no pleasure, no accommodation — nothing whatever. This is the nature of all gambling; and it is easy to see that it is egoism in its most virulent form — the precise kind of egoism that renders society impossible. If "society is produced," as Carey says, "by an exchange of services," gambling is the antithesis of society.

There is a striking passage from "The Study of Sociology," in which Mr. Herbert Spencer discusses the nature of gambling. He is pointing out the shallowness of the treatment generally given to this subject by moralists. "Listen," he says, "to a conversation about gambling, and when reprobation is expressed, note the grounds of the reprobation: that it tends to the ruin of the gambler; that it risks the welfare of family and friends; that it alienates from business and leads into bad company — these and such as these are the reasons given for condemning the practice. Rarely is gambling condemned because it is a kind of gratification by which pleasure is obtained at the cost of pain to another. The normal obtainment of gratification, or of the money which purchases gratification, implies, first, that there has been put forth effort of a kind which, in some way, furthers the general good; and implies, secondly, that those from whom the money is received get, directly or indirectly, equivalent satisfactions. But in gambling the opposite happens. Benefit received does not imply effort put forth; and the happiness of the winner involves the misery of the loser. This kind of action is, therefore, essentially anti-social."

And this is precisely the kind of action followed by all those persons who practice what is called speculating in margins,— that is, betting on the future value of stocks or produce. It is useless to try to disguise the real nature of these transactions; they are simply gambling, nothing more nor less. What is the difference between the gambling practiced at a faro bank and the gambling practiced by those persons who buy and sell margins? One man bets another that ten thousand bushels of wheat will be worth so much at a certain future time; if it is selling in the market at that time for less than the price named, he agrees to pay the difference; if it is selling for more than the amount named, the other shall pay him the difference. Neither party owns a bushel of wheat; there is no transfer of merchandise; there is simply a transfer from the one man's pocket to the other man's pocket of the money won in the bet. Oil and corn and pork, and all the great staples of agriculture, are employed in the same way by the gamblers; so are all the stocks of great railroads and steam-ship companies and manufacturing companies and mines. Men who never own any of these kinds of property spend their lives in gambling in them, or, rather, about them,— betting on their future prices, and doing their best by such reports, true or false, as they can circulate, and such influences, good or bad, as they can bring to bear, to raise or lower these future prices, so as to make them correspond to their bets.

To say that gambling in margins is as bad as faro or roulette is a very weak statement; it is immeasurably worse. It is far more dishonest. The gambler in margins does his best to load the dice on which he bets his money. It is, moreover, far more injurious. By this practice values are unsettled; business is often paralyzed; the price of the necessaries of life is forced upward. The poor man's loaf grows small as the gambler's gains increase. Every cent made by this class of men is taken from the industrial classes with no compensation. This must be so, because

they live and grow rich, although they perform for society no service whatever. The men who play in the gambling-houses only rob one another and such innocents as they can lure into their dens; the men who bet on margins on Broad street and State street, and in the Boards of Trade, rob the whole country; every man who buys bread, who burns oil, who rides a mile in a railway car, pays tribute of his earnings to the treasuries of these gamblers. How many are there of them now operating in this country? How large is their aggregate income from this source? I have seen a recent estimate which puts the amount of which the "lambs" are shorn in the New York stock market alone at eight hundred million dollars a year. I do not vouch for this; it seems to me an extravagant figure. But everybody knows that the men who gamble in margins are a great multitude, and that there are not a few among them who count their gains by millions and by tens of millions. All this is plunder. The gambler's gains are all plunder. He may be a pillar in the church; he may hobnob with college presidents, and sit on commencement platforms, and be pointed out to the young men with notes of admiration as one of our merchant princes, but he is a plunderer; all his goods have been gained by the spoiling of his neighbors; it is not by coöperating with his fellow-men, but by preying upon them, that he has obtained the wealth that renders him an object of worship.

From whom is this plunder extorted? Most of it comes from the pockets of venturesome people in city and country, who have heard that money is made by speculating in margins, and who risk and lose their savings, great or small — the fruits of legitimate industry. The fleecing of these "lambs" affords the gamblers a great revenue. Another part of their spoil is won as the result of cunning combinations, in which the courts have sometimes been induced to join, and by which the prices of valuable stocks (sometimes ironically called securities) are forced up or down to suit their purposes, the conspirators buying when the innocent and helpless owners are frightened into selling at a sacrifice, and selling when unwary investors are tempted into buying an inflated stock. This is something worse than gambling; it is sheer robbery. And people who hold up their hands with horror at the rantings of a few crazy communists, sit by and suck their thumbs while operations of this sort are going on.

It is not often, however, that the gamblers are able to make use of the courts in spoiling their victims. A Canadian judge lately threw out of court a suit brought to recover a debt owed by one who had lost in betting on margins, because it was nothing but a gambling debt. Similar decisions have been given in several of our own courts. The fact that such transactions are contrary to law and to public morality would be affirmed by any respectable jurist.

It is amazing to witness the dullness of the public conscience upon this matter. The evil has called forth but faint reprobation. I am ready to believe that multitudes of men who follow this nefarious business are but dimly sensible of its real nature. A practice so widespread, and against which the reputable classes raise so little objection, may well have seemed to ambitious young men innocent and legitimate. What Mr. Spencer says about the inadequacy of the treatment which the whole subject has received from the teachers of morality is profoundly true. A young man who had been graduated recently from one of our best colleges told me the other day that the only ground on which his teacher in ethics taught him to condemn gambling was that it substituted an appeal to chance for the exercise of reason and judgment. One might as well make the wrong of stealing to consist in the habits of indolence which it encourages in the thief. Gambling is, indeed, ethically of the same nature as stealing, and is to be condemned for the same reasons. Socially and economically, the gamblers of a community sustain to its industrial system precisely the same relation as do its thieves. It is a hard word to say, but it is the exact scientific truth; and it is high time that somebody said it.

One would like to know how often and how distinctly this truth is enforced in the leading pulpits of New York and Chicago and Boston, and the other great cities where business gambling is most prevalent. We hear occasionally of clergymen who bet on margins; nobody believes that this is a common practice among ministers; nevertheless, it may be doubted whether this class of our public teachers have borne witness, as they ought to have done, against the iniquity. One or two of the secular papers have treated it intelligently and vigorously; but the press in general has dealt with it but gingerly. In a newspaper controversy concerning a governor's private stock operations, the belief that he was addicted to such practices did not discredit him much in the opinion of most of the journalists; the only question was whether he had slaughtered his friends in the fray, or whether he had used other people's money in the transaction. I do not undertake to condemn or to justify this governor; I am simply referring to the general tone of the public

press in discussing the charges against him, which seemed to admit that it is all right for a governor to gamble, provided he gambles fairly. Clearly there is need of a great deal of elementary teaching on this subject, in order that a public sentiment may be created which will deal with the evil in an effective way. Those men who follow the business must be made to see that gambling, in its many phases, is the parasite of commerce, the corrupter of youth, the evil genius of our civilization, and that every man who follows the trade is as truly an enemy of society as if he went about picking his neighbors' pockets or setting their harvest fields on fire.

THAT these three maladies which assail the national life are necessarily fatal need not be asserted, but it is not well to conceal from ourselves the truth that they are dangerous. Over against these anti-social forces are the powers that make for unity: the intelligence and conscience and benevolence of a people among whom the Christian ethics is yet, we may hope, something more than an obsolete sentiment; the love of equity, not easily extinguished in the breasts of Anglo-Saxons; the steadily growing feeling of a common interest; the vast combinations of industry and commerce that are wholly inoperative without confidence and good-will. All these are mighty, and they will prevail in the end against the evil. Of their triumph on this soil, in the life of this nation, we must not, however, be so sanguine as to neglect the supply of the conditions on which alone these remedial and constructive forces will do their work. For we must remember what Professor Roscher says, that in this case the patient is also the physician; and that the cure depends on the clearness of his intelligence and the firmness of his will.

Washington Gladden.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Republican Institutions and the Spoils System.

THERE is no time in the progress of a reform when it is more necessary to insist upon its correct principles than during the period in which it is becoming fashionable. The ardor of those who have supported it from conviction naturally cools a little at the public success with which apparently it is meeting; while those who espouse the cause for selfish reasons are likely, from the same motives, to wish to assume its active advocacy and direction before the public, with more or less consequent risk to the integrity of its success. Such is now the case with the cause of Civil Service Reform. Within a few years it has advanced from a following which, with equal safety, could be flattered within national platforms and snubbed without, to a firm support among thoughtful and unpartisan men who know that they hold the balance of power in the nation, and who are not afraid to exercise it. At the same time the shrewder politicians see that in the fight between the spoils system and the merit system the former must eventually go under, and they are looking out for their own interests with amazing zeal. It is especially important at this stage of the reform that the exposition and defense of the new system shall not be confided to those men, of either political party, who have been recently insisting that it is unpractical or unrepublican. The chief interest which the American people will have in the next Presidency, after that which concerns the personal character of the candidates, will lie in the treatment of the patronage of the Executive. We believe that it is being more generally perceived that the one fundamental reform of importance — without which the judgment of the country on any other question cannot be arrived at — is the thorough, general, and permanent divorce of politics and patronage. This is the people's reform, and through it alone may they hope to realize the aim of the Constitution, by the reënfranchisement of the voter.

That in this restoration of power to the individual the reform is fundamentally republican, is a doctrine which needs continually to be set forth. Opponents of the merit system tell us that republican equality requires that all citizens should have an equal chance to hold office, and that a system of appointment based on examination and probation, and requiring in candidates a degree of knowledge above the ordinary, is an aristocratic system, which ought not to be permitted in a free nation like this. Moreover, they maintain that a tenure of office during good behavior, or anything approaching it, would also be unrepublican, since it would restrict the offices to a small number of

men, and prevent the great mass of American citizens from attaining office at all. These arguments have been repeatedly urged in opposition to reform principles, and have probably had considerable influence with a certain order of minds, thus serving as an obstacle to the progress of reform.

Meanwhile, the opponents of free government in Europe, perhaps taking the hint from our own politicians, have shown a disposition to treat the abuses in our civil service as a natural result of republican government, and therefore as a condemnation of that government itself. Thus the alleged connection between republican principles and the spoils system is made to serve two purposes, the enemies of reform among ourselves using it to justify abuses, and the enemies of republican government in Europe using it as an argument against republicanism itself. It is well, therefore, to consider whether there is any foundation for the allegation thus made, whether the spoils system is really a consequence of republican principles of government, or whether it is not rather due to a perversion of those principles, and therefore opposed to the true ideal of a republican state.

Now, in regard to the charge preferred by monarchists, that the abuses in our civil service are the effect of our system of government, and a proof of its inferiority, we remark that this charge is not borne out by history. Bad as these abuses have been, they are not a whit worse than those that formerly prevailed in the monarchies of Europe, and in some respects not so bad. Until recent years, the spoils system was everywhere prevalent in a more or less aggravated form in all European states; and in the times when monarchy and oligarchy were most supreme, the abuses of the system were most flagrant. In England, for instance, but a few generations ago, the administrative offices were used in the most open way to reward the personal followers of kings and nobles, and to provide places for their broken-down servants; while the political corruption and bribery used to influence elections and parliamentary proceedings were far worse than anything of the kind ever seen in the United States.

The causes, too, of the spoils system are essentially the same everywhere, and are quite as prevalent in a monarchy as in a republic. The chief cause, of course, is the passion for public office; but this is aggravated by the spirit of party, which leads men to wish that the offices should be held by members of their own party, even if meritorious officers have to be turned out to make room for them. Now the passion for office is well-nigh universal, and is quite as strong and as prevalent in a monarchy as in a republic, and manifests itself in the same way. The spirit of party, too, is quite as prevalent, and party contests are quite as bitter, in a monarchy as in a free state; the only difference being that in an absolute monarchy they are carried on by intrigues and cabals around the throne, while in a free state they are conducted openly before the whole people. There is nothing, then, either in the nature of free government or in history, to indicate that the abuses of our civil service are effects of republican institutions, to which governments of a less popular character are not liable. Several European states, however, and notably England, have preceded us in the work of reforming their administrative systems, and so just at present they make a better showing than we do. But there is nothing to indicate that the reform is any more difficult here than it was there, or that reformed methods are any less adapted to our method of government than to theirs, and we should not be at all surprised if our civil service should ultimately stand the highest.

But what shall we say, then, to those of our own citizens who maintain that a reformed service would be contrary to republican principles? The charge has been so often made that it would seem that there must be some foundation for it, at least in the minds of those who make it; and we think that its real foundation is not difficult to discover. That reformed methods are really in any respect opposed to republican principles we altogether deny; but there is a spurious version of those principles which has somewhat widely prevailed, and which furnishes, we think, all the basis there is for the charge we are considering. Republican government is professedly based on the doctrine of equality, that is to say, on the doctrine that all men ought to be equal before the law, and have an equal voice in the ultimate decision of political questions. But the principle of equality has sometimes been held to mean that one man is as good as another, and consequently that all have an equal right to office, whether they have taken pains to fit themselves for it or not. This spurious theory of equality has in times past been somewhat prevalent in this country, and has contributed to the abuses of our civil service. It has, in conjunction with the spirit of party, been the chief cause of the custom known as rotation in office. This custom has been far more prevalent in this country than it ever was in England; for though in that country, before the civil service was reformed, some changes were always made by an incoming administration, there was no such clean sweep as has commonly been made here when a new party came into power. Nor can there be much doubt that the prevalence of this custom in this country is largely due to the spurious doctrine of equality; for when once it is established that all men have an equal right to hold office, the practice of rotation becomes a natural method of "giving everybody a chance."

We believe, however, that the spurious doctrine of equality is much less prevalent among us than it was, and that the majority of our people now clearly recognize that, while all ought to be equal before the law, all are by no means equal in fitness for office. We believe that the true doctrine of equality is becoming the dominant one, and that popular sentiment in regard to filling the offices has already so greatly changed that rotation has lost its popularity. It is getting to be recognized that though no class ought to have a monopoly of office, yet no man ought to have an office for which he is not fitted, and that the only way to ascertain a man's fitness is by examination and probation for that purpose. It is getting to be recognized, too, that public offices are not prizes to be given as rewards to party servants, but public functions to be discharged by the best qualified persons, and that, other things equal, the man who has held an office for years is better qualified for its duties than a new man would be. Hence the growing popularity of the reformed methods wherever they are understood, and hence the favor with which initiation of reform in the national administration has been received.

Under the new system the offices will be filled by men who have proved themselves fitted to hold them; and when a man has an office, he will not be liable to be turned out after a brief term of service to make room for a new man no better than himself. Every citizen cannot have an office, for there are not enough offices to go round; but every one will have a chance to apply for office whenever there is one to be filled, and the place will be given to him who is deemed most worthy. It is hard to see how anything can be more truly republican than this. We are confident that as the new system becomes better known its popularity will increase, and that it will be found far more in harmony with true republican principles than the spoils system could ever be.

Business Gambling.

ELSEWHERE in this number of THE CENTURY business gambling is discussed as one of "Three Dangers" which most threaten society, the other two being intemperance and divorce. Perversion of business is certainly the most conspicuous evil, and probably the one from which society has most to fear in the future. Like all other forms of gambling, betting on the future price of stocks and produce is a delusion as a means of money-getting. But it is a delusion which appeals seductively to the popular ambition to get rich easily and quickly. The great exchanges, by letting it in through the same door with honest speculation, and by vouching for the regularity of the gambling transaction, have given the delusion the mask of business. Men of prominence have lent it the mask of respectability. Most of the gigantic fortunes of the country have with their support given it the mask of success. Into the bubble have been drawn "bright" office-boys, "trustworthy" clerks, "sturdy" farmers, "solid" business men, "leading" professional men, "conservative" bank presidents, railway "magnates," and "honored" or "aspiring" statesmen. Those of them who have enjoyed success as fleecers have reasoned that the profits justified the means; and those who have been fleeced have retired on their experience, some maimed, some ruined, and some to nurse the inveterate gambling passion by risking more in the effort to get back what has been lost. Under cover of the enormous gambling transactions, grasping managers of stock companies and dishonest schemers have swelled the bubble with diluted stock and funded moonshine, with the result of breaking down the honest investment market. Such bold-faced robbery as has been practiced in various ways under the name of "stock dividends" could never have happened had not bankers and dealers been demoralized by the profits of illegitimate business.

Men have gone into fictitious speculation who would not be suspected ordinarily of patronizing faro or roulette, much less of having a proprietary interest in the "game." But the difference is mainly in the form. Many of the terms in vogue among the blackleg fraternity are in use, either literally or by synonym, in Bowling Green, Hanover Square, and Wall street. Brokerage and the banker's interest on the money borrowed in the gambling transaction are the Wall street equivalents for "the usual percentage that goes to the game." So if the "lamb" has even luck,—if fortune favors as often as it fails,—every time he turns over his fleece he loses a handful of it. In time it all disappears, if not in losses, then in percentage and interest. For, in the long run, money is made at business gambling only by the men who have the power to juggle with the market, or the means, as it were, of "loading the dice." Certainly it has not been uncommon for managers of corporations to make opportunities for fleecing the "street," or to take underhand advantage of circumstances coming within their official knowledge. It is common also for strong operators to raid the street, up or down, not with the appearance, to be sure, of guerrillas attacking an express train, but with the same profit at other people's expense. But even for the experienced manipulators of the market it is not all profit and no risk. Only recently we have seen a costly day of reckoning come to a desperate operator, who had been a financial king or freebooter, and to a miserly millionaire, both of whom have carried stock-gambling to the depth of peddling "privileges" to small speculators through curb-stone agents — a business which bears the same relation to the operations of the Exchange that the card and dice men on the outskirts of a country circus bear to a "responsible" gambling-house.

It is the fascination of business gambling that, apparently, it offers greater scope to brains than do the ordinary games of chance. Operations on 'change require, for any degree of success beyond occasional luck, knowledge of corporate transactions, the accumulation and coördination of other trustworthy information, and a nicety of judgment beyond the reach of any but the keenest business intellects. And here again, as in the following of gambling systems at Monaco, confidence and knowledge may be dangerous things. Nothing but *unfair advantage* wins steadily in selling "long" or selling "short" or dealing in "futures." Of course, stock exchanges and produce exchanges are useful adjuncts of honest commerce, and bankers and brokers are necessary to the operations of exchange. But, one year taken with another, the true interests of exchanges and bankers and brokers, like the interests of society in general, will be found to lie in the way of real trading. Fictitious trading demoralizes commerce with fictitious prices, and is the cause of extravagance, recklessness, and low business morality. When the gambling transactions exceed the honest investments more than twenty-fold, as some have estimated, it is impossible to have a sound condition of business. And when stocks suffer, as recently, a depreciation of over two thousand millions of dollars mainly because of gambling influences, stocks which are real property dissipate only less rapidly than those which were merely "water" and therefore disappeared like vapor.

Perhaps the most culpable, because the most responsible, of the men who have stimulated the gambling mania are the bankers who supply the capital without which these transactions could not be carried through the Exchange under the guise of transfers of stock. These bankers know very well that the business would be regarded by them as immoral and unsound if the profits were not so captivating. Said one of them to a new firm of brokers whose account he was taking: "Whatever you do, don't 'lay down' on your bank"; — in other words: "When the day of disaster overtakes you, protect your financial partner from loss by 'lay-

ing down on somebody else." Of greater significance is the fact that "conservative" bankers and brokers, who are eager to help others into the mazes of Wall street, prefer to have their customers think it is a rule of the firm never to gamble on its own account.

It is a question to what extent these abuses of legitimate trade can be corrected by legislative remedies. But the subject is one which deserves careful study from legislators, and a different moral attitude on the part of business men; for it is plain to see that honest industry and honest commerce are suffering from a parasitic growth which is sapping both their physical strength and moral energy.

Legacies of the War.

THE year now drawing to its close has witnessed events in the United States of a nature calculated to humiliate and discourage those who have both pride and faith in republican institutions. It is not necessary to name over the long and melancholy list. Political scandals and revelations of commercial dishonor are fresh in the minds of all, and all have observed the apparently lessening sense of the sacredness of marriage, the growing tendency toward stock-gambling in all sections of the community, and the increased popular success of demagogism in public life.

If most of the events and tendencies which distress the judicious are examined, they will be found to be in some way connected with the great civil war which ended nineteen years ago; they are in a certain sense a part of the price we have had to pay for our national unity. The very prosperity which followed upon the reunion of the States gave rise to those gigantic schemes which brought the small but poisonous band of railroad-wrecking millionaires upon us; hence, too, the amateur speculation which is the ruin of the peace, fortunes, and morals of so many homes. Again, the unscrupulous demagogues, who have lately proved so successful in the various party organizations, have very often been men who traded on their "war records," either as actual soldiers or as promoters otherwise of the cause of the Union. More than one community has had the chance of watching the metamorphosis of a young and enthusiastic company of workers for the "Union cause," at the time of or soon after the war, into a middle-aged band of robbers of the public tills,— sometimes tolerated through the fatal apathy of honest citizens, more rarely exposed and sent to prison. The spoils system itself, though earlier than the war, and therefore not a direct outgrowth of it, was nevertheless intensified, and invested with a species of sacredness, by the natural heat and enthusiasm of the war feeling.

But he would be a shallow observer indeed who did not see beside the events and tendencies to which we have alluded others of a most hopeful and reassuring character. If there seems to be a culmination of evil things, there is a culmination of the good also. Nothing can stay the progress of the greatest reform that has been started since the old Anti-Slavery days. And the reform of the civil service means not merely a purification of our governmental system; it means also, ultimately, the reform of our entire public life. In both of the leading parties a new class of politicians have already begun to take the field, and with the highest success; men like Mayor Low of Brooklyn and Theodore Roosevelt of New York City— such men as these have already done much to make the abused word "politician" the respectable designation of a highly useful and worthy class of citizens. It will be noticed that among the men prominent at this moment as connected in one party or the other with the reform principle, are many who have come up since the war. They have taken their places after the great questions growing out of that conflict were largely decided, and they are addressing themselves with energy to the new problems which are calling everywhere for attention.

Among the signs that the great body of the people are not thoroughly contaminated by the low and cynical views of expediency and the mephistophelian principles of the large number of political "strikers" and "boomers," of all parties and sections, who of late have been so noisy and apparently pervading—among these signs, we say, is the interest taken in the agitation of the temperance question, an agitation it may be not always wisely or justly conducted, but on the whole a moral movement of the deepest and most healthy significance. Another sign is the extraordinary courage of independence on the part of individuals connected with the various political organizations, and the quick and wide response to every point of conscience raised by those who are looked upon as the purest and least disinterested among the leaders of thought.

Indeed, there are many signs in the sky of a better day to come. The legacies of the war are not all bad. The good effects of national unity are now so apparent that many of those who did their heroic best to dissever these States are glad that they failed in the attempt. One of the legacies of the war is human freedom; and though the condition of the freed race to-day offers many serious and perplexing problems, still there are few, white or black, who despise or regret this priceless legacy of the war. But the greatest legacy of the war is a mighty and swiftly increasing nation, which has to work out,— through the moral stamina, public spirit, and watchfulness of its individual citizens,— not only its own salvation, but, one may almost say, the salvation of the human race itself. To despair of America is to despair of humanity. It is not time to despair of America until all the influences for good, which are now actively at work in every part of our enormous territory, shall be utterly exhausted.

American Monumental Art.

SOME of the New York papers have lately been discussing an American custom of giving out public monuments, not to professional sculptors and architects, but to business houses. These firms may or may not employ competent artists, and the artists, good or bad, are amenable, not to the persons engaging the work, but to the firms that directly employ them.

There can be no doubt that this system is a dangerous one. There is always a chance that a work of monumental art may never attain to be a "work of art" at all, through the failure of even a good artist to do his best, or through the certainty that a commonplace artist will do poorly. Indeed, committees may congratulate themselves if they manage to get hold of even a commonplace artist, when we see how many

committees have been the prey of wire-pulling ignoramuses. For it is a singular fact that there is more charlatanry in sculpture than in any other of the arts; in other words, it is apparently easier for a totally incompetent modeler to pose as a real sculptor, than it is for a totally incompetent painter to pose as a genuine master of the art of painting.

To the danger that committees may be imposed upon by the quackery of self-styled artists is added the danger that they may be imposed upon by the energy and wiles of business "drummers." Incompetent "sculptors" are always seeking jobs, sometimes even originating them; and now we have prosperous and reputable business firms "making specialties" of soldiers' monuments and what not! The public, and especially committees, ought to bear in mind that the very best artistic talent can seldom be obtained through "middlemen," and that business houses, not composed of trained artists, are as little likely to produce masterpieces of monumental art as "literary bureaus" would be likely to furnish on demand, and at most-for-your-money prices, first-class novels or inspired poems.

OPEN LETTERS.

Young Alumni in Politics.

[The following Open Letter was written before the recent Presidential Conventions. Mr. Spahr's views will be read with special interest at the present moment.—EDITOR.]

THE editor of THE CENTURY has recently called attention to the fact that educated young men find nothing in the old political parties to rouse enthusiasm. The most stalwart partisans do not deny this statement, but in general claim that the lack of enthusiasm is the fault of the young men, and not of the parties.

It is not the object of this article to make any attack upon those who call themselves practical politicians. I fully realize that some of these "men without theories" are not men without thoughts, and that some who are subjectively "hard-headed" are not objectively "thick-headed." The object of this article is to start from the recognized fact that the young alumni of the country do not stand with the old parties, and to try to show where, as a body, we do stand. We do not pride ourselves upon being theorists. We have therefore no particular quarrel with those who claim to be practical. We would commend their attacks upon our lack of party spirit, did we think, as they do, that an interest in party and an interest in politics are identical. Our justification is in the fact that our increased interest in political problems has been as marked as our decreased interest in party manœuvres. We hold that when parties are based upon offices they can only claim the devotion of those who hold the offices. If they will give us a party which is based upon principles, we who hold the principles will work for it enthusiastically.

Of the questions now before the American people, there are two upon which our faith is practically united, and in regard to which the vast majority of us desire to make our influence felt. Almost as a unit we are in favor of *Civil Service and Tariff Reform*. During the struggle to maintain the Union, the evils connected with the civil service and the tariff were lost sight of by the general public, but were watched and fostered by the privileged classes dependent upon them. During the political torpor which followed the struggle, these classes insisted that those who strove for reform were trying to revive "dead issues." The event has proven that the issues were not dead but sleeping, and in their sleep had gathered power. The reformers were told that to attack the established order was un-American. The event has proven that the American people consider nothing to be un-American which means "equality before the laws." Indeed, it is more than probable that the accomplishment of these reforms will be the next great step in the consummation of national unity. The one reform will take away the bitterness of party strife, while the other will put an end to class legislation. The doctrine of "spoils" and the doctrine of "protection" both strive to benefit the part at the expense of the whole, which no national organism can ever permit. And the signs of the times are that each will be compelled to give way as the people more fully realize that "party rights" and "class rights" mean national wrongs.

When I say that the great body of young alumni are united upon the subject of protection, let me not be understood to say that we are united upon what would be called radical ground. We believe that the American people have heard a good deal of free-trade sophistry as well as protective sophistry. From the stump we hear free-traders appeal to class prejudice and hate. We hear the manufacturing classes attacked as robbers who are enriched by plundering the public. We believe that the public is impoverished, but to claim that labor and capital are better rewarded in protected industries than in any other is as decidedly the mark of the ignoramus as of the demagogue. Only when a moneyed lobby has controlled special legislation is there any division of plunder. And the industries thus protected will soon be so over-crowded that those who are engaged in them need "more protection" almost as much as they formerly needed any protection at all. It is for this reason that "protection which leads to free trade" is so generally a delusion. The wealth of the whole country depends upon the productiveness of its labor. The fallacy of protection is that it enriches a class while it impoverishes the nation. This, we hold, is bad philosophy, bad patriotism, and bad policy, and we claim that protection will always fail to benefit any class, while it will never fail to tax all classes.

From the professor's chair as well as from the politician's stump do we hear free-trade doctrines which we do not sanction. In fact, free-trade extremists

seem to have been the only ones to attract general attention. When a prominent professor, in writing for a prominent periodical, argues that all the wages paid in the protected industries are wasted because paid for work which we ought not to be engaged in, he does not have the support of the great body of the alumni. Most of us were brought up in the Republican party, and are conservative enough to believe that wages are not wholly wasted unless paid for work which is wholly unproductive. As a body, we believe in a conservative reform. All that we insist upon is that "conservatism" shall not mean stagnation.

These questions, upon which the young alumni are practically united, are questions upon which they will have considerable influence. Not only is practical good sense required, but a vast amount of investigation into the facts which relate to these problems. The American people have always overestimated our scholarship fully as much as they have underestimated our practical judgment, and they will be apt to attach some value to what we claim as the result of our investigations.

There is also another reason why our influence would be felt. Those who have managed the "machine" have been mistaken when they supposed that a false dignity kept us from becoming political workers. "Dignity" was never one of our vices. During our college days, when the fire department had turned out to throw water upon some already ruined barn, the regular workers of the machine were apt to curse our indifference and our criticisms. But when there was a real conflagration at hand, they found that we were as hard workers as the best of them. In the same way now, when the political machine shall be turned from its present uses and abuses into a power for the extermination of serious evils, we will take hold of it with a free-handed grasp instead of a "kid-gloved touch," and our "critical indifference" will give place to a whole-hearted enthusiasm.

COLUMBUS, OHIO. *Charles B. Spahr.*

Two Notable Novels.*

I HAVE lately read two novels — or rather two fictions, for one of them, strictly speaking, is a romance rather than a novel — which struck me as being, in several ways, uncommonly interesting. Not the least interesting thing about them was the witness they bore of the prevalence of realism in the artistic atmosphere to such degree that two very differently gifted writers, having really something to say in the way of fiction, could not help giving it the realistic character. This was true no less of the romance than of the novel; and I fancied that neither the romancer nor the novelist had theorized much, if at all, in regard to the matter. Realism — the name is not particularly good — being almost the only literary movement of our time that has vitality in it, these two authors, who felt the new life in them, and were not mere literary survivals, became naturally part of it.

The novel was "The Story of a Country Town," and unless it shall have reached your readers in an Eastern republication, I imagine that I shall be giving most of them the first news of it. The author is Mr. E. W. Howe, who is also the editor of an evening paper in Atchison, Kansas, and who printed and published the first edition of his novel himself. In his preface he tells, with a frankness that is at once manly and appealing, how he wrote the book at night, after his day's work on the newspaper was done; but it is with the novel, and not with the novelist, that we have to do at present. It is simply what it calls itself, the story of a country town in the West, which has so many features in common with country towns everywhere, that whoever has lived in one must recognize the grim truth of the picture. It does not lack its reliefs, — which are of a humorous rather than a joyous sort, — but is very grim nevertheless, and at times intolerably sad. Its earlier chapters represent the hard-worked, almost hopeless life of the women in a country neighborhood, and the plodding disappointment of the men, in whom toil and privation have quenched the light of dreams in which they came out to possess the new land. Out of this general sentiment are materialized certain types, certain characters. They are commonly good, and nearly always religious people, with a passion for religious observances and for Scriptural discussions; and their gloom, one feels, is a temporary but necessary condition, out of which the next generation is sure to emerge. The author has instinctively chosen the form which, next to the dramatic, is the most perfect, and supposes himself the narrator of the story. His mother is one of those worn, weary women; his father is the sternest of the religionists, who, after leading a life of merciless industry and perfect morality, breaks under the strain of the monotony and solitude at last, and abandons his wife for a woman whom he does not love. This tragedy does not develop till the scene of the story has changed from the country neighborhood to the country town,— Twin Mounds it is called; and here the narrator's father buys the local newspaper and sets about making it prosperous with tremendous energy, which finally achieves success. But his curse is on him, and he goes away to ruin and disgrace, while his wife and son remain to a sorrow and shame that are depicted with unsparing and heart-breaking fullness. The wretched man returns the night following the death of his wife, and, after looking on her dead face with his pitying and forgiving son, goes out into the snow-storm from which he has come, and is heard of no more. This Rev. John Westlock is the great figure of the book, and not Jo Erring, of whom the author is fond, and who finally comes near spoiling the strong, hard-headed, clear-conscienced story. Yet Jo Erring is admirably imagined,— or discovered,— and even in his sentimental excess and unbalance is true to the West, and to a new country. His timorous, bewildered wife, who has yet a strange, womanly dignity, is very courageously and powerfully drawn; there are many such women in the world, but they are new to fiction. She is scientifically derived from her father, too, and the misery into which they both fall is the result of a weakness to which one cannot help being tender. Jo Erring becomes insanely jealous of a reprobate with whom Mateel had a boy-and-girl engagement; he kills the man, and commits suicide in prison. All that is treated deplorably enough as regards the narrator's blindness to the fact that Jo is really a culpable

* The Story of a Country Town. By E. W. Howe. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

*Miss Ludington's Sister. By E. W. Bellamy. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

homicide; but on the artistic side, as regards the portrayal of character and conditions, there is no fault. The art is feeblest in the direction of Agnes, who is probably true to life, but seems rather more than the rest to have come out of books. Her termagant mother, on the other hand,—of whom we have scarcely more than a glimpse as she cuffs her way through a roomful of children,—and her uncle, the delicious cynic Lytle Biggs, with his frank philosophy and swindling life, are unmistakably out of the soil. It is not in the presentation of individuals, however, but rather in the realization of a whole order of things, that the strength of the book lies; and what I most admire in it is the apparently unconscious fearlessness with which all the facts of the case, good, bad, and indifferent, are recognized. Neither this thing nor that is exploited, but all things are simply and clearly portrayed. It is needless to note that, having something to say, the author has said it well; that follows. I do not care to praise his style, though, as far as that increasingly unimportant matter goes, it is well enough; but what I like in him is the sort of mere open humanness of his book. It has defects enough, which no one can read far without discovering; but, except in the case of Jo Erring, they are not important — certainly not such as to spoil any one's pleasure in a fiction which is of the kind most characteristic of our time, and which no student of our time hereafter can safely ignore. The book is full of simple homeliness, but is never vulgar. It does not flatter the West, nor paint its rough and rude traits as heroic; it perceives and states, and the results are perfectly imaginable American conditions, in which no trait of beauty or pathos is lost. There are charming things in it. Youth, with its ignorance, its ardor, its hopefulness and fearlessness, is more than once finely studied; and amidst the prevailing harshness and aridity there are episodes of tenderness and self-devotion that are like springs of water out of the ground. It is a fact so creditable to the community in which this remarkable novel was produced, without any aids of advertising or "favorable noticing," that I cannot forbear stating, at the risk of impertinence, that its uncommon quality was at once recognized, and the whole of the first edition sold there.

MR. BELLAMY works to an end very different in his romance, "Miss Ludington's Sister"; but he deals quite as frankly with his material, and has quite as little of that *mauvaise honte* which long prevented us from recognizing American conditions in the genteel presence of our English reviewers, as Mr. Howe. I observed that one of these critics lately arched a troubled eyebrow at a state of things presented in Mr. Bellamy's first story, "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," where apparently the drug-clerk and the gunsmith's apprentice are members of village society. A little while ago, and we would not have dared to betray this low fact. But Mr. Bellamy had touched upon it in the most matter-of-fact, casual way, and as something that needed neither defense nor explanation; and his transatlantic reviewer, by a heroic effort, succeeded in praising his book in spite of it, though his noble reluctance was plain. In fact, Mr. Bellamy has done in both of his romances about the only thing left for the romancer to do in our times, if he will be part of its tendency: he has taken some of the crudest and most sordid traits of our life, and has produced from them an effect of the most delicate and airy romance. It always seemed to me that Hawthorne had some ironical or whimsical intention in his complaints of the unfriendliness of the American atmosphere and circumstance to his art; and the success of Mr. Bellamy, who is the first writer of romance in our environment worthy to be compared with Hawthorne, goes far to confirm me in this notion. By the boldness with which he treats our reality he wins a subtler effect for the fantastic and ideal when he introduces them. I think there can be in all fiction few stories more pathetic than "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," in which the poor lost girl seems to find, in the physician's invention for the extirpation of any given memory, release from the shame of her fall. It would be a pity to dull the interest of any reader who has not happened to meet with the book, and I will tell its story no further. Of course I shall not reveal the secret of "Miss Ludington's Sister," but it can do no harm to ask the reader to note with what skill the clew is kept from him, with what cunning the irrefragable chain of logic is forged, and with what consummate craft the possible and impossible are joined. All is told with the greatest quiet and plainness of manner, but there are moments when one's breath scarcely comes in the intense excitement of the situation: for example, where the medium suddenly dies in her trance, and the spirit which she has materialized remains in our world, bewildered, terrified, helpless. It is the earthly career of this strange being which fascinates the reader until the *éclaircissement* becomes almost intolerable; but, from first to last, nothing seems forced in character or situation. In this perhaps more daring flight of his imagination, Mr. Bellamy apparently finds himself no more embarrassed by fidelity to the every-day details of American life than he did in "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process." In both books these are treated with absolute unconsciousness of their difference from those of any other life. Up to a certain point it cannot be said that even Mr. Howe's novel is more realistic than Mr. Bellamy's romance, which, beyond that point, has earned the right to be as romantic as the author chooses. It indicates a direction in which a species of fiction, for which Hawthorne did so much that he may be almost said to have created it, can be continued and developed indefinitely. There is nothing antagonistic in realism to poetry or romance; perhaps the best and highest realism will be that which shall show us both of these where the feeble-thoughted and feeble-hearted imagine that they cannot exist. Mr. Howe's "Story of a Country Town" makes every stupid little American village poetic to the sympathetic witness, as geology renders every patch of earth historic; we grow indefinitely richer by such close and kindly study of human life, for if the study is close enough it is sure to be kindly; and realism is only a phase of humanity. Mr. Bellamy shows us that the fancy does not play less freely over our democratic levels than the picturesque inequalities of other civilizations, and both books enforce once more the fact that, whatever their comparative value may be, our own things are the best things for us to write of.

The new strength and the new freshness shown by

these authors are not rare among our younger writers. Mr. Lathrop shows both, for example, in that beautiful book of his, "An Echo of Passion"; and I have just been reading Miss Jewett's last volume of sketches with exactly the keen delight with which one would meet her farmer and sailor folk in the flesh and hear them talk. Indeed, one does meet them really in her book; and it would be easy to multiply instances on every hand of the recognition of the principle of realism in our fiction. The books of Mr. Howe and of Mr. Bellamy happen to be the latest evidences, as well as very striking performances apart from this.

W. D. Howells.

A Word with Countrywomen.

LIFE is a succession of choices. As some one has well said, "One cannot often have this *and* that, but this *or* that." We cannot, if we would, gather all the roses. There are too many of them. The question is, which to choose?

To choose and to hold fast to the very best that is within our individual reach — is not this the true philosophy of life? It is not a narrow or a selfish philosophy, surely, for we cannot share with our fellows what we ourselves do not possess. And do not we countrywomen sometimes fail to grasp the best because we are too eagerly striving to seize that which is of less value?

Is it not a mistake to let go of the quiet strength, the repose, the dignity of country life, in a feverish and ill-considered attempt to follow afar off the manners and customs of the town? In the first place, we cannot do it in any satisfactory way, even if we try. The conditions, the environment, as a certain clerical gentleman would say, are so different as to make it well-nigh impossible to ingraft upon the stock of country life the scions of city habits, city hours, city customs.

In the second place, if we could, *cui bono?*

Jenkins seems to have broken out, lately, in a new spasm of industry and enthusiasm. The daily papers — even such as, a very few years ago, would have considered it quite beneath their dignity to devote column after column to "society news," so called — now carry to the remotest hamlets among the hills or on the prairies minute details of Mrs. Midas's ball and Mrs. Grundy's reception, and of what the favored guests ate and drank and did and wore. Nobody finds fault with this. If there are those who care to read these details, thus getting brief and tantalizing glimpses of what they consider "high life," it is the privilege, and perhaps the duty, of the newspapers to supply the demand. But shall we vex our souls and wear out our bodies in vain attempts to copy, in a feeble and microscopic way, the doings of the above-mentioned ladies? Why not have our own ideas, our own standards, as to what is fit and becoming — not, perhaps, for Mrs. Midas, but for us?

Because Mrs. Midas, who dines at seven, finds it pleasant and convenient to receive her friends anywhere from nine to twelve, or later, why should we country-folk, who as a rule dine at one and have our cup of tea at six, think it necessary to yawn until nine or ten o'clock before we put on our best clothes and go to Mrs. Brown's party? Why make a burden of what might be a pleasure? Most people in the country find it necessary, or at least convenient, to breakfast as early as half-past seven. This certainly implies being in bed and asleep before the small hours.

Remember, I am not quarreling with Mrs. Midas. No doubt she orders her life after the manner that experience has proved most easy and comfortable — for her. But I fail to see why we, who are so differently situated, should consider it "the thing" to adopt her hours. Why should we go to parties at nine o'clock, when every mother's daughter of us knows it would be easier and more convenient to go at half-past seven?

Mrs. Midas has her retinue of a dozen servants — more or less. Yet, if she is to give a dinner of any pretension, she does not depend solely upon her household forces, but calls in aid from outside.

How is it in the country? The great majority of the women who read THE CENTURY keep one servant — at the most, two. The country housekeepers who are under bondage to more than two are the very rare exceptions. Why should we not entertain our friends with a simplicity commensurate with the service at our command? Simplicity is not meanness, it is not shabbiness, it is not inhospitality. It means just this: that, time and strength being limited quantities both for mistress and maid, many a woman who would delight to receive her friends cannot afford to spend two or three days in the kitchen concocting an array of delicacies for which, after all is done, very few people care a straw. Every hostess knows that man is an eating animal, and that some light refreshment greatly adds to the ease and pleasure of an evening entertainment. But why is an elaborate supper necessary on every occasion? If a dozen of your friends pass the evening with you, for a little music, or conversation, or whist, or what not, the chances are that not one of them would have thought of tasting anything if they had staid at home.

Since the appearance of a certain "Open Letter" in THE CENTURY for May, 1883, touching upon some phases of country life, many women have appealed to the writer for advice as to forming literary clubs and societies of one sort and another. Ladies, let me say this, right here: Set your faces as a flint against any proposition for having "refreshments."

"Oh, but," says some one, "it would be so pleasant to have coffee and sandwiches, or chocolate and sponge-cake, or something! We might confine ourselves to one or two things."

Yes, you might, if you would. But the trouble is, you will not. First one member will break over the rule and add a salad to the coffee and sandwiches; next week her neighbor will add scalloped oysters to the salad; and so it will grow as it goes, until the main object of your society is overshadowed by the eating business, and your Reading-circle, your Musicale, your Fortnightly, becomes a burden. Finally, the members begin to say, "Oh, Mrs. President, I am so sorry, but my cook has given warning, and I can't possibly have the club this week." And, ten to one, the club dies in three months. All which trouble will be avoided if you make up your minds to meet together and study, or read, or sing, or play, without being confronted with the grim necessity of providing something to eat.

Not long ago a journal of wide circulation printed words to this effect (I quote from memory): "Whatever a housekeeper does, or leaves undone, let her remember this: No lady who makes any pretensions to living elegantly, or even handsomely, will allow a

napkin to appear upon her table twice without being laundered. Napkin-rings are banished to the nursery, where they should always have remained."

Now, no one can deny that a napkin fresh and crisp from the laundry is a daintier object than one that has lost its first freshness, even if clasped by the prettiest of rings. If one has plenty of servants and plenty of napkins, this is without doubt exceedingly pleasant advice to follow. But what if we were to do a little sum in multiplication? The average family is said to consist of five members.

$$5 \times 3 \times 7 = 105.$$

In round numbers, nine dozen napkins a week for a family of five.

Mesdames, who write for the papers, and tell us what must and what must not be done, you may not believe it, but there are women who aspire to living handsomely and daintily, if not elegantly, who have pretty, well-kept houses, and daintily appointed tables, yet who never had nine dozen napkins at once in all their lives, and never expect to have. What shall they do about it? Perhaps as an alternative they would better dispense with napkins altogether, as those stately and dignified dames, our venerated foremothers, did! Elegance and even neatness are terms hard to define. Latitude and longitude have a great deal to do with them. The Japanese lady lifts her almond eyes and laughs with mocking disdain at the Western barbarians who actually wash napkins and handkerchiefs that they may use them a second time. She uses her pretty trifle once and burns it.

This is a very trifling matter? Yes; and if it stood alone, it would not be worth mentioning. But a pound of feathers is just as heavy as a pound of lead. Let those who can afford to indulge their dainty tastes do so, and be thankful. But when it becomes a matter of choice between three fresh napkins a day — or anything else that may stand as their equivalent — and the new book, or the longed-for picture, the leisure to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the June roses, or to take the children out in the wide pastures and watch the changeful lights and shadows on the mountain sides, — then what shall be said about it? It is over-anxiety about matters like these that comes between the soul of many a woman and that higher, calmer, sweeter life for which she really yearns.

It is really true of the great middle class that are scattered all over our land, from Maine to Florida, from Massachusetts to Oregon, that they cannot have this and that. They are shut out from many, indeed from most, of the advantages of great cities. They do not have picture galleries, museums, and public libraries, nor the stimulus of busy, magnetic crowds.

But they may have — they may absorb into their own beings — the strength of the hills and of the sea, the calm of the plains, the peace of the sky, the patience of the earth, that lies waiting through all the wintry hours, assured that seed-time and harvest shall not fail. They may secure time to read and to think. They may pluck the roses of content.

Shall they lose all these in a vain attempt to grasp, not the best things of a far different life, but some of its merest externals, thus adding to all their cares and labors and getting nothing that is worth having in return?

Julia C. R. Dorr.

The Bombardment of Alexandria.

LETTER FROM A UNITED STATES NAVAL OFFICER.

THE CENTURY for June contains an extract from the diary of Miss Stone during the war in Egypt of 1882. The extract is preceded by an introductory letter from her father, Stone Pasha, which I think ought not to be accepted as final.

The Pasha's important position in the Egyptian army, held for so many years, his extensive knowledge of the country and its people, and his own character, combine to give his expressed opinion an almost overwhelming weight. This opinion involves serious charges against the British Government, as represented by its diplomatic and naval officers in Egypt, which, it seems to me, are merely stated and not proved.

I happened to be in Alexandria prior to and during the bombardment, and afterward was accredited to Lord Wolseley's staff as military and naval attaché. My own observations lead me to conclusions opposed to those advanced by Stone Pasha; and as no one else appears likely to question the accuracy of his *dictum*, I venture, very reluctantly, to suggest that the peculiar circumstances of the case may have caused him to say more than is, perhaps, capable of demonstration to others.

The newspapers, during the early part of July, 1882, may be cited as recording the almost universal belief that hostilities were certain to break out at Alexandria — the only difficulty being in fixing an exact date. The stampede of foreigners which followed the massacre of June 11 was largely due to this belief, and was encouraged by the British Government, which furnished free transportation as far as Malta to thousands of its citizens. The bombardment should, logically, have taken place immediately after the massacre. It was, however, delayed for a whole month. I submit that ample opportunity was afforded to all, who *really* desired it, to leave the country.

Furthermore, Stone Pasha is on record in his daughter's diary, under date of July 8th, as expecting Admiral Seymour to bombard Alexandria. Knowing as he did, to use the words of his introductory letter, that "the bombardment of Alexandria by any European fleet would cause the enraged inhabitants to work vengeance on all Europeans who might be in the country, of whatever nationality," his duty to his family seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, perfectly clear. He reached a solution of the problem in singularly full acquaintance with all the elements which entered into it. The responsibility was his own; nor can he now complain if the solution was fraught with discomfort and danger to those near and dear to him.

That a foreign squadron on a confessedly hostile mission should give the extended notice of bombardment, with its possibilities of aggressive preparation, urged by Stone Pasha, is a new doctrine. More notice than the technical twenty-four or the actual forty hours (according to the introductory letter) was, however, practically given to Stone Pasha. On the 6th of July Admiral Seymour sent the following letter to the Military Governor of Alexandria:

"I have the honor to inform your Excellency that it has been officially reported to me that yesterday two

or more additional guns were mounted on the sea defenses, and that other warlike preparations are being made on the northern face of Alexandria against the squadron under my command. Under the circumstances, I have to notify your Excellency that unless such proceedings be discontinued, or if, having been discontinued, they should be renewed, it will become my duty to open fire on the works in course of construction."

In view of his position at court, Stone Pasha could not have been ignorant of this letter, nor of the certainty that its menace would be followed by energetic action, even if the correspondence had been confidential. Yet he postponed bringing his family within reach of the American fleet, where they would have been gladly welcomed; and even after the *ultimatum* was issued, while there was still time for them to take the train from Cairo on the 10th, he decided that the discomfort of a crowded train was more to be dreaded than the dangers he describes as the inevitable sequence of a bombardment. An efficient escort might surely have been found among the members of his staff to whose loyalty he and his family bear such willing testimony.

The objection that the ships of refuge were to quit the harbor three hours before the arrival of the train in Alexandria is not worthy of Stone Pasha. My own vessel, for instance, moved on July 10th from a mile and a half inside the end of the breakwater to a like distance outside, where, except that the pull in a man-of-war's boat would have been longer by three miles, the refuge was precisely as accessible on that day as the day previous.

The complaint that "all British subjects had been carefully sent away" implies what I am sorry to say is but too true — that other governments are less solicitous than the British for the welfare of their citizens. The statement is at once a compliment to Great Britain and a reproach to other nations.

In view of what I have already said, I cannot perceive that the extension from forty to forty-eight hours of the notice to bombard would have caused people to leave Egypt who had already made up their minds to accept the risk of staying in any event; nor, *passim*, do I think that it can be shown that hundreds of Egyptian women and children "perished in the bombardment and in the panic flight from the hastily bombarded town," as Stone Pasha states.

The history of June 11, 1882, has not been written as yet, but those who witnessed the events of that day, and escaped with their lives, will find difficulty in reading with composure that they only beheld a *so-called massacre*.

I know that care was taken on July 11 to spare the town as far as was possible. I was myself surprised at the small extent of the damage it sustained, and I venture to think that trustworthy returns would not bear out the Pasha's statement that, "during the Christian bombardment of Alexandria, scores of Egyptian women and children perished"; while I am sure that by none would such a fact have been more deplored than by the people in the attacking fleet.

If I have made it appear at least open to discussion whether or no the British were guilty of "barbarous disregard . . . of the lives of citizens of all other nationalities," etc., and have shown that the bombardment did not take place, as it were, *on the sly*, I shall need no other apology for this tax upon your time and patience. Very truly yours,

C. F. Goodrich,
Lieut.-Commander U. S. N.

A Sign of the Times in Lexicography.*

THE chief merit of the "New English Dictionary on Historical Principles" is suggested by its title — it is the first thoroughly systematic and exhaustive *history* ever attempted of the words of a language. The principle upon which it is based is, of course, not new. The idea that lexicography is at bottom history, and demands historical accuracy and completeness, is conspicuous in Grimm and Littré, and, in fact, lies at the basis of every great modern lexicon. But the task of accumulating all the facts which constitute the history of words is so vast, incompleteness is apparently so inevitable, and it is so much easier to analyze and pass judgment upon contemporary or classical usage than to show by what steps it was reached, that even Littré, the greatest of modern lexicographers, virtually abandoned the purely historical field. To have highly resolved to realize the historical idea in all its fullness, and to have carried that resolve into successful execution, is the great merit of the Philological Society and of Dr. Murray. Their dictionary breathes a new atmosphere and is animated by a new spirit. With its great rivals, Littré and Grimm, one feels that the language — the French or German — of the present forms a limit up to which the past leads, but beyond which it does not point. "Contemporary usage," says Littré (preface), "is the first and principal object of a dictionary." The prime value of the word-history of the past is, he thinks, to establish the usage of the present; and this present usage seems, for him, to have in it a certain completeness, ultimateness, and sacredness. But the "New Dictionary" lifts us over this barrier, and shows us that present usage is only an imaginary section of the great stream of linguistic changes flowing toward us from the past and away into the future. It places us upon the summit of philosophic history, for which past, present, and future are more or less arbitrary divisions of one comprehensive view. Of the scholarship, toil, self-sacrifice, genius, by which this summit has been reached, it is unnecessary to speak.

This broad, philosophic view of its theme gives to the Philological Society's work a significance beyond that which belongs to it within its special province. It marks the movement of another department of thought into line with those sciences which have surrendered themselves wholly to the scientific spirit of the age; which recognize truth as existing in fact alone, and in the *whole* fact, and have turned resolutely away from individual inspiration, feeling, preference, to impersonal observation, analysis, and induction. How far at least English lexicography has hitherto been from this position, every one knows. Johnson's dictionary is hardly more a work of *science* than is "Sar-

*A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by James A. H. Murray, LL. D., President of the Philological Society, with the assistance of many scholars and men of science. Part I. A–ANT. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan & Co.

tor Resartus"; nor do Richardson, Latham, and the rest come much nearer the scientific ideal. They are monuments of literary taste, skill, knowledge, and even of genius, but they are not truly scientific; for not one of them recognizes that, as a man of science, the lexicographer has no right to express an opinion until all the facts upon which that opinion *ought* to be founded are before him. They exhibit everywhere the freedom of the *littérateur*. But the editors of the "New Dictionary" have proceeded differently. First, with the aid of hundreds of others, they have collected millions of facts, and only when these were all in their hands have they ventured to express their opinions as to the meaning of any. This is the true scientific spirit; and that it has taken firm hold of lexicography in all its branches is indicated by the similar scheme for a great Latin lexicon, which is being carried into execution by Professor Wölfflin. Is not this a sign of the times. And may we not hope that the same spirit will soon drive out the personal element, the arbitrariness of individual opinion and feeling, from the remaining departments of scientific thought, from literary criticism, æsthetics, biography, and philosophy? Certainly the fact that over one thousand persons (readers) have been found who have not only appreciated the scientific aim which the Philological Society has set before them, but have also enthusiastically devoted themselves to its promotion, ought to encourage those who are working for this grand result.

Detailed criticism of the book will undoubtedly reveal many errors. In the relatively small part of it (A–Ant) which has been published, critics have already discovered a number of omissions and other more serious imperfections. But the critics and all will do well to bear in mind what Dr. Murray, in a recent number of "Notes and Queries," suggests, that omissions are due not so much to those who *did* accept his general invitation to work as to those who *did not*. There is yet time for repentance. Let all who have any information which can be of use to Dr. Murray send it to him at once. *S.*

Recent Inventions.—Domestic Refrigeration.

A LOW temperature is often a sanitary necessity. The germs of disease can be controlled or destroyed by lowering the temperature. So clearly is this now seen that the power to lower the temperature of the air has come to be regarded in both the cure and prevention of disease. In all these domestic and sanitary applications of cold or refrigeration, ice has been the only material employed. In breweries, packing establishments, and abattoirs where refrigeration is required upon a large scale, or, in other words, where very great quantities of ice must be used, artificial refrigeration has in a large measure taken the place of natural ice.

Natural ice has several serious objections. It is heavy and cumbersome, wet and sloppy, exceedingly wasteful, and may be the vehicle for disease. These objections are so serious that the question is now raised whether in our larger cities mechanical refrigeration would not be safer, cheaper, and better. Intensely cold liquids or air chilled to many degrees below zero can now be delivered from a central station through pipes in the streets to all the houses within any moderate area, say two blocks in every direction. The lofty apartment houses, accommodating in some instances one hundred families under one roof, can with equal facility deliver from a machine in the cellar any required degree of cold in the pantry or store-room of every tenant in the building. These refrigeration machines are now on a firm technical and commercial basis, and can be as safely depended on to do the work required as any ordinary machinery. Two types of these machines are made and used in New York; and from an examination of a number in actual operation it may be safely predicted that they will in time be largely used to supply domestic refrigerators in place of ice. These two classes of machines are the anhydrous-ammonia machines and the compressed-air machines. In theory the anhydrous-ammonia machines produce cold upon the following circle of operations. The ammonia is compressed in a compressor driven by a steam-engine. The immediate result, as in all compression, is heat. If now this heat is extracted by passing the ammonia through pipes cooled by water, the ammonia will be in the form of a liquid under pressure, and both eager to expand and greedy for heat. If it is now allowed to expand and to return to the form of a gas, it will absorb heat from everything near it. If allowed to expand in pipes submerged in water, the water will immediately freeze. By mixing salt with the water, it will part with its heat and become intensely cold without freezing. If the machine is to make ice, it is only necessary to sink metal cans filled with pure water in this cold brine, and they are soon frozen, and when lifted out can be dipped in warm water and the solid block of ice will fall out. If it is not intended to make ice, but only to refrigerate a meat-safe, or cold-storage room, it is only necessary to place coils of pipe in the chill-room and to pump the cold brine through them, when the brine will absorb the heat of the room and lower the temperature to any degree required. In a cold-storage warehouse examined, the temperatures ranged in the different rooms (according to the material stored in them) from eighteen above zero to forty above, each room being of a fixed temperature. In the colder rooms fish and poultry frozen hard were said to have been in that condition for many months.

The compressed-air machines are in theory essentially the same. The machines examined are known as the "dense-air" machines, the air following a closed circle and never expanding to the normal atmospheric pressure as in some of the European machines. Air is compressed by a steam-engine, developing heat which is removed by passing the air through pipes submerged in cold water. It is then allowed to expand, but in a wholly different manner from the ammonia machines. The air expands in a motor while doing work, and this motor is directly coupled with the steam-engine and assists it to drive the compressor. The exhaust of this air-engine is intensely cold. Two methods may now be pursued. The cold air may be led through pipes in a tank of brine and the brine circulated through the cold rooms, or the air-pipes may pass through the rooms and be the immediate agent of refrigeration. The air is not allowed to escape in the circle, but is condensed to a pressure of two hundred and twenty pounds to the inch, and expands in

the air-engine to a pressure of sixty pounds to the inch. In the machine examined, the temperature of the air in the pipes was, on starting the engine, sixty-four degrees Fahr., and in twenty minutes had fallen to thirty-two below zero, while in a few minutes after starting the pipes in the brine-tank were coated with frost.

There seems to be no reason why both of these types of machines may not be used to supply cold to domestic refrigerators by circulating either brine or cold air through a coil of pipes. The system would certainly be clearly safe in a sanitary sense (for only brine or air enters the house in closed pipes), and probably cheaper than ice. All the refrigerators in the stalls of the new Washington Market are to be kept cold by pipes filled with brine sent from a central station through the streets. One large apartment house has already this plan under consideration for supplying cold to all the tenants.

Charles Barnard.

Booth's Escape.

HAVING read the account of Booth's escape from Maryland into Virginia, in your April number, I cannot let the matter pass without correcting some errors in the narrative, as far as concerns the adventures of the fugitive and his appearance at Dr. Stuart's.

I was a guest at the home of Dr. Richard Stuart (not Stewart) when the unfortunate man came to the house. He asked to see Dr. Stuart, saying that he "was suffering from a broken leg, and wanted medical aid." The family had just risen from the evening meal (supper, not breakfast); there were a number of friends in the house just returned from Lee's army; every room and bed was occupied. Dr. Stuart was absent. Mrs. Stuart received the two men,— none of us knew who they were,— and, according to the usual custom of the family, they were invited in and given their supper. Booth, as one of them afterward proved to be, requested lodging. It was impossible to accommodate him, nor would any one unknown to the family have been taken in. A party of strangers who had been entertained on a former occasion proved to be spies. They afterward arrested Dr. Stuart, and conveyed him to the Old Capitol Prison, where he had remained many weary months. Profiting by this experience, no one was ever afterward received under suspicious circumstances, such as surrounded these men.

At bed-time the strangers were shown the way to the house of a respectable colored woman — a tenant of the Doctor's — near by, who had a spare room, where they slept that night. It frequently occurred that belated travelers were lodged there.

Dr. Stuart's fortunate absence in all probability saved the whole family from prison; and Mr. Townsend has neglected to state that, although the Doctor was away from home, and in fact never saw Booth, at that time or subsequent thereto, he was for this simple act of hospitality on the part of his family arrested again and thrown into solitary confinement, where he remained many weeks.

The letter which Mr. Townsend mentions was written from the woman's house, and though couched in polite but sorrowful language, interlarded with quotations from Shakspere, was very mortifying to the family. However, it afterward proved to be the key which opened the prison doors to the Doctor — a noble Christian gentleman, the very soul of hospitality, a man who was never known to turn from his door the poor, the unfortunate, or the distressed.

Although the shot fired in the theater by Booth was the greatest disaster that ever befell the Southern people,— I do not except the fall of Richmond or the surrender of Lee,— yet to my dying day I can never think but with pity of the sad, handsome face of the poor wanderer as, with all hope dead within him, suffering agony in body and mind, leaning upon a broken oar, and wrapped in a heavy fringed shawl, which fell in graceful folds from his right shoulder, he slowly and painfully passed out into the night.

E. G. D. G.

Church Music: A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Robinson.

MY DEAR SIR: No one interested in church music can be otherwise than edified by your admirable letter in THE CENTURY for April. The error in it is, however, fundamental. You write of church congregations as assembled *for the worship of God.* Nothing could be further from the truth. The buildings and trimmings of churches are simply the survival of a practice around which a multitude of pleasant and tender recollections twine, but the true and original spirit of which has utterly perished. Indeed, the churches have very aptly been styled the dress-parade of modern civilization. Leaving out of sight, for argument, the consideration of the purpose for which people are in theory supposed to attend churches, and falling back on your own actual personal experience, ask yourself what are the real objects which engage the thoughts and attention of the persons whom you yourself actually know. Unless your experience differs vastly from mine, you will admit that these objects are, at one end of the church, dignified and polished oratory; at the other, sensuous and ravishing strains of music; and in the territory between, unexceptionable manners and rich and stylish apparel. When people are leaving church, what subjects other than these form the staple of conversation? And when the clergyman makes a "pastoral" (!) visit, in what other topics does he hope to interest his parishioners? I say it without a particle of irreverence, and with no desire to wound the feelings of any one, that modern churchgoing is simply a form of decorous Sunday amusement, differing only in degrees from the so-called "sacred" concert. If this be so, as I am very sure it is, and if it be found that the best music is furnished by foreigners, why should the easy-going German and the dark-browed son of Italy be banished from our organ-lofts? And if people want fine music, good oratory, and brave millinery, why should they not have them?

Sincerely yours,

A Pew-owner.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Countrywoman of Mine.

HANDSOME? I hardly know. Her profile's fine—
Delightful, intellectual, aquiline.

Her keen eyes light it—keen, yet often kind;
Her fair hair crowns it to an artist's mind.

Fine figure and fine manners, without doubt,
Determine half her charm, and bear me out.

Learned? Well, rather. See them for yourself—
Mill, Spencer, Darwin, on her favorite shelf.

Well-educated, certainly well-read;
Well-born, of course, and (not of course) well-bred.

Provincial? Never. Cockney? Not at all.
Her world is small enough, yet not too small.

To prove she knows it, only watch awhile
That humorous, tender, half-sarcastic smile.

Accomplished? She says not, but who can tell?
She does some simple things, and does them well.

She walks well, stands well, sits well—things so rare,
To praise as they deserve I hardly dare!

She rows, rides, dances—admirably done!
Delights in each, and yet depends on none.

What to take up she knows, and what to drop;
How to say clever things, and when to stop.

Few dress so well; she does what few can do—
Forgets what she has on—and so do you!

She's not too careless, not conventional quite;
Does what she likes—knows what she does is right.

Takes New World freedoms with the Old World ease:
She's but to please herself the world to please.

Elaine Goodale.

"That Bugle-Call."

HE was a stern and proud old man,
With a courtly air and grace,
And it was his boast that he never forgot
A once-known name or face.

A soldier every inch of him,
And he had a goodly store
Of stories of "When I was serving, sir,
With Scott, in the Mexican War."

A popular diner-out was he,
And once, as it befell,
Old comrades carried him off to dine
In state at the town's hotel.

The dinner was good, and the wine was good;
His stories raised a shout;
When suddenly, under the balcony,
A bugle-call rang out.

Once, twice, and thrice on the evening air
Its soul-thrilling notes were borne,
And the Major asked, with a frowning face,
"Who's tooting that old stage-horn?
"What stage leaves here at this time of night?"
Then a comrade sadly said:
"Why, Major! it's old Buck Blowaway,
The fellow we thought was dead!"

No light came into the Major's face;
He tried to raise a smile,
As he said—with his usual courtly grace—
"I—don't recall his style!"

A murmur rose from the crowd outside;
Said the comrade then, "Oh—well!
That's the very 'To Boot and Saddle' he played
The day Cerro Gordo fell!"

The Major sprang to the balcony,
The crowd gave a mighty shout;
The fire of youth was in his eye,
And his words rolled grandly out.

"My friends! when I heard that bugle-call,
After all these many years,
It waked an echo of memory,
Which thrilled my old heart! [Cheers.]

"Afar in the pathless wilderness,
Where the weary traveler steers
His way by the stars, had I heard that note,
'Twould have waked that echo! [Cheers.]

"It has rung as we marched to victory,
It has raised us above all fears;
It has never sounded 'Retreat,' my friends—
Old Buck couldn't learn that! [Cheers.]

"Not another man in the world could call
To these dry old eyes the tears
As old Buck has done with his bugle-blast!"
[Tremendous, deafening cheers!]

Margaret Vandegrift.

The Mouse and the Lion.

ONE summer day, a hungry little mouse,
Who thoroughly had searched all through the house,
Looking in vain for some small bit or scrap,
Went out-of-doors, and fell into a trap.

'Twas nicely baited with a piece of cheese;
The door stood wide; he crept with perfect ease
Close up to where the tempting morsel hung,—
One nibble, and the cruel trap was sprung.

Just then a noble lion he chanced to see,
Who traveled with a large menagerie,
And early every morning left his lair
And strolled about to take the country air.

With trembling voice he called on him for aid.
"Why, certainly, of course," the lion said.
"It seems some thousand years or so ago
Your ancestor helped one of mine, you know.

"It now becomes my *duty* to repay
The favor shown to him, without delay."
He raised his foot, and with his mighty tread
He crushed the trap, and left poor mousie—dead.

It oft occurs that over-zealous friends,
Who strive to help us to attain our ends,
With very best intentions overdo it,
And often give us ample cause to rue it.

Robert S. Talcott.

A Bar Harbor Idyl.

THEY met at breakfast—she as sweet
As newly opened morning-glory;
And he a "little god" complete—
A mutual "hit!"—the old, old story!
His eager gaze, his candid stare,
Said more than Harvard lip could utter;
She read his thoughts, and, blushing rare,
Ingenuously passed the butter.

They took a pull up Frenchman's Bay,
He at the oars, she sternly steering;
Had Yale but seen his stroke that day!
Her face at each recover nearing,
A half-forbidding air it took,
But he, the mute rebuke defying,
Cried "Pardon! but I always look
Where I see Harvard's color flying."

They drove, of course, to Schooner Head.
—Ah, boys are bold, but maids are mockers!—
She with Manhattan coyness said:
"How nice you look in knickerbockers!"
He reddened, turned, she caught his eye,
Then with the reins his fingers fumbled;
She touched his arm with half a sigh,
And—well—in fact, he almost "tumbled."

When eve had all her burners lit,
Down the plank walk they promenaded;
The bats across their path would flit,
But bats that night he disregarded.
The moon o'er Ironbound shone clear;
From boat to boat sweet notes were calling;
Yet scarce a whisper reached her ear
Save "Let's go back; the dew is falling!"

Next morning saw them at the pier,—
The wary youth, the pretty schemer;
Her sapphire eyes wrung out a tear
As he, reluctant, took the steamer:
The plank is drawn, the paddles whirl,
He turns no longer to distress her.—
Well! he secured an Annex girl,
And she beguiled a Yale professor.

Edward A. Church.

A Fair Attorney.

ALAS! the world has gone awry
Since Cousin Lillian entered college,
For she has grown so learnéd I
Oft tremble at her wondrous knowledge.
Whene'er I dare to woo her now
She frowns that I should so annoy her,
And then proclaims, with lofty brow,
Her mission is to be a lawyer.

Life glides no more on golden wings,
A sunny waif from Eldorado;
I've learned how true the poet sings,
That coming sorrow casts its shadow.
When tutti-frutti lost its spell,
I felt some hidden grief impended;
When she declined a caramel,
I knew my rosy dream had ended.

She paints no more on china plaques,
With tints that would have crazed Murillo,
Strange birds that never plumed their backs
When Father Noah braved the billow.
Her fancy limns, with brighter brush,
The splendid triumphs that await her,
When, in the court, a breathless hush
Gives homage to the keen debater.

'Tis sad to meet such crushing *noes*
From eyes as blue as Scottish heather;
'Tis sad a maid with cheeks of rose
Should have her heart bound up in leather.
'Tis sad to keep one's passion pent,
Though Pallas' arms the Fair environ;
But worse to have her quoting Kent
When one is fondly breathing Byron.

When Lillian's licensed at the law
Her fame, be sure, will live forever;
No barrister will pick a flaw
In logic so extremely clever.
The sheriff will forget his nap
To feast upon the lovely vision,
And e'en the Judge will set his cap
At her, and dream of love Elysian.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

Her Bonnet.

WHEN meeting-bells began to toll,
And pious folk began to pass,
She deftly tied her bonnet on,
The little, sober meeting-lass,
All in her neat, white-curtained room, before her tiny looking-glass.

So nicely, round her lady-cheeks,
She smoothed her bands of glossy hair,
And innocently wondered if
Her bonnet did not make her fair;—
Then sternly chid her foolish heart for harboring such fancies there.

So square she tied the satin strings,
And set the bows beneath her chin;—
Then smiled to see how sweet she looked;
Then thought her vanity a sin,
And she must put such thoughts away before the sermon should begin.

But, sitting 'neath the preachéd word,
Demurely, in her father's pew,
She thought about her bonnet still,—
Yes, all the parson's sermon through,—
About its pretty bows and buds which better than the text she knew.

Yet sitting there with peaceful face,
The reflex of her simple soul,
She looked to be a very saint,—
And maybe was one, on the whole,—
Only that her pretty bonnet kept away the aureole.

Mary E. Wilkins.

A Portrait.

MADAME, at sound of Gabriel's trump,
Would give no vulgar start nor jump,
But slowly rise with tranquil grace,
Lay all her pinion plumes in place,
Make them secure with safety-pins,
Account to Heaven for her sins,
And take the Paradisic road,
A charming angel *à la mode.*

Edith Lapham.

PANCHA.

[DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.]

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FROM COVENTRY TO CHESTER ON WHEELS.

IN the Coventry of these days, the tricycle is on its native heath. The city of Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom and of the three spires is to the three-wheeler what China is to opium or Florida to oranges. Nine firms are occupied wholly, and some half dozen others partly, in manufacturing tricycles, and three cycling papers are published in this one town. It was therefore appropriate that I should start for my first tricycle run from Coventry. I was led there, however, not so much by a sense of the fitness of things, as by my desire to get a good machine. But a tricycle "warranted to be the very best" cannot, it seems, be had at once, like a more common article; and the immediate consequence of my order was a detention of three or four days. This was inconvenient, but I found plenty to do in wandering along the crooked, closely built streets, stopping now and then to look at a moss-covered house, with its quaintly carved imp or flower decoration; at the rain-splashed, mud-stained, broken gates, and crumbling red-brick walls; at the fantastic gables and old Gothic archways, or else at the three towers, whose weather-vanes were apparently made with intent to deceive. Then there were walks up and down light-and-shadow-flecked lanes, where I pretended to sketch the timbered and chimney-potted cottages, or the bridge, where bare-legged boys were chasing swans from out the reeds and rushes of the river below. And again, I watched with lazy interest the romps of the Charity boys, who, with their Henry VIII. caps, long blue gowns tied around their waists, and yellow breeches, looked as if they belonged to another age; and the games of the girls who, though

> "Brought up on charity,
> Have plenty hilarity."

I saw them once enjoying a hearty laugh as an awkward cycler took a header into the blackberry hedge at their feet. One afternoon, to vary my amusements, I hired a tricycle, and worked my way slowly through the town, trying to look as if I were not an expert bicycler unused to the third wheel. But I am afraid my narrow escapes from running over people and into carriages betrayed me. I was not sorry, therefore, when on Friday morning, the 27th of August, a post-office order and my new machine arrived simultaneously.

A bicycler happened to be going my way. There is a freemasonry among all knights of the wheel, and so, without further introduction, we rode off together. He was a "good fellow," and in the course of two days we became very friendly. It is, perhaps, characteristic of cycling intimacies that, though we each of us had plenty to say about roads and wheels, gears and time, all I knew about his personal affairs when we parted was that he was an American and had never heard of Tom Brown. From which fact it may be concluded that cycling has a moral value as an antidote to idle gossip.

We dodged the carriages to the end of town, and then, turning to the right, took the broad road to Birmingham. It was full of cyclers, whose bells were ringing merrily. There were bicycles and tricycles, single machines, double machines, and tandems. Some riders were alone, others were in parties of two or three, or even as many as a dozen; and, to my surprise, a large part were women, whose skill showed that they were no mere novices in the art. One young girl on a three-wheeler was attended by a youth on a bicycle, who wheeled attentively by her side. I would lay any wager that cycling was not their only ground of sympathy, and that their

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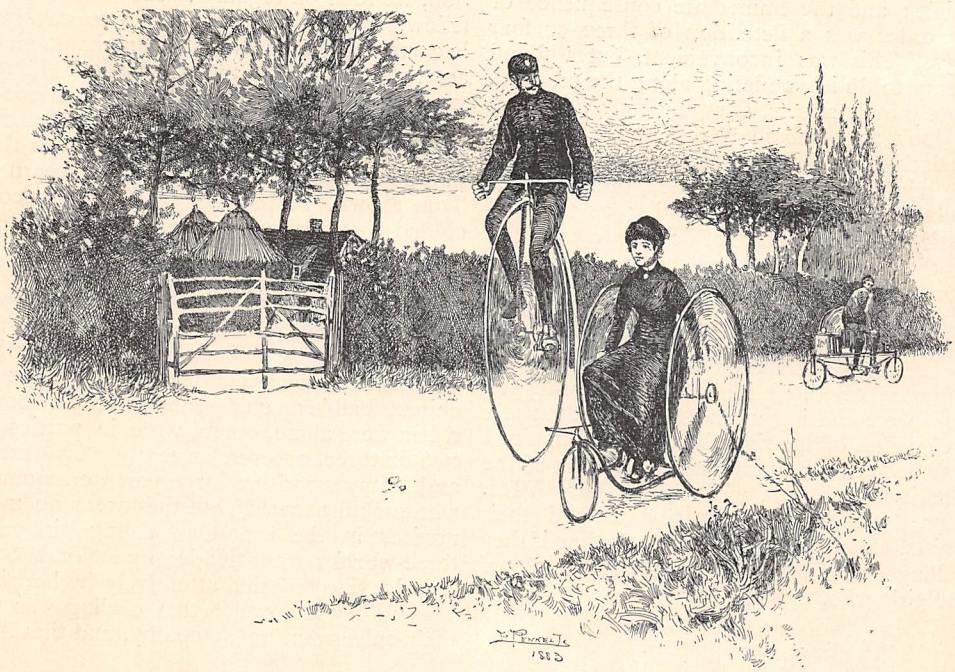
conversation turned upon other subjects than records and wheels. Not only around Coventry, but throughout my ride, I met more cycles than carriages, and saw a dozen wheelmen where I would have seen one at home. It is probably because the English, as a nation, care more for exercise and athletics of all kinds than we do that the cycle has become so much more popular with them than it has with us. Its popularity, however, is not less astonishing because of this national tendency. The love of the Briton for boating, riding, and cricket is, as it were, bred in the bone; but his fondness for the cycle originated with the present generation.

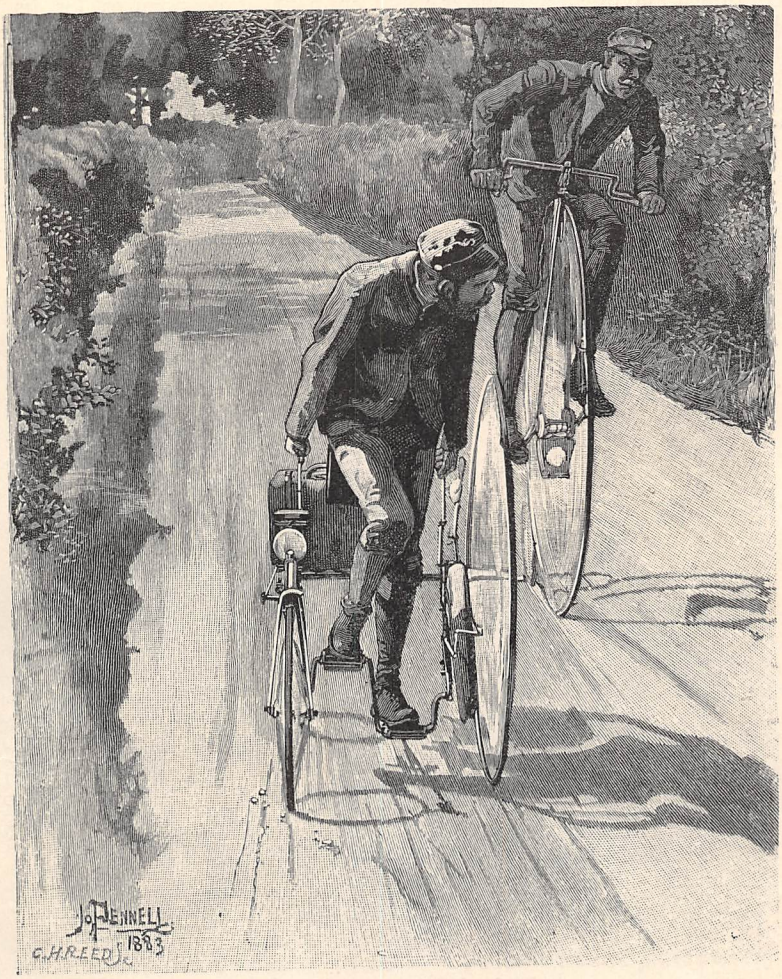
The bicycle in its present form, as is very generally known, only dates back to about 1870. It is a development of the hobby- or dandy-horse, accelerator, or *célérifère*—a cumbrous machine in limited vogue toward the beginning of this century, its chief use being to supply grist for the mill of the wits of the day. The coming bicycle did not cast its shadow before to silence their sarcasm.

From the three-wheeled velocipede for juvenile recreation has been evolved the tricycle with its rubber-tired, ball-bearing suspension wheels. The plaything of children is now a machine for men. Here is a subject made to the hand of the evolutionist! When it was first seen on the road in 1880, in competition with the bicycle, it was looked upon askance. It seemed like a resource of old age or timidity. But before long a few practical road-riding cyclers tried it, and did not find it wanting. Their example was speedily followed, with the result that in Great Britain, if not elsewhere, it has become a formidable rival of the bicycle, and is fast gaining ground.

For convenience, the three-wheeler unquestionably bears off the palm. I carried with me from Coventry two suits of clothes, a stick, umbrella, sketching-stool and sketch-books, with painting materials innumerable, weighing in all twenty-five pounds—a feat I could never have accomplished had I ridden a bicycle. Nor did this load interfere with my pleasure or my speed. Whithersoever my friend the bicycler went, there I went also, and often the lead was mine. Of course the carrying capacity of the tricycle is no advantage when a short run is taken for exercise or relaxation; but it is an important consideration in an extended tour. Man, as he knows to his infinite inconvenience, is a clothed animal. He may reduce his needs to the finest point; he may adopt a uniform which resists rain and sun alike, and which dispenses with starched, easily tumbled linen; but there are other articles of clothing and certain toilet accessories which he must have. The machine is now so constructed as to meet the demands of the tourist. One tricycle has a basket attached in front, which the rider can open without moving from his seat. As much as one hundred and fifty pounds can be so



A PROMENADE ON WHEELS.



A SPIN ON A SHADY LANE.

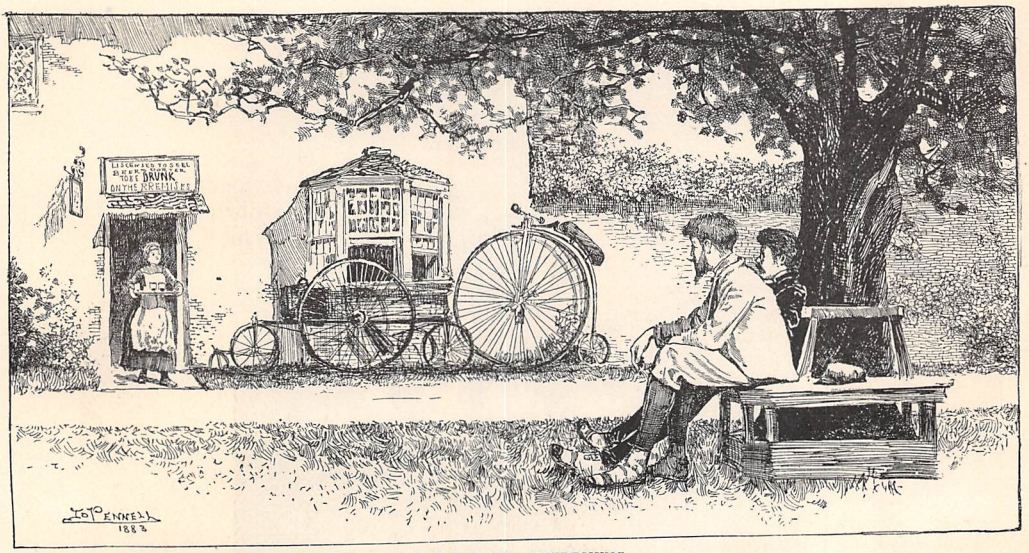
carried. In Coventry I saw the postmen going their rounds on the Carrier, and its wheels, painted red by way of uniform, are as well known in the lanes there as the wagons of our letter-carriers in the streets of Philadelphia. Insurance agents, venders of yeast, photographers, and even physicians, have learned to make use of the tricycle in their daily rounds.

My recollection of the first day of my ride is of many steep hills and much rain. It poured in torrents as at noon my fellow-traveler and myself rode through a long green tunnel of leaves into Coleshill. It poured even harder when, after our luncheon, we went to examine the church belonging to the high steeple which marks the town, and which is ornamented on the outside by little devilish gargoyles. These were all we could see, as the door was locked against us. But we crossed to the other side of the street and inspected the whipping-post, to which vines now cling tenderly, the pillory, black with age, and the stocks, whose gaping mouths are full of daisies, all three eloquent reminders of the days when Englishmen were still in leading-strings, and government was in the maternal stage. The pour settled into a damp drizzle, which lasted all the afternoon, as we wheeled over roads of concentrated vileness, and were misled by lying sign-boards. The misery of those long hills no tongue can tell. Each new one was steeper than the last. It was still drizzling when we reached Lichfield and the end of our tether at one and the same time. Neither of us looked at the many-chimneyed alms-houses, nor even at the statue of Dr. Johnson, erected on the very spot where, as a man, he stood to do penance for his boyish sin. But we turned in at the hotel of the Cyclists' Touring Club, returning thanks that we were enrolled among the members of that organization, hurried into dry clothes and down with the other guests to tea.

Over our cold meat and bread and butter, we listened silently to a chorus of admiration for the church, for the sleeping children, beautiful in profile, and for everything and everybody connected with the place, broken by a gentle ripple of "deceased wife's sister," which was gradually stirred to a tempest by a clergyman of the muscular Christian type and an American woman. The latter, despite persuasion and entreaty, files of parliamentary reports and letters from the lights of the church, held her ground until an extremely late hour.

The Cyclists' Touring Club in England is a powerful organization, very unlike its branch in the United States, having a large and imposing office in London and many salaried officials to manage its affairs. To its efforts in several directions wheelmen in England are indebted for many of the comforts which they enjoy when on the road. In the capital it has shown its strength by compelling the city officials to change the position of the sewer-grating at the street-crossings because these were dangerous to cyclers. In the country it endeavors to keep the highways in order; sometimes it mends the roads at its own expense, and when this is impossible it puts up danger signals to warn unwary travelers. Moreover, by compact with certain hotel-keepers in Great Britain and on the Continent, it economizes for its members, their patronage being guaranteed upon specified terms — about a third less than regular rates. As wheelmen nowadays so greatly abound, the landlords profit by this arrangement no less than their favored guests. No matter how covered they may be with the mud and dust of the roads, their tickets of membership at once distinguish them from common tramps. In this connection I remember very pleasantly my hostess at Ashbourne. I felt a little uncertainty as to my reception as I wheeled up to her inn, which bore the attractive sign of "The Turk's Head and Green Man." It was a very imposing establishment, and when I passed under the great black archway I found the court-yard filled with wagons, carriages, and carts, while a small army of impatient drivers were shouting in chorus for the hostler. Chambermaids were by turns chiding and cajoling; hot dinners were going upstairs, and dined and wined farmers coming down; a young countryman and his bride were seated in a corner in loving proximity, utterly indifferent to the outside world; and jockeys, professional and amateur, were holding forth on "horsy" subjects for the benefit of bagmen and stable-boys. But I need not have feared my fate. I was received with as much kindness and

"WHAT IS THE NAME OF THIS PLACE?"



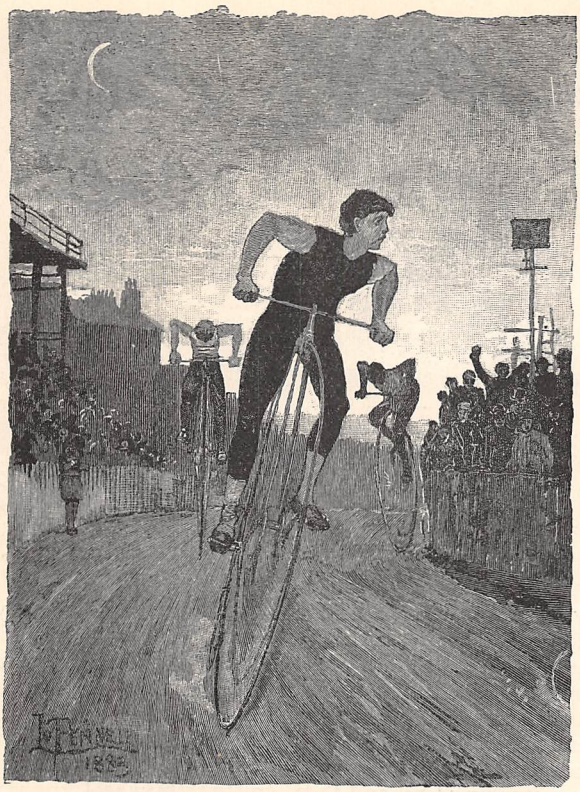
RESTFUL AND REFRESHING.

was as sumptuously feasted as if I had been a prodigal son. The landlady in her best Sunday cap came and discussed with me the weather and cycling topics. Often, she said, she had had as many as twenty wheelmen in her house at once, and she added: "I know'd they were ladies and gentlemen, if they were spattered and dirty, a-stopping 'ere, and then they goes on through the Dale and so to Matlock." Long experience of our ways and customs had made her discriminating. Landlords at home are not as yet so keen-eyed. They do not understand that men and women of leisure and means can find amusement in putting on rough clothes and tramping or wheeling it up hill and down dale. I knew a pleasure party who, in a few days' tramp from Philadelphia to Wilmington, were mistaken for strolling players, and all but mobbed in a hotel of the last-named city because they would not give a performance.

My experience at Ashbourne was not exceptional. It was repeated almost daily. Indeed, it has not entered into the mind of the man who has not known them to conceive the delights of English inns. One other stands out with special distinctness in my memory of this trip. This ideal inn was on the road between Burton and Derby, and I stopped there for lunch on the second day of my run. It was midday when I reached it, and the sun was shining in an interval between two showers. Instead of going inside, I sat under the wide-spreading oak-tree opposite. Birds sang a subdued noontide melody. A perfume, compounded of the sweetest flowers that blow, came from the garden near by. A pretty barmaid — why, by the way, are the bar-maids of these inns always pretty? — brought me my luncheon. I studied the sign hanging over the inn-door, "Refreshment for Men and Beasts," and, Pharisee-like, I returned thanks that I was not as those other men of olden time, who had to attend to the comforts of their beasts before they could think of their own. My trustworthy wheel, knowing nothing of hunger or thirst, increased a hundred-fold in my estimation.

It was just after I had taken my ease at this inn that I was joined by two bicyclers on their way to the races at Derby. They were overflowing with enthusiasm, and mistook me for a fellow-enthusiast. "Was I making a record, eh? How far could I go? How many miles had I made that day? Was my machine geared up or down? Level! Well, who would have thought it? Ball-bearings all over? Must have cost a pot o' money! Was I going to the Derby races? No? Well, then, good-bye!" And with a pitiful look, such as a professional artist might cast upon an aspiring amateur, they wheeled away and were seen by me no more.

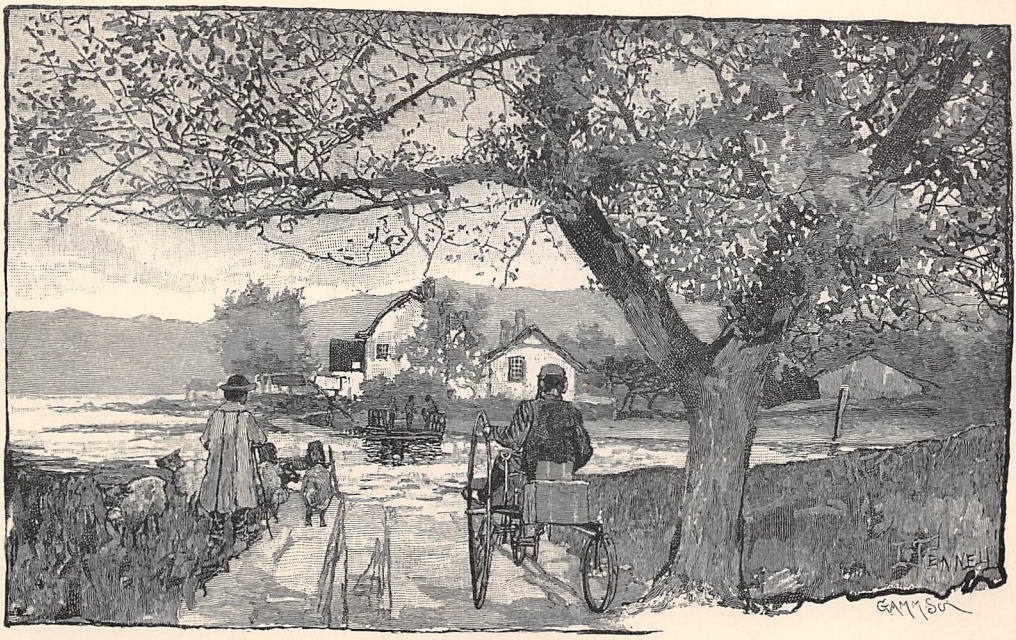
Record-making, indeed! What are races and records when weighed in the balance against moments of ease, against unexpected turns into unbeaten tracks, and long rests with one's cycle by one's side, waiting for the heavy rain to cease, or sketching a characteristic feature in the landscape? There must be record-makers, of course. All tests of the possible speed or endurance of the cycler and the machines are gains. Through those made in the past cycling has become an exact science. The construction of the machines has been improved as it would prob-



AT THE FINISH.

ably never have been had all riders been indifferent in these matters. Besides, it is a pleasure to know what one might do if one had the mind to. The cycler who attaches a secondary value to the time he makes, or the distance he goes, feels some pride when he hears, for example, of Dr. Herbert L. Cortis, who rode one mile on a race-course in 2 minutes and $41\frac{3}{5}$ seconds; or of Mr. F. R. Fry, who, on the Crystal Palace track, rode 100 miles in 5 hours, 50 minutes, and $5\frac{2}{5}$ seconds; or of Mr. Sutton, who, on the high-road, made the record of 260 miles in 24 hours; and of Mr. Bird, who showed what could be done with the tricycle by riding over 200 miles on one in a day. These are statistics to be preserved in the history of cycling.

I went to the bicycle races at Derby alone, and arrived just in time for the finish. It was late in the afternoon, the rain was taking a much-needed rest, and the west was glowing and golden. There was the usual English crowd, such as Mr. Frith has painted in his "Derby Day." The cockney was everywhere, and with him was the girl he admires, who belongs to a type as well known, but not yet classified by name. Romany-looking men lingered in the background. Small boys were in the majority. Policemen maintained an imposing presence, but the disorderly, whom they had been sent to watch, were for the time being quiet. The all-exciting moment had come. The four racers were making their last round of the course, and the lookers-on were breathless. I found a vacant corner near the grand stand, from which I had a capital view. It was exciting, as these scenes must always be. But then, how tired three of the men looked! One, the "bicycle stoop" aggravated to its utmost possibility, was leaning with his face almost on the wheel. Another, bent as far back in the other direction, was pulling hard on the handles. The third was wobbling unsteadily from one side of the track to the other. The leader alone sat straight on his wheel, with his head erect, casting swift glances over his shoulder at the others. He had reserved his forces until the end, and with a final spurt on the home-stretch had easily distanced them. I have never seen a bicycle look as tall as his did that afternoon. What with this effect of great height, and the rushing speed with which he was coming, he seemed more like the genius of the wind than a mere human being, like those around him. When he was still nearer, I saw that his face was pale, his eyes drawn, and his lips tightly compressed. The appar-

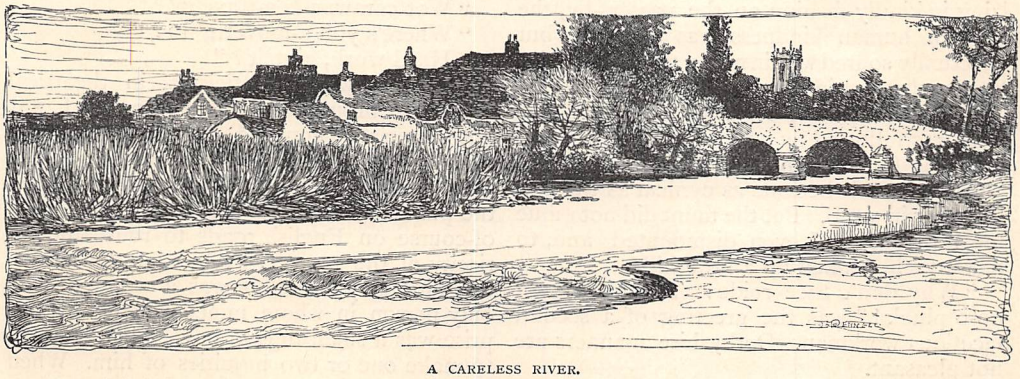


TOO DEEP TO FORD.

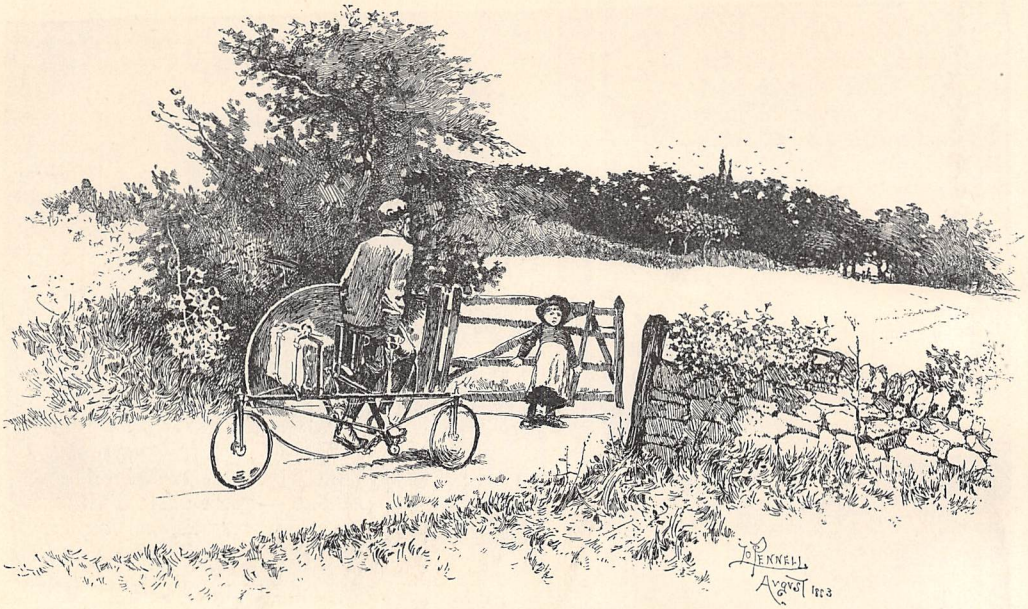
ent ease of his triumph had been gained by an exhausting strain upon his nervous system. For a few minutes not a sound was heard but the whirring of the wheels. Then, as the victor went over the line, there rose from the assembled spectators a mighty shout, and amidst howls and yells of applause, and while the judges were still pronouncing their decision, the hero of the hour was carried off on the shoulders of his friends. I did not even stay to ask what time he had made or what his name was. But I carried away with me the memory of his pale, nervous face as it looked with the sunlight streaming full upon it. It seemed to me his victory had been bought at too dear a price.

There is, I suppose, a pleasure in being praised and fêted which counterbalances the physical pain by which it is won. Probably the champion cycler I was commiserating would have pitied me had he seen me, alone and unobserved, riding at an ordinary pace through the narrow streets of Derby, over the railroad tracks, and out into the stony road beyond.

The roads are very rough about Derby. Even the Touring Club cannot do much for them. The country grows rougher and barer and more stony; the rolling hills are dotted over with manor-houses. Through an occasional break in the high hedges I saw smooth lawns, prosperous kitchen-gardens, and fields of waving wheat. By the roadside I passed little, old-fashioned inns with swinging signs and lavender in the windows. For this is Izaak Walton's ground. As one feels bound to be solemn at Stratford or sad at Juliet's grave, so I sought to become peaceful as befits the haunts of the "Complete Angler." I pedaled



A CARELESS RIVER.



A ROAD ACROSS THE FIELDS.

slowly along, now enjoying the outlook over the breezy moors, with glimpses of the distant peak country, blue against the whitish-gray sky, and again watching the long shadows chase each other over the hill-sides. Then I looked about me for the good company which was to shorten my way. It was Saturday afternoon, and many people were out for their half-holiday. There were pedestrians and equestrians, cyclers and wagoners. But the spirit of the race-course was abroad. All wanted to race with me, which meant to leave me behind or to be left behind themselves, or anything rather than to bear me company. And as for goodly discourse! Well, they spoke and looked cheerfully enough; but their cheerfulness was like that of the clown of the circus, who only laughs at the expense of others. At least, so I concluded from the samples they gave me of it. Once, while I was riding slower than ever, moralizing in kindly fashion on the passers-by, the milk of human kindness was suddenly but effectually soured within me by this rough salutation, shouted in my ear by a workman:

"No-o let's see ho-ow fa-ast thee kin go-o!"

It was followed by a shout of laughter from admiring friends. In a moment the philosopher on wheels became as cynical as the philosopher in a tub. But the taunt did not pique me into speed. I even dismounted and, to rest myself, walked up a little hill.

"Why don't thee roide? Thee aint go-ot no-o pluck!" was the greeting of a second facetious workman. Derbyshire manners are not pleasant.

But, indeed, all through England the lower classes are fond of chaff. Their fun is somewhat ponderous, being seldom, if ever, redeemed by the wit of the French *gamin* or the humor of the American rough. I remember one British workman, with cap awry, flaming red choker, and corduroys and leggings, whom I met at a later stage of my trip. I asked him if he knew the way to the next village.

"Ess, oi du!" was his answer.

"Can you tell me how to reach it?"

"Ess, oi kin!" And, with a roar of laughter, he turned away in the other direction.

I was a wet, disreputable-looking object at the time, and the joke against me was too exquisite to be sacrificed to even a show of politeness. Another day, when I passed a mill just as the mill-hands were coming out, I was catechised after this fashion:

"Wot carawan is a-travelin'?"

"Where's you a-moverin' to?"

"Hard work, aint it?"

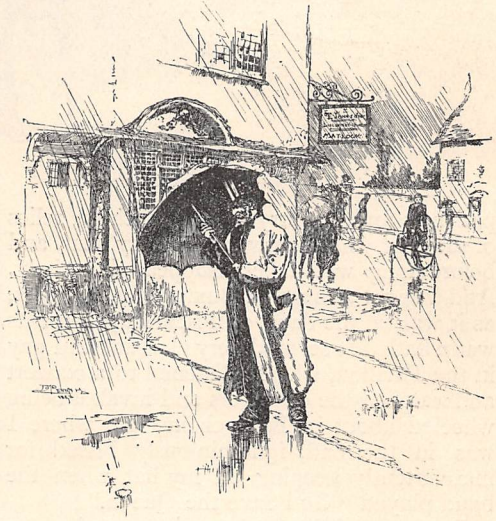
Each of which witticisms, in theatrical language, brought down the house. I was not especially honored because of my tricycle. I merely received my share of the favors these people bestow so liberally upon the public. The wheel is too much a matter-of-course on English roads to rouse the curiosity of the natives. It has long outgrown the nine days when it was a wonder. The only person in whom mine excited any surprise was a small ragged boy. I had stopped to make one or two inquiries of him. When

I moved on he asked, with open-eyed amazement, "Whoo's staarted hit?" Here, thought I to myself, is a philosopher or a prophet in embryo.

If man in Derbyshire has changed since the days when Venator learned to call the sage Walton "Master," Nature has not. Summer showers are as many and as lasting as in the days when master and pupil sought shelter from them under the sycamore-tree and by the honeysuckle hedge. The rain, which had held up for several hours, came down again just as I began to descend the hill where the road is "foulest," and where Mr. Viator, of angling fame, was seized with sore misgivings for his safety. There is a legend current in certain parts of the world that when it rains the angels are crying over the wickedness that is going on here below. Men's backslidings that day and the next must have been appalling. The angels still wept when I reached Ashbourne. All through the night I heard the rain beating against the window-panes, while the wind wailed an accompaniment. The next morning the sun showed himself for a little while. Truly the light was sweet, and a pleasant thing it was for my eyes to behold the sun! But the pleasure was short-lived. Before ten the flood-gates had reopened. I went "skidding" over the road. My wheel splashed mud upon my back, my eyes were filled with tears of rain, I slid about on my saddle, and every minute or two my feet came off the pedals. This lasted all day. As through a veil, I saw the hills and the long stretches of heather in bloom, the moors and the woods. The only human beings I met for miles were, first a man carrying two jingling milk-pails, who suddenly emerged from the mist to be as quickly lost in it again; and then a little girl who, as I came to a gated road, ran and opened the gate and dropped a pretty curtsy for her penny. The weather was altogether so atrocious that at the "Dog and Partridge" inn I deliberately turned my back upon Dovedale, but half a mile distant, and turned my tricycle Matlock-ward. Into this town I wheeled — a dejected mass of mud. One old gentleman paused in a struggle with his umbrella to stare at me, and a pretty young lady, in jaunty ulster and cap, laughed in my very face. The Chinese say it is a good sign when women laugh; but I did not covet a repetition of this favorable omen. I went quickly to the hotel, and then to the room appointed me. When I left the latter, a dry suit had restored me to my normal condition. I was once more

"As a reed with the reeds in the river!"

My ride from Matlock to Chester was interrupted by many halts and rests and turnings from the straight road; and so, though I left the first-named town on Monday morning, I did not arrive at the latter until Wednesday evening. There is really very much to see in this part of the country. Matlock itself is a charming specimen of an English spa, and abounds with dowagers and eligible young women and ineligible young men. An aristocratic tone is given to the



WHEELING INTO MATLOCK SUNDAY MORNING.

neighborhood by the fact that the caverns, bottomless pits, and other natural horrors, which are its most plentiful product, having been at various times visited by royalty, are now adorned with signs to commemorate their greatness of a day. These are a curious contrast to the democratic advertising placards which too often occupy corresponding posts of honor in the United States. I went to Rowsley, and was entertained at its restored ancient inn, the "Peacock," where furniture and windows, and everything but the price, are modeled after the fashion of olden times; and to Haddon Hall, the home of the Vernons, through which I was shown by a golden-haired guide, the most honest of the sisterhood, who ingenuously said "I don't know" when I asked her questions for which her studied story held no answer. I visited Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and there saw a couple of Salvator Rosas, some Holbeins, a Teniers, and one of Sir Joshua's masterly sketches. I passed through Hathersage, where Little John belies his name by occupying a grave quite ten feet in length; and through Barlow, to find the brown, foam-covered, rain-swollen river too deep to ford, and so to be obliged to wait

A REMBRANDT BEGGAR.

patiently for the ferry — one of those relics of the past which grow fewer every year, and before long will have disappeared entirely. And I spent a night in Buxton, famous now, as it was in the days of Piscator, Jr., for its warm bath. It seemed very pleasant and gay in the Pavilion, where I listened to a concert and watched the dowagers and invalids being wheeled about in Bath chairs, and where I was, in the end, ignominiously hissed for inadvertently keeping on my hat when the band played "God Save the Queen."

But none of these places interested me so much as Eyam. The way to it led me up a hill which, for that day, at least, was a running torrent of water, mud, and stones. One of the villagers, who was homeward bound, walked near me, and we talked together as we toiled upward. His village, he said, was seldom visited by tourists. Cyclers sometimes came there, and occasionally tramps. It is six miles from a railway, and is hidden among the hills, and so it is forgotten by most travelers. It is not difficult to understand how, two hundred years ago, it was cut off from communication with the world beyond, and had to stand alone one of the most terrible sieges of which history hath any record. For it was then laid desolate by the plague. While the evil lasted neither man nor woman passed the fatal boundary line drawn under the hills, save when the dead were carried out to be buried. The people of the neighboring towns looked down from the hill-tops through the heavy mist on the fearful life-and-death struggle. There were giants of heroism in those days; but who outside of Eyam ever heard of Mampson, the rector, who, during long, weary months, tended the plague-stricken and comforted the weary watchers? Not until the end of the second year, after two hundred and fifty-nine out of three hundred and fifty inhabitants had perished, and when thistles and king-cups grew in mockery in the middle of the silent streets, and wild flowers and grasses waved on the thresholds and in the windows of the tenantless houses, was the plague conquered. From the same windows and doorways I saw smiling, rosy children pelting each other with blossoms of a happier growth. But the villagers talk of the scourge as though it had ended but yesterday, and they still show the tailor's shop to which the death-bearing package was brought from far-away London.

Eyam belongs to the England of the past. Customs and superstitions of respectable antiquity are maintained in all their original purity. I heard the curfew ring, and the sexton toll on his bell the day of the month. I learned from the landlord of the inn where I staid over night how children are baptized with May-dew, and how, when a young girl dies,—"as my Jessie did,"—she is carried to her grave by her friends, and a wreath with her gloves attached is hung in her memory in the church porch, as is also the custom in Italy. I myself saw

> "The low beams with paper garlands hung,
> The gloves suspended by the garlands' side."

Then he told me how, after the dead are buried, there is a feast of funeral baked meats. "Oh, they be foine feasts sometoimes!" he added, appreciatingly. Then the good man recalled the days gone by when he and his

A CONCERT AT BUXTON.

fellow-villagers took turns in guarding, not the gates, for there were none, but the steep, narrow walled way leading up into the town, which one man might keep against an army. The sentinel of a night, armed with

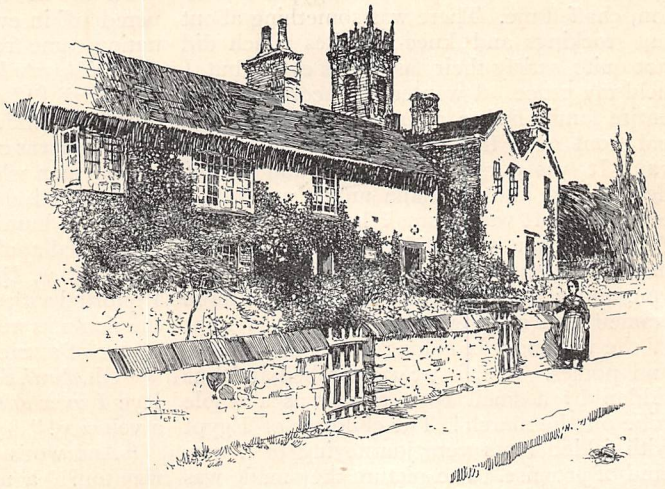
wooden halberd, watched from curfew till cock-crow, and as he went home he placed his spear against the door of him who was next to serve. "And many toime oi've stud me turn. But it's all doone noo!" he concluded. Then his wife, seeing I had a sympathetic ear to lend, came and poured into it stories of the white cricket, whose coming is sure death; of the Gabriel hounds, which still tear through the streets and over the hills on windy nights, and of the Willy-o'-the-Wisp, who never ceases playing his pranks on the moor. I could almost imagine myself another Rip Van Winkle, but one during whose sleep the world had lost, not gained, a hundred years.

Eyam lives in the past; Castleton, Peveril's town, is all absorbed in the present. At least, so it was when I came to it the next day at noon. A "wake," not for the dead, but for the living, was in full blast. What particularly impressed me was the philosophy with which the merry-makers accepted weather calculated in every sense to dampen their enjoyment. It was raining with as much vigor as if it had never rained before. The booths and peep-shows set up along the one long street of the village, over which towers Peveril's castle, were soaked, but they were crowded. The seats in the merry-go-round—the name seemed a mockery—were flooded, but they were filled with children in mackintoshes and goloshes, as if pneumonia and sore throats were unknown evils; and the great organ ground out noise and water. In the shooting-gallery the paper young ladies were peeling off their original boards, and the paper drummer-boy was reduced to a mass of pulp; but champion riflers were cruelly rifling the hearts of the target lassies, and setting the drummer to drumming. The cricket-field near by was half under water; but cricketers were cricketing with unabated ardor, though they had to wade after the balls. Continual rain has made the English stoical. However, I noticed that the tap-rooms were well patronized, and this could hardly have been due to the "violinist and pianist," so called by courtesy, who filled them with discord.

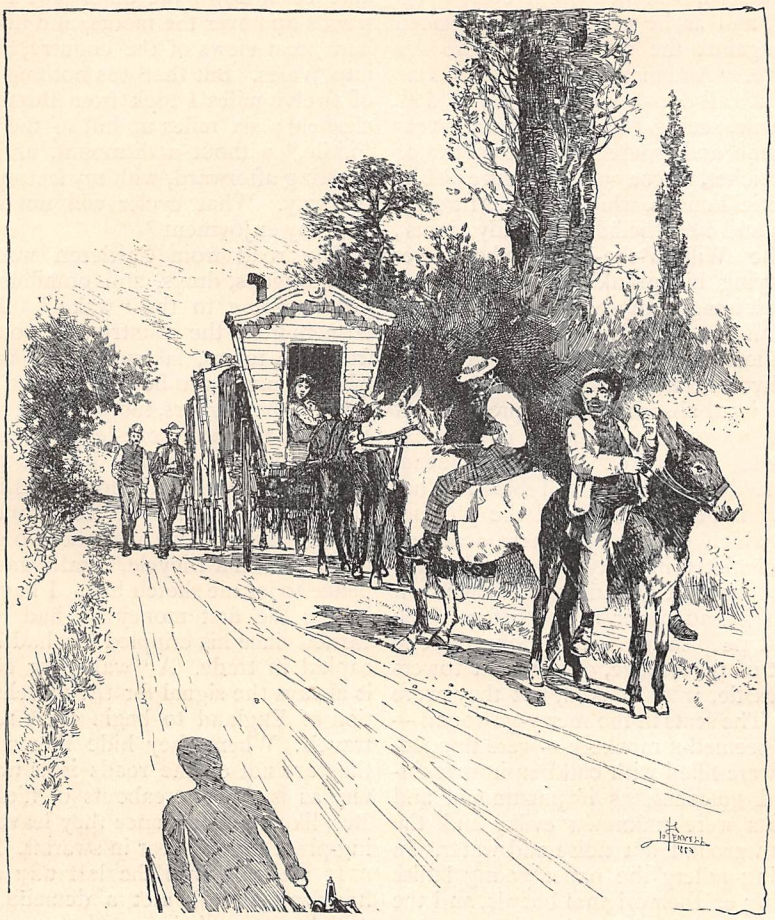
What a climb I had up a steep hill on the other side of the town, a head-wind blowing all the way! I finally had to walk. But I was well repaid for my labors, for there was a splendid three-mile coast down the other side through the woods and over the moors, and all the time I had great views of the country, away across into Wales. But that was nothing to the ride of twelve miles I took from Buxton to Macclesfield; six miles up hill to the "Cat and Fiddle," without a dismount, and six miles coasting afterward, with my feet up nearly all the way. What cycler will not sympathize with my enjoyment?

The road from Castleton was very gay with wagons, drags, and omnibuses, full of people going to the "wake." There were farmers from the country and young fellows from the towns, fakirs, trickers, and tramps, who are always to be met with on such occasions. The beggars, too, were out in full force. I almost ran into a one-legged suppliant who leaned on his crutches by the roadside in statuesque repose. He looked as if he might have stepped out of a Rembrandt etching. "Here," said I, "we have the two extremes—a tripod and a tricycle," and I gave him sixpence to let me sketch him. I have no doubt it was the first money he had legitimately earned since his crippled leg had become his capital in trade. A "wake," or country fair, is always the signal for the traveling population of England to begin or to resume their travels. Where they hide themselves when they are not on the roads is as much a mystery as is the whereabouts of flies in winter. But, like the flies, once they leave their hiding-place they appear in swarms.

It was not until the last day of my run, however, that I met a detachment of the travelers *par éminence*. I was only a few miles from Chester at the time, and was feeling tired, as the day before I had made sixty miles. Riding at a reasonable pace down a



THE TAILOR'S SHOP IN EYAM.



THE GYPSY TRAIN.

shady lane, I overtook three or four gypsy girls, walking behind what I thought was one van. They, in their pleasant Egyptian fashion, chaffed me. There was something about my stockings and knee-breeches which did not quite satisfy their fastidious eyes; but I held my peace. I wanted to reconnoiter the entire family before acknowledging myself a pal from over the seas. I wheeled by the van. It was gorgeous with red and yellow decorations, and in shape unlike any I had ever seen. It was a small house on wheels. An old woman sat inside, and with her were many children. But lo! there was another van, and yet another and another, and more women and children without end. In front of the wagons was a long string of donkeys and ponies. The first carried a bell and was ridden by a small boy. Here was a whole tribe on the march! The children of Egypt with folded tents were journeying to a new land of promise. The picture they made was too good to lose. I hurried by the procession, and, turning suddenly around, prepared to make a rapid sketch; but the ponies objected. With one accord they broke rank and scampered off in every direction. A cry of indignation came from the first wagon.

"*Dikko at o bango mush! The grais se atrash of lester*" ["Look at the awkward man; the horses are afraid of him"], an old hag-like creature, who was crouched on the floor, explained to the men who ran up to see what was the matter; and she gave me a look of scorn intended to humiliate me into immediate flight or silvered apology.

"*Parraco, Dye!*" ["Thank you, mother!"] I retorted with easy politeness; and in a minute the donkeys were forgotten, and I became the center of attraction.

"Oh, *dordi, dordi*, but you're the first Romany Rye I ever *dikked* [saw] *prasterin* [riding] on a velocity!"

"And wot's the cove a-stoppin' of the 'ighway for?" a man, who had just come from the last wagon, asked savagely. He was tall

and powerful-looking, and his black hair was combed forward in two ringlets over his ears. He wore a fur cap and a brilliant red neckerchief. He had missed the scene of introduction, and was prepared for a fight; but he got rather the worst of it.

"*Tool yer chiv*" ["Hold your tongue"], a gypsy brother answered, "or I'll let you have it aside the *mui* [mouth]. *O Rye acai jius more Romanis* [this gentleman here knows more Gypsy] than you and all the *foki* [people] in yer *tan* [tent]."

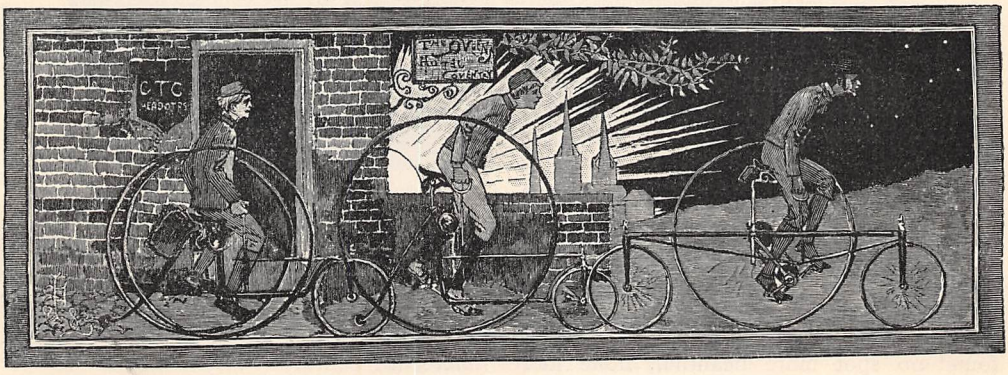
I had said but two words; but they were an open sesame to the hearts and good graces of the Romanies.

My friends were going to turn off at the next lane. Would I come with them to tea, they asked, and were there many Egyptians in America, and did I know Walter Lovel, and old Dye Hearne, and Rhody? Then I told how I had drawn their pictures for a Romany *Rye* and *Rāni* across the water, and how they had been put into a book, and all the world had seen them. And are the *Rye* and *Rāni tācho Roms* [real gypsies], and could they *dukker* [tell fortunes]? they asked. Could they, indeed? Well — rather!

And so we talked, and when we came to the camping-place the tents were pitched, and we sat down to tea. The twilight deepened into darkness, and the stars were out, before I had finished telling them about the country where wood is still plentiful, and where the gypsy wanderer can always find a *tan to hatch* [a corner to settle in].

"*Kushto bak!*" ["Good luck to you!"] they all called out after me; and, loaded with the choicest blessings of Egypt, I departed from them and went on my way to Chester.

The next day, clothed in the conventional tweed suit, and my tricycle committed to a cycle agent for repairs, I returned to civilization, to railroads, tennis-courts, windmill-crowned Birkenhead, and thence to commonplace Liverpool.



IN SERVITUDE.

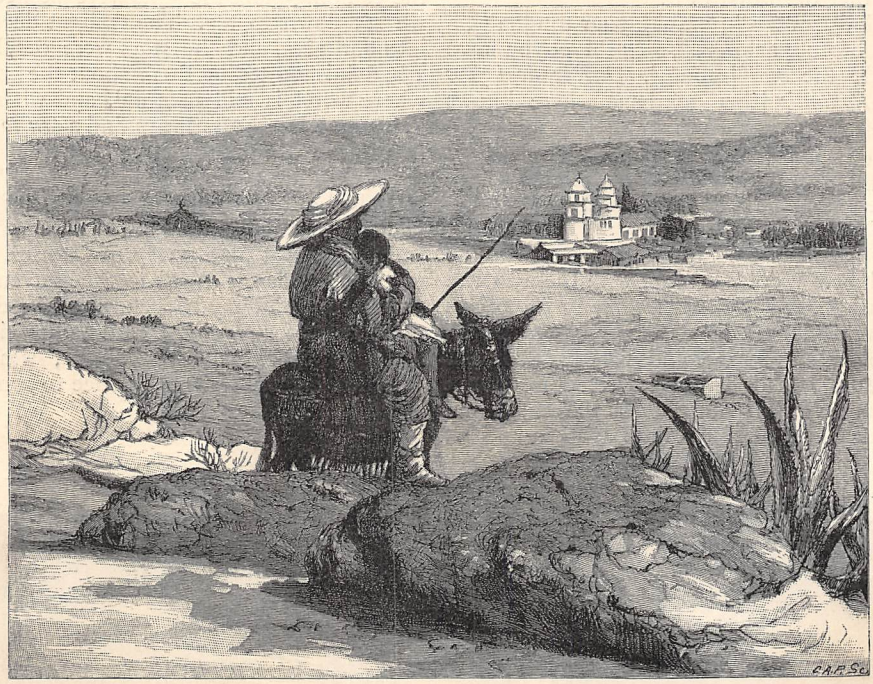
* * * And served with him yet seven other years.— Genesis, XXIX., 30.

ALL-LOVELY Art, stern Labor's fair-haired child,
  Long have I served thy sullen sire for thee,
  Among the mountains watching faithfully
His flocks in summer, and in autumn mild
On the wide plain I saw the sheaves up-piled,
  Shining in sunset like a golden sea;
  While in the distance, on the flowery lea,
From your white tent you beckoned and you smiled.

Ah, seven years more will find me old and gray,
  A lover wearied with a vigil long,
A singer crying in a later day
  The wand'ring echoes of forgotten song, —
But tho' the wrinkles gather on my brow,
Thou wilt be lovely then, as thou art now!

E. J. McPhelim.

PANCHA: A STORY OF MONTEREY.



"SHE BURIED HER LITTLE FACE IN TIO TADEO'S PUDGY SHOULDER."

WHEN the Conde de Monterey, being then Viceroy of this gracious realm of New Spain, sent his viceregal commissioners, attended by holy priests, up into the northern country to choose a site for an outpost city, there was found no spot more beautiful, none more worthy to be crowned, than this where the city of Monterey stands to-day. And so the commissioners halted beside the noble spring, the *ojo de agua*, that gushes out from its tangle of white pebbles in what now is the very heart of the town; and the priests set up the sacred cross and sang a sweet song of praise and thankfulness to the good God who had so well guided them to where they would be; and the colonists entered in and possessed the land.

This all happened upon a fair day now close upon three hundred years gone by. From century to century the city has grown, yet always in accord with the lines established by its founders. The houses a-building now are as the houses built three hundred years ago; and, going yet farther into the past, as the houses which were built by the Moors when they came into the Gothic peninsula, bringing with them the life and customs of a land that even then was old. So it has come to pass that the traveler who sojourns here—having happily left behind him on the farther side of the Rio Grande the bustle and confusion and hurtful toil of this overpowering nineteenth century—very well can believe himself transported back to that blessed time and country in which the picturesque was ranked above the practical, and in which not the least of human virtues was the virtue of repose.

Very beautiful is the site of Monterey: its noble flanking mountains, the Silla and the Mitras, are east and west of it; its grand rampart, the Sierra Madre, sweeps majestically from flank to flank to the southward, and its outlying breastwork, a range of far-away blue peaks, is seen mistily off in the north. And the city is in keeping with its setting. The quaint, mysterious houses, inclosing sunny gardens and tree-planted court-yards; the great cathedral where, in the dusk of evening, at vespers, one may see each night new wonders, Rembrandt-like, beautiful, in light and shade; the church of St. Francis, and the old ruined church beside it—built, first of all, in honor of the saint who had guided the

Viceroy's commissioners so well; the bowery *plaza*, with the great dolphin-fountain in its center, and the *plazuelas*, also with fountains and tree-clad; the narrow streets; the old-time market-place, alive with groups of buyers and sellers fit to make glad a painter's heart — all these picturesque glories, together with many more, unite to make the perfect picturesqueness of Monterey.

Yet Pancha, who had been born in Monterey, and who never had been but a league away from it in the whole seventeen years of her life-time, did not know that the city in which she lived was picturesque at all. She did know, though, that she loved it very dearly. Quite the saddest time that she had ever passed through was the week that she had spent once at the Villa de Guadalupe — a league away to the eastward, at the Silla's foot — with her Aunt Antonia. It was not that *tia* Antonia was not good to her, nor that life at the Villa de Guadalupe — as well conducted a little town, be it said, with as quaint a little church, as you will find in the whole State of Nuevo Leon — was not pleasant in its way; but it was that she longed for her own home. And when, coming back at last to the city, perched on the forward portion of *tio* Tadeo's *burro*, she peeped over the *burro's* long ears — at the place where the road turns suddenly just before it dips to cross the valley — and caught sight once more of the dome of the cathedral, and the clock-tower of the market-house, and the old Bishop's palace on its hill in the far background, with the Mitras rising beyond, and a flame of red and gold above the Sierra left when the sun went down, — when Pancha's longing eyes rested once more on all these dear sights of home, she buried her little face in *tio* Tadeo's pudgy shoulder and fairly sobbed for joy.

Many a person, though, coming a stranger and with a stranger's prejudices into this gentle, lovely Mexican land, would have thought Pancha's love of home quite incomprehensible; for her home, the house in which she dwelt, was not lovely to eyes brought up with a rigorous faith in right angles and the monotonous regularity of American city walls. In point of fact, persons of this sort might have held — and, after their light, with some show of justice — that Pancha's home was not a house at all.

Crossing the city of Monterey from west to east is a little valley, the *arroyo* of Santa Lucia, into which, midway in its passage, comes through another *arroyo* of a few hundred yards in length the water from the *ojo de agua* — the great spring whereat the Conde's commissioners paused content, and beside which the holy fathers sang songs of praise. Along both banks of these two little valleys grow trees, and canebrakes, and banana groves, and all manner of bushes and most pleasant grass; and in among the bushes and trees, here and there, are little huts of wattled golden cane overlaid with a thatch of brown. And it was in one of these *jacals*, standing a stone's throw below the causeway that crosses the *arroyo* of the *ojo de agua*, upon the point of land that juts out between the two valleys before they become one, that Pancha was born, and where most contentedly she lived. Over the *jacal* towered a great pecan-tree; and a banana grew graciously beside it, and back of it was a huddle of feathery, waving canes. Truly it was not a grand home, but Pancha loved it; nor would she have exchanged it even for one of the fine houses whose stone walls you could see above and beyond it, showing grayly through the green of the trees.

For nearly all the years of her little life the love of the beautiful city of Monterey, of her poor little home that yet was so dear to her, of the good father and mother who had cared for her so well since she came to them from the kind God who sends beautiful children into the world, for her little brother and sister, the twins Antonio and Antonia, who gave a world of trouble, — for they were sad pickles, — but who repaid her by a world of childish lovingness for her care: for nearly all her life long these loves had sufficed to fill and to satisfy Pancha's heart. But within a year now a new love, a love that was stronger and deeper than all of these put together, had come to her and had grown to be a part of her life. And Pancha knew, down in the depths of her heart, that this love had begun on the very first day that her eyes had rested upon Pepe's gallant figure and handsome face — the day when Pepe, having been made captain of a brave company of *contrabandistas*, had come up to Monterey to partake of the Holy Sacrament at Easter, and to be blessed by his old father, and to receive the congratulations of his friends.

Pancha's father, Cristóbal, a worthy *cargador* who never in the whole twenty years that he had discharged the responsible duties of his calling had lost or injured a single article confided to his care, and old Manuel, who held the honorable position of *sereno* — a member of the night-watch — in the city of Monterey, had known each other from a time long before Pancha was born; and from a full understanding of each other's good qualities, and from certain affinities and common tastes, the two old fellows had come in the course of years to be the closest friends. Cristóbal the *cargador* — better known, being a little bandy-legged man, as Tobalito — was

scarcely less delighted than was Manuel himself when Pepe — a motherless lad who had grown to manhood in the care of a good aunt — came up from his home in Tamaulipas that Easter-tide to tell of his good fortune. The boy was a gallant boy, they both agreed, — as they drank his health more times than was quite good for them in Paras brandy of the best, on which never a *tlaco* of duty had been paid,— and before him had opened now a magnificent future. Being a captain of *contrabandistas* at twenty-two, what might he not be at thirty? His fortune was assured! And old Catalina shared in this joy of her husband's and of her husband's friend, and drank also, relishingly, a little mug of brandy to Pepe's good fortune — present and to come. Even the twins, Antonio and Antonia, entered into the spirit of the festive occasion, and manifested their appreciation of it by refraining from signal mischief for the space of a whole hour: at the end of which period Pancha, perceiving that they were engaged in imitating the process of washing clothes in the stream, and judging rightly that the earnestness of their operations boded no good, was just in time to rescue the yellow cat from a watery grave.

And it was on this happy day, as Pancha knew afterward, that her love for Pepe first began.

This was a year past, now; and for many months Pancha had been gladdened by the knowledge that her love was returned — though, as yet, this sweet certainty had not come to her in words. Indeed, during the past twelvemonth Pepe had been but little in Monterey. As became a young captain of *contrabandistas* who longed to prove that he deserved to wear his spurs, his time had been passed for the most part in making handsome dashes from the Zona Libre into the interior. Already the fame of his brilliant exploits was great along the frontier; already to the luckless officers of the *contraresguardo* his name was a mocking and a reproach. What with his knowledge of the mountain paths and hiding-places, his boldness and his prudence, his information — coming it might be treason to say from where, but always exact and trustworthy — of where the revenue people would be at any hour of any day or night, the *contraresguardo* seemed to have no more chance of catching him than they had of catching the wind of heaven or the moon itself.

Once, indeed, Pepe had a narrow escape. At the outskirts of Lampazos word came to him that the customs guard was at his very heels. There was no hiding-place near; to run for it with a train of heavily laden *burros* was of no earthly use at all; to run for it without the *burros* would have been a disgrace. And Pepe did not attempt to run. As fast as they could be driven he drove the *burros* into the town, and halted them in squads of three and four at friendly houses; spoke a word or two at each door, and then galloped off with his men into the outer wilderness of *chaparral*. And when, ten minutes later, the men of the *contraresguardo* came flourishing into Lampazos, certain of victory at last, not a vestige of the *contrabando* could they find! True, in the *patios* of a dozen houses were certain weary-looking *burros* whose backs were warm, and near them were pack-saddles which were warm also; but what had been upon those pack-saddles no man could surely say. The explanation vouchsafed that the lading had been fire-wood was not, all things considered, wholly satisfactory; but it could not be disproved. And as the possession of warm pack-saddles and warm-backed *burros* is not an indictable offense even in Mexico, the *contraresguardo* could do nothing better in the premises than swear with much heartiness and ride sullenly away. And to the honor of Lampazos be it said that when, in due course of time, Pepe returned and withdrew his *burro*-train from the town, not a single package of the *cantrabando* had been stolen or lost!

So Pepe, by his genius and his good luck, proved his right to wear his spurs. And the merchants of the interior held him in high esteem; and people generally looked upon him as a rising young man; and Pancha, who read aright the story told by his bold yet tender brown eyes, suffered herself to love this gallant captain of *contrabandistas* with all her heart.

Yet while this was the first time that Pancha had loved, it was not the first time that love had been given her. A dozen young fellows, as everybody knew, and as even she, though quite to herself, demurely acknowledged, were in love with her to their very ears. One or two of them had gone so far, indeed, as to open communications, through proper representatives, for the rare favor of her hand. The most earnest, though the least demonstrative of these, was a certain captain in the *contraresguardo*, by name Pedro; a good fellow in his way, but quite shut out beyond the pale of reputable society, of course, by his unfortunate calling.

Naturally Pancha never was likely to think very seriously of loving Pedro; yet pity for him, acting on her gentle heart, had made her in some sort his friend. It was not altogether his fault that he was an officer of the *contraresguardo*, and other people besides Pan-

cha believed that but for this blight upon him a good career might have been his. But luck had been against Pedro from the very day of his birth; for when he was born his mother died, and a little later his father died also. Being thus left lonely in the world, he fell into the keeping of his uncle, Padre Juan, a grim priest who, having lost all happiness in life himself, saw little reason why he should seek to make the lives of others glad. Dismally the boy grew up in this narrow, cheerless home. The Padre fain would have made of him a priest also; but against this fate Pedro rebelled, and accepted, while yet a boy, the alternative means of livelihood that his uncle offered him in the service of the *contraresguardo.*

As his rebellion against his proposed induction into the priesthood showed, the boy had strong stuff in him. He had a mighty will of his own. And there was this in common between him and his grim uncle: a stern resolve, when duty was clear, to do duty and nothing else. Therefore it came to pass that Pedro, being entered into the hateful service of the customs preventive force, presently was recognized by his superiors as one of the very few men of the corps who, in all ways, were trustworthy; and as trustworthiness is the rarest of virtues in the *contraresguardo,*— a service so hated that usually only men of poor spirit will enter it at all,— his constant loyalty brought him quick promotion as its just reward. Yet Pedro had no happiness in his advancement. Each step upward, as he very well knew, was earned at the cost of greater hatred and contempt. Those who would have been his friends, had the lines of his life fallen differently, were his enemies. Nowhere could he hope to find kindliness and love. Therefore he grew yet more stern and silent, and yet more earnestly gave himself to the full discharge of the duty that was sacred to him because it was his duty, but that in his heart he abhorred. Nor did he ever waver in his faithfulness until, coming to know Pancha, his chilled heart was warmed by her sweet looks of friendliness, the first that ever he had known; and, as fate decreed, the force of duty found arrayed against it the force of love.

Pancha had a tender, gentle nature, in which was great kindliness; and before she knew Pepe there was some little chance, perhaps, that in sheer pity of his forlornness she might have given Pedro her love. This, of course, showed how weak and how thoughtless Pancha was; how ignorant of the feelings of society; how careless of the good opinion of the world. To be sure, the possibility of her loving Pedro never passed beyond a possibility; but that it went so far counted for a great deal to him, to whom, in all his life, no single gleam nor even faintest hope of love had ever come. The gentle glance or two which she had cast him in her compassionate sorrow for his friendlessness sank down into the depths of Pedro's heart, and bred there for her that great love — tender, yet almost stern in its fierce intensity — to which only a passionate, repressed nature can give birth. And through the year that passed after Pepe had gained his captaincy, and at the same time Pancha's favor, Pedro's love had grown yet stronger and deeper,— growing the more, perhaps, because it was so hopeless and so deeply hid; but Pancha, whose very life was wrapped in Pepe's now, had almost ceased to remember that such a person as this rueful captain of the *contraresguardo* lived.

Still another life-thread was interwoven with the life-threads of these three. Dearest of Pancha's girl-friends was Chona,— for so was shortened and softened her stately name, Ascencion,— daughter of a *leñador* whose *jacal* was near by, and with whom her father had long been on friendly terms.

A grand creature was this Chona, daughter of the *leñador.* The simple folk among whom she lived called her "La Reina," and her majestic beauty made her look indeed a queen. Yet was she not loved by those among whom she lived. Her nature was as imperious as her beauty was imperial, and, save only Pancha, there was none who called her friend. Because of their very unlikeness, these two were drawn together. Pancha had for Chona an enthusiastic devotion; and Chona graciously accepted the homage rendered as her queenly right. In the past year, though, since Pepe's triumphal visit to Monterey, a change had come over Chona that was beyond the understanding of Pancha's simple, loving heart. She no longer responded — even in the fitful fashion that had been her wont — to Pancha's lovingness. She was moody; at times she was even harsh. More than once Pancha, chancing to turn upon her suddenly, had surprised in her eyes a look that seemed born of hate itself. This change was grievous and strange to Pancha; but it troubled her less than it would have done a year before. For now her whole heart was bright with gladness in her love of Pepe, and with the glad hope that his love was given her in return.

So, for Pancha at least, the time passed blithely on. Her mood of compassion for Pedro was forgotten, and her loss of Chona's friendship — if ever she had possessed it — caused her no great sorrow; and all because

her love for Pepe filled to overflowing her loving heart.

THIS was the way that matters stood the next Easter, when Pepe again came up to Monterey to take part in the blessed services of the church, to see again his old father, and again to receive graciously the congratulations of his friends.

And this time Pepe told his love to Pancha in words. In the warm twilight of the spring evening — being followed, as custom in Mexico prescribes, by the discreet *tia* Antonia, also come into Monterey for the Easter festival — they walked slowly among the bushes and trees lining the bank of the *ojo de agua*, passed beneath the arch of the causeway, and stood beside the broad, clear pool where the water of the great spring pauses a little before it flows outward to the stream. It was on this very spot, say the legends of the town, that the good Franciscan fathers, three hundred years ago, set up the holy cross and sang their song of thankfulness and praise.

And here it was — while the discreet *tia* Antonia manifested her discretion by standing where she could watch closely, yet could not hear — that to Pancha were whispered the sweetest words that ever she had heard, that ever she was to hear. In her memory dwelt for a little while joyously the picture of the dark water at her feet that, a little beyond, grew duskily green with aquatic plants; the massive stone causeway that cast a shadow upon them in the waning light reflected from the red sky beyond the Mitras crest; the trees beside the spring swaying a little in the gentle evening wind; the hush over all of the departing day. Very dear to Pancha was the memory of this picture — until, in the same setting, came another picture, ghastly, terrible, that made the place more horrible to her than the crazing horror of a dream. But the future was closed to her, happily, and in her heart that Easter evening was only a perfect happiness and a perfect love.

Later, when they went back to the *jacal* of wattled cane, there was great rejoicing among the older folk that Pepe's suit had sped so well. It was not, of course, a surprise to anybody, this suit of his. In point of fact, it all had been duly settled beforehand between the two old men,— as a well-conducted love affair in Mexico properly must be,— and this dramatic climax to it was a mere nominal concession to Pepe's foreign tastes, acquired through much association with *Americanos* upon the frontier. So, the result being satisfactory, the Paras brandy was brought forth again, and toasts were drunk to Pepe's and Pancha's long happiness. And these were followed by toasts to the success — though that was assured in advance, of course — of a great venture in which Pepe was about to engage; a venture that infallibly was to make him a rich man.

The scheme that Pepe had devised was worthy of himself. Its basis was an arrangement — made who shall say how? — that all the forces of the *contraresguardo* and *rurales* should be sent on a wild-goose chase into the mountains, and sent far enough to make sure that they should stay in the mountains for a whole night and a whole day. And, the coast being thus cleared, it was the purpose of this daring captain of *contrabandistas* to come up from the Zona Libre with not one, but with three great trains of *burros* laden with *contrabando*, and to bring these trains, in sections and under cover of darkness, actually into the city of Monterey! Further, to make quite sure that in the city he should meet with no hindrance to the execution of his plans, he had arranged that at the hour his trains were to enter from the east, a *jacal* should be set on fire over in the western suburb. Fires occur but rarely in Monterey, and when one does occur all the town flocks to see it: it is better than a *fiesta*. It was a stroke of genius on Pepe's part to think of this diversion; and the man who owned the doomed *jacal* — one of Pepe's band who himself had a share in the venture — was eager to put so brilliant a plan into execution. Indeed, to insure success a dozen *jacals* might have been profitably consumed, for the *contrabando* was to be exceptionally rich in quality as well as great in quantity, and the profit upon it would be something that to such simple-minded folk as Manuel and Tobalito and Catalina seemed almost fabulous.

The very risk of the venture, as Pepe pointed out, constituted its safety. In the mountains there was a chance at any time of a fight, but in the city streets there was literally nobody to fear — "unless the *serenos* should turn *contraresguardo!*" he suggested; whereat there was much cheerful laughter, that of the honest *sereno* Manuel being loudest of all.

The *leñador*, Tobalito's trusted friend, hearing the sounds of festivity and snuffing the Paras brandy from afar off, came in to join them; and being informed of the happy issue of Pepe's love affair, and of Pepe's noble project, he gladly joined in drinking the double toast and in adding his good wishes to theirs. So they made merry over their hopeful prospects; and even when the twins, Antonio and Antonia, succeeded in an unwatched moment in possessing themselves of the precious bottle of Paras brandy, and thereafter, to their great

joy, emptied a considerable portion of it over the unfortunate yellow cat, a mere desultory spanking was deemed to be a meet atonement for the act.

So Pepe rode lightly out from Monterey, and behind him rode not black care, but brightest joy, and after him went good wishes and great love. When he came again he would be rich, and — dearer than all other riches — Pancha would be his. Truly, a young fellow of three and twenty, who had carved his own way to so brave a fortune, might well rejoice within himself; and Pepe did rejoice with all his heart. As he rode down the valley — the valley that is scarred by the railroad now — his thoughts ran back pleasantly over the past few years of hard work in his profession; over his many successes tarnished by not a single serious failure; and still more pleasantly his thoughts ran forward into the future, when all his toil was to receive, over and above a liberal compensation, a most sweet reward. One more deal in the game that he knew so well how to play, and all the stakes would be his. No wonder that Pepe's heart was glad within him; that his soul was filled with joy.

Yet Pancha, left behind in Monterey to wait while Pepe worked, was sorrowful. As sometimes happens to us when we are confronted by the certainty of great happiness, she was possessed by a gloomy sadness that came of dark forebodings in her mind. The very greatness and sureness of this happiness awed her into doubt. She knew that to take her good fortune in this faint-hearted way was not wise in itself, and was not what Pepe would approve; and that she might please Pepe she berated herself roundly and tried to laugh away her fears — though they scarcely amounted to fears, being but shadowy doubts and unshaped thoughts in which always was a tinge of nameless dread. But scolding herself and laughing at herself were equally unavailing; therefore she betook herself to that refuge which is dear to women the world over, but which especially is dear to women in Roman Catholic lands — the refuge of prayer.

A placid, holy place is the church of San Francisco in Monterey. It stands upon a quiet street, the Calle de San Francisco, where little travel or noise of traffic ever comes, and about it always is an atmosphere of sacred rest. On one side of it is the ruin of the old, old church where, near three hundred years ago, the colonists sent northward by the Conde de Monterey first met within church walls to offer up to God their sacrifice of praise and prayer for the grace shown to them in bringing them within so fair a land. On the other side is the old convent, where long the good Franciscans dwelt, and whence they went forth to save poor heathen souls. The convent is deserted now, but holy memories live on in it, and sanctify its silent, sunny cloister and its still, shady cells. And close beside the convent grows a single stately palm, larger and more beautiful than any other palm in all the country round. The old church is shadowy within, and a faint smell of incense hangs always in the dusky air. The floor is laid in panels of heavy wood, worn smooth by the knees of the five generations which have worshiped there, and beneath each panel is a grave. Reverently do the Mexicans believe that thrice blessed is the rest in death of him who sleeps within the earth made consecrate by bearing on its breast the house of God.

So it was to this old church, the church of her patron saint, whose name she bore, that Pancha came to pray that Pepe might prosper in his gallant adventure, and that the happiness in store for both of them might not be wrecked by evil chance. To pass from the heat and glare of the April sunshine into the cool, dark church was in itself a refreshment and a rest. Save an old woman or two, slowly and wearily moving from station to station and slowly and wearily at each station repeating her form of prayer, the church was deserted; and in the quiet corner near the chancel rail where Pancha knelt, far away from the mumbling old women, there was a perfect quiet, a holy peace. Her prayer was a little simple prayer: only that the good Saint Francis would keep Pepe safe from all harm, and that the *contrabando* might not be captured, and that she and Pepe might be married as they had planned to be, and might live on in happiness together to a good old age. When she had made her prayer she knelt on for a long while, dreamily thinking of the Saint's goodness and of his mighty power to guard and save. And, as she knelt there, gradually faith and hope came back again into her heart, and the conviction grew strong within her that the blessed saint had heard her prayer and had sent to her this comforting for assurance that it should be granted to the full. So at last, heartened and quieted, she came out once more into the April sunshine. Yet, even as she left the church there passed before the sun a cloud. Pancha, whose mind was full of happy thoughts, did not perceive this cloud.

THAT day in Monterey one other heart was troubled, but to it came not peace nor rest. Much to her surprise, Pancha — standing near the causeway over which Pepe gallantly

had ridden forth upon his brave adventure, her heart full of love and hope and fear — had felt an arm about her neck, and turning had found Chona by her side. In her tender mood this mark of affection from the friend whom she had deemed lost had moved her greatly, and with little urging she told to Chona the sweet happiness that at last certainly was hers; and wondered to see the look of hate — there could be no mistaking it now — that came flashing into Chona's eyes.

"And he loves a pitiful thing like *you!* Loves *you*, when he might — go! you are no friend of mine!"

In Chona's voice there was a ring of bitter contempt that lost itself, with the abrupt change, in yet more bitter rage. With an angry push that almost threw Pancha into the water, she turned, sprang up the bank, and disappeared among the trees. So was Pancha made yet more sorrowful, and yet more gladly turned to the holy church for rest and comfort in prayer.

For Chona there was no comfort. Her brain was in a whirl, and in her heart was only wretchedness. The fate had come to her that for months past she had known must be hers; yet now that it actually had overtaken her, she resented it as though it were a sudden and unexpected blow. Against hope she had hoped to win Pepe's love — and now all hope was dead, and she knew that her chance of having him for her very own was lost forever. Still worse was it that the love which she longed for so hungrily should go to another. This was more than she could bear. Pepe's death, she felt, would have caused her a pain far less poignant — for she herself easily could have died, too. But Pepe lost to her arms, and won to the arms of such a poor, spiritless creature as this Pancha, was an insult that made greater the injury done her a thousand-fold. Her fierce love was turned in a moment to fiercer hate; and from hate is but a single step to revenge.

That night, when the *leñador* came home, — and in good spirits, for he had sold his wood well, — he told Chona gleefully of the grand project that Pepe had on foot; of the clever scheme by which the customs people were to be tricked; of the fine fortune that surely was coming to the captain of *contrabandistas* now as a fitting culmination of his gallant career.

After her father, with a prodigious yawn, had ended his narration and had betaken himself to sleep, for a long while Chona sat there in the open space before the *jacal* alone with her own thoughts. In the darkness and stillness — for only the low, soft rippling of the water broke in upon the peacefulness of night — the longing for revenge that possessed her slowly took form in her mind. The hours passed swiftly as she brooded upon her wrong and upon the means that she had chosen to compass vengeance. When at last she arose and went into the *jacal*, the morning star shone bright above the twin peaks of the Silla, and the whole mountain stood out sharply, a huge black mass, against the clear, pale light of the eastern sky.

Yet the morning still was young when Chona — her father meanwhile having started with the *burro* for the mountains — went down to the barracks of the *contraresguardo* and asked of the sentinel on duty permission to see the *capitan*, Pedro. The sentinel smiled as he dispatched a messenger with her request, and thought what a lucky fellow the *capitan* Pedro was, to be sure.

"Come to me quickly in the Alameda," said Chona, when Pedro had joined her. "I can tell you of a great plan that the smugglers have on foot — and also of a matter very near to your own heart." Without waiting for an answer, she turned sharply and walked rapidly away.

Perceiving that she was much excited, Pedro did not doubt that Chona had information of importance to give him; and his experience had taught him that the treachery of jealous woman was not a thing that the customs preventive service could afford to despise. To the personal part of her address he did not give a second thought. Without returning to the barracks, he set off at once for the Alameda. The sentinel, lazily watching the two retreating figures, smiled again, and said to himself, "Aha! my little captain is a lucky man to-day!"

It is a good mile from the barracks to the Alameda. Chona covered the distance rapidly. As she entered the ragged pleasure-ground, she turned to make sure that Pedro was following her, and then crossed it quickly and disappeared through a gap in a hedge beyond. When Pedro passed through the gap he found her seated on the ground between the bushy screen and the cane-field that it inclosed. They were remote from all houses, from all curious ears; for the Alameda, being but a forlorn place, has few visitors.

She motioned him to a seat beside her, and said, hurriedly:

"The *capitan* Pepe will bring three great trains of *contrabando* on Friday night into Monterey."

"Yes. He is your lover?"

She flashed her glittering black eyes on him savagely. "It is no affair of yours who my lover may be. But I will tell you this: Pepe

is the lover of Tobalito's Pancha—the girl whom you love."

She marked with satisfaction how he winced under her words, the gleam of anger that came into his eyes. But, without giving him time to speak, she went on rapidly to tell of Pepe's plan, and with a clearness and precision that left no room for doubting that she told the truth. Her excitement increased as she spoke. Her black eyes grew blacker as the pupils dilated; her breath came short as her bosom rose and fell tremblingly; twice or thrice she pressed her hand upon her heart. As she ended she sprang to her feet and held erect her superb form. Her eyes gleamed with the anger of hate, her hands were clinched, her guardedly low voice quivered with a passionate energy.

"I have betrayed him into your hands, even as he has betrayed my offered love. Take him! Kill him! He has only my hate. And remember, it is he who has won from you Pancha's love. He must die!" In an instant she had plunged into the thicket of canes. For a few moments the rustling of the leaves sounded hissingly as she fleetly pushed her way between them; the sound grew fainter; presently it faded out of hearing, and all was still.

Pedro stood for awhile motionless, vacantly staring at the place in the cane-thicket, still marked by the swaying leaves, where she had disappeared. Then slowly he passed through the gap in the hedge, and slowly walked across the Alameda. When he came to the circle of stone benches he sat down wearily. He did not in the least particular doubt the truth of what Chona had told him; and because he knew so surely that it all was true a great sorrow weighed upon him, a cruel conflict arose in his heart. Chona had told him too much. Had she told him only of Pepe's plans, her purpose would have been easily gained; for in a strictly professional and matter-of-course way he would have crushed the smugglers' scheme effectually, and probably the smugglers with it. Chona, judging his nature by her own, had overshot her mark. The very fact that Pepe was Pancha's lover, that his ruin would be her misery, that his death might also be her death, made Pedro—for the first and last time in his life—regard his duty falteringly. For his love for Pancha was so loyal, so utterly unselfish, that even this very love he was ready to sacrifice for her; ready, for her happiness' sake, to yield her to another's arms. The question that now confronted him was whether or not he could sacrifice for Pancha his honor.

What made this cruel strait in which Pedro found himself crueller still was the certainty that should he save his honor no one at all (yet it was only Pancha of whom he thought) would believe that in capturing Pepe he had been prompted by any higher motive than revenge. Should Pepe be harmed, Pancha would hate him; should Pepe be killed,—and the chances favored this issue, for Pepe was a man who far rather would die than surrender,—Pancha would turn from him in horror, as a loathsome creature too base even to die. These thoughts went whirlingly through Pedro's mind, and there came to him no safe issue from his perplexity. Toward whichever of the two paths before him he turned, he saw standing a figure with a drawn sword: Love barred the way of Honor; Honor barred the way of Love.

At last, the conflict still continuing in his breast, he slowly arose from his seat on the stone bench, and slowly walked back into the town; but he took the streets by the hospital and the market-place, thus leaving the *arroyo* of the *ojo de agua* far out of his path. As he entered the barracks the sentinel looked at him curiously. "Oho! there has been a quarrel," he thought. "To quarrel with 'La Reina,' my little captain must be a very great fool!"

The noise and confusion, the loud talking and coarse laughter of the barracks jarred on Pedro, and presently he went out again. Walking without purpose, he retraced unconsciously his steps toward the Alameda. Then, finding of a sudden an object, he walked on rapidly until the shady lanes beyond the Alameda were traversed and he stood at the gate of the Campo Santo. Reverently he entered between the stone pillars of the gate-way and stood in the presence of the holy dead.

In a shady corner of the old grave-yard he seated himself upon a stone that had fallen from the wall, and took up again resolutely the problem that he had to solve. There in the perfect peace and stillness, with only the dead about him for witnesses, the great battle of his life was fought and won. His own faith in his manhood came back to him and gave him strength; the doubt and trouble were cast out of his soul; a steadfast light shone clearly upon the way that he must go. And the silent counselors around him confirmed his choice. By the very utterness of their silence, as it seemed to him, they were as strong voices declaring that Love is but the dying daughter of Time, while Honor is the deathless son of Eternity.

When he stood up, the fight ended, he was very pale, and sweat stood in great drops upon his forehead; but in every line of his figure was firmness. Erect and steadily—with something of the feeling, as he bethought him, that had upheld him once when leading

his men upon a most desperate charge — he marched between the graves and out again through the gate-way. His resolute step was in keeping with his resolute purpose. Love lowered her sword and fell back, conquered. The path of Honor was clear.

BEING cheered by her prayer and by the good saint's promise that it should be granted, Pancha went home blithely and with a heart at rest. And further cheer came to her from her mother, the excellent Catalina. By profession, this good Catalina was a *lavandera*. Hers was a vicarious virtue, for while her washing was endless, its visible results rarely had any perceptible connection with herself. Indeed, it is a fact that the washer-women of Mexico are upheld by so lofty a sense of their duty to their employers that only by the operation of some extraordinary law of chance is it that their own garments ever get washed at all.

Down by the edge of the clear stream, in company with many other washer-women, Catalina practiced her honorable vocation, squatted upon the ground and having in front of her a broad, flat stone. On this stone she soaped and rubbed and squeezed each separate garment until her fine knowledge of her art told her that cleanliness had been achieved, and that for the perfecting of her work was needed only copious rinsing in the running stream. Close beside her, always, was a little fire, whereon rested a little boiler; and thence smoke and steam curled up together amidst the branches of the overhanging trees. On the low bushes near by were spread the drying clothes; in the middle distance stood out the straw-thatched hut; and beyond, for background, were trees and bushes and huts and half-hidden stone walls. And as near her as their perverse spirits would permit them to come were the twins, Antonio and Antonia, scantily clad or not clad at all, usually engaged in some small evil, or else basking like two little brown lizards in the sun. Some day an artist will come to Monterey who will paint Catalina at her work with all her picturesque surroundings; and if he paints the picture well, he will thereafter awake to find himself famous.

Pancha, joining this group, and perfecting it by standing erect beside the bubbling boiler, was further cheered by Catalina's confident talk concerning the certainty of Pepe's success. Manuel had stopped at the *jacal* on his way homeward — coming sleepily back from his vigilant duties on the city watch — to leave the good news that a detachment of the *contraresguardo* really had been sent away early that morning toward Garcia — quite in the opposite direction from that whence Pepe would come. There could be no doubt about this assuring fact, for one of his fellow *serenos*, being on duty near the barracks, actually had seen the force depart. So it was clear that the most important part of the promise made to Pepe by his employers had been fulfilled. The other part, the massing of the *rurales* in the wrong place at the critical moment, might now confidently be counted upon — and this made sure that Pepe would accomplish safely his unostentatious yet triumphal entry into Monterey. As became the prospective mother-in-law of the hero of this noble adventure, Catalina greatly rejoiced; and Pancha, listening to such heartening news, was still more firmly convinced that the good Saint Francis had heard her prayer.

BUT even while these comforting thoughts upheld the hopes of the watchers in Monterey, Chona's treachery was doing its work. In the early morning of the third day after Pepe's departure there had been a tough fight south of Lampazos — and the end of it was the capture by the *contraresguardo* of one of Pepe's three trains. Broken by a sudden charge, the guard of smugglers was overcome; one or two were killed, half a dozen were captured, and the rest saved themselves by the speed of their horses and their knowledge of the mountain paths. The men of the *contraresguardo* were jubilant. But there was no joy in the heart of their captain. He had but the cold satisfaction of knowing that he had done his duty — and bitter he had found that duty to do.

When the scattered *burros* had been driven together, and their packs made fast again, the convoy set off southward; for the capture had been made in the State of Nuevo Leon, and the *contrabando* would be turned into the custom-house at Monterey. Under the hot sun the train moved slowly along the valley; so slowly that Pedro's horse, outwalking the short-stepping *burros*, carried him far in advance of his command. He was too deeply buried in his own thoughts to perceive his loneliness, and it was only when he reached the town of Salinas that he roused himself and found that his convoy was almost out of sight down the dusty, winding road. On the bluff above the Salinas River he tethered his horse to a tree, and sat down in the shade of the ferry-man's hut to wait for his men to overtake him. The *barquero* speedily slunk away; but Pedro, heavy with his own heavy thoughts, took slight notice of his movements, save that he was glad to be left alone.

A quarter of a mile from where he sat the road dipped into a recess behind a shoulder

of the mountain, and for a little space was lost to view. He watched the train until it entered this recess, and then, while waiting for it to reappear, he bowed his head upon his hand. His heart was very full of bitterness. There was but little comfort for him in the fact that the train that he had captured had not been commanded by Pepe in person; for he knew that the precautions taken made the capture, either in the mountains or in Monterey, of the other two trains certain; and not less certain was the capture or the killing of Pepe himself. Certainly Pepe's fortune, probably his life, already was as good as forfeited; and with this forfeiture Pancha's hope of happiness was gone! And the cruel part of it all was that Pancha ever must believe that he, willfully, revengefully, because she had kept back from him her love, had brought upon her this great misery. In the darkness that beset him he saw no way of hopeful light. He had saved his honor, but he had wrecked his heart.

"A LITTLE APART FROM THESE WAS PANCHA."

A rattle of rifle-shots snapped short his dismal revery. As he sprang to his feet he saw a squad of his own people, a dozen or so, galloping up the road, and a moment later four times as many men came out from behind the shoulder of the mountain in sharp pursuit. The pursued were bent low over the necks of their horses; from the crowd of pursuers there came each instant a puff of smoke followed by the sharp crack of the report; and each instant a horse fell, or ran wildly with empty saddle, as the balls went home.

Pedro loosened his revolver in his belt and sprang to his horse. The *barquero* had become visible again, and was standing beside him; on his face was a malicious, yet not wholly unkindly grin. "Quick!" he said. "Get into the boat. You yet have time." As an officer of the *contraresguardo* he hated Pedro cordially; but he had no especial wish to see him shot down, now that the smugglers had recaptured the *contrabando* and the fight was won. But Pedro already was mounted, and his horse was headed not toward the river, but toward his men. The *barquero* saw his purpose, and seized his bridle with a strong hand.

"God! Señor Captain, would you ride straight to your death?"

"Let loose, or I shoot!"

Like a flash Pedro's revolver was drawn and

cocked and within an inch of the *barquero's* head.

"You are a fool, a madman! Go!" And the man staggered aside as the horse, bounding forward, sharp stricken with the spurs, brushed against him, and nearly threw him to the ground.

"*Es mi deber!*" "'Tis my duty!" came ringing back through the rush of air as Pedro rode furiously onward; and it seemed to the *barquero*—yet this was so strange a thing that he could not trust his ears—that there was gladness, nay, even triumph, in Pedro's tone.

Whether spoken in sorrow or in hope, certain it is that these were the last words which the *capitan* Pedro spoke on earth.

In Monterey there was no knowledge of the loss and of the gaining back again from the *contraresguardo* of a part of Pepe's treasure; no knowledge that treachery had come in to defeat Pepe's well-laid plans. Therefore, when at last the momentous day arrived, there was with Pepe's friends a glad expectancy and happy hope. Under all, of course, was somewhat of fear that even in the moment of its success failure might come and dash the gallant plan. And because of such dismal doubt, Tobalito's face at times was bereft of its accustomed cheeriness, and for minutes together he would sit silent, the while mechanically polishing the brass number that, as a *cargador*, he wore upon his breast, as was his wont on the rare occasions when his mind was beset by troublous thoughts. But these fears, in which, also, the others shared, had no endurance; for all had steady faith in the all-powerfulness of Pepe's lucky star. So, slowly, the day wore on, and at last was lost in night.

Excepting the twins, Antonio and Antonia, no one that night slept in the *jacal*. Tobalito sat before his door and smoked incessantly his corn-husk *cigarritos*. Beside him, smoking not less vigorously, sat Catalina. A little apart from these was Pancha, holding in her arms the yellow cat. And each of these three minds was so busy with its own thoughts that all of the three tongues were still. Only the yellow cat, having but little mind, and that being soothed into a calm content by Pancha's gentle strokings of her sleek fur, expressed her perfect happiness, and so made talk for the whole party, in a rumbling purr.

From where they sat—although they could not hope to see even the reflected light of the burning *jacal* that was to clear the way for the entry of the *contrabando*—they could see, a hundred yards away, the stone causeway standing out in the light of the young moon against the darkness beyond. Pancha's mind was full of sweet remembrance of the words which Pepe had spoken to her over beyond the causeway, beside the pool, but five little days before, and of the glad future that was bound up in the fulfillment of his hopes. Tobalito and Catalina, being somewhat beyond the age of romance, were thinking not less gladly of the good fortune that was in store for them through the rich son-in-law who had come to lighten the burdens of their old age. No more would the *cargador* bear heavy ladings of other people's goods; no more would the *lavandera* wear her life out in washing other people's clothes. And so all three waited and watched eagerly, straining their ears for the rattle of horses' feet upon the stone-paved streets; straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the *burro*-train stealing in from the Zona Libre with its rich load. For close beside them, across the causeway, the train that Pepe himself headed was to pass. Now and again they caught sight of a little point of flame passing and repassing near the farther end of the causeway; and they knew that it was the lantern of the *sereno*, and that Manuel also watched and waited hopefully to see his son, bearing his rich sheaves with him, come gallantly home. All four of these fond hearts were brimming full of love and hope and joy.

Slowly the young moon set, when suddenly Pancha was aroused by a strange confusion: pistol-shots—screams—a rush of horses' feet—oaths—the clash of steel—and on the causeway, dimly seen in the faint light, a confused mass of men and horses and laden *burros* were hurrying away before an orderly mass of horsemen riding in upon them from the east. And, before the full meaning of all this was clear to Pancha's mind, came another rush of horsemen charging down along the causeway from the west. Right under Pancha's eyes Pepe, surrounded by his foes, was fighting for his life; and Pancha knew that the fight was hopeless, and that Pepe's life was lost! Up at the end of the causeway she saw quivering for an instant the light of the *sereno's* lantern; and a vast sorrow for the old man standing there, full of years, yet henceforth to be childless, for the moment overcame the bitter agony in her own heart. But only for a moment. Then, with a cry keen and woful, that echoed along the *arroyo*, and even for an instant made the men pause in their deadly fight, with every drop of her sluggish but fierce Indian blood aroused and burning in her veins, she sprang to her feet, and but for Tobalito's strong, restraining grasp, she would have gone to Pepe's aid and died wildly striking by Pepe's

side — as the Aztec women, her brave ancestors, fought and died on the causeways of Anahuac when the cruel Spaniards first came into the land. But Tobalito held her fast — and then a merciful unconsciousness came to give her breaking heart relief.

WHEN life came back to Pancha, she was alone in the *jacal*, save that in one corner lay the twins, Antonio and Antonia, still asleep; and beside them, having fled thither for refuge during the noise and confusion of the fight, was huddled the yellow cat. Within the *jacal* a little candle feebly burned, casting a faint gleam of light through the open doorway out upon the broad, smooth leaves of the banana-tree. There was no sound to break the serene stillness of the night, and, for a little, Pancha half fancied, and tried hard to make herself believe, that she was but awaking from a woful dream. But the searching agony that wrenched her heart was too bitterly real to give a chance for this fond fancy to have play. And then, slowly but strongly, the thought came into her mind that she must go to Pepe; that, if living, she must bear to him words of comfort and of hope; that, if dead, she must cast one last loving look upon his face.

So she passed out into the darkness — for only a faint, hazy light beyond the Mitras showed where the young moon had sunk away behind the mountains — and walked along the path that she and Pepe had trod together but five days before. This time she did not pass beneath the arch of the causeway. Where the path forked she turned to the right and climbed the bank of the *arroyo*, and so came out upon the causeway itself. In the darkness she tripped and nearly fell, and, looking closely, she saw at her feet the body of a man. Resolutely, yet shudderingly, she stooped still closer to see by the faint starlight the dead face, and knew it for the face of one of Pepe's companions. Beside the dead *contrabandista* lay another dead body, clad in the uniform of the *contraresguardo*; and the two lay facing each other as they had fallen in the fight. Beyond were yet others, and a dead horse or two, and a dead *burro* — from which the lading of precious stuffs had been hastily removed — and carbines, and swords, and pistols were lying as they fell from dead hands; for, in the joy of their victory and capture, the *contraresguardo* had wasted no time in bearing away their fallen comrades or in clearing off the field. And Pancha, wofully seeking for Pepe, passed back and forth among the dead.

While she searched thus, she saw coming slowly from the far end of the causeway a little point of light, and presently the old *sereno*, wrapped in his long cloak, stood beside her. In a broken sentence or two he told her that, with Tobalito and Catalina, he had followed the *contraresguardo* to the barracks, and that Pepe was not among the prisoners, and so he had come back to look for him here. Pancha made him no answer in words, but she took his hand and kissed it; and, still holding it, they searched together for the dead one who had been all in all to them in the world. Along the whole length of the causeway they searched, but found him not.

"Yet he is here," said Manuel. "My boy is not a prisoner, and if not a prisoner, he surely was struck down in the fight."

And Pancha knew that Manuel spoke truth: Pepe could not be safe and free from harm while all his men were captured or slain.

While they paused midway upon the causeway, standing upon the arch that spans the stream, a low, faint moan sounded through the still night air. The sound came up from the darkness below — from the space beside the pool. Bending together over the edge of the unguarded footway, Manuel held down his lantern so that its light fell into the depth beside the wall and was reflected back in broken rays from the rippling water. Then he moved the lantern slowly, until the light rested upon the bank and shone on Pepe's body stretched upon the ground — on Pepe's face upturned toward them piteously! And Pepe knew them. Up through the darkness came faintly the words, "Pancha! Padre!"

When, going very quickly, they passed to the end of the causeway, and so down the bank of the *arroyo* to where he lay, he clasped feebly their hands as they knelt beside him: the lantern throwing a weird, uncertain light upon the three, upon the dark stone wall, upon the dark water of the pool.

"It was a trap, my father; we were betrayed," he said brokenly. "But we made a brave fight, and I can die without shame."

He felt the quiver that passed through Pancha's body as he spoke.

"Yes, I must die, my Pancha. It is very near. All is ended that we planned — that we planned on this very spot, not yet a little week ago. It is hard, my little one — but — it — must — be." Then he was silent, and clenched his teeth — this brave Pepe — that his face might not show to Pancha his mortal agony.

Manuel held Pepe's hand and wept: the silent, forlorn weeping of an utterly desolate old man. Pancha could not weep. She clutched Pepe's hand in both of hers, as though forcibly she would hold him back to life. Pepe understood her thought.

"It may not be, my Pancha, my Panchita.

It is very, very near now. Give me one little kiss, my heart," — it was almost in a whisper that Pepe spoke, — "one little kiss to tell me of your love before I go."

And so, for the first and the last time in her life, Pancha kissed Pepe upon the lips: a kiss in which was all the passionate love that would have been his in the long years to come; a kiss that was worth dying for, if only by dying it could be gained; a kiss that for a moment thrilled Pepe with the fullest, gladdest life that he had ever known — and that, being ended, left him dead.

Then Pancha, kneeling where the holy fathers, far back in the centuries, had sung their *Te Deum laudamus*, kneeling where but five little days before her life had been filled with a love so perfect as to be beyond all power of thankfulness in words of praise, looked down upon her dead lover and felt her heart break within her in the utterness of her despair.

STANDING amidst the dead upon the causeway above, a dim shadow against the star-lit sky, was another figure — unperceived by, yet completing, the group below. The arms were raised, half threateningly, half imploringly, and the lithe, vigorous form swayed in unison with the wild throbbings of a heart in which sated hate did mortal battle with outraged love. Chona had conquered; but even in the first flush of her triumph she knew that love and hope and happiness, that everything which makes life worth holding to, had been lost.

Thomas A. Janvier.

LEGENDS OF THE PASSAMAQUODDY.

WITH DRAWINGS ON BIRCH BARK BY A QUĀDI INDIAN.

THE QUĀDI "PUCK."

THERE are, no doubt, many scholars in New England who regret that the Romans cared so little for their Etruscan predecessors. It would have been so very easy for Cicero or Pliny or any of the many antiquaries, philosophers, or other gentlemen of industrious idleness, to have preserved for us something of the old language of the Tarquins, a fair collection of their songs and legends, or an essay on their place-names. Yet precisely the same thing will certainly be said a thousand years hence of the very same American scholars who thus complain of the Romans. What have they done to preserve the memorabilia of the Red Indians who preceded them? Truly very little. The names of Schoolcraft, Trumbull, Brinton, and some others stand out in honorable prominence in this field; but compared to the immensity of the harvest, the laborers thus far are almost as remarkable for their fewness as for their praiseworthy zeal.

One might by seeking find, almost any day, in some print the admission that America is wanting in romantic legends, and all the sweet, wild charm of Elfin land. The Hudson is not for us as the storied Rhine. Yet, if we did but know it, every hill and vale and rock and rivulet around us was once consecrated by all these "sweet humanities of old religion." More than this, the mythology of the Middle Ages, the quaint wild *mährchen* of Scandinavia and the Teuton and the Celt, while not more attractive from an objective or dramatic point of view, are far inferior to our Algonkin Indian tales in the subtile charm of the *myth*. True, it is not generally appreciated; it seldom is by the popularizers of great legends. Longfellow entirely omits from Hiawatha all the *inner* life of the Chippeway tales; and Mr. Arnold, in his "Light of Asia," does not seem to consider the main point of the whole effort of Buddha, the formula by which souls are to be saved, to be worth mentioning, though it is on this "jewel" that all the machinery of Hindoo time turns, and to attain this that the reformer renounces earth and defies hell. Thus far our American tales have been treated — as by Mr. Mathews — literally as nothing more than common nursery stories. Yet even by this standard they are very beautiful. Had our scholars taken but a little pains they might have shown the Old World that all that is sweet and strange in spirit and dream-love haunts our forests; that Puck as the *Mik-amwes* frolics by moonlight in the *d'jeh-ka-mee-gus*, or forest-openings; that Melusine turns herself from woman to serpent; and that the seal, like the dolphin of old, saves his friends from drowning.

The fairy legends of Europe come to us

strained to utter thinness through centuries of unbelief,— that is to say, made rococo, even as the gods were rococoed in France until Monsieur Berger invoked *le dieu des billards!* But there is in our Indian tales, as told to-day, an intense *faith;* the narrators even believe in such of Æsop's fables as they have learned from some genial Catholic priest, and then quaintly mythologized according to their own conceptions. As the Red Indian myths agree strangely enough in the main with the Hindoo, *e. g.*, in the magical power of penance, *maya*, and transmigration of a certain kind, it is not remarkable that the *fable*, which, if not of Buddhistic origin, was at least perfected by Buddhistic influence, should be keenly enjoyed by the Algonkin. As an illustration of this, I will tell one as narrated to me by a Passamaquoddy (or Quoddy) Indian:

"*Kah-nī-ūf*—a long time ago—there was an Indian village. All who lived in it were very provident: they laid up stores for winter. There was one man named Mū-in, the Bear; he gathered berries and dried them.* Mee-ko, the Squirrel, stored up nuts; Mah-ti-gwess, the Rabbit, laid by grass. But there was one young man who did nothing but play on the flute all the time, and lounge about singing while the others were at work. When winter came he had nothing. So for a time he begged a meal from one and then from another, till they all tired of him and sent him out of the village to shift for himself. Now, in time these Indians all turned into animals, and Mū-in became a bear, and so on with the rest, and the lazy Indian became a locust, which does nothing but go *biz-z-z.*"

Here the narrator startled me by a loud, shrill, and excellent imitation of the cry of the insect, and then continued:

"Now they are animals they continue to do as of old. And this is all very curious, and I think if examined it might be proved; for all animals have habits like men, and where would they get so much sense from if they were not once much cleverer than they are now?"

Though this is not really *ab initio* an Indian story, the variation from the original is remarkable; for it is so told as to change the true moral or deduction, and I have begun with it because it gives a key to three-fourths of all our Red Indian legends. Living constantly among wild animals, and closely studying their habits, the Indian recognizes in them an intelligence which to him seems human. The bear, the otter, and the beaver meet his craft with craft, and in their way behave exactly as even an Indian would do under the same circumstances. Therefore, in time, men who resembled certain animals, or who had distinguished themselves by killing them, received their names. Hence came transmitted family names and the *totem*. The primeval bear, whatever he was, man or beast, loves his descendants and aids them. With time, too, there comes a confusion of ideas on the subject. Sometimes it is the animals who are changed into men, and in certain stories there is as hopeless a bewilderment as in Uncle Remus's tales of the rabbits and other creatures who looked and behaved quite like human beings, and won for themselves mortal wives. It is in this connection very remarkable that in the Quādi tales Brother Rabbit is eminently the most cunning of all the beasts, and entirely outwits his enemy the wily wildcat.

THE RIVER.

"*Ato kah-win*—tell me a story?"

"Yes, I will tell you a story. Once upon a time there was an Indian village by a little river. All the water they had to drink came from this river. There were no brooks or springs or ponds far or near—nothing to drink from but this and the rain. Now, there came a long, dry summer. Suddenly in one night the river ceased to flow. In a few days there was not so much as a puddle from which to quench thirst. This was hard for the Indians.

"Now, when they were almost dying for a drink, they held a meeting, and after a long debate sent an Indian up the river to find why it had ceased to flow; and far away and near its source he discovered the cause. There was another village there, whose inhabitants had built a dam and made a pond, which they kept all to themselves. The messenger complained to them that this was very selfish. They bade him speak to their chief. He did so; but what was his amazement at seeing that this chief was more of a monster than a man. He was an immense bloated creature, with a great paunch many times larger than that of the fattest live man. To him the messenger complained of the dam, but only met with abuse. 'If you want water, go somewhere else,' said the monster. 'What do I care if your people die of thirst. Begone!' But at last, moved by the prayers of the messenger, he bade one of his men take an arrow and pierce a small hole in the dam, so that a little water might run down the stream.

* This belief that the bear lays up berries for winter consumption appears also in another story that was told me.

"The Indian returned, and for a few days his fellow-villagers had a scanty allowance of water. By and by this ceased again to flow. Then the poor people became desperate. There was among them a fearless and powerful warrior. They told him to go to the bloated chief, and, unless the monster would take away the dam, to proceed to extremes and do his worst. 'We may as well be killed,' said they, 'as die of thirst with our families.' So the brave man, who cared for nothing so much as a fight, got ready and departed. He came to the village of the dam, and saw the fat chief. Neither was pleased with the other's appearance, and when the brave man said that he had come to order the dam to be destroyed, and that he expected it to be done immediately, the chief in a rage called to his followers. Whereupon the brave man, quick as lightning, split the chief's head with a tomahawk, and then thrust his spear into the great belly. But what a wonder! In an instant, village, Indians, and all vanished; for it was all *m'tūolin*, and from the paunch of the monster came rushing in torrents the whole river, which he had swallowed."

"Was this the end?"

"No — it was the beginning of a new race of beings; for the Indians of the lower village, being terribly thirsty, did as hungry men do when they sit and tell one another what they would like to have to eat if they could get it. 'I,' said one, as they lounged on the rocks which had once been wet, 'would like to wind about in nice soft mud or moss, and keep wet, and now and then drink my fill.' 'I,' said a long-legged young man, 'would dive from a rock all day and then swim ashore. Oh! how I would swallow the water!' 'Ah, I would do better than that,' said a third, 'for I would live in the river, and only when the weather was fine bask on a log or a stone, and then plump head over heels into the depths.' 'Ho! you none of you know how to wish,' cried a fourth. 'I am the only one who is *so'gm'o** of the wishers. I would live in the water, swimming all the time, and never come out.'

"Now, it so happened that all this was said in the hour when all men get their wishes. And so the first was turned into a water-lizard, which wiggles about in mud and moss; and the second, who wanted to take headers into the river, took them in earnest, for he became a frog, and a splendid jumper he is. Indeed, I have seen the time when I have been after a deer when I wished that I, too, had such legs as Mr. Tchk-wūl-sūk."

"So, that is the Indian for a frog?"

"Yes; it sounds like it, doesn't it? But the fourth *u'skédzin* or Indian — he that was the chief of the wishers — became a fish. And all the rest of the village, down to the very children, as they were all wishing for something of the same kind in their hearts, became tadpoles, or leeches, or water-snakes, or such things. Before this happened there were no creatures in the waters; so now you know how all such animals came into the world."

"How about the one who wished to sit on the log in sunshine and then slip down into the water?"

"Oh, that was *Tchick-we-nocktch*, or turtle, and a turtle he is to this day. Yes; his name is hard to pronounce, and if he is a snapper he is a hard fellow to deal with, and when he takes hold he never lets go till it thunders. But he is the best of all to eat — the harder the shell the sweeter the nut; and I hope I may find one the next time I go into a pond, so that I don't find it out by his getting hold of me first."

This is a very remarkable myth, since in it the incarnation of the river, or of the swallower of a river, in a monster who does not yield it till killed, reminds us forcibly of Typhon, and by antithesis of many Old World demons who devastate by drought until they meet with the appointed hero. The ingenuity and tact with which the narrative is made the medium for accounting for the origin of all swimming creatures, make it almost a masterpiece of its kind. It will at once occur to the reader who is versed in such literature, that men who could frame such fictions were no bunglers in invention. In its semi-comic form, allied to the depth of the myths involved, we have an evidence of great strength, and in this respect we have in this little tale one of the few which rival in power the wonderful story of Vikram and the Vampire.

KO-KO-KAS (THE OWL).

THERE was an old couple who lived in a village by the edge of a river. They had a daughter who was very handsome and clever. All the young men wanted her for a wife, but she was of a strange nature and refused every offer. Still they came, and the parents, who wished to live in peace, had a troubled life. At last the old man, who wanted to please his daughter without making enemies, declared that any one who would win her must do something which seemed to be quite impossible; for, reasoning that to spit on a fire rather tends to

* *So'gm'o*, chief. From this word comes *sagamore*, and the generally mispronounced *sachem*. There are two slight gutturals, or deep aspirates, in it.

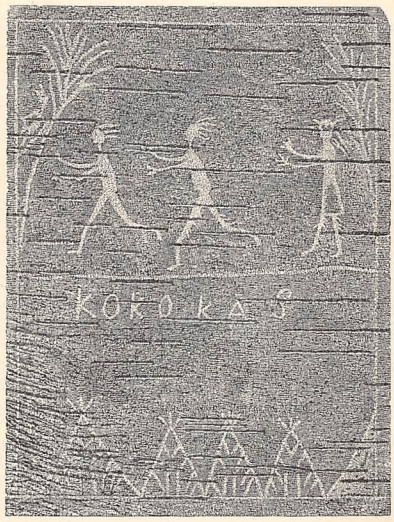
quench it than make it burn, he declared that whoever would become his son-in-law must by spitting into hot embers make them blaze up. And this was tried by many, of course, without success, and the clever and beautiful girl remained for a long time single.

Now, there was a mysterious old woman in the village, of whom, as nothing was known either to her credit or discredit, it was naturally reported that she was *m'teūlin*, or gifted with magic power; and it happened not only to be true, but much less than the whole truth, for she was really one of the most potent sorceresses among the Wabanaki, but allied to the powerful and terrible family of the Owls—the Great Horned Owl himself being her own nephew. Now, there are ups and downs in power even among the greatest, and this nephew would seem at this time to have been somewhat reduced, since he was living simply as a young Indian, skillful, it is true, as a hunter, and brave as a warrior, but of extremely retired disposition, passing his leisure in solitude in the woods. To him the aunt suggested marriage with the girl, and, finding that it would suit him well were it but possible, rendered it possible by giving him a magic drink which would enable him to perform the fire-spitting feat without difficulty. So that evening, when there was a large and select company, including the *so'gm'o*, or chief himself, in the lodge inhabited by the girl and her parents, he walked in, and according to Indian custom spat on the fire as soon as he entered. Blaze! I should think it did. It flew up to the roof until the flame went out at the smoke-hole. And without speaking a word, or casting a look at any who were present, Owl turned on his heel and went home. As the chief was present, and as the father of the girl had declared that any one who could fulfill the condition should have his daughter, the marriage ceremony was performed at once according to our old custom. So the girl followed her husband, and was received by him very kindly in his wigwam, where he had spread some bear-skins, on which she at once sat down beside him.

In the morning she rose to light the fire, but before she did so gazed at her sleeping husband, and at a glance she saw something which filled her with terror and amazement. It was the gleam for an instant, as he slept, of his awful eyes as he in a dream opened and shut them, and still more *his ears* standing up from the great masses of black hair; for when any animal becomes human it always retains, in some way, a trace of what it was; and the Owl, let him enchant himself as much as he will, always shows what he is in his eyes and ears.

Now, a white girl would not be more appalled at learning that she had married the devil himself than was this maid on finding that her husband was that terrible sorcerer of the North, the great Ko-ko-kas, or the awful Owl. She gazed steadily at him, unable to move, for half an hour. At last the spell was broken by the aunt, who, having entered quietly, as all the Owl family are wont to do, and looked at her for some time, asked her pleasantly if she was not tired of standing still. Then she gave a scream and fled homeward. She would not return to her husband; she would not see him. Her family and all the village sympathized with her; for, though none of them knew anything to the discredit of Owl, still the coming of such a terrible and famous being into their small life was entirely too much for them.

Owl left the village, and for a long time tried without success many tricks and devices whereby to regain his wife. But she would not be conciliated. Finally, it occurred to him that if he could make himself very popular under another form and name, it might lead to success. So he changed his appearance, and as a very handsomé young Indian came and joined the village again. Going on the first day far into the woods,



FLEEING FROM THE OWL.

he found a moose-yard and killed a moose, and not far from it a bear. He soon got some one to help him carry the meat home, and then sent messengers out inviting all far and near to a grand feast. The bride and her parents, being very suspicious, at first refused to accept the call, but, when assured by the boy who was sent to them that the host was only a stranger who desired to become acquainted with everybody, finally went.

THE RABBIT TOMAHAWKS THE WILDCAT.

All passed pleasantly so long as the eating and drinking continued. The host was very agreeable and in a fair way to become immensely popular. After dinner, when all were comfortably smoking, Owl proposed that every one, for mutual entertainment, should tell a story, each to narrate the most remarkable event which had ever happened to him or to her at any time. When it came to the bride's turn, she fixed a keen glance on the host, and said that as her story would require very close attention, she must ask that all present would show their ears. Of course the guests laughed and complied. Not so the entertainer, who indeed smiled, but said that his hearing was so remarkably acute that he could catch distinctly any sound, though it were only a whisper through a rock, and that it would hardly be fair to require him to derange his carefully arranged head-dress. As all his company only clamored the more on hearing this, he threw himself on his dignity and privilege as host. Now, the Owl, though grave and wise, has a temper; and when his guests continued to roar for a sight of his ears, all his evil blood became hot enough, and standing up at full height, he threw back his hair, showing his ears like horns, while all the fury of the awful sorcerer glared from his eyes. Then there was a scream as of one voice, when they turned in terror and rushed for the door so rapidly that one could hardly see them as they ran.

The Owl fled again, and again tried new ways to win his wife once more, and failed repeatedly. But his aunt was not idle. She was angered that any ordinary human girl could be so clever and so proud as to resist her great nephew. She employed all her energy to win fresh *m'teūlin* power, and day by day felt it growing upon her. Finally she knew that it was won. Then she made a flute. Whoever played on it could win all hearts. It had cost terrible fasting, and long suffering, and awful effort of will; but it was a success. This she gave to her nephew.

But the bride kept herself so much away from all mankind after that dreadful dinner that the flute, in turn, seemed to be useless. Her husband could not get within her hearing. But chance often gives what craft cannot win. One day when he was deep in the woods, sitting far up in a high tree and musing moodily on his sorrows, his wife came, thinking she was in the loneliest place in the world, and sat down under him. She, too, had a flute, and, as she played with wonderful skill, sweet, soft notes of magic melody, at first unheard, mingled with her own. The air grew richer, deeper, more impassioned; but as she realized that the strains were not hers, but those of a greater master, she was conquered. And as the warblings of the flutes mingled, her soul mingled with the unknown; and then the Owl came sailing softly down on his broad pinions and carried her far away, and they lived together happily ever after.

I TRUST no reader will think that I have "written" up this or any other story, or in any way attempted to ornament it. The very structure of this legend, and the manner of its ending, as it was told to me in simple words by an Indian in his tent, affected me far more than I can move any reader by it. But as far as I can make them out — my knowledge of the Quādi dialect of the Wabenaki being sadly limited — these tales have all in them, as originally told, a poetic charm which English cannot convey. The language itself is always

spoken in low, soft tones; I have compared it often to the cooing of doves in a murmuring pine forest, by a softly flowing stream. The Algonkin languages, so far as represented by Chippeway, Quādi, and Penobscot, which are the only ones that I have ever listened to, are the only tongues in which mere sound has seemed to me to be perfect; and in the original the concluding phrases of this story of the Owl are music itself. The traditions of the Micmacs, which were originally also those of the Quādis, state that when Glūskap, the great Northern god, left the world on account of the exceeding great wickedness of man, the great Snowy Owl returned to the deepest forest, to return no more till he could welcome his grand master, and that, in those solemn solitudes, he still repeats "Ko-ko-kas," or, as the Micmac has it, "Koo-koo-skoos," meaning "Oh! I am sorry." It is at least pleasant to learn from the Quādi tale that the Owl, before retiring, provided himself with a lovely partner to share his sorrows and his game. It may be observed that, in the beginning of this story, the hero appears to be in reduced circumstances. His virtue has gone from him. As in India, Brahma himself, not having attained Nirvana, may be degraded to the lowest humanity, so he who expends his *m'teūlin* energy is liable to become a feeble mortal, as occurs in the Chippeway legend, in which the supreme Manabozho cannot even obtain meat, and is contemptuously fed by a woodpecker. It is also remarkable that in the Old World traditions, as in the New, animals, as well as supernatural beings which assume human form, always retain some trace of their origin. Satan must keep his cloven hoof; the water-fay has always one corner of her dress wet. Everything keeps something of the old savor and flavor.

THE RABBIT AND THE WILDCAT.

Mecqút matowess n'yaga habibuségan — there was once a Rabbit and a Lusifi.—What is a lusifi?—Well, it is a kind of wildcat, and the rabbit is its natural food. But these were Indians who were also animals, or else the other way. Anyhow, Wildcat put himself at the head of a pack of ravenous wolves and went hunting with them. Now, being half starved and wishing to show the wolves what he could do, by way of a bright beginning he took them to Rabbit's house, thinking he would easily be caught. But this Rabbit had made himself a powerful *m'teūlin*, or magician, and one of his strong points was to know whenever danger threatened him. So that, the instant Wildcat spoke of eating him, he heard it all in his soul as if it had rung in his ears, and, having determined with all his will not to be caught, made himself as *m'teūlin* as he could. Then, in order to escape from his home and get far away without leaving track or scent, he took an armful of large chips and, throwing one as far as he could from his door, jumped to it. Then he threw another and jumped to that, and so on till the chips were all gone, when he took one flying leap and ran for life to get in a hurry out of scent, sight, and sound.

When Wildcat and his wolves came to Rabbit's house it was empty. They smelt and looked all about, but could find nothing. Now, wolves are a rude, impatient kind of people; so they turned on Wildcat and told him that if he were only half as clever as he thought himself, he would indeed be something remarkable; but that as for commanding wolves, they thought a following of field mice to hunt bogs would be much more suitable for him. They taunted him with many more pleasing remarks of this kind before they galloped off, leaving him almost crazy with anger. For the Wildcat has a terrible temper, and is also the proudest of all creatures; yet his stubbornness is as great as his temper and his pride. So, being alone, he resolved to follow Rabbit and devour him, or die in the attempt. His first move on the flying foe was very ingenious. Taking the house as a center, he went around it in a gradually enlarging spiral line, rightly reasoning that this, if sufficiently extended, must inevitably strike Rabbit's track somewhere. And indeed he had not described many semicircles of the volute before he found the mark of the feet as expected. And then — whoop! — he was off in hot haste headlong after the fellow with the long ears. And Rabbit, in turn, knowing by magic power that he was pursued, put on additional speed, and so ran till nightfall, when he found himself quite exhausted. He had but little time to make preparations for defense. All he could do was to trample down the snow and break off a spruce twig and lay it on the ground and sit on it. But when Wildcat came there he found a fine wigwam and put his head in it. There he saw, seated by a fire, smoking, an old man, very gray, of dignified aspect, whose majestic appearance was much heightened by a pair of very long and venerable ears. In breathless haste Wildcat asked him if he had seen a Rabbit passing that way. The ancient Indian replied with surprise: "Rabbits! Why, of course I have seen many, for they abound in the wood near this place. I see dozens of them every day." Then he remarked kindly to Wildcat that he had better stay there for a time and rest. "I am an old man," he said impressively, "and

alone, and a respectable guest like yourself comes to me like a blessing." So Wildcat readily consented to stay all night. "This wretched creature whom you are pursuing," said his host, "who doubtless merits an exemplary punishment, will also be weary, and must sleep. You will therefore lose no time, and may take up his trail in the morning."

So, after a good meal, Wildcat lay down beside the fire on a white bear's skin and went to sleep, and, having run all day, never awoke once all night. But when he did, he was as astonished as he was miserable, for he found himself on the open heath in the snow, and almost starved to death. The wind blew as if it had a keen will to kill him, and his sleep had not refreshed him. There was no sign of a wigwam, except a twig, nor of his host, save rabbit-tracks trailing to the north. He saw at once that he had been enchanted, and again swore revenge on the Rabbit, come what might. So he chased again until nightfall. Then the Rabbit, knowing that the foe was at hand, again trampled down the snow for a great space around a hollow stump, and strewed many chips and twigs, for he felt that this time a far greater endeavor must be made.

So, when Wildcat came up, he found himself in a great Indian village, with such crowds of people bustling about that anything like magic or delusion never occurred to him. The first building that he saw was a church, in which service was apparently being held. Entering hastily, he said to the first person near: "Have you seen a rabbit running this way?" And the man, whispering, said: "Hush! you must wait till the meeting is over." Then a young fellow, apparently of the better class, beckoned to him to come further in and hear the preaching. He did so. The priest was old and very gray, and his ears stood up from under his closely fitting little skull-cap like two long handles on a small, round jug. And his sermon was very long indeed, especially to Mr. Wildcat, for it was on the duties of temperance, moderation, gentleness, and forgiveness of enemies. And all those who were ferocious, vulgar, and utterly contemptible were compared to ravening wolves and wildcats, who were described as combining the wickedness of *Mitchel'nt*, the devil, with the vileness of the skunk. Still Wildcat suspected nothing, being confident that no one present knew who he was. And when service was over he asked the young Indian if he had seen a rabbit go by. The young man replied: "Rabbits! Why, there are hundreds close to us, and you can have as many as you want." But Wildcat said: "Ah, those are not of the right kind! I mean a very different sort — the man-rabbit." But the youth said: "I know of no other kind except such as run wild in the woods. But you may inquire of our governor or chief." And the governor came up to greet the stranger. He, too, like the preacher, was venerable and gray, with two long locks standing up on either side of his head, not unlike horns. And being most kindly invited, Wildcat went home with the great man, whose two handsome daughters cooked him a fine supper, after which they brought him a beautiful white bear's skin* and a new white blanket, and made up a bed for him beside the fire. And what with the sermon, the supper, and his day's run, Wildcat was asleep as soon as he lay down; but when he awoke in the gray dawn, he found himself more miserable than before, in the water and snow of a deep cedar swamp, the wind blowing worse than ever, and seeming to howl scornful songs. Yet he sprang up more game than ever, determining to succeed in spite of all the magic spells in the world. And yet, toward night, when he arrived at another Indian village, and the people came out to meet him, he suspected nothing, and, panting, asked them: "Have — you — seen — a — rabbit — pass — this — way?" With concern they asked him what was the matter. So he told them all the story which you have heard, and, being glad to be made of some consequence after all his humiliations, enlarged greatly on his adventure, making himself out to be the most persecuted and honest Indian in the world. And they pitied him very much — yes, one gray old man, wearing long, down-hanging ear-rings, with two pretty daughters, shed tears; and they comforted him and advised him to stay with them. So he was led to a very large lodge where there was a great fire burning in the middle of the floor. And over it hung two pots, with meat and soup and corn and beans, and by them stood two Indians, who distributed food to all the people, and he had his share with the rest. They all brought their portions to a long table, where they feasted gayly, the guest receiving much attention, which greatly delighted him, as he was, though fierce and crafty, extremely vain. When they had done eating, the old chief, who was very gray, and from either side of whose head rose two venerable long white feathers, with ends curling downward, rose to welcome the stranger, and in a very long speech said that it was with them a good old custom to feed those who visited them and to receive in return a song. Now Wildcat believed himself to be a great poet, and as he had this time all the inspiration of hatred, he burst out into a song of vengeance against all the Rabbits.

* White is always the color peculiar to enchantment in the Algonkin legends.

"Oh, the vile Rabbits!
The miserable corn-thieves!
How I hate them!
How I despise them!
How I laugh at them!
May I scalp them all!"

This song was greatly admired, whereupon Wildcat, much elated, said he thought the Governor himself should sing. To this the chief assented, but said that first all who were present must shut their eyes, and, while seated, bow their heads. This they all did. And then Governor Rabbit drew his *timhegan*, or tomahawk, and, clearing guests and table at a bound, gave Wildcat a blow which cut deeply into his head between the ears and stunned him. When he recovered from his swoon he was again in snow and filth, in far worse case than ever, more starved and more miserable, his head a mass of frozen blood. Yet, though nearly dead with cold, he was more resolute than ever to kill the Rabbit. He could not go very far that day for pain and weariness, and was very glad when, at noon, he came to two wigwams. He looked into one and saw two fine girls sewing, and then into the next, where he beheld a venerable gray man with two bird-arrows casually stuck through his hair, while he appeared to be making others. To him Wildcat told his story, and was greatly pitied by both the father and daughters, who advised him to stay with them by all means, and that they would at once get him a doctor, since unless he should receive prompt medical attendance he would surely die. And when the doctor came, he too was old and gray, with the ends which knotted his hair projecting on either side in a very professional manner. He dressed the wound and put salve on it, which gave Wildcat at once a blessed relief from pain, and a sense as of real happiness. Then he brought him a plateful of very small round biscuits and a beautiful pitcher full of straw-colored wine, of which he was urged to partake at intervals, to refresh himself and gather strength.

One would have thought that Wildcat had at his last awaking been in the extreme of misery and humiliation. But one could go still farther and fare worse, as he experienced the next morning, when, on opening his eyes, he found his head aching to madness and swollen to a terrible size, while the wound, which was all gaping wide, was most carefully stuffed with hemlock needles, pine splinters, and gravel. By his side lay a dead leaf, on which were a number of the pellets usually found about the haunts of rabbits, while near them grew a pitcher-plant of the past season, now dead, containing a fluid which had not the least resemblance to wine, save in color. Then he was indeed furious, since in temper, as in all other things, he seemed to be going from bad to worse, and swore in the very madness of rage that the first living creature which he met should perish, so determined was he to be no longer deceived by the artful Rabbit.

Now the Rabbit had almost exhausted his *m'teūlin* power, but there was still enough left for one more grand display. He came to a lake, and, picking up a large chip or piece of wood, threw it in, having first invoked the aid of a number of night-hawks flying overhead. When Wildcat came to the water, he saw sailing on it a large ship. On its deck stood the captain, a fine, gray-haired man, with two points to his cocked hat. But Wildcat now distrusted everything, and, in a rage, he cried: "You cannot fool me this time. I have you now, Mr. Rabbit, so look out for yourself!" Saying this, he plunged into the water and began to swim to the ship. The captain, as if amazed at such boldness in the animal, ordered his men to fire, which they did, bang! bang! bang! with terrible effect, so far, at least, as sound went. Now, this was caused by the night-hawks, who were the sailors, since, when they sail in the air and swoop down, they utter a cry like a shot. At least it seemed so to Wildcat, who, deceived and appalled by this volley, at once turned tail in utter terror, and, not caring to encounter another discharge, swam ashore and vanished in the dark old forest, where, if he is not dead, he is running still.

THE delusion, or mirage, so perfectly depicted and so well sustained in this story, is strikingly like that set forth in the Eddaic tale, where Thor is deceived by the giants, and on waking finds himself also on the heath, with only a few indications in the earth as witness that all was not quite a dream. Yet on the whole it is far more like the Japanese tale in which a young man defies the power of the Foxes, and after being led through a series of strange adventures, also opens his eyes on a lonely field where there is naught save wind and waving grass. So it goes the world over — *c'est partout comme chez nous.*

Every visitor to the fairy island of absurdly named "Campobello" has noticed the not less absurdly titled "Friar," a curious rock resembling a gigantic shrouded human figure, which has given its name to the cave, on either side of which are situated the two hotels. There is little sense in forcing on American scenery the names of friars or knights, and nothing could be more ridiculous than the efforts which have been made by rhymers and small local romancers to invest this Friar

with a story. The Indian name for Campobello is both appropriate and sensible, since it is *Ebaw'huit*, meaning Island by (or near) the main-land. As for the Friar, he is a petrified woman, and the ancient legend relative to the image is as follows:

Once there was a young Indian who had married a wife of great beauty, and they were attached to each other by a wonderful love. They lived together on the headland which rises so boldly and beautifully above the so-called Friar. Unfortunately, her parents lived with the young married couple, and acted as though they were still entitled to all control over her. One summer the elder couple wished to go up the St. John River, while the young man was determined to remain on Passamaquoddy Bay. Then the parents bade the daughter to come with them, happen what might. She wished to obey her husband, yet greatly feared her father, and was in dire distress. Now the young man grew desperate. He foresaw that he must either yield to the parents—which all his Indian stubbornness and sense of dignity forbade—or else lose his wife. Now, he was *m'teūlin*, and, thinking that magic might aid him, did all he could to increase his supernatural power. Then feeling himself strong, he said to his wife one morning, "Sit here until I return." She said, "I will," and obeyed. But no sooner was she seated than the *m'teūlin* spell began to work, and she, still as death, soon hardened into stone. Going to the point of land directly opposite, over the bay, the husband called his friends, with his father- and mother-in-law, and told them that he was determined never to part from his wife, nor to lose sight of her for an instant to the end of time, and yet withal they would never quit Passamaquoddy. On being asked sneeringly by his wife's father how he would effect this, he said: "Look across the water. There sits your daughter, and she will never move. Here am I gazing on her. Farewell!" And as he spoke the hue of stone came over his face, and in a few minutes he was a rock. And there they stood for ages, until, some years ago, several fishermen, prompted by the spirit which moves the Anglo-Saxon everywhere to wantonly destroy, rolled the husband with great effort into the bay. As for the bride, she still exists as the Friar, although she has long been a favorite object for artillery practice by both English and American vandal captains, who have thus far, however, only succeeded in knocking off her head.

Another legend told me by an old Indian relative to this curious rock is much less satisfactory. There was a youth who loved the wife of a very old chief who lived up the bay at the Indian village of Point Pleasant, which is called more sensibly in Indian, Sebaïek, or The Narrows. She did not return his love, and the old chief becoming angry made the country most unsafe for the lover. So he wandered away and was long missing. But one day some fishermen, drawing near the bluff in their canoes, saw at its foot an image. It was that of the young man, who in his intense despair had turned to stone. So the place is called Skédapsis, an abbreviation for Skédap-sis-penābsqu', or the Stone Manikin, to this day.

Those who think that tender sentiment is wanting in the Red Indian will admit that this legend, in either version, shows no want of it. But the truth is, there is as much tenderness, grace, quaint delusion, or fairy *maya* and earnest love in these stories as can be found in the romance records of any nation, and much more than there ever was in the second-hand, tarnished, and shabby filigree tales of the old French adventurers and speculators, which have thus far furnished the staple for our poets and makers of books of travel in Canada and New Brunswick. In what constitutes the strongest point of pride with the person of merely *literary* culture, that is to say, in romance, the Red Indian is often equal to most readers of ordinary poetry, and perhaps their superior as regards the zest for that strange and subtle mysticism which gives the raciest and daintiest flavor to fiction, even as Ariel enchants in "The Tempest." They have rarely met with white men who understand their legends as they themselves do. The result is that they are very reticent as to communicating them. I had at first great difficulty in getting even the most trifling tales from them. They have been accustomed to being told by the religious that *m'teūlin* is only another name for the devilish; at best, they have never talked with white people who believed in any way in their myths. But he who lives in and loves nature sincerely has *faith* in the deepest and sweetest magic, and feels with the Indian, as Heine felt, that there is a wonderful truth in this artless sorcery. When the Indians found that I took something more than "interest" in what they had to tell, they told me freely all they could remember. More than this, I succeeded in awaking in two very intelligent men, one a trader and the other a hunter, a conviction that these stories and songs, which are so rapidly perishing, should be preserved; and they have promised me that during their travels this winter in the far North they will gather from the old people and write down all that they can collect relative to the olden time.

There is a quaint story which, though short, is curious. Once there was a fish *(N'mess)*,

and he had magic power. Being assailed by a great number of rival fishes, he made them turn their teeth against one another. Grasping each the other by the tail, they formed a ring, and through this ring he escaped. Time rolled on, and he was a man named Fish. One day he was attacked by a band of human rivals who wished to win his wife. All at once there came to him a memory of the song which he had sung of old when attacked. He sang it again, when at once every Indian seized his neighbor by the hair and killed him with his tomahawk. This legend is perfectly Buddhistic in all its points. As in the "Jatakas," a man is moved to despoil or slay another because when he was a parrot or a tiger in some previous life he did the same. As in Hindoo lore, too, magic power is derived directly from penance, prayer, and fasting allied to a strong will. It represents a capital which may be spent foolishly or wisely, and which may be renewed.

One of my Indian friends was so obliging as not only to tell me stories, but to illustrate them by scraping pictures on winter-birch bark. It is from these pictures that the very aboriginal illustrations for this article were taken.

I observed one day near an Indian's tent, growing in pots, two small evergreens which were most carefully tended. As they differed in nothing from hundreds which were wild around, I thought this singular. I afterward found out the reason. When a child is born or is yet young, its parents choose a shrub, which, growing as the child grows, will, during the child's absence, or even in after years, indicate by its appearance whether the human counterpart be ill or well, alive or dead. In one of the Quādi stories it is by means of the sympathetic tree that the hero learns his brother's death.

It is to be desired that all who can do so will collect the Indian names of places from living Indians, and with them the accompanying stories. I should take it as a great kindness if those who do so would favor me with the results of their researches. There is not an old Indian living in New England or Canada who does not remember something well worth recording. And it is very certain that the names of those who record such recollections will not perish. There will always be a place for them in the memories of those to whom a tale of olden time is ever dear.

Charles G. Leland.

THE BLACK DAWN.

THERE was crying by night, and the winds were loud.
Worn women were working a burial shroud;
Young faces showed pale as the face of death,
And strong men labored in drawing of breath:
"She is gone," they said; "ay," they said, "she is gone!"
And the night winds moaned, and the hours went on.

But the morrow dawned clear, and the world shone bright,
No trace was there left of the dreadful night;
Young faces looked up like buds of the rose,
And breasts heaved free as the full tide flows:
"Nay!" cried the lover, "the sun is long gone!
How the night winds sigh! Do the hours move on?"

John Vance Cheney.

THE BRIEF EMBARRASSMENT OF MR. IVERSON BLOUNT.

"If thou dost perform,
Confound thee, for thou art a man."
Timon of Athens.

CHAPTER I.

SOME reflections habitually indulged by Mr. Iverson Blount, from a certain period in middle age down to the end of his old age, were so calm and sweet that I feel as if I ought to relate a few of the circumstances to which they owed their origin. The older he grew, the greater the fondness and circumstantiality with which he would enlarge upon a very embarrassing duty that he once had to perform, and his satisfaction with the results of his endeavors in its behalf. However regretful of the necessity, I must abridge much of a history that, to him at least, was ever extremely interesting.

When a young man of about five and twenty, he had married Miss Mary Jane Chivers, with whom he lived reasonably happy for eighteen years. At the end of this period, of the offspring that had been born were living Susan, sixteen, and Josephus, ten years old. Besides these children of her own, Mrs. Blount for the last ten years had had charge of a little girl whom its own mother on her dying bed had consigned to her. Of this child, Mahala Herrindine by name, she had been most tender withal, and many a time she had been heard to say that, wrong as it might be, she was obliged to confess that the difference in her own heart between Susan Blount and Maly Herrindine was so little that she was always pestered in her mind whenever she went about trying to find it. This, of course, went to show what a good, docile, thankful child Maly always had been.

Mr. Blount, a hard-working, economical, and during this early period generally considered a rather close and cold man, had consented reluctantly, and only after much affectionate persuasion, to this adoption; but he managed with discretion the child's little property, and had always tried to partake to some degree of his wife's fondness for her. Yet he had often expressed the hope that as soon as poor little Maly, as he always called her, should be old enough, she might make an alliance that would leave to him and his wife the sole care of their own family.

At this period Maly was fifteen years old, and was as smart and as industrious, though she might not have been thought by most young men as pretty, as Susan.

A great affliction now befell this interesting family. But I do not propose to try to harrow up people's feelings by giving in detail the events of Mrs. Blount's long sickness and death. I must not omit, however, to say that, before her departure, she asked and obtained from her husband a promise to persist in the care that had been taken theretofore of the orphaned girl. Mr. Blount, full of grief at the loss of so dear a companion, and somewhat remorseful in the reflection that he had fallen short of his full duties in this and in other respects of her wishes, gave the promise, although he could not but foresee that it must devolve much responsibility.

"When sech a woman," he would say afterward, with what softness he could employ—"When sech a woman as Mayjane Blount dies, and have been the wife she have, it aint every man that have the heart to deny her dyin' words. Ah, law me! And yit, what I'm to do with that po' orphing child in the fix I'm in,— well, I must natchelly supposen that the good Lordamighty know. *I* don't, certain *and* shore. Ah, law me!"

Everybody pitied the family. Mr. Blount, following the instincts of self-defense against too excessive grief, indulged the melancholy consolation of speaking constantly in terms of unbounded praise of his late companion's excellent goodness. There was comfort in its kind in trying to call to mind occasions wherein he may have been more or less regardless of her feelings even in unimportant matters, and in resolving to do henceforth with punctilious fidelity things that he now sadly remembered too often to have postponed. The late Mrs. Blount was a remarkably neat person, and perhaps the most serious complaint she had ever felt like bringing against her husband was his carelessness in that behalf. For, good man and good husband as he was, it had to be admitted that, as a general thing, he was what was called rather slouchy in the matter of his dress, and by no means scrupulously careful in that of his manners. When the girls had grown large enough to be noticed by young men, Mrs. Blount would gently remonstrate,

and as for Susan, she would get to downright scolding at such lapses. But the fact of the business was, Mr. Blount used to contend, he had too many things to attend to of his own and other people's to be kept everlastingly shaving, brushing himself up, and minding every step he took. Maly, knowing the trouble she must be to her pa, as she called Mr. Blount, never had joined in these complaints, either in words or in spirit.

Yet, at the funeral, Mr. Blount let Susan persuade him to put on his best things, and otherwise deport himself as becomingly as possible to one who in the matter of studied grave demeanor was rather a new beginner. Continuing, even after the funeral, in this course of conduct, he could not but be thankful for the far more comfortable feelings that he had now merely in his physical being. The almost prostrating grief he had endured at the beginning of his bereavement was thus made to assume some dignity that contributed its own part to his relief, and sometimes he would sigh gently to think how he often had disregarded what at last would have induced a higher enjoyment even to himself.

"Ah, law me! a man never know what sech a wife is tell he lose her. Then he know."

CHAPTER II.

EVERYBODY who has ever received or imparted sympathy knows how sweet it is. It was touching to see how this benign influence went forth and back, back and forth, between Mr. Blount and the girls. Maly, poor child, suffered evenly with Susan. As for the sympathy from outside, that actually poured in upon all the bereaved. People said in most compassionate dismay that they could not see how that family was to get along without such a wife and mother. In particular, Mrs. Juliann Truitt, an excellent, comely young woman of — we will say — twenty-eight years of age, whose husband, dying some four years before, had left her with a snug little property, though childless, was prompt to say that if she did not know how to feel for people in the condition of that family she would like to know the person who did. Then there were two young men, Cullen Banks and Williamson Poole, whose deportment during the first period of mourning, though not as demonstrative as that of Mrs. Truitt, was probably more soothing, at least to the orphaned girls. Indeed, the relations between Mrs. Truitt and the late Mrs. Blount unfortunately had not been altogether and uniformly as pleasant as those between the latter and several other ladies in the neighborhood. The plantation of Mrs. Truitt joined that of Mr. Blount, a nice bit of meadow-land lying on the border. It had been absolutely impossible, without keeping them penned all the time, to hinder the two flocks of geese from frequent intermixture; and more than once, at feather-picking times, Mrs. Blount had had her feelings hurt. Not that in her heart she blamed Mrs. Truitt for anything more than listening too credulously to her negroes, who always claimed for their mistress more of every spring's produce of the flocks than Mrs. Blount considered entirely just. At such times Mr. Blount would become quite angry, and, but for the influence of his prudent wife, might have made serious ado. I mention this circumstance, apparently trifling, partly because of the fact, well known in primitive country communities, that geese, in one way and another, give occasion to more disputes among women who reside in close proximity to one another than any other domestic animal; and partly to account for the less soothing influences of Mrs. Truitt's visits upon the girls than those of the young men. Mr. Blount determined, it seemed, that all resentment he had ever felt toward this excellent woman should be buried in the grave, and sometimes he would gently chide Susan for the way in which she would speak of her. Susan's face would flash at such rebukes, but she would at once become silent and afterward extremely anxious.

Now, people may say what they please about second marriages, and the heartlessness of widowers in suffering themselves to be led into them with indecent haste. In extenuation of what seemed levity in this particular case, I say only that Mrs. Juliann Truitt was an uncommonly good-looking woman, with a handsome property immediately adjoining that of Mr. Blount, and that now, upon mature reflection, Mr. Blount was obliged to acknowledge in his heart of hearts that he could not feel sure in his mind that she had ever put any deliberate wrong upon his family on the goose question or any other. The fact is, people ought to try to be fair in the judgments they pass upon others. Worse men than Iverson Blount have waited longer, but I will say also that some even better have not waited so long as he did before trying to repair a great loss. I hope, also, that in spite of the blame that may be put upon his action, some allowance will be made for the earnest desire he continued to feel to discharge the trust he had undertaken in the care of Maly Herrindine, conflicting as may be the opinions regarding its results.

It was not very often that Mrs. Truitt came to the house; but she positively must come sometimes, in order to do what she

was sure in her mind the late Mrs. Blount would have done in reversed circumstances.

Both the young men seemed to understand well how to time their visits and their conversation. Williamson Poole was a cousin of the late Mr. Truitt, who had brought him up from boyhood, and upon his death-bed commended him to his wife as one whose services to her would become more and more valuable as he should grow older. At the present period he was approaching his twenty-first year. For at least three years he had been the main manager, and in a way entirely satisfactory, of his cousin Juliann's plantation business. Everybody, old as well as young, spoke well of Williamson Poole.

Cullen Banks was a year or so younger, and was not altogether as settled and industrious as Williamson. But then he was not under the necessity of being so; for, besides a snug property already, he would be entitled to much more at the division of his father's estate, which was to take place at the death of his mother, who was now advanced considerably beyond sixty. Other young men were residents in the neighborhood, some of them quite promising in most respects; but these two were the nearest neighbors and the most frequent visitors of the Blounts.

We have already intimated that during his wife's life-time Mr. Blount had hoped that Maly might make an early suitable alliance that would relieve him of the painful responsibility he had always felt in her behalf. If anything, he now indulged this hope more anxiously than before; and he did so the more, perhaps, because he noticed the increasing aversion of the girls for Mrs. Truitt, especially that of Susan. Not that he ever felt the slightest temptation to forget the promise which he had made about Maly. Iverson Blount was an honorable man, and he knew that an honorable man must ever be bound by promises, especially those that were as solemn as the one that he had undertaken. Now, in regard to Susan he had no great anxieties, for he knew that she was pretty and good, and that, with already a snug property, he was making more with ease and rapidity, and he had no doubt that Susan would do well, all in good time. But Maly — there was Mr. Blount's embarrassment; and there is not a particle of doubt that for a while, I cannot say exactly how long, that gave him much concern. Many a widower, though having lost as good a wife as Mr. Iverson Blount's, had been less anxious about how to fulfill all his duties and wishes than he was now, with these young children on his hands, one of them an orphan.

It will not be doubted, I trust, that Mr. Blount felt sincerely the loss of the good wife with whom he had lived so long. Yet, when in Susan's presence, he was more forbearing of expression to his grief than when alone with Maly. Indeed, Mr. Blount did not think it right to harrow his daughter's feelings by a too frequent allusion to their great affliction. This was one reason. Then he had not been slow to perceive that Susan's hostility to Mrs. Truitt, in which he could not join conscientiously, had subtracted somewhat from her confidence in the sincerity of his expressions of his sense of bereavement. Yet, when alone with Maly, he would dwell upon the theme to the degree that — well, the good girl would declare to Susan afterward that to save her life she could not keep from crying to see how pa missed ma. At such times Mr. Blount would repeat the solemn promise he had given, and add that if he did not keep it, it would be only because his life was not spared.

"And as for that, Maly, you know I'm a man of remarkable good health, and aint so ageable but what a body that's tempert an' keerful of hisself might be expected to be liable for a right smart stretch o' time yit, more'n some that's younger. And as for Missis Truitt, she's of course a very fine woman; and if I was in Susan's place, I wouldn't be quite so severe on her, though the child may think she know more about her than what I do. Ah, law me! it's a world of trouble, and yit——" But here Mr. Blount would stop, take out his handkerchief, and cover his eyes.

Now, the fact was that Maly liked Mrs. Truitt as little as Susan, though of course she did not feel that she had the same liberty to express or otherwise exhibit to her pa the resentment that she believed she owed to her ma's memory, at least in secret, to indulge. But Maly had always been a prudent girl, and now she forbore giving to her pa any expression of opinion regarding the widow.

CHAPTER III.

It is interesting to see how soon sometimes a girl becomes a woman. Not long after her mother was laid away, Susan, feeling the responsibility of her position, went to the work of domestic affairs and showed apace how she had profited by good examples. Maly also, at becoming pace, followed in all duties, and many a man younger than Mr. Blount might have brought himself to some reconciliation for his loss by the contemplation of so much that had been spared. To Susan there was some consolation in her sorrow from the ever-increasing deference that

her father paid to her and Maly both, speaking to them generally as if they were grown women, yet with a tenderness to which in other days they had not been accustomed; and there was partial relief to Susan's anxieties on account of her father's persistence in dressing himself with unwonted care, in the fact that his habits while at home were the same in this respect as when he made visits to Mrs. Truitt.

"These old widowers do beat the world," Susan would say in confidence to Maly. "Ma never could make pa take any pains with his clothes, hardly even of a Sunday, and now he dresses up even for me and you and Josey. There's some satisfaction in *that*, and some hope — at least I hope so."

The young men, Cullen and Williamson, after a decent interval, began to visit as before, sometimes separately, but more often together. And now it was interesting to see the conduct of Mr. Blount when, remembering his promise to the dead, he felt it to be his duty to bestow upon the intercourse of these young persons the attention that used to devolve entirely upon his wife. After he had seen them together several times, Mr. Blount smiled inwardly at something which he had seemed to consider his duty to study closely. Maly's prospects for a suitable alliance appeared to be brighter than for some time he had been apprehending. For there was no manner of doubt that Mr. Blount's desire was to get Maly's case off his mind as soon as possible, when he would feel perfectly free for any other movements he might choose to make. As for Susan and Josey, he knew he was their father; but in Maly's case there was some delicacy which even the rudest could not forbear to consult. So one day he said to Susan:

"Glad to see Cullen and Maly like one 'nother so powerful much."

"Cullen Banks, pa!" said Susan, laughing, yet with some redness on her face. "There's nothing in the world between Maly and Cullen, except that they like each other well enough as friends. Why, what upon earth put that notion into your head?"

Mr. Blount looked as if he felt much disappointment. However, he calmly answered:

"I don't know, but I notice him right smart about Maly here lately."

"No more than Williamson Poole, pa, and — I'm not certain — if — quite as much."

"I know them boys in gener'l hunts in couples; but I some ruther s'picioned — ahem — you think Williamson have any particklar hankerin' arfter Maly?"

"I don't know about *hankerin'*, pa, as you call it; but I know he likes Maly first-rate,— that is, I am pretty certain of it in my own mind."

"Um, hum. You do; and what's your 'pinions as to how Maly like Williamson?"

"She likes him very well, as well as Cullen, if not some better."

Mr. Blount nodded his head several times extremely ominously, but said no more to Susan. That night at the supper table he discoursed at some length upon the subject of marriage. Among other things he said:

"Young people, 'special' females, owes it to theirselves to be monst'ous, streenious keerful and particklar who they take up with in that kind o' style; and special in the pints o' prop'ty. For it's a heap easier, and it's a heap convenanter, and it's a heap comfortabler to *start* with some prop'ty than it is to have to work an' projeck, and deny a body's self the lugjieries, and the comforts, an' sometimes the very needcessities o' life, which, in course, a person'd like to have 'em, but which, when they *starts* po', by marryin' of po', they has to wait for 'em, and which, ef they'd wait and look around keerful, the chances is some of 'em might do better than what they been a-expectin'."

Mr. Blount did not say so in those words, but he was decidedly opposed to Maly's marrying as poor a young man as Williamson Poole, and he meant to tell her so if, upon further study, he should suspect that there was likely to be any understanding between them. Susan might fret herself about Mrs. Truitt, if she wished, but her father, whatever might be his hopes and intentions regarding that fine woman, was not going to abate one jot of his care for the child of his wife's adoption.

That night, when Susan and Maly had gone to bed, to sleep together as usual, Susan said:

"Maly, think pa didn't suspicion that there was something between you and Cullen?"

"You don't tell me so, answered Maly." "That's why he praised Cullen so high to me this evening then, while you were getting supper, and he and I and Josey were out on the piazza."

"No; for I told him not an hour before that there wasn't."

"That so?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Why, he praised Cullen to the skies, and said he were altogether another sort of man from Williamson, but that he wouldn't for the world Mrs. Truitt should hear he had used such words about her cousin."

"Mrs. Truitt!" said Susan, with disgust. "*She* must come in! However, it was rather natural for her to come in there. Say, pa rather run down Williamson?"

"No, not exactly *run down.* I couldn't say that. But he lifted up Cullen sky-high, and he said pointedly that a girl with little or no property would make a great mistake to —to take up, as he called it, with a poor young man like Williamson."

"That, indeed," said Susan, thoughtfully. "Yet, but don't you know, Maly, that to-day, talking to me about them boys, he praised Williamson more than he did Cullen? You didn't let on that there was anything between me and Cullen, did you, Maly?"

"Certainly not."

"I—almost wish you had—but—what does pa always want to drag in Mrs. Truitt for? He knows very well that ma never liked her, and pa owes it to ma, and he owes it to me and Josey, and he owes it to you, too, Maly, not to be so afraid of hurting Mrs. Truitt's feelings. The reason why he talked to you so about Williamson was because I told him Williamson liked you uncommon well."

"You didn't!"

"Yes, I did. The fact is, Maly, I thought I ought to. He promised ma, you know, to take care of you, and do his best for you, and his ideas are to see the way clear before you. That is very good in pa, I think, and if he could just leave Mrs. Truitt out of the case I'd think it was all right."

Maly drew a long breath. Williamson Poole had never courted her in set words; but she did not know what he might do some day, neither had she determined what she would do in certain contingencies. So all Maly could do now was to draw a long breath.

"Maly," said Susan, after some pause, "that woman is after pa, and she's been after him ever sence poor ma was put in the ground. It does look like some people have no decent feelings. And if pa was to marry her, the day he done it would either kill me or throw me into conniption-fits." Then Susan nestled her face in Maly's bosom and sobbed, and Maly had to sob, too, as she tenderly patted her beloved sister's head.

The next morning Mr. Blount said at the breakfast table:

"I thought I heerd some laughin' first and then some cryin' among you two last night, arfter you went to bed. What were the funny things, and what were the deficulties?"

Never had Mr. Blount looked better in all his life. It was believed in the neighborhood that no man had lived at any period who had learned so fast, after beginning so late in life, to tie his cravat so deftly, and dress himself in general so well. As for cinnamon and bear's oils, it would be useless to speculate upon the quantity that man put upon everything that came in contact with himself.

"Oh, pa," answered Susan, sadly, "just some little talk I and Maly had made me laugh, and then I got to thinking about poor ma, and then we both cried."

Then Susan and Maly cast down their eyes.

"Poor dear Ma'y Jane!" said Mr. Blount, sympathizingly. "It aint easy to see how her place is to be filled."

"Why, pa!" said Susan, looking up with reanimation, "I think we are getting along right well — me and Maly — attending to things."

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied Mr. Blount, "toler'ble well for the present time bein'; but supposing you, and supposing Maly, was to take it in your heads to go away and leave a feller, what then?"

The girls looked at each other and again cast down their eyes.

"Ah, ha! Um, hum!" said Mr. Blount, rising. "Well, ef anybody ever missed another like I miss your poor ma, all I got to say, I'm as sorry for 'em as ever I were for a po' lame duck with one broke leg and one broke wing to boot, and got nothin' upon top o' the blessed ground to do but to go about a-hoppin' and a-floppin' with the tothers; and the fact is, *I* can't stand it. But I tell you, Susan, and I tell you, Maly, that I don't intend to be rash, and I don't intend to be brash. As for you a-marryin', Susan, I were jes a-runnin' on about that, and it's in course onuseless for you to be even a-thinkin' about sech a thing for, lo and behold, these many years; and I don't supposen that Maly'll have sech a idee tell *she* can see her way cler to gittin' as good a home as the one she been allays used to."

Then Mr. Blount retired with dignity, ordered his horse, and rode over to Mrs. Truitt's.

"What *does* such talk mean, Maly?" said Susan. "Looks like pa's losing his senses. When he talks about my not marrying in years and years, don't he know that I couldn't live in this house with that woman? I wish you'd speak out positive with pa, Maly, and tell him it wouldn't do to bring her here."

"Why, Susan, what could I do with pa? It wouldn't look like it was my business to tell him he oughtn't to marry again, and, besides, it wouldn't do any good. He's a young man yet, that is, tolerable young, and — the fact is, Susan, pa misses ma perfectly dreadful, and I can't but be sorry for him, the way he talks about her when him and me are by ourselves. I wish myself that Mrs. Truitt wouldn't be quite so — well — insinuating is what I'll say as for her. But I tell you now that fussin' and frettin' with pa will do more harm than good."

"Well," said Susan, mournfully, "I'm going

to try to put my trust in the good Lord to save us all from that woman."

"That's just the place where we'll have to put it, Susan," answered Maly, who, if anything, was a more religious-minded girl than Susan.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. BLOUNT, knowing that he had matters on his hands that required both caution and dispatch, did an amount of thinking in a comparatively brief time that might safely be said to have been enormous. The Blount and Truitt plantations adjoining, he and Williamson Poole must often meet near the border and have a friendly chat while sitting on the division fence. On the same day of the table-talk at home, Mr. Blount, although he had had, only a few hours before, a comfortable visit to the widow, yet designedly rode out into the meadow, and, not seeing the young man, hitched his horse, climbed the fence, and walked to the rise in the field. Williamson, who was a quarter of a mile distant, observing him, left off his work, and, joining the visitor, the two walked back to the fence. There they had a long, long talk; for on occasion, and especially with his juniors and inferiors, Mr. Blount was not at all wanting in volubility of speech. Just before parting he looked with much kindness upon Williamson, and said:

"Williamson Poole, I tell you now, right here, betwixt me and you and this fence, that when a young man, and special a good-lookin', industr'ous young man — I'm a-namin' o' no names, for people oughtn't to be a-namin' o' names right in the presence o' them they talkin' about, because the flatterin' o' people is what I allays dispised, so fur as *I'm* concerned; but yit when sech a young man *start* with his nose on the grindstone, it's in gener'l his own fau't, and it's obleeged to be long before he can git it off, ef ever. Not as I should adwise a feller out an' out to go for prop'ty, and nothin' but prop'ty, and no female a worth havin' to be flung along with it. Yet prop'ty's a monst'ous good backer-up to a feller, and it's allays been strange and cur'ous to me when a feller, special them that's industr'ous and good-lookin' to boot, don't try to marry into it when he's a-thinkin' about of settlin' of hisself for good. Well, well, well! But, bless my soul, Williamson! what a sple-splendid 'oman is your Cousin Juliann! A beautifuller I should never desires to lo and behold, and it is my desires that you give her my best respects, though it aint been more'n three hours sence I seen her."

Williamson Poole was a young man of excellent character and sense, though not quick to understand any other than conduct and conversation entirely direct. But he thought he was not so dull as not to comprehend the meaning of Mr. Blount's present deportment. He sat upon the fence and looked thoughtfully at him as he rode slowly away. When Mr. Blount had gotten out of sight, he said:

"You be dogged. You think you can beat creation, old man. Want me to help you to git Cousin Juliann, do you, by makin' out like you willin' for me to git Susan if I can? We'll see."

Now, Mrs. Truitt had not remained a widow thus long for want of opportunities to change her state. Yet, within the last year or so, she had been growing apparently more bright and cheerful than during the previous years of her widowhood, and notably since the death of Mrs. Blount she was becoming a different woman altogether. People knowing how the plantations adjoined saw how natural everything was, and they blamed neither her nor Mr. Blount for their inevitable and rather rapid approximation to each other. In spite of Mr. Blount's age and the incumbrance of children, he had great vigor and activity of body, and, already with a good property, was getting more faster than any other man in the community. In a very few months, therefore, after his wife's departure, Mrs. Truitt had discarded every particle of black except a very narrow ribbon, which, to prevent too much talk, she wore round her neck when abroad. To Williamson Poole she had always been very kind, and she had paid him reasonable if not high wages for his services, and Williamson knew that his cousin Juliann wished him well, because she had often told him so with emphasis and entire sincerity.

The same night after his talk with Mr. Blount, while at supper, he delivered the latter's message, yet not with great heartiness.

"Sent his respects, did he? Much obliged to him. Say anything about me, Williamson?"

"Oh, yes'm; complimented you high."

"Ah, indeed? Said I look tolerable well for one of my age?"

"No'm, not that, by no manner of means. He said you were the youngest-looking woman of your age he knewed of."

"Oh, ho! Say how old he thought I was?"

"He allowed he thought you might be somewhere between twenty-three and twenty-five."

"I *was* married very young," said Mrs. Truitt, thoughtfully. "Did Mr. Blount say how old *he* was, Williamson?"

"Yes'm; he said he disremembered whether he was thirty-eight or thirty-nine."

Mrs. Truitt laughed.

"A right spruce-looking gentleman, isn't he? and a nice man, a very nice man, indeed." Then Mrs. Truitt drew a long, sweet breath.

"Which you think is the finest girl, Williamson, Susan or Maly? I think myself that Susan Blount is one of the finest girls I ever knew. Of course, I include property, which Maly has little of, and may have none if Mr. Blount, what of course he has the right to do, should charge her for her board, though the poor child is a very good, and indeed I think an excellent, girl."

His cousin Juliann having answered her own question, Williamson could think of nothing to say more than that he thought both of them very fine girls. That night he could not get to sleep, oh, I suppose, not before midnight; and he lay in his bed and turned and turned himself over and over, pondering. Even when he got to sleep he dreamed endless and most curious things about Mr. Blount and his cousin Juliann, the two girls and Cullen Banks. Considering the want of celerity in Williamson Poole's habitual mental operations, few young men ever did a greater amount of thinking in the same length of time than was done by him during the next few weeks.

Time went on. Mr. Blount seemed to grow younger and younger. When the young men would ride over in the afternoon, sometimes he would challenge them to jump and leap with him, and he would beat them both fully two inches. Both knew better than to accept his banter to wrestle, or even run a foot-race. So Mr. Blount would absorb most of the talk during such visits, and sometimes he was suspected by all of managing to couple together, as much as possible, Cullen with Maly, and Williamson with Susan. As for Susan, she had a double trouble: one, her father's unbecoming juvenility and evident growing partiality for Mrs. Truitt; the other, his apparent disregard of Cullen in the relation that her heart had been set upon. Her father, noticing her want of proper cordiality toward himself, allowed some coolness to grow, and it was all that Maly could do, in going between, to keep them on even reasonable terms with each other. To Maly he spoke without reserve upon whatever subject he happened to think of. They were never together that he did not talk of his departed wife in a way to make Maly cry; and though at such times he seldom mentioned Mrs. Truitt's name, kindly avoiding disturbance of Maly's affectionate thoughts of her benefactress, he would get upon the subject of Cullen Banks, and, while scarcely mentioning Williamson's name, praise Cullen to the very skies, and intimate what a fine thing it would be for a girl with little or no property to get him for a husband.

"But, pa," said Maly one day, "Cullen does not care particularly for me, nor I for him. I thought you knew he liked Susan better than me, and that she likes him better than I do."

"That so?" said Mr. Blount with some darkness on his brow. "I knowed, Maly, that if it were either of them boys you liked the best, it were obleeged — or ought to be obleeged by good rights — to be Cullen. For, to save my life, I couldn't see how — well, my dear Maly, these is subjects that people can't help from thinking about. As for Susan and Cullen — ah, law me! That weren't adzactly — but time enough to think of that for many a year yit. Susan need adwice if she only knowed it. As for me, I s'pose even *I* mout need adwice sometimes, well as she. But look like me and her can't talk together to much satisfaction, and you too prudent I know to repeat over to her all I say. Of course, I think Mrs. Truitt one o' the finest and beautifulest women anywheres, and if I should ever take it in my mind to marry again, it don't look reasonable to suppose I'd ask Susan for her consents. And besides, you know yourself, Maly, that I'm a young man, a reasonable speakin', and can outrun, outjump, outlift, and fling down other Cullen or Williamson, and outlast 'em at whatsomever we mout go at. Though, matter of course, I shouldn't desires for Mrs. Truitt to hear of all I said about Williamson, for I should hate it dreadful to hurt her feelin's; but I know you prudent enough to know what to tell and what not to tell."

Many such chats these two had together. When the girls would go to bed, and Susan, as always, would get upon her own troubles, Maly would comfort her the best she could, and the two would go to sleep in each other's arms. Of course, Maly did not tell Susan of how her pa had spoken comparatively of Cullen and Williamson, partly because she knew that he expected her not to do so, and partly because she would not for the world that Susan should suspect for a moment that her intention or desire, even with the powerful assistance of her pa, was to supplant Susan in Cullen's regard. To tell the truth, Maly Herrindine was one of the most honest-hearted girls in this world.

CHAPTER V.

MEANWHILE Mrs. Truitt was growing younger and younger, to all appearance, although people said that, in the circumstances, it would be more becoming for her to try to look a little older. But circumstances are rare when women at any age do that. She

visited freely the girls, not without suspecting that neither of them liked her. But she knew that appearances had to be kept up, and so she visited them often, and was as motherly in her deportment, especially toward Susan, as one so young could be. Susan, of course, treated her with proper respect while at the house, but after her departure, and as soon as she could find an opportunity, she would pour out her griefs on Maly's sympathizing breast.

Mr. Blount began soon to make his visits to his fair neighbor more and more frequent. The coolness grown between him and Susan seemed to make him resolve to push matters to a settlement. He and Williamson continued to have their chats at the fence, in which the property question always came up and was dwelt and dwelt upon by the man of experience. Of late Williamson had been growing somewhat resentful, or at least sullen in his feelings, toward Mr. Blount. He had found that Cullen and Susan were in love with each other, and he suspected that Mr. Blount knew it. Then he thought with pain of Maly's apparent indifference to his having been thrown of late so often in Susan's special company. Now, of the two girls Williamson admired Maly the more; but he knew what his cousin Juliann would say if he told *her* so. Then he knew he was poor, and he could not but reflect that Mr. Blount's repeated allusion to the contact of a poor young man's nose with the grindstone, if unkind, was not altogether inapposite. When his mind had come to the conclusion, or almost there, that Mr. Blount would not be willing for him to get either of the girls, Williamson felt and thought—but the fact is, it would be difficult, and would require an extended analysis of human motives in such a case which I do not feel competent to make, to tell all of what Williamson Poole did feel and think. I can only narrate actions. On one point he became fully convinced; and that was, that all Mr. Blount's pretended kindness to himself had a selfish motive, and that was to prevent hostility upon his part to the suit of his cousin Juliann.

One afternoon, Mr. Blount, while at the fence, after his usual homily on the nose and the grindstone, and then suddenly branching off to the extreme youth and beauty of Mrs. Truitt and what a fine property she had, and what a splendid plantation the two would make if they should ever be united into one, spoke regretfully of the changes and separations such an event would necessarily effect.

"But, I tell you now, Williamson Poole, that I shall never forgit what a fine, pleasant, good neighbor Williamson Poole used to be, although a not of ownin' o' the plantation nor no great deal o' property of no sort."

"Made me that mad I couldn't hardly see."

This last remark was made in a presence wherein, if as excellent a young man as Williamson Poole had had more time for reflection, he might not have made it. Mrs. Truitt smiled, and then, looking intently at him, said, in a gently chiding tone:

"I hope you didn't get mad, Williamson, because Mr. Blount said I looked so young and—and all that. I hope I don't look so very old to *you*."

"Law bless my soul, Cousin Juliann! in course not. You look a thousand times too young for——"

But there Williamson knew he was going too far, and he saw his cousin Juliann's eyes opening wide. So he left off abruptly, and did not return for an hour. He was gratified to find no trace of resentment in his cousin Juliann's words or manner. The fact was that Mrs. Truitt knew too well what a faithful relative and friend Williamson Poole had been to her, to resent a hasty remark that in the circumstances was possibly natural. Other talk they had, and when Williamson went to bed, he could not but feel in his heart that he ought to bear no malice against Mr. Blount, so kindly had his cousin Juliann spoken of him.

Cases of the sort I am telling about generally culminate fast. Young as both Mr. Blount and Mrs. Truitt felt, they were obliged to know that they would never be any younger. Susan found herself growing more and more in love with Cullen, and was beginning to take some comfort in the thought of the reliance she knew she could place on his faithful heart; for she had made up her mind that when "that woman" (as she called Mrs. Truitt) should come into that house, she meant to leave it, with her father's consent or without it. But then what about poor Maly, whom Susan had been observing to be very thoughtful at times, and even sad?

"I'm ashamed, Maly, after what pa promised ma on her very dying bed, for him to go on in that way, and bring that woman here to hector over you. But never mind, precious, they *sha'n't* abuse you. You shall live with me and Cullen."

Then Susan would take Maly to her bosom, and Maly would hug Susan and sob. The good girl did need comfort from some source, she thought. Yet Maly Herrindine had much strength of character, and, though without saying so to Susan in the latter's present frame of mind, she had been seriously considering what she ought to do, and what she would do in given contingencies. Then, in her private chats with her pa, he had solemnly assured her that whatever should happen he would do his best

that she should not suffer from any change in his circumstances. So Maly, though often thoughtful and sad, would sometimes look quite calm, and occasionally try to look moderately cheerful, especially when in the presence of her pa, to whom, after all, she knew that she ought to be grateful for all that he had done and said. Not unfrequently, when Mr. Blount was away, in town or at Mrs. Truitt's, she would repair alone to Mrs. Blount's grave, and sit there quite a time musing and shedding tears. "Poor little Maly!" the affectionate Susan would often sigh.

The event came on even sooner than had been expected. One morning at breakfast Mr. Blount, looking, if anything, younger than he had been in six months, and redolent of cinnamon and bear's oils, with a business yet somewhat embarrassed air, said:

"You all's inwited next Chuseday night to Missis Truitt's. I'm goin' to town to-day, and would want one of you to go with me and help me choose a present for a — for a person o' the female wocation o' life; ahem!"

Mr. Blount simply *had* to look down. Susan turned perfectly red, and said, disjointedly:

"It's come, pa, is it? Well, pa, under the *circumstances* — under *all* the circumstances, I don't — no, I should *not* think you'd expect *me* to go with you."

Then Susan rose and left the table.

"All right," said Mr. Blount, recovering himself. "Get ready, Maly. Be in a hurry. Sharp's the word, and quick the motion, now."

Maly regarded Susan with deepest, tenderest sympathy; nevertheless she rose instantly and went to get her things.

"Oh, Maly, Maly," said Susan, while assisting her to dress, "it's too bad. I do hope you'll make pa buy the meanest, ugliest thing in the store for that woman."

"My dearest Susan, I do think you are too hard on Mrs. Truitt. Let us all hope it will all turn out better than we — may be, we may all be afraid it will."

"Bless your soul, Maly! you've got a forgiving heart, and a great deal better one anyhow than me. If it wasn't for you — and Cullen, of course — I should just lie right down and die — I know I should."

Left alone, except with Josephus, Susan had but little to say during the forenoon, even to him. She told Josey, resignedly, that he was a boy, and therefore could stand it, but that he owed to the memory of his mother not to be run over every day and every hour of his life by that woman; and Josey said that if that woman would let him alone, he would let her alone, and that if she did not there would be a fuss. Susan wished that Cullen would come. But the day before, unknown to her, Mr. Blount had told Cullen that if he would meet him at the court-house this morning, he would answer definitely a question that Cullen had put to him some weeks before. The question pertained to Susan, and Mr. Blount had said to Cullen that Susan's marrying him with her father's consent, and getting any of his property to take with her, would depend upon her conduct in circumstances then too many and too tedious to mention. The county-seat was about twelve miles distant.

About the middle of the afternoon here came Cullen galloping to the gate. Susan had just time to give her hair another turn and tie a fresh ribbon around her neck when he came running into the piazza.

"Why, Cullen, what in this world makes you so rapid and so red in the face?"

"Let me get my breath — and — I'll tell you. Now, Susan," said Cullen, when he had gotten through with his news, "mind what you do; everything with us depends on it."

To her dying day Susan Banks (*née* Blount) would declare that she did not know which she did most, crying or laughing, on that momentous occasion. She would cry awhile, and then scream with laughter. Finally, when she could compose herself, she said, in a religious tone:

"Oh, Cullen, I'm so thankful that I put my trust in the good Lord, and I'm going to do it now more than ever."

An hour afterward the gig came on leisurely; Susan and Cullen, hand in hand, met it at the gate.

"How dy', pa? good evening, ma."

Then Susan, crying and laughing, again rose upon the step, hugged the bride in the very gig, and all the way out of the gig, and into the house. And the bride hugged Susan, too, though somewhat in irregular spasms, for she trembled the same as an aspen-leaf, and her face was as red as any beet.

"Oh, pa!" cried Susan, at last pouncing upon him. "You sly, good, deceitful, glorious old — dear old coon, and fox both! How come you to fool me so, and make Maly fool me so?"

For the bride was Maly.

"How long have you had Maly in that old head, pa? I thought you was going to bring here that woman over yonder."

"Look at me, Susan. Didn't I promise your ma on her dyin' bed I'd take kerr o' Maly?" Mr. Blount spoke solemnly, as if he were in the very presence of the dead. "To the best of my ricollections I did make her that very promise, and I'm a-goin' to keep it."

"And what about poor Mrs. Truitt? Have you gone and fooled her, pa?"

"Not so bad but what Williamson'll make it all right and straight next Chuseday night."

"What!" screamed Susan.

"Yes, indeed. I see Williamson could git her ef he only knowed how to go about it, and I knowed he were a fool to let sech a chance slip; and I teched him up, and I teched him up, tell I got him agin me and kinder jealous o' me, and he at last pitched in, and the poor old feller was jes' natchel 'stonished outer all his senses when he found that he didn't have to open his mouth but wunst ner hit but jist one lick."

"Well," said Susan, "my solemn opinion is that this world is *bound* to come to an end some time or another. Oh, you Maly, you Maly! Do you know, Maly, that my belief is that my angel ma is this minute a-lookin' down on you and a-smilin' on you?"

"Oh, you think so, Susan?" And the tears streamed from Maly's eyes.

"Certainly. Certain-*lee*. I've not a doubt about it."

And they went again into each other's arms.

"Susan," said Maly, between her sobs, "I wanted all the time to tell you about it all, but pa, he thought best — best not. I hope you'll forgive me, Susan."

"Forgive? Nothing to forgive, you darlingest darling, but all to be thankful for."

"You see, Susan," said Mr. Blount, calmly, "my feelin's was obleeged to be a little hurted by you a-spicionin' that I had cler forgot how your ma's feelin's was hurted about them geese."

Then, turning to Cullen, he said:

"Cullen, she's yourn, a-prowidin' her and you keep in the idee of jindin' together."

"Thanky, Mr. Blount," said Cullen.

"Thanky, pa," said Susan. "But, pa, I do want to ask you one question, and that is: Did you ever think Cullen wanted Maly?"

"I'll answer that, Susan, a-prowidin' that'll satisfy you, and you'll promess not to ast no more. Will you?"

"I suppose I'll have to, pa."

"Well, then, no; I didn't."

"Oh, you dear old, cunnin' old pa!" She patted him on the forehead for a moment with her finger, then flew consecutively to the smoke-house, the kitchen, and the pantry, in order to have prepared a supper as fit for the occasion as the brief notice would allow.

"Hit's been now a'most forty year ago," Mr. Blount, when very aged, would often say in the midst of his friends and numerous progeny, "ner nuther have me, ner nuther have Maly, been sorry for what we done. You mind, I had give a promess to a dyin' person, an' I were *bound* to keep her. An' as to how she were to be kep', I don't 'member ner ricollect, as I never were more nonplushed in my mind, ontill one day she jest natchell flashed all over me, and that all of a suddent. It tuck some time, an' it tuck a heap o' pains, an' it tuck a powerful sight o' managin', for her to flash on to Maly the same an' likewise; but when she did, and the child could see whar her jooty p'inted, she give it up, and she done it fa'r an' squar'; and my believes is, and allays has been, that that were a weddin' that were made in heb'n."

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

DRIFTING AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

NEVER a ripple upon the river,
As it lies like a mirror, beneath the moon,
— Only the shadows tremble and quiver,
'Neath the balmy breath of a night in June.

All dark and silent, each shadowy island
Like a silhouette lies on the silver ground,
While, just above us, a rocky highland
Towers, grim and dusk, with its pine-trees crowned.

Never a sound but the wave's soft plashing
As the boat drifts idly the shore along, —
And the darting fire-flies, silently flashing,
Gleam, living diamonds,— the woods among.

And the night-hawk flits o'er the bay's deep bosom,
And the loon's laugh breaks through the midnight calm,
And the luscious breath of the wild vine's blossom
Wafts from the rocks like a tide of balm.

Agnes Maule Machar.

ON THE TRACK OF ULYSSES.—II.

THE changes of the conditions of existence in what we call civilization resemble, a good deal more than we generally imagine, the progress of a horse in a tread-mill. Comparing the evidences of a higher prosperity which history affords with what we now find in Ithaca, we have ample ground to suppose that, while our part of the world has made certain advances, this has rather retrograded. A scanty population, the greater part of the island indeed uninhabited, ruins of great cities where now there is not a shepherd's hut, a wretched, sordid life in which not even poetry, the offspring of sorrow, can find a foot-hold, utter insignificance in the world of men — this is what the island of Ulysses, which fills so large a part of the Old World's poetry, shows us to-day.

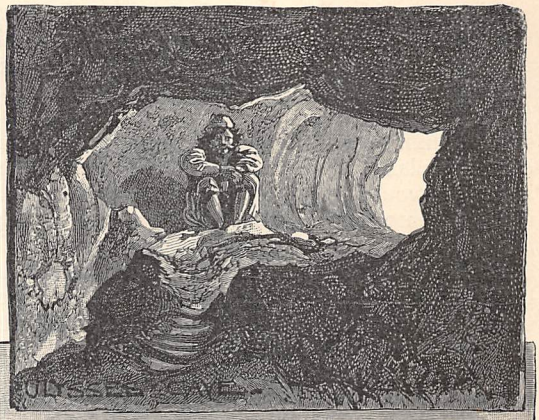
We woke like Ulysses under the shadow of Neriton, but not like him under the olive's shade. Our yacht was anchored in a tranquil and land-locked bay, Port Vathy (the deep), round the shores of which stretch and gleam, white in the sun, the houses of the modern capital of Ithaca, a dull, utterly uninteresting town, neither whose past nor present is worth a note.

Devastated by Turks and corsairs by turns, conquered by Christian and Infidel, the tribute of death and pillage had at one time nearly left the island a desert, and Venetian chronicles report the repeopling of it by a Slavonic colony; but there is good evidence, as we shall see presently, that there was never quite an end of the original stock. Though one does see occasionally strongly Slavonic faces, the population is now in language and manners purely Greek, with some of the worst traits of the race strongly developed. By good chance I found an old acquaintance in Caravia, a deputy for Ithaca to the Greek Assembly, then in vacation, and I had a letter to Aristides Dendrinos, the principal personage of the island; and through their united attentions we were made as much at home in Ithaca as was possible. But the Ithacans are shrewd folk, sharp dealers who look at foreigners as the Hebrews did on the Egyptians, as made to be spoiled; and we were unlucky enough to have arrived in the Greek Lent, which, as they observe it, is equivalent to starvation to outsiders. The excellent wine of Ithaca, one of the best of Greek wines, is quite worthy its ancient reputation; but flesh was unattainable, and fish so rare, owing to the people's habit of killing them with dynamite, that we could not get enough for a breakfast. The fowls in Greek lands, living an outcast life, never fed, but expected to grow as the partridges do on the bounties of nature, hardly offer a compensation for the trouble of picking their bones. They combine all the misfortunes of the wild and domesticated conditions, with none of the advantages of either, and offer a scant resource to the caterer. We made haste to see what was to be seen in Ithaca, and study our great predecessor's footprints, but we found the learning harder than the living. The island Greek is quick-witted, and, like the Irishman, never confesses himself at fault in anything you want to know, especially in things connected with ancient history or archæology. He solves the hardest and most obscure problem by a bold dash, and is even surer than Schliemann in his breezy inductions. It is amusing and cheering to see a man so cock-sure of what archæology has puzzled over so many years. On inquiring for a guide to shorten my researches (for, though Homer is guide-book enough for Ithaca, one may be a long time in tracing out by the poem the Odyssean movements), every one was ready to show me everything. Before leaving I found an intelligent guide, as such go, in one Angelo Persego, whose name I record for the benefit of such of the readers of THE CENTURY as may be tempted (out of the Greek Lent) to visit Ithaca. But here let me drop a word of advice for all voyagers in Greek lands. Take a guide for lodgings and living, but never place any confidence in his identifications or local traditions. He may be right, but the chances are nine to one he is not. He may even have been over the ground before, but his assurance to that effect is no evidence. I found the men I selected utterly ignorant as usual of almost all I wanted to learn; but I found a little book by G. F. Bowen, one time Fellow of Brazenose and President of the Ionian University, which, though dated in 1850, gives a sufficient clew to the topography to enable one to dispense with a guide, except to find the best roads.

Vathy does not occur in the Odyssey under any name, nor is there any trace of antique structures about it. In the illustration the narrow entrance at the right is Vathy; the cove in the center, with the island off it, is the port of Phorcys, where Ulysses was landed, and which, for the uses of ancient mariners, who beached their ships instead of anchoring them, was a better port than

Vathy. It is now called Dexia Bay (being on the right as we enter), and corresponds in the minutest detail to Homer's account of it—a smooth, sandy beach, complete shelter from all winds, and only varying in any particulars in its surroundings by a greater distance from the grotto where the Phæacians hide the presents Ulysses brings with him; but of this more is to be said.

The Odyssey gives no intimation of any city near the landing-place. The port of



PORT OF PHORCYS AND NERITON, FROM THE MOUTH OF ULYSSES' CAVE.

Ulysses' own capital was much nearer Phæacia, and the ship might have landed him at his own door. The reason of this excessive caution was that during so long a time he had had no news from home, and might find his city in the hands of an enemy, the faint intimation of the real state of things from the goddess who protected him leaving grave doubts in the mind of the wily chief. He believed, as most of us do, in the divinity which shaped his ends, but not as one believes in one's own senses. He lived in days when every man's hand was against every stranger, and his habit was one of guile. Athena knew all that had happened or was to happen, but she intentionally refrained from doing more than encourage him to hope for the best, so as to leave room for his own courage, craft, and physical prowess.

Awaking, then, from the sleep in which he had been so gently landed by the crew of the Phæacian ship, he finds himself in a strange land, as he supposed, and in complete solitude, and arms himself with his habitual cunning, distrusting everything. When Athena comes to him in the form of a shepherd, he asks where he is; and being told that he is at last in the long-sought Ithaca, he is transported with joy, but conceals his emotion and addresses the goddess with these hasty words, disguising the truth and telling his story falsely, always turning in his mind many artifices: "I, too, have heard, in the far-off, immense island of Crete, of the island of Ithaca. It is, then, in that country that I have arrived with my treasures. I have left an equal part to my children because I fly from my native land, where I killed the dear son of Idomeneus," etc., etc., going on with a long history to account for his presence in Ithaca, a place unknown to him, which fable he only drops when Athena throws off her disguise; but he

still is unconvinced that he is in Ithaca. She calls his attention to Neriton in front of him, and, having convinced him, helps him hide his treasures in the grotto, when they sit down under the olive-tree over its entrance, and she tells him how matters stand at home, and contrives plans for getting rid of the pretendants, who would, no doubt, put an end to him if he fell into their hands. This seems to be his conviction, for he exclaims: "Great gods! if you had not enlightened me I should have perished in my palace, like Agamemnon. Come, let us plan a means by which I may revenge myself on them all." This hint of the fate of Agamemnon, whose end he had learned, is the clew to his cautious deportment. They plan as follows: He will be disguised by Athena, so that not even his wife shall know him, and will then go to Eumæus, who keeps his swine by the Raven's Cliff, near Arethusa's fountain, and wait with him studying up the position, while she goes off to Lacedæmon to bring back Telemachus, whom she had sent there nominally to get news of his father, but really, as she informs Ulysses, to give him an opportunity, hitherto wanting, to see the world and acquire renown. Here they separate, and Ulysses takes the secret path.

The position of the grotto makes the only difficulty in tracing all his movements; for it is not, as one would expect, at the head of the port, strictly speaking, but at the head of the little ravine which ends in the port, a good quarter of an hour's walk from the shore, even making allowance for all the recession of the water-line, which has evidently been considerable. The grotto itself corresponds exactly with the description, and can be entered by mortals only in the usual way, by the small opening which looks toward the port. "It has two entrances: one, turned toward the breath of Boreas, is for human use; the other, toward that of Notos, is more divine. Never man enters by that; it is the way of the immortals." The human entrance is a low, almost invisible opening, or at least easily passed without notice at a short distance. Even now, when all vegetation has disappeared from around it, and the olive-trees come only half-way up the hill, it would easily be hidden by a large stone, as Minerva hides it. The entrance, low and precipitous, widens rapidly within, and we descend by what might once have been artificially prepared steps to a vault-like cave, sixteen to twenty feet in diameter, with a curious recess at the farther end, and at the top of the vault another opening, like the top window of the Pantheon of Rome, or any of the circular temples whose form was derived from the vaulted tomb or treasury of Pelasgic architecture At first sight I thought this opening might have been artificial, but on close examination I saw that the formation of the rock led to it naturally, and that, hardly large enough to admit a human body readily, it could only, if enlarged, be entered by a person's being let down with a cord. This is the "immortals' entrance." Under this opening lies a huge heap of stones, accumulation of centuries, for the lower portions are cemented together by the stalagmitic deposit from the rock above; and the walls of the grotto, despite the breaking off of every attackable stalactite, are still entirely formed of carbonate of lime so deposited. The difference between the actual distance from the water's edge to the grotto and that which is indicated by the narrative of the Odyssey does not seem more than a fair poetic license would permit; or the memory of the narrator, having known the localities, might well in a few years of absence leave out this short distance.

The Odyssean topography is greatly confused to the modern traveler by the fact that the Homeric city undoubtedly stood at the northern end of the island, and far remote from the landing-place of Ulysses and the pig-pens of Eumæus. The view from the grotto gives us, at the left, a bay of which Vathy and Phorcys are tributaries. This cuts the island nearly in two, a narrow ridge of rock only connecting its two great masses. On the northern is the site of the Homeric city, as I shall presently show; but on the south are the Raven's Cliff (Mount Aëtos) and the fountain of Arethusa, together with an ancient ruin known by the people as the "Castle of Ulysses." These ruins are of the earliest form of Pelasgic, commonly named Cyclopean, though there is no justification for any distinction between the "Pelasgic" and the "Cyclopean," or any proper distinction of styles, as they run into each other, from the form shown at "Ulysses Castle" to the most elaborate and carefully fitted polygonal which we shall find at Samé on the opposite shore of Cephalonia. The walls of Ulysses Castle are of great extent, and portions still remaining near the summit are well preserved, some fragments being nearly twenty feet high. It must have been the work of a powerful tribe and a great stronghold. Seen from the sea, it shows on a sharp conical rock precipitously trending down to the shore. The Odyssey in no manner makes allusion to this, either as city or as ruin. Ulysses passes it by, leaving it on the right, apparently ignoring its existence. This makes it tolerably clear that it had been so long in ruin that it was in no way to be connected with the Ulyssean dynasty or colonization even, or that it was constructed after

the Homeric epoch. The latter hypothesis is untenable, because we find in many parts, especially in the Argolid, ruins clearly contemporary with this which were in the Hellenic traditions regarded as the work of a vanished and semi-divine race of giants, the Cyclopes or the "divine Pelasgi"; while, of the Homeric epoch, as distinguished from the Pelasgic, which preceded it, and the Hellenic, which followed it, we have no recognizable ruin, and the cities known to have existed, such as the Ithaca of Ulysses, have left no ruin durable enough to show in our time. This indicates a state of civilization in which the great necessity of strong walls as a defense had passed, or that, by the use of cement, walls were made so light in structure that they were efficient for the day, but perished utterly in the intervening time. I leave the question of the identity of the Odyssean epoch with that of the composition of the poem at present untouched. I am dealing only with the poem which philologists suppose to have been composed about 850 B. C. That the author knew Ithaca perfectly I think we shall see, and that consequently the ruins of the Pelasgic epoch, when not continuously inhabited (as were Nericus and Samé, the former of which Laërtes conquered, and the latter of which sent the largest deputation of "kings" as suitors for Penelope, the foundations of both being Pelasgic), were already so lost in the twilight of prehistory as to be without any meaning to the author of the Odyssey. The city on the spot now called the Castle of Ulysses was as unknown to the epoch of Homer as to ours. No one in the whole action of the Odyssey goes in or out of its ruined gates or turns aside from his path to speak of or visit it. "Kings" were as common as rascals in those days, but that two important cities should exist contemporaneously in the small island of Ithaca, and that the people of Ulysses should live in one, pasture their hogs on the territory of the other, and ignore its existence, is impossible.

That this part of the island was nearly or quite unpopulated is made more than probable by the facts that no mention is made of any city or people here; that the only features mentioned are the wildness, and forests abandoned to feeding of pigs; and that Ulysses selects this part for his concealment; as well as by the complete absence of ruins in it not belonging to the Pelasgic epoch. The path Ulysses probably followed from the port of Phorcys to the Raven's Cliff was by far too hard for dilettante following; it is not only impassable to beasts of burden, but, I should say, hard on pedestrian enterprise. There is a road carriageable for a few miles from Vathy along the ridge southward, and then a fair bridle-path to the cliff, which, had we known it, would have led us somewhere near the location of Eumæus's sties; but the guide my friends had recommended me, on his personal assurance, did not know the road, and we went wandering across fields and over hills, abandoning our quadrupeds at the moment when they would have been our best guides; and, finally, the fellow had to go to a plowman scratching the earth with a crooked stick behind two year-old heifers, and inquire his way. I exhausted my modern Greek in exasperated vituperation of his pretentious ignorance, and took the lead, as I generally have had to do on similar occasions.

There was a pretty valley on our way, the only arable or fruitful land in this part of the island; all else was bare and bleak. A few tough-lived shrubs, broom and gorse, arbutus, and some others I did not know, wring a scanty subsistence from the clefts between the rocks, and in a mass of almost unmitigated limestone was cloven a ravine. The roughness of Ithaca was proverbial even in Homeric days, since Athena, while disguised as a shepherd, replies to Ulysses, "If it [Ithaca] is rocky, if it breeds not horses in its moderate space, it is not quite barren," etc. One might well select this scene as one of tranquil beauty, with the faint glimpses of the dreamy inner sea above its valley distance, and the golden grain-fields as I saw them, interspersed with vineyards and olive-orchards.

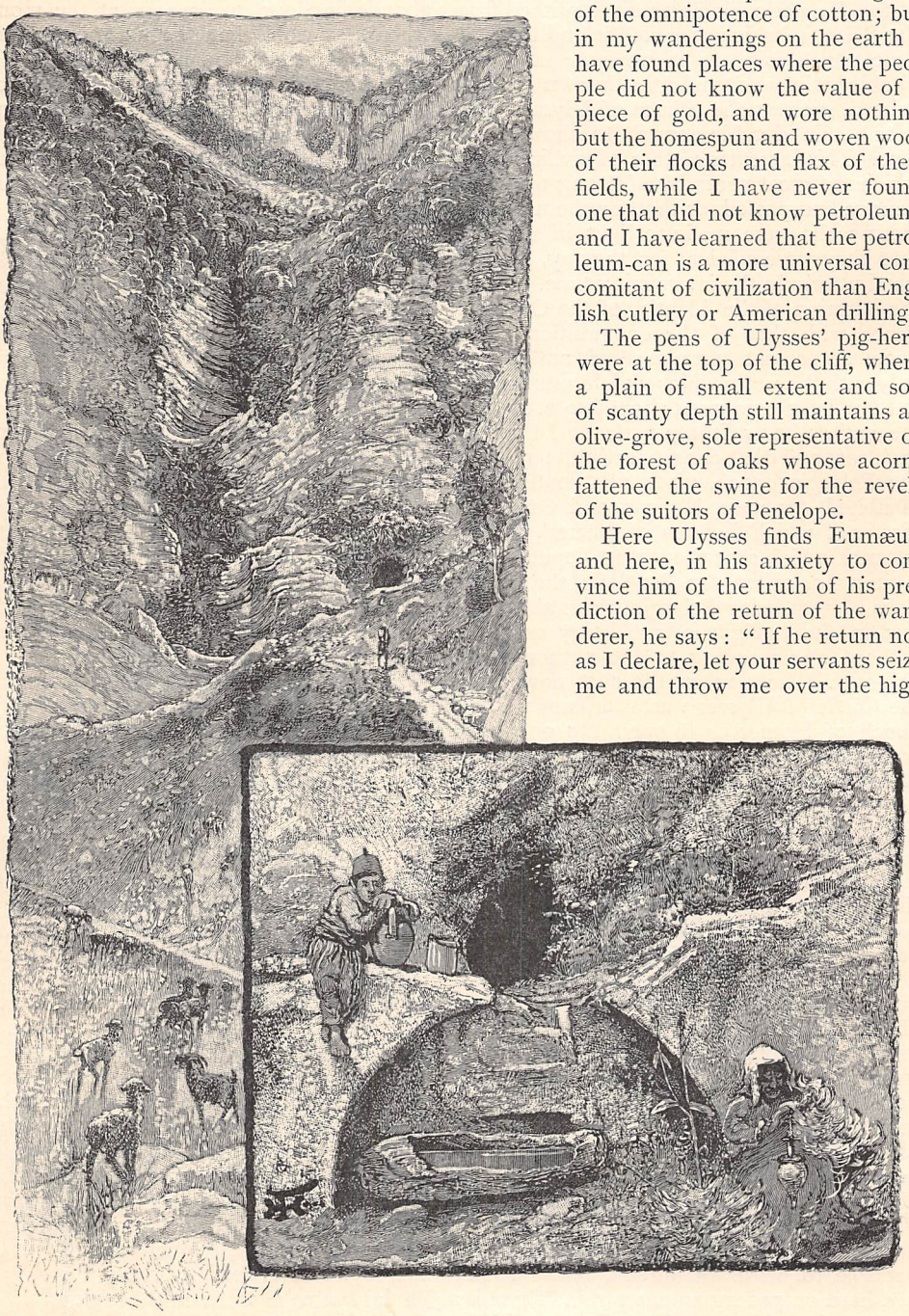
The glen of the Raven's Cliff becomes a wild gorge below the fountain of Arethusa, and descends abruptly to the sea. Above, a stripe of bare, pale-gray rock down the cliff shows that in winter it is the location of a cataract, though, when I visited the locality, dry as summer dust. The fountain of Arethusa is situated about half-way from the cliff to the sea, and bears the evidences of an immense antiquity. Remains of an architectural surrounding are still to be seen, and below it are some foundations of walls of the Roman period, evidently of a temple to the nymph or local goddess. The recess of the fountain has once been much larger, but the slow process of depositing the calcareous incrustation which forms its walls has gone on so long that only a small deep basin remains, from which the people draw the water with a cord and bucket. Its niche is cushioned with moss and maidenhair ferns, and the soft porous rock is always moist with the filtering through of the water. A wooden trough is placed for the watering of the sheep and goats which take the place of the hogs of Eumæus, for this is the only perennial source of water in the region.

An old woman, wrinkled and bowed, looking

like one of the Fates, sat near the fountain, combing the wool she had washed at it; and on the opposite side the nymph of the fountain, in the shape of a young matron of one of the neighboring hamlets, was washing her clothes. The wash was boiling when we came up, over a fire of brambles and weeds; but the utensil which took the place of the bronze caldron of the antique house-mother was an American petroleum-can, with a wire bale fitted in rudely, and the stamp of the New York Refining Company was still visible on the tin. We talk of the omnipresence of gold, of the omnipotence of cotton; but in my wanderings on the earth I have found places where the people did not know the value of a piece of gold, and wore nothing but the homespun and woven wool of their flocks and flax of their fields, while I have never found one that did not know petroleum, and I have learned that the petroleum-can is a more universal concomitant of civilization than English cutlery or American drillings.

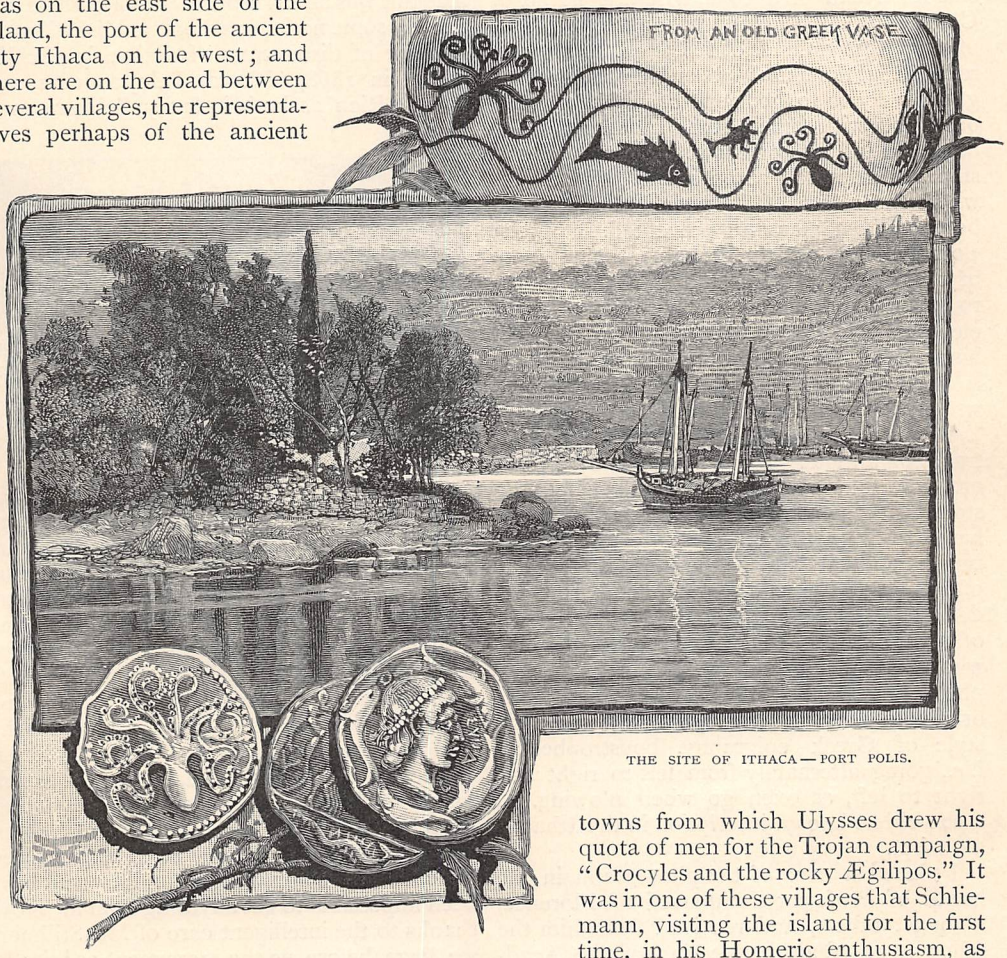
The pens of Ulysses' pig-herd were at the top of the cliff, where a plain of small extent and soil of scanty depth still maintains an olive-grove, sole representative of the forest of oaks whose acorns fattened the swine for the revels of the suitors of Penelope.

Here Ulysses finds Eumæus, and here, in his anxiety to convince him of the truth of his prediction of the return of the wanderer, he says: "If he return not as I declare, let your servants seize me and throw me over the high



RAVEN'S CLIFF AND THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

rock, that vagabonds may learn in future to abstain from useless falsehoods." The road from the pens of the divine swine-herd to the city lay northward by the port of Phorcys, and under the Castle of Ulysses, along the flank of Neriton overlooking the sea. The landing-place of Ulysses was on the east side of the island, the port of the ancient city Ithaca on the west; and there are on the road between several villages, the representatives perhaps of the ancient



THE SITE OF ITHACA — PORT POLIS.

towns from which Ulysses drew his quota of men for the Trojan campaign, "Crocyles and the rocky Ægilipos." It was in one of these villages that Schliemann, visiting the island for the first time, in his Homeric enthusiasm, as the villagers in their habitual curiosity to see the stranger came out to gaze and question, taking the assemblage as a recognition of his presence, and determined to show them how well he estimated the honor due to an heir of the Odyssean glory, mounted on a table and translated from Homer the passages which record Laërtes' emotions on the return of his long-lost son. "They wept with emotion," says the naïve Doctor; and he rewarded them by some hundred lines more. Remembering this incident, I inquired about the matter, and found that it had excited much merriment in the cultivated circles of Vathy, and, as I expected, that the other side in the rencontre preserved a very different recollection of the Doctor's exploits.

In the nomenclature of the two principal higher villages of the northern section, I found a curious survival of archaic language, which, so far as I could learn, is as incomprehensible as Homer to the inhabitants. The villages are Anoï and Exoï, which are clearly from the archaic and (except in the Cretan mountains) obsolete words *ano* and *exo*, used as *haw* and *jee* are by us in driving oxen, and of course meaning originally right and left. But of Ithaca *city*, the home of Ulysses, not a trace remains except the name *Polis* (city, *the* city par excellence), which is applied to a locality where not even an ancient wall shows a claim to the appellation. The fragments of substructure shown on the hill above and near the village of Stavros are undoubtedly mediæval, and belong to the piratical city which was established here, and which was destroyed in the latter part of the sixteenth century. I

searched in vain for anything to indicate the date of the ancient city, but here, doubtless, was the home of Ulysses. Its little port is of the nature demanded by ancient mariners,—a smooth beach in a cove, with the island of Cephalonia opposite and near enough to shut off any great violence of sea or wind. Homer relates that the suitors, when Telemachus had gone to Pylos to get news of his father, sent out a ship with some of their number to intercept and kill him on his return, and that this ship lay in watch at an island off the port where the return of Telemachus's ship could be seen from afar and prevented. Opposite Port Polis is a rock, probably the remnant of that island; for, as the substance of the rock is a conglomerate easily subdued by the elements and decomposing rapidly, it must have been once a considerable island, and it is now the only remnant of rock or island which occupies any such relative position.

In searching around the neighborhood for traces of antiquity I was accosted by a peasant, who told me that there had been found a stone with some letters on it, and I made haste to hunt it out. They (for there were two fragments) were at the bottom of a heap of stone which had been exhumed from under a land-fall, and which were evidently part of a very ancient building. I hired the men who gathered round to remove the heap, and photographed the stones, which had been originally one. The inscription is in the early style of Greek epigraphy, boustrophedon, *i. e.*, going alternately from left to right and right to left, as oxen go when plowing. It is the oldest known inscription in the Ithacan alphabet.

I placed a copy of the photograph in the hands of Professor Comparetti of Florence, amongst others, and received from him the following, read at the meeting of the Academy of the Lincei:

"Since I have hitherto spoken of inscriptions very old or archaic, as we say, it will be permitted me to close this communication by presenting to the Academy a curious inscription of this kind recently discovered in Ithaca and communicated to me by a diligent and cultivated visitor to the Greek lands, the American, Mr. Stillman, who made in Ithaca a photograph of the inscription, and, having unsuccessfully asked an interpretation of several scholars, applied to me. He has permitted me to make communication to this Academy, putting at my disposition also the negative of his photograph, from which are printed the copies I present. The inscription is tolerably roughly cut in a friable stone, broken in two, worn by time and water. The photograph, which is never the best means of representing monuments of this kind even in experienced hands, presents some confusion and obscurity in parts; but this is the only difficulty in the epigraph. . . . I saw at once that this was an inscription of which there was already some notice in a book published by the Phœnix of discoverers of antiquities, Schliemann, in 1868, 'Ithaca, Peloponnesos, and Troy.' Rich as he is in fancy, Schliemann is

INSCRIPTION FOUND AT POLIS.

ready to believe any story, and at once convinced himself that he had discovered the inscription of a very old sarcophagus, and found an honest workman who helped him to complete the idea, showing him the bones found in it by him. And in his book, together with this and other news, he communicated the inscription such as he read it. Of the two fragments, however, he only saw that at the right, and this he read very badly, seeing letters where none are, and imagining incredible forms of letters. Kirchhoff in his 'Studien zur Geschichte des Griechischen Alphabets' sought to apply this monument to his purposes, but could make nothing of it, and it would have been impossible to get anything from it. Now, thanks to the intelligent care of Mr. Stillman, we have before us the monument as it is; he knew nothing of Schliemann; when he saw the inscription, he saw that it was incomplete, and, seeking amongst the stones, found the other piece, and, divining justly its relation, united them and took the photograph which now permits us to utilize what we may call his discovery.

"The epigraph is certainly very old, besides being boustrophedon. This is shown particularly by the forms of the *sigma* and *iota*. It was cut roughly and by hands little used to such work, without any care for symmetry in the disposition of the letters or of the lines, nor for the uniformity of the letters. Some letters are lost in the fracture, others by the wearing of the stone, and the entire inscription is mutilated in the lower part.

"The reading, with the filling up, is as follows:

τᾶς [Ἀ]θάνας
τᾶς (Ρ)[ἑ](ας)
κα[ὶ τ](ᾶ)ς Ἥρ
ας τα (ἔ)[ν]τεα
τῶ [ἱ]ερῶ οἱ
ἱε[ρ]εε[ς] (Κες-
π

"Translation: 'Of Athena—of Rhea—and of Hera—the sacred utensils of the temple—the priests, Kes—placed.'

"Probably the names of the three priests followed, the first commencing with the letters Kes,—perhaps Kesiphron,—and there ought to follow τάδ' ἔνεθεν or τάδε κάτεθεν, or similar expression. The inscription then has nothing to do with a sarcophagus, or with the dead. It treats, on the contrary, of a hidden treasure, that is to say, of the sacred utensils of a temple in which were worshiped the three divinities Athena, Rhea, and Hera, each one having her peculiar priest. It is well known that there is nothing new in this case of three divinities worshiped in the same temple. We know that Athena was especially reverenced in Ithaca, and are not surprised to find her first in the list. Then to explain this inscription, it may be supposed that in some perilous time of war, revolution, or other danger, these priests decided to put in security the treasures of the temple and hid them in a safe and secret place, leaving there this inscription, so that in any case the nature and origin of the objects might be known. Probably they cut the inscription themselves that no one else might be in the secret, and this would explain the signs of haste and inexperience in the cutting, while on the other hand the language, like the orthography, is correct."

The attribution to a sarcophagus by Schliemann is difficult to explain. If it had been, as he says, on a sarcophagus that he found the right half of the inscription, he must have found the whole; but the fact is that there was in the whole stone mass no fragment of anything like a sarcophagus, an object unknown in Greece till centuries later. The inscription had evidently been a mural tablet, and underneath the mass of débris from which it was extracted the workmen found a well, which was excavated, they told me, without finding anything; nor, they said, was any object of antiquity found with the stones. This proves nothing, for when anything is found the absurd rigor of the Greek laws makes the concealment of it the first object of the finder. If this well, when discovered, had still contained the sacred objects, what a find if archæology could have profited by it! But as the Greek law in case of concealment would have punished the excavator by confiscation, or in the last case by taking the half of the objects found, the first precaution taken by the finder would have been to remove if possible to a foreign shore, and if not, to melt down, if of precious metal, the objects found. Until Greek legislation on archæological research is more intelligent, it will be gravely handicapped. The greater part of the value of an object is often to know where it came from, and this we never know of objects found in Greece by chance or private excavation. There was some years ago a report, which had certainly considerable confirmation, of the discovery of a great treasure in this part of Ithaca; possibly it may have been this very one. If we could have found the vessels of the temple, they would have given us the art of the descendants of the Dorians in Ithaca at least six hundred years B. C.; for this inscription is Doric, and dates from not later than that time. The epigraphy would indicate even an earlier date.

In any case, we may be confident that our inscription marks the site as having been in the vicinity of a city of the Homeric epoch, as, supposing the Odyssey to have been composed in 850 B. C., only about two hundred years could have intervened between its composition and the placing of this inscription, while, if we adopt the conjecture of some archæologists, who date this form of writing as far back as 850 B. C., we may assume that this city was in existence at the beginning of the actual historical epoch for Greece, *i. e.*, about 1000 B. C.*

But if there are no traces of the Homeric city, and none of earlier construction in the immediate neighborhood of the site, there is in the interior of the island, and in the northern lobe, which we see was probably the special domain of the Ithaca of Ulysses, a most interesting antiquity which is now known as the "school of Homer." It is in all probability a sacred place of the Pelasgic epoch, as on the rock above it is a chapel whose substructions are clearly Pelasgic and most probably the remains of a Pelasgic temple, which alone would account for its preservation, and is probably also the reason of its conversion into a Christian church. It is on a scale in keeping with all the remains we have of the heroic epoch, about twelve by twenty feet, and though much repaired in the modern adaptation, still shows its ancient dimensions and style of building in the lower courses, too solid to be

* I adopt, for the moment, the generally accepted date of the Homeric poems as a minimum, though, for reasons to be hereafter given, persuaded of their greater antiquity.

THE SCHOOL OF HOMER.

rearranged, though some of the upper stones have evidently been replaced in later times. It stands on the brow of a low bluff, below the village of Exoï and not far from the "field of Laërtes," which tradition points out at a little hamlet below. Traces of other walls extend to the brink of the precipice that overhangs the "school," and round by the side is an antique flight of steps, mostly preserved and cut in the solid rock, that served as passage between the temple and the "school," which may have been the place of sacrifice or possibly an area for the holding of the council. It is mainly cut in the rock at the foot of the precipice on which the temple was built, with a double flight of steps, also cut in the rock, descending to the ground below. It is not above fifteen feet across at its widest, and the decomposition of the solid rock by time and weather leaves only the general shape and character, with some of the steps above and below it, still tolerably perfect. It was a lovely place, and if the shade now thrown by the olive-trees which surround it was anciently given by plane-trees, it would have been still more striking. You look off on the sea and the distant island of Levkadi with the mountain of Acarnania, and through the interstices of the olive-trees you catch glimpses of the cultivated valley beneath, where, if anywhere in this end of the island, old Laërtes must have had his field, as here only is tillage possible. North is the sea, south the huge wall of Neriton, east the rugged mountain that looks out on the inner sea, and west that on which Exoï is raised to the clouds and from which one looks down on the Cephalonian

channel at its foot. Like the plain or valley between the Raven's Cliff and Vathy for the southern lobe, this is the only valley for the northern. The "school" is poised thus midway between the valley and the mountain peak; and whether, as the islanders pretend, it was the place where Homer read his poems, the council place of the ancient heroes and kings, or the hieron of Pelasgic priests whence the works of sacrifice went up to the great Zeus, the choice of locality was one which suited alike its uses. The young wheat was springing into head in all the interspaces of the close-standing olive-trees, and the rocks above were overhung and draped with wild sage and gemmed with wild flowers. The boy who guided us assured us that there was a secret passage to the top of the rock, filled up now; and a peasant passing by stopped to see what we might be saying or doing, and finding that our interest was fixed on *palaia pragmata*, offered to guide us to an ancient rock-cut well in the valley below. We found only the door which opens to the passage, which, he assured us, led down a stone-cut staircase to the well, far in the ground; but as the well belonged to the priest, who had the key in his pocket, and was no one knew where, we had to be content with the door, which was modern enough, though fitting an opening cut in the rock very evidently ancient.

In this vicinity must, by the force of nature, have been the residence of all the agricultural part of the population of the ancient Ithaca. Says the poem:

"Ulysses and his companions withdrew from the city and soon arrived at the magnificent garden of Laërtes, which the hero had formerly purchased with his wealth after the many ills he had suffered. There stands his dwelling, surrounded on all sides by a portico where the slaves who cultivate his estate sleep and eat. In the porter's lodge is an old Sicilian, who in this solitary place, far from the city, takes care of the noble old man. . . . At these words he gives his arms to the herdsmen who enter into the house of their master, while Ulysses, to find Laërtes, enters into the garden. The hero goes down into the great vineyard and finds neither Dolias nor his sons, nor the other slaves. Dolias has led them far away to gather thorns to make hedges round the inclosure. Ulysses finds his father digging round the root of a tree in the garden. Laërtes is dressed in a dirty patched tunic; around his legs he has bound, to preserve them, greaves of sewn leather; gloves protect his hands, and his head is covered by a cap of goat-skin, which completes his mournful appearance. . . .

"'Ah,' replied Laërtes, 'if you are Ulysses, if you are my son returned to this island, describe to me a sure sign that I cannot mistake.'

"'See first,' replies Ulysses, 'this wound, which long ago on Parnassus a wild boar gave me with his tusk, when I went to Autolycus to bring the presents which he here had promised me. Then listen, I will describe to you the trees of your beautiful garden which you gave me, and I asked of you in my childhood as I ran behind you. We passed through your inclosure; you told me the name of every tree, and you gave me thirteen pear-trees, ten apple-trees, forty fig-trees, and then you promised to give me fifty rows of vines in full bearing.'"

The legends of the modern population of Ithaca must not be confounded with real local tradition, transmitted from ancient times. They are unquestionably the reflection of literary statement, the reiterated conclusions of students more or less well informed as to the true archæological bases of opinion. The attribution of the plain we have visited as the garden of Laërtes is doubtless due to reading of the Odyssey, and, like the location of the "Castle of Ulysses" on Aëtos, arose from a popular rendering of the story as handed down by literature and converted into legend, which is located wherever the crude antiquarianism of the people judges best. An instance of the real tradition which has a distinct value in archæological research is that of the preservation of the name Polis for the abandoned site where unquestionably the Homeric city stood; and this simple indication is sufficient to prove that Ithaca was never entirely depopulated and repeopled by Slavs, because in this case the continuity of tradition would have been lost, and there is no ruin to restore it in modern times, even if it were capable of surviving the interruption. If it had simply been handed down by a Slavonic colony, it would have been "Arad" instead of "Polis," while, if the repopulation had once been complete, names which are not now understood by the present inhabitants could not have originated with them. If the name had sprung from the ruins, the site on Aëtos would have received it instead of its present legendary appellation, so that in no way can we explain the survival of the name Polis for the site, or the names Anoï and Exoï, except by supposing them to have clung to the places from Homeric times through a continuous population of Hellenic stock, however thinned. Another curious incident illustrates the tenacity of this kind of survival. As we were passing through one of the villages, I heard one child calling to others to run to see the barbarians, οἱ βάρβαροι (*varvari*), just as the Greek children of Homeric times would have called us,—*i. e.*, foreigners, people who spoke a strange language, a babble, unintelligible sounds like those of children. I heard it twice and could not be mistaken, though a Greek friend to whom I related it would have it that they said βαβάροι (Bavarians), since in continental Greece, Bavarian (German) has been a term of contempt from the days of King Otho. But I am certain of the word; and besides, the children of Ithaca never had anything to do with the Bavarians, as they

were under the Ionian Government till after the fall of Otho and the departure of the Bavarians.

On the whole, I think that there is the strongest ground of probability for these conclusions: that, whatever may be the relation of the real Ulysses to Ithaca, the hero as conceived and represented in the Odyssey, the Ulysses of the Homeric epoch, *if he was an actuality*, lived at the site known as Polis; and that this site, and all the others mentioned in the poem, were known by the author of it from personal inspection. The inscription found at Polis is in Doric Greek, which gives us a right to conclude that the Ithaca of that time was a Doric colony, and possibly the beginning of the proper Greek population, in which the antique blood, more or less mixed, still survives in the island; while the entire oversight of the Pelasgic site on Aëtos indicates the total interruption of race connection and the immense interval which must have come between its construction and the transfer of the seat of power to Polis, as, if still habitable when the new race took possession, it would, like Nericus, Samé, and Crané, which we shall examine in Cephalonia, have been made the bases of the newer city. That it was then utterly abandoned, we conclude, not only from the neglect of it by Ulysses in the passages we have noticed, but from the fact that while Samé, on the other island, sends suitors, and Ithaca itself (the city) adds its quota, no allusion is made to any from any other place in the island. In short, the total silence through the whole poem in regard to any place which can be by possibility connected with Aëtos, justifies my concluding that it was as much an abandoned ruin in the time of Homer as now.

The episode of the voyage of Telemachus to Pylos (Navarino), which brings into the Odyssey the western shore of the Peloponnesus, is, with the exception of some unimportant allusions, the only interjection of continental Greek into the poem.

We ran over to look for some trace of the sage Nestor, but as usual found that while the people had enough of the after-growth of legend out of the Odyssey, they knew absolutely nothing of the antique site. I had no guide then to lead me to the Pylos where the ship of Telemachus found "the Pyleans scattered along the shore offering a sacrifice to Neptune, black bulls without a spot."

The bay of Navarino is a vast marine lake, known to us mainly by its being the locality of the decisive combat between the fleets of the great European powers and the Turkish and Egyptian, which decided the destiny of modern Greece. We ran in from the open Adriatic, whose waters were uncomfortably agitated by the south-west wind, glad of the safe and convenient anchorage. But a sleepier place than the modern substitute for the "sandy Pylos" I have never found in Greece. Nobody could give me a word of direction, and all our searching round the extended sheet of water for the antique site, only perhaps to be recognized by some half-hidden remnant of Pelasgian walls, was fruitless; we neither saw nor heard of any ruin. We paid a visit to the splendidly picturesque old Venetian fortress commanding the entrance of the bay, which perhaps has used up the stones of Nestor's Pylos, and which has looked down on one of the most murderous combats of modern naval history. It is garrisoned by a little guard of Greek soldiers, and its keep is the prison of the district. The gate is a good sample of the fortifications by which the Venetian Republic held her Eastern possessions.

W. J. Stillman.

DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

LIII.

"WHO GOES THERE?"

THE scene and incident now to be described are without date. As Mary recalled them years afterward, they hung out against the memory a bold, clear picture, cast upon it as the magic lantern casts its tableaux upon the darkened canvas. She had lost the day of the month, the day of the week, all sense of location, and the points of the compass. The most that she knew was that she was somewhere near the meeting of the boundaries of three States. Either she was just within the southern bound of Tennessee, or the extreme north-eastern corner of Mississippi, or else the north-western corner of Alabama. She was

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aware, too, that she had crossed the Tennessee river, that the sun had risen on her left and had set on her right, and that by and by this beautiful day would fade and pass from this unknown land, and the firelight and lamplight draw around them the home-groups under the roof trees here where she was a homeless stranger the same as in the home-lands where she had once loved and been beloved.

She was seated in a small, light buggy drawn by one good horse. Beside her the reins were held by a rather tall man of middle age, gray, dark, round-shouldered, and dressed in the loose blue flannel so much worn by followers of the Federal camp. Under the stiff brim of his soft-crowned black hat a pair of clear eyes gave a continuous playful twinkle. Between this person and Mary protruded, at the edge of the buggy seat, two small bootees that have already had mention, and from his elbow to hers and back to his, continually swayed drowsily the little golden head to which the bootees bore a certain close relation. The dust of the highway was on the buggy and the blue flannel and the bootees. It showed with special boldness on a black sunbonnet that covered Mary's head, and that somehow lost all its homeliness whenever it rose sufficiently in front to show the face within. But the highway itself was not there; it had been left behind some hours earlier. The buggy was moving at a quiet jog along a "neighborhood road," with unplowed fields on the right and a darkling woods pasture on the left. By the feathery softness and paleness of the sweet-smelling foliage you might have guessed it was not far from the middle of April, one way or another; and by certain allusions to Pittsburg Landing as a place of conspicuous note, you might have known that Shiloh had been fought. There was that feeling of desolation in the land that remains after armies have passed over, let them tread never so lightly.

"D'you know what them rails is put that way fur?" asked the man. He pointed down with his buggy-whip just off the roadside, first on one hand and then on the other.

"No," said Mary, turning the sunbonnet's limp front toward the questioner and then to the disjointed fence on her nearer side; "that's what I've been wondering for days. They've been ordinary worm fences, haven't they?"

"Jess so," responded the man, with his accustomed twinkle. "But I think I see you oncet or twicet lookin' at 'em and sort o' tryin' to make out how come they got into that shape." The long-reiterated W's of the rail-fence had been pulled apart into separate V's, and the two sides of each of these had been drawn narrowly together so that what had been two parallel lines of fence with the lane between was now a long double row of wedge-shaped piles of rails, all pointing into the woods on the left.

"How did it happen?" asked Mary, with a smile of curiosity.

"Didn't happen at all, 'twas jess *done* by live men, and in a powerful few minutes at that. Sort o' shows what we're approachin' unto, as it were, eh? Not but they's plenty behind us done the same way, all the way back into Kentuck', as you already done see; but this's been done sence the last rain, and it rained night afore last."

"Still I'm not sure what it means," said Mary; "has there been fighting here?"

"Go up head," said the man, with a facetious gesture. "See? The fight came through these here woods, here. 'Taint been much over twenty-four hours, I reckon, since every one o' them-ah sort o' shut-up-fan-shape sort o' fish traps had a gray-jacket in it layin' flat down an' firin' through the rails, sort o' random-like, only not much so." His manner of speech seemed a sort of harlequin patch-work from the bad English of many sections, the outcome of a humorous and eclectic fondness for verbal deformities. But his lightness received a sudden check.

"Heigh-h-h," he gravely and softly exclaimed, gathering the reins closer, as the horse swerved and dashed ahead. Two or three buzzards started up from the roadside with their horrid flapping and whiff of quills, and circled low overhead. "Heigh-h-h," he continued, soothingly. "Ho-o-o-o! somebody lost a good nag there—a six-pound shot right through his head and neck. Whoever made that shot killed two birds with one stone, sho!" He was half risen from his seat, looking back. As he turned again and sat down the drooping black sunbonnet quite concealed the face within. He looked at it a moment. "If you think you don't like the risks we can still turn back."

"No," said the voice from out the sunbonnet; "go on."

"If we don't turn back now we can't turn back at all."

"Go on," said Mary; "I can't turn back."

"You're a good soldier," said the man, playfully, again. "You're a better one than me, I reckon; I kin turn back frequently, as it were. I've done it many a time and oft, as the felleh says."

Mary looked up with feminine surprise. He made a pretense of silent laughter that showed a hundred crows' feet in his twinkling eyes.

"Oh, don't you fret, I'm not goin' to run the wrong way with you in charge. Didn't you hear me promise Mr. Thornton? Well, you

see, I've got a sort o' bad memory that kind o' wont let me forgit when I make a promise; —bothers me that way a heap sometimes." He smirked in a self-deprecating way, and pulled his hat-brim down in front. Presently he spoke again, looking straight ahead over the horse's ears:

"Now, that's the mischief about comin' with me — got to run both blockades at oncet. Now, if you'd been a good Secesh and could somehow or 'nother of got a pass through the Union lines you'd of been all gay. But bein' Union, the fu'ther you git along the wuss off you air, 'less-n I kin take you and carry you 'way 'long yonder to where you kin jess jump onto a southbound Rebel railroad and light down amongst folks that'll never think o' you havin' run through the lines."

"But you can't do that," said Mary, not in the form of a request. "You know you agreed with Mr. Thornton that you would simply ——"

"Put you down in a safe place," said the man, jocosely; "that's what it meant, and don't you get nervous —" His face suddenly changed; he raised his whip and held it up for attention and silence, looking at Mary and smiling while he listened. "Do you hear anything?"

"Yes," said Mary, in a hushed tone. There were some old fields on the right hand, now, and a wood on the left. Just within the wood a turtle-dove was cooing.

"I don't mean that," said the man, softly.

"No," said Mary, "you mean this, away over here." She pointed across the fields, almost straight away in front.

"'Taint so scandalous far 'awa-a-ay' as you talk like?" murmured the man, jestingly; and just then a fresh breath of the evening breeze brought plainer and nearer the soft boom of a bass-drum.

"Are they coming this way?" asked Mary.

"No; they're sort 'o dress-paradin' in camp, I reckon." He began to draw rein. "We turn off here, anyway," he said, and drove slowly, but point blank into the forest.

"I don't see any road," said Mary. It was so dark in the wood that even her child, muffled in a shawl and asleep in her arms, was a dim shape.

"Yes," was the reply, "we have to sort o' smell out the way here; but my smellers is good, at times, and pretty soon we'll strike a little sort o' somepnuther like a road, about a quarter from here."

Pretty soon they did so. It started suddenly from the edge of an old field in the forest, and ran gradually down, winding among the trees, into a densely wooded bottom, where even Mary's short form often had to bend low to avoid the boughs of beech trees and festoons of grape-vine. Under one beech the buggy stood still a moment. The man drew and opened a large clasp-knife and cut one of the long tough withes. He handed it to Mary, as they started on again.

"With compliments," he said, "and hoping you wont find no use for it."

"What is it for?"

"Why, you see, later on we'll be in the saddle; and if such a thing should jess accidentally happen to happen, which I hope it wont, to be sho', that I should happen to sort o' absent-mindedly yell out 'go,' like as if a hornet had stabbed me, you jess come down with that switch, and make the critter under you run like a scared dog, as it were."

"Must I?"

"No, I don't say you *must*, but you'd better, I bet you. You needn't if you don't want to."

Presently the dim path led them into a clear, rippling creek, and seemed to Mary to end; but when the buggy wheels had crunched softly along down stream over some fifty or sixty yards of gravelly shallow, the road showed itself faintly again on the other bank, and the horse, with a plunge or two and a scramble, jerked them safely over the top, and moved forward in the direction of the rising moon. They skirted a small field full of ghostly dead trees, where corn was beginning to make a show, turned its angle, and saw the path under their feet plain to view, smooth and hard.

"See that?" said the man, in a tone of playful triumph, as the animal started off at a brisk trot, lifted his head and neighed. "'My day's work's done,' sezee; 'I done hoed my row.'" A responsive neigh came out of the darkness ahead. "That's the trick!" said the man. "Thanks, as the felleh says." He looked to Mary for her appreciation of his humor.

"I suppose that means a good deal; does it?" asked she, with a smile.

"Jess so! It means, first of all, fresh hosses. And then it means a house what aint been burnt by jayhawkers yit, and a man and woman a-waitin' in it, and some bacon and corn-pone, and may be a little coffee, and milk, anyhow, till you can't rest and buttermilk to, fare-you-well. Now, have you ever learned the trick o' jess sort o' qui'lin* up, cloze an' all, dry so, and puttin' half a night's rest into an hour's sleep? 'Caze why, in one hour we must be in the saddle. No mo' buggy, and powerful few roads. Comes as nigh coonin' it as I reckon you ever 'lowed you'd like to do, don't it?"

He smiled, pretending to hold back much

* Coiling.

laughter, and Mary smiled too. At mention of a woman she had removed her bonnet and was smoothing her hair with her hand.

"I don't care," she said, "if only you'll bring us through."

The man made a ludicrous gesture of self-abasement.

"Not knowin', can't say, as the felleh says; but what I can tell you — I always start out to make a spoon or spoil a horn, and which one I'll do I seldom ever promise till it's done. But I have a sneakin' notion, as it were, that I'm the clean sand and no discount, as Mr. Lincoln says, and I do my best. Angels can do no more, as the felleh says."

He drew rein. "Whoa." Mary saw a small log cabin, and a fire-light shining under the bottom of the door.

"The woods seem to be on fire just over there in three or four places, are they not?" she asked, as she passed the sleeping Alice down to the man, who had got out of the buggy.

"Them's the camps," said another man, who had come out of the house and was letting the horse out of the shafts.

"If we was on the rise o' the hill yonder we could see the Confedick camps, couldn't we, Isaiah?" asked Mary's guide.

"Easy," said that prophet. "I heer 'em to-day two, three times, plain, cheerin' at somethin'."

About the middle of that night Mary Richling was sitting very still and upright on a large dark horse that stood champing his Mexican bit in the black shadow of a great oak. Alice rested before her, fast asleep against her bosom. Mary held by the bridle another horse, whose naked saddle-tree was empty. A few steps in front of her the light of the full moon shone almost straight down upon a narrow road that just there emerged from the shadow of woods on either side, and divided into a main right fork and a much smaller one that curved around to Mary's left. Off in the direction of the main fork the sky was all aglow with camp-fires. Only just here on the left there was a cool and grateful darkness.

She lifted her head alertly. A twig crackled under a tread, and the next moment a man came out of the bushes at the left and without a word took the bridle of the led horse from her fingers and vaulted into the saddle. The hand that rested a moment on the cantle as he rose grasped a "navy six." He was dressed in dull homespun, but he was the same who had been dressed in blue. He turned his horse and led the way down the lesser road.

"If we'd of gone three hundred yards further," he whispered, falling back and smiling broadly, "we'd 'a' run into the pickets. I went nigh enough to see the videttes settin' on their hosses in the main road. This here aint no road; it just goes up to a nigger quarters. I've got one o' the niggers to show us the way."

"Where is he?" whispered Mary; but before her companion could answer, a tattered form moved from behind a bush a little in advance and started ahead in the path, walking and beckoning. Presently they turned into a clear, open forest and followed the long, rapid, swinging stride of the negro for nearly an hour. Then they halted on the bank of a deep, narrow stream. The negro made a motion for them to keep well to the right when they should enter the water. The white man softly lifted Alice to his arms, directed and assisted Mary to kneel in her saddle with her skirts gathered carefully under her, and so they went down into the cold stream, the negro first, with arms outstretched above the flood; then Mary and then the white man,— or, let us say plainly, the spy,—with the unawakened child on his breast. And so they rose out of it on the farther side without a shoe or garment wet save the rags of their dark guide.

Again they followed him, along a line of stake-and-rider fence, with the woods on one side and the bright moonlight flooding a field of young cotton on the other. Now they heard the distant baying of house-dogs, now the doleful call of the chuck-will's-widow, and once Mary's blood turned, for an instant, to ice at the unearthly shriek of the hoot owl just above her head. At length they found themselves in a dim, narrow road, and the negro stopped.

"Dess keep dish yeh road fo' 'bout half mile an' you strak 'pon de broad, main road. Tek de right, an' you go whah yo' fancy tek you."

"Good-bye," whispered Mary.

"Good-bye, Miss," said the negro, in the same low voice; "good-bye, boss; don't you fo'git you promise tek me thoo to de Yankee' when you come back. I 'feered you gwine fo'git it, boss."

The spy said he would not, and they left him. The half-mile was soon passed, though it turned out to be a mile and a half, and at length Mary's companion looked back as they rode single file with Mary in the rear, and said softly,—

"There's the road," pointing at its broad, pale line with his six-shooter.

As they entered it and turned to the right, Mary, with Alice again in her arms, moved somewhat ahead of her companion, her indifferent horsemanship having compelled him to drop back to avoid a prickly bush. His horse was just quickening his pace to regain the lost position when a man sprang up from the ground on the farther side of the highway,

snatched a carbine from the earth and cried: "Halt!"

The dark recumbent forms of six or eight others could be seen, enveloped in their blankets, lying about a few red coals. Mary turned a frightened look backward and met the eyes of her companion.

"Move a little faster," said he, in a low, clear voice. As she promptly did so she heard him answer the challenge, as his horse trotted softly after hers.

"Don't stop us, my friend; we're taking a sick child to the doctor."

"Halt, you hound!" the cry rang out; and as Mary glanced back three or four men were just leaping into the road. But she saw, also, her companion, his face suffused with an earnestness that was almost an agony, rise in his stirrups with the stoop of his shoulders all gone, and wildly cry,—

"Go!"

She smote the horse and flew. Alice woke and screamed.

"Hush, my darling," said the mother, laying on the withe; "mamma's here. Hush, darling, mamma's here. Don't be frightened, darling baby. O God, spare my child!" and away she sped.

The report of a carbine rang out and went rolling away in a thousand echoes through the wood. Two others followed in sharp succession, and there went close by Mary's ear the waspish whine of a minie-ball. At the same moment she recognized, once,— twice, — thrice,— just at her back where the hoofs of her companion's horse were clattering,— the tart rejoinders of his navy six.

"Go!" he cried again. "Lay low! lay low! cover the child! But his words were needless. With head bowed forward and form crouched over the crying, clinging child, with slackened rein and fluttering dress, and sunbonnet and loosened hair blown back upon her shoulders, with lips compressed and silent prayers, Mary was riding for life and liberty and her husband's bedside.

"O mamma, mamma," wailed the terrified little one.

"Go on! Go on!" cried the voice behind; "they're — saddling — up! Go! go! We're goin' to make it! We're going to *make* it! Go-o-o!"

Half an hour later they were again riding abreast at a moderate gallop. Alice's cries had been quieted, but she still clung to her mother in a great tremor. Mary and her companion conversed earnestly in the subdued tone that had become their habit.

"No, I don't think they followed us fur," said the spy. "Seem like they's jess some scouts, most likely a-comin' in to report, feelin' pooty safe and sort o' takin' it easy and careless; 'dreamin' the happy hours away,' as the felleh says. I reckon they sort o' believed my story, too; the little gal yelled so sort o' skillful. We kin slack up some more, now; we want to get our critters lookin' cool and quiet ag'in as quick as we kin, befo' we meet up with somebody." They reined into a gentle trot. He drew his revolver, whose emptied chambers he had already refilled. "D'd you hear this little felleh sing, 'Listen to the mockin'-bird?'"

"Yes," said Mary; "but I hope it didn't hit any of them."

He made no reply.

"Don't you?" she asked.

He grinned.

"D'you want a felleh to wish he was a bad shot?"

"Yes," said Mary, smiling.

"Well, seein' as you're along, I do. For they wouldn't give us up so easy if I'd a hit one. Oh,— mine was only sort o' complimentary shots,— much as to say, 'same to you, gents,' as the felleh says."

Mary gave him a pleasant glance by way of courtesy, but was busy calming the child. The man let his weapon into its holster under his homespun coat and lapsed into silence. He looked long and steadily at the small feminine figure of his companion. His eyes passed slowly from the knee thrown over the saddle's horn to the gentle forehead slightly bowed as her face sank to meet the uplifted kisses of the trembling child, then over the crown and down the heavy, loosened tresses that hid the sunbonnet hanging back from her throat by its strings and flowed on down to the saddle-bow. His admiring eyes, grave for once, had made the journey twice before he noticed that the child was trying to comfort the mother and that the light of the sinking moon was glistening back from Mary's falling tears.

"Better let me have the little one," he said, "and you sort o' fix up a little, befo' we happen to meet up with somebody, as I say. It's lucky we haven't done it already."

A little coaxing prevailed with Alice, and the transfer was made. Mary turned away her wet eyes, smiling for shame of them, and began to coil her hair, her companion's eye following.

"Oh, you aint got no business to be ashamed of a few tears; I knowed you was a good soldier, befo' ever we started; I see' it in yo' eye. Not as I want to be complimentin' of you jess now. 'I come not here to talk,' as they used to say in school. D'you ever hear that piece?"

"Yes," said Mary.

"That's taken from Romans, aint it?"

"No," said Mary again, with a broad smile.

"I didn't know," said the man; "I aint no brag Bible scholar." He put on a look of

droll modesty. "I used to could say the ten commandments of the decalogue, oncet, and I still tries to keep 'em, in ginerally. There's another burnt house. That's the third one we done passed inside a mile. Raiders was along here about two weeks back. Hear that rooster crowin'? When we pass the plantation whar he is and rise the next hill, we'll be in sight o' the little town whar we stop for refresh*ments*, as the railroad man says. You must begin to feel jess about everlastin'ly wore out, don't you?"

"No," said Mary; but he made a movement of the head to indicate that he had his belief to the contrary.

At an abrupt angle of the road Mary's heart leaped into her throat to find herself and her companion suddenly face to face with two horsemen in gray, journeying leisurely toward them on particularly good horses. One wore a slouched hat, the other a Federal officer's cap. They were the first Confederates she had ever seen eye to eye.

"Ride on a little piece and stop," murmured the spy. The strangers lifted their hats respectfully as she passed them.

"Gents," said the spy, "good-morning." He threw a leg over the pommel of his saddle and the three men halted in a group. One of them copied the spy's attitude. They returned the greeting in kind.

"What command do you belong to?" asked the lone stranger.

"Simmons's battery," said one. "Whoa!" — to his horse.

"Mississippi?" asked Mary's guardian.

"Rackensack," said the man in the blue cap.

"Arkansas," said the other in the same breath. "What is your command?"

"Signal service," replied the spy. "Reckon I look mighty like a citizen jess about now, don't I?" He gave them his little laugh of self-depreciation and looked toward Mary, where she had halted and was letting her horse nip the new grass of the roadside.

"See any troops along the way you come?" asked the man in the hat.

"No; on'y a squad o' fellehs back yonder who was all unsaddled and fast asleep, and jumped up worse scared 'n a drove o' wile hogs. We both sort o' got a little mad and jess swapped a few shots, you know, kind o' tit for tat, as it were. Enemy's loss unknown?" He stooped more than ever in the shoulders, and laughed. The men were amused. "If you see 'em, I'd like you to mention me—" He paused to exchange smiles again. "And tell 'em the next time they see a man takin' a lady and sick child to see the doctor, they better hold their fire till they sho he's on'y a citizen." He let his foot down into the stirrup again and they all smiled broadly. "Good-morning." The two parties went their ways.

"Jess as leave not of met up with them two buttermilk rangers," said the spy, once more at Mary's side; "but seein' as thah we was the oniest thing was to put on all the brass I had."

From the top of the next hill the travelers descended into a village lying fast asleep with the morning star blazing over it, the cocks calling to each other from their roosts, and here and there a light twinkling from a kitchen window, or a lazy axe-stroke smiting the logs at a wood-pile. In the middle of the village one lone old man, half-dressed, was lazily opening the little wooden "store" that monopolized its commerce. The travelers responded to his silent bow, rode on through the place, passed over and down another hill, met an aged negro, who passed on the roadside lifting his forlorn hat and bowing low; and as soon as they could be sure they had gone beyond his sight and hearing, turned abruptly into a dark wood on the left. Twice again they turned to the left, going very warily through the deep shadows of the forest, and so returned half around the village, seeing no one. Then they stopped and dismounted at a stable-door, on the outskirts of the place. The spy opened it with a key from his own pocket, went in and came out again with a great armful of hay which he spread for the horses' feet to muffle their tread, led them into the stable, removed the hay again, and closed and locked the door.

"Make yourself small," he whispered, "and walk fast." They passed by a garden path up to the back porch and door of a small unpainted cottage. He knocked, three soft, measured taps.

"Day's breakin'," he whispered again, as he stood with Alice asleep in his arms, while somebody was heard stirring within.

"Sam?" said a low, wary voice just within the unopened door.

"Sister," softly responded the spy, and the door swung inward and revealed a tall woman with an austere but good face, that could just be made out by the dim light of a tallow-candle shining from the next room. The travelers entered and the door was shut.

"Well," said the spy, standing and smiling foolishly, and bending playfully in the shoulders; "well, Mrs. Richlin'," — he gave his hand a limp wave abroad and smirked, — "'In Dixie's land you take yo' stand.' This is it. You're in it! — Mrs. Richlin', my sister; sister, Mrs. Richlin'."

"Pleased to know ye," said the woman, without the faintest ray of emotion. "Take a seat and sit down." She produced a chair bottomed with raw-hide.

"Thank you," was all Mary could think of to reply as she accepted the seat, and "Thank you" again when the woman brought a glass of water. The spy laid Alice on a bed in sight of Mary in another chamber. He came back on tiptoe.

"Now, the next thing is to git you furder south. Wust of it is that, seein' as you got sich a weakness fur tellin' the truth, we'll jess have to sort o' slide you along fum one Union man to another; sort o' hole fass what I give ye, as you used to say yourself, I reckon. But you've got one strong holt." His eye went to his sister's, and he started away without a word, and was presently heard making a fire, while the woman went about spreading a small table with cold meats and corn-bread, milk and butter. Her brother came back once more.

"Yes," he said to Mary, "you've got one mighty good card, and that's it in yonder on the bed. 'Humph!' folks'll say, 'didn't come fur with that there baby, sho!'"

"I wouldn't go far without her," said Mary, brightly.

"*I* say," responded the hostess, with her back turned, and said no more.

"Sister," said the spy, "we'll want the buggy."

"All right," responded the sister.

"I'll go feed the hosses," said he, and went out. In a few minutes he returned. "Joe must give 'em a good rubbin' when he comes, sister," he said.

"All right," replied the woman, and then turning to Mary, "Come."

"What, ma'am?"

"Eat." She touched the back of a chair. "Sam, bring the baby." She stood and waited on the table.

Mary was still eating, when suddenly she rose up, saying:

"Why, where is Mister ——, your brother,"

"He's gone to take a sleep, outside," said his sister. "It's too resky for him to sleep in a house."

She faintly smiled, for the first time, at the end of this long speech.

"But," said Mary, "oh, I haven't uttered a word of thanks. What will he think of me?"

She sank into her chair again with an elbow on the table, and looked up at the tall standing figure on the other side, with a little laugh of mortification.

"You kin thank God," replied the figure. "*He* aint gone." Another ghost of a smile was seen for a moment on the grave face. "Sam aint thinkin' about that. You hurry and finish and lay down and sleep, and when you wake up he'll be back here ready to take you along furder. That's a healthy little one. She wants some more buttermilk. Give it to her. If she don't drink it the pigs'll git it, as the ole woman says. . . . Now you better lay down on the bed in yonder and go to sleep. Jess sort o' loosen yo' close; don't take off noth'n' but dress and shoes. You needn' be afeard to sleep sound; I'm goin' to keep a look out."

LIV.

DIXIE.

In her sleep Mary dreamed over again the late rencontre. Again she heard the challenging outcry, and again was lashing her horse to his utmost speed; but this time her enemy seemed too fleet for her. He overtook —he laid his hand upon her. A scream was just at her lips, when she awoke with a wild start to find the tall woman standing over her, and bidding her, in a whisper, rise with all stealth and dress with all speed.

"Where's Alice?" asked Mary. "Where's my little girl?"

"She's there. Never mind her yit, till you' dressed. Here; not them cloze; these here homespun things. Make haste, but don't git excited."

"How long have I slept?" asked Mary, hurriedly obeying.

"You couldn't 'a' more'n got to sleep. Sam oughtn't to have shot back at 'em. They after 'im, hot; four of 'em jess now passed through on the road, right here past my front gate."

"What kept them back so long," asked Mary, tremblingly attempting to button her dress in the back.

"Let me do that," said the woman. "They couldn't come very fast; had to kind o' beat the bushes every hundred yards or so. If they'd of been more of 'em they'd a-come faster, 'cause tyey'd a-left one or two behind at each turn-out, and come along with the rest. There; now that there hat, there, on the table." As Mary took the hat the speaker stepped to a window and peeped into the early day. A suppressed exclamation escaped her. "Oh, you poor boy!" she murmured. Mary sprang toward her, but the stronger woman hurried her away from the spot.

"Come; take up the little one 'thout wakin' her. Three more of 'em's a-passin'. The little young feller in the middle reelin' and swayin' in his saddle, and t'others givin' him water from his canteen."

"Wounded?" asked Mary, with a terrified look, bringing the sleeping child.

"Yes, the last wound he'll ever git, I reckon. Jess take the baby so. Sam's already took her cloze. He's waitin' out in the woods here behind the house. He's got the critters

down in the hollow. Now, here. This here bundle's a ridin'-skirt. It's not mournin', but you mustn't mind. It's mighty green and cottony lookin', but—anyhow, you jess put it on when you git into the woods. Now it's good sun-up outside. The way you must do—you jess keep on the lef' side o' me, close, so as when I jess santer out e-easy todes the back gate you'll be hid from all the other houses. Then when we git to the back gate I'll kind o' stand like I was lookin' into the pig-pen, and you jess slide away on a line with me into the woods, and there'll be Sam. No, no; take your hat off and sort o' hide it. Now; 'you ready?"

Mary threw her arms around the woman's neck and kissed her passionately.

"Oh, don't stop for that," said the woman, smiling with an awkward diffidence. "Come."

"WHAT is the day of the month?" asked Mary of the spy.

They had been riding briskly along a mere cattle path in the woods for half an hour, and had just struck into an old unused road that promised to lead them presently into and through some fields of cotton. Alice, slumbering heavily, had been, little by little, dressed, and was now in the man's arms. As Mary spoke they slackened pace to a quiet trot, and crossed a broad highway nearly at right angles.

"That would 'a' been our road with the buggy," said the man, "if we could of took things easy." They were riding almost straight away from the sun. His dress had been changed again, and in a suit of new, dark-brown homespun wool, over a pink calico shirt and white cuffs and collar, he presented the best possible picture of spruce gentility that the times would justify. "'What day of the month,' did you ask? *I*'ll never tell you, but I know it's Friday."

"Then it's the 18th," said Mary.

They met an old negro driving three yoke of oxen attached to a single empty cart.

"Uncle," said the spy, "I don't reckon the boss will mind our sort o' ridin' straight thoo his grove, will he?"

"Not 'tall, boss; on'y dess be so kyine an' shet de gates behine you, sah."

They passed those gates and many another, shutting them faithfully, and journeying on through miles of fragrant lane and fields of young cotton and corn, and stretches of wood where the squirrel scampered before them, and reaches of fallow grounds still wet with dew, and patches of sedge, and old fields grown up with thickets of young trees; now pushing their horses to a rapid gallop, where they were confident of escaping notice, and now ambling leisurely, where the eyes of men afield, or of women at home, followed them with rustic scrutiny; or some straggling Confederate soldier on foot or in the saddle met them in the way.

"How far must we go before we can stop?" asked Mary.

"Jess as far's the critters'll take us without showin' distress."

"South is out that way, isn't it?" she asked again, pointing off to the left.

"Look here," said the spy, with a look that was humorous, but not only humorous.

"What?"

"Two or three times last night, and now ag'in, you gimme a sort o' sneakin' notion you don't trust me," said he.

"Oh!" exclaimed she, "I do! Only I'm so anxious to be going south."

"Jess so," said the man. "Well, we're goin' sort o' due west right now. You see we dassent take this railroad anywheres about here,"—they were even then crossing the track of the Mobile and Ohio railway—"because that's jess where they *sho* to be on the lookout fur us. And I can't take you straight south on the dirt roads, because I don't know the country down that way. But this way I know it like your hand knows the way to your mouth, as the felleh says. Learned it most all sence the war broke out, too. And so the whole thing is we got to jess keep straight acrost the country here till we strike the Mississippi Central."

"What time will that be?"

"Time! You don't mean time a day, do you?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mary, smiling.

"Why, we'll be lucky to make it in two whole days. Wont we, Alice?" The child had waked, and was staring into her mother's face. Mary caressed her. The spy looked at them silently. The mother looked up, as if to speak, but was silent.

"Hello!" said the man, softly; for a tear shone through her smile. Whereat she laughed.

"I ought to be ashamed to be so unreasonable," she said.

"Well, now, I'd like to contradict you for once," responds the spy, "but the fact is, how kin I, when Noo Orleens is jest about southwest frum here, anyhow?"

"Yes," said Mary, pleasantly, "it's between south and south-west."

The spy made a gesture of mock amazement.

"Well, you air partickly what you say. I never hear o' but one party that was more partickly than you. I reckon you never hear' tell o' him, did you?"

"Who was he?" asked Mary.

"Well, I never got his name, nor his habi-

tation, as the felleh says; but he was so conscientious that when a highwayman attackted him onct, he wouldn't holla murder nor he wouldn't holla thief, 'cause he wasn't certain whether the highwayman wanted to kill him or rob him. He was something like George Washington, who couldn't tell a lie. Did you ever hear that story about George Washington?"

"About his chopping the cherry-tree with his hatchet?" asked Mary.

"Oh, I see you done heard the story," said the spy, and left it untold; but whether he was making game of his auditor or not, she did not know, and never found out. But on they went, by many a home; through miles of growing crops, and now through miles of lofty pine forests, and by log cabins and unpainted cottages, from within whose open doors came often the loud feline growl of the spinning-wheel. So on and on, Mary spending the first night in a lone forest cabin of pine poles, whose master, a Confederate deserter, fed his ague-shaken wife and cotton-headed children oftener with the spoils of his rifle than with the products of the field. The spy and the deserter lay down together, and together rose again with the dawn, in a deep thicket, a few hundred yards away.

The travelers had almost reached the end of this toilsome horseback journey, when rains set in, and, for forty-eight hours more, swollen floods and broken bridges held them back, though within hearing of the locomotive's whistle.

But, at length, one morning, Mary stepped aboard the train that had not long before started South from the town of Holly Springs, Mississippi, assisted with decorous alacrity by the conductor, and followed by the station agent with Alice in his arms, and by the telegraph operator with a home-made satchel or two of luggage and luncheon. It was disgusting,— to two thin, tough-necked women who climbed aboard unassisted at the other end of the same coach.

"You kin just bet she's a widder, and them fellers knows it," said one to the other, taking a seat and spitting expertly through the window.

"If she aint," responded the other, putting a peeled snuff stick into her cheek, "then her husband's got the brass buttons, and they knows that. Look at 'er a-smi-i-ilin'!"

"What you reckon makes her look so wore out?" asked the first. And the other replied promptly, with unbounded loathing:

"Dayncin'," and sent her emphasis out of the window in liquid form without disturbing her intervening companion.

During the delay caused by the rain Mary had found time to refit her borrowed costume. Her dress was a stout, close-fitting homespun of mixed cotton and wool, woven in a neat plaid of walnut brown, oak red, and the pale olive hue of the hickory. Her hat was a simple round thing of woven pine straw with a slightly drooping brim, its native brown gloss undisturbed, and the low crown wrapped about with a wreath of wild grasses plaited together with a bit of yellow cord. Alice wore a much-washed pink calico frock and a hood of the same stuff.

"Some officer's wife," said two very sweet and ladylike persons of unequal age and equal good taste in dress, as their eyes took an inventory of her apparel. They wore bonnets that were quite handsome, and had real false flowers and silk ribbons on them.

"Yes, she's been to camps somewhere to see him."

"Beautiful child she's got," said one, as Alice began softly to smite her mother's shoulder for private attention, and to whisper gravely as Mary bent down.

Two or three soldiers took their feet off the seats, and one of them, at the amiably murmured request of the conductor, put his shoes on.

"The car in front is your car," said the conductor to one man in especially dirty gray uniform.

"You kin hev it," said the soldier, throwing his palm open with an air of happy extravagance, and a group of gray-headed "citizens," just behind, exploded a loud, country laugh.

"D'I onderstaynd you to lafe at me, saw?" asked the soldier, turning back with a pretense of heavy gloom on his uncombed brow.

"Laughin' at yo' friend yondeh," said one of the citizens, grinning and waving his hand after the departing conductor.

"'Caze if you lafe at me again, saw,"— the frown deepened,— "I'll thess go 'ight straight out iss caw." *

The laugh that followed this dreadful threat was loud and general, the victims laughing loudest of all, and the soldier smiling about benignly, and slowly scratching his elbows. Even the two ladies smiled. Alice's face remained impassive. She looked twice into her mother's to see if there was no smile there. But the mother smiled at her, took off her hood and smoothed back the fine gold, then put the hood on again and tied its strings under the upstretched chin.

Presently Alice pulled softly at the hollow of her mother's elbow.

"Mamma — mamma!" she whispered. Mary bowed her ear. The child gazed solemnly across the car at another stranger, then pulled the mother's arm again. "That man over there — winked at me."

* Out of this car.

And thereupon another man, sitting sidewise on the seat in front and looking back at Alice, tittered softly and said to Mary, with a raw drawl:

"She's a-beginnin' young."

"She means some one on the other side," said Mary, quite pleasantly, and the man had sense enough to hush.

The jest and the laugh ran to and fro everywhere. It seemed very strange to Mary to find it so. There were two or three convalescent wounded men in the car, going home on leave, and they appeared never to weary of the threadbare joke of calling their wounds "furloughs." There was one little slip of a fellow — he could hardly have been seventeen — wounded in the hand, whom they kept teazed to the point of exasperation by urging him to confess that he had shot himself for a furlough, and of whom they said, later, when he had got off at a flag-station, that he was the bravest soldier in his company. No one on the train seemed to feel that he had got all that was coming to him until the conductor had exchanged a jest with him. The land laughed. On the right hand and on the left it dimpled and wrinkled in gentle depressions and ridges, and rolled away in fields of young corn and cotton. The train skipped and clattered along at a happy-go-lucky, twelve-miles-an-hour gait, over trestles and stock-pits, through flowery cuts and along slender, rain-washed embankments where dewberries were ripening, and whence cattle ran down and galloped off across the meadows on this side and that, tails up and heads down, throwing their horns about, making light of the screaming destruction, in their dumb way, as the people made light of the war. At stations where the train stopped — and it stopped on the faintest excuse — a long line of heads and gray shoulders was thrust out of the windows of the soldiers' car, in front, with all manner of masculine head-coverings, even bloody handkerchiefs, and woe to the negro or negress or "citizen" who, by any conspicuous demerit or excellence of dress, form, stature, speech, or bearing, drew the fire of that line. No human power of face or tongue could stand the incessant volley of stale quips and mouldy jokes, affirmative, interrogative, and exclamatory, that fell about their victim.

At one spot, in a lovely natural grove, where the air was spiced with the gentle pungency of the young hickory foliage, the train paused a moment to let off a man in fine gray cloth, whose yellow stripes and one golden star on the coat-collar indicated a major of cavalry. It seemed as though pandemonium had opened. Mules braying, negroes yodling, axes ringing, teamsters singing, men shouting and howling, and all at nothing, mess-fires smoking all about in the same haphazard but roomy disorder in which the trees of the grove had grown; the railroad side lined with a motley crowd of jolly fellows in spurs, and the atmosphere between them and the line of heads in the car windows murky with the interchange of compliments that flew back and forth from the "web-foots" * to the "critter company," and from the "critter company" to the "web-foots." As the train moved off:

"I say, boys," drawled a lank, coatless giant on the roadside, with but one suspender and one spur, "tha-at's ri-ight. Gen'l Beerygyard told you to strike fo' yo' homes, an' I see you' a-doin' it ez fass is you kin git thah." And the "citizens" in the rear car windows giggled even at that; while the "web-foots" he-hawed their derision, and the train went on, as one might say, with its hands in its pockets, whooping and whistling over the fields — after the cows; for the day was declining.

Mary was awed. As she had been forewarned to do, she tried not to seem unaccustomed to, or out of harmony with, all this exuberance. But there was something so brave in it, coming from a people who were playing a losing game with their lives and fortunes for their stakes, something so gallant in it, laughing and gibing in the sight of blood, and smell of fire and shortness of food and raiment, that she feared she had betrayed a stranger's wonder and admiration every time the train stopped and the idlers of the station platform lingered about her window and silently paid their ungraceful but complimentary tribute of simulated casual glances.

For with all this jest it was very plain there was but little joy. It was not gladness; it was bravery. It was the humor of an invincible spirit — the gayety of defiance. She could easily see the grim earnestness beneath the jocund temper; and beneath the unrepining smile, the privation and the apprehension. What joy there was was a martial joy. The people were confident of victory at last — a victorious end, whatever might lie between. And of even what lay between they would confess no fear. Richmond was safe, Memphis safer, New Orleans safest. Yea, notwithstanding Porter and Farragut were pelting away at Forts Jackson and St. Philip. Indeed, if the rumor be true, if Farragut's ships had passed those forts, leaving Porter behind, then the Yankee sea-serpent was cut in two and there was an end of him in that direction; ha, ha!

"Is to-day the twenty-sixth?" asked Mary, at last, of one of the ladies in real ribbons, leaning over toward her.

* Infantry.

"Yes, ma'am."

It was the younger one who replied. As she did so, she came over and sat by Mary.

"I judge from what I heard your little girl asking you, that you are going beyond Jackson."

"I'm going to New Orleans."

"Do you live there?" The lady's interest seemed genuine and kind.

"Yes. I am going to join my husband there."

Mary saw by the reflection in the lady's face that a sudden gladness must have overspread her own.

"He'll be mighty glad, I'm sure," said the pleasant stranger, patting Alice's cheek and looking with a pretty fellow-feeling, first into the child's face and then into Mary's.

"Yes, he will," said Mary, looking down upon the curling locks at her elbow with a mother's happiness.

"Is he in the army?" asked the lady.

Mary's face fell.

"He's in ill-health," she replied.

"I know some nice people down in New Orleans," said the lady again.

"We haven't many acquaintances," rejoined Mary, with a timidity that was almost trepidation. Her eyes dropped and she began softly to smooth Alice's collar and hair.

"I didn't know," said the lady, "but you might know some of them. For instance, there's Dr. Sevier."

Mary gave a start and smiled.

"Why, is he your friend, too?" she asked. She looked up into the lady's quiet, brown eyes and down again into her own lap where her hands had suddenly knit together, and then again into the lady's face. "We have no friend like Dr. Sevier."

"Mother," called the lady softly, and beckoned. The senior lady leaned toward her. "Mother, this lady is from New Orleans and is an intimate friend of Dr. Sevier."

The mother was pleased.

"What might one call your name?" she asked, taking a seat behind Mary and continuing to show her pleasure.

"Richling."

The mother and daughter looked at each other. They had never heard the name before.

Yet only a little while later the mother was saying to Mary — they were expecting at any moment to hear the whistle for the terminus of the route, the central Mississippi town of Canton —

"My dear child, no! I couldn't sleep tonight if I thought you was all alone in one o' them old hotels in Canton. No, you must come home with us. We're barely two mile' from town, and we'll have the carriage ready for you bright and early in the morning, and our coachman will put you on the cars just as nice ——. Trouble?" She laughed at the idea. "No; I tell you what would trouble me — that is, if we'd allow it; that'd be for you to stop in one o' them hotels all alone, child, and like' as not some careless servant not wake you in time for the cars to-morrow." At this word she saw capitulation in Mary's eyes. "Come, now, my child, we're not going to take no for an answer."

Nor did they.

But what was the result? The next morning, when Mary and Alice stood ready for the carriage, and it was high time they were gone, the carriage was not ready; the horses had got astray in the night. And while the black coachman was on one horse, which he had found and caught, and was scouring the neighboring fields and lanes and meadows in search of the other, there came out from townward upon the still, country air the long whistle of the departing train; and then the distant rattle and roar of its far southern journey began, and then its warning notes to the scattering colts and cattle.

"Look away,"— it seemed to sing —"Look away!"— the notes fading, failing on the ear; "away — away — away down south in Dixie"— the last train that left for New Orleans until the war was over.

LV.

FIRE AND SWORD.

THE year the war began dates also, for New Orleans, the advent of two better things: street cars and the fire-alarm telegraph. The frantic incoherence of the old alarum gave way to the few solemn, numbered strokes that called to duty in the face of hot danger, like the electric voice of a calm commander. The same new system also silenced, once for all, the old nine o'clock gun. For there were not only taps to signify each new fire district,— one for the first, two for the second, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, and nine,— but there was also one lone toll at midday for the hungry mechanic, and nine at the evening hour when the tired workman called his children in from the street and turned to his couch, and the slave must show cause in a master's handwriting why he or she was not under that master's roof.

And then there was one signal more. Fire is a dreadful thing; and all the alarm signals were for fire except this one. Yet I guess the profoundest wish of every good man and tender woman in New Orleans, when this pleasing novelty of electro-magnetic warnings

was first published for the common edification, was that, midday or midnight, midsummer or midwinter, let come what might of danger or loss or distress, that one particular signal might not sound. Twelve taps. Anything but that.

Dr. Sevier and Richling had that wish together. They had many wishes that were greatly at variance the one's from the other's. The doctor had struggled for the Union until the very smoke of war began to rise into the sky; but then he "went with the South." He was the only one in New Orleans who knew — whatever some others may have suspected — that Richling's heart was on the other side. Had Richling's bodily strength remained, so that he could have been a possible factor, however small, in the strife, it is hard to say whether they could have been together day by day and night by night, as they came to be when the doctor took the failing man into his own home, and have lived in amity, as they did. But there is this to be counted; they were both, though from different directions, for peace, and their gentle forbearance toward each other taught them a moderation of sentiment concerning the whole great issue. And, as I say, they both, together, held the one longing hope that, whatever war should bring of final gladness or lamentation, the steeples of New Orleans might never toll — Twelve.

But one bright Thursday, April morning, as Richling was sitting, half dressed, by an open window of his room in Dr. Sevier's house, leaning on the arm of his soft chair and looking out at the passers on the street, among whom he had begun to notice some singular evidences of excitement, there came from a slender Gothic church spire that was highest of all in the city, just beyond a few roofs in front of him, the clear, sudden, brazen peal of its one great bell.

"Fire," thought Richling; and yet, he knew not why, wondered where Dr. Sevier might be. He had not seen him that morning. A high official had sent for him at sunrise and he had not returned.

"Clang," went the bell again, and the softer ding — dang — dong of others, struck at the same instant, came floating in from various distances. And then it clanged again — and again — and again — the loud one near, the soft ones, one by one, after it — six, seven, eight, nine — ah! stop there! stop there! But still the alarm pealed on; ten — alas! alas! — eleven — oh, oh, the women and children! — twelve! And then the fainter, final asseverations of the more distant bells — twelve! twelve! twelve! — and a hundred and seventy thousand souls knew by that sign that the foe had passed the forts. New Orleans had fallen.

Richling dressed himself hurriedly and went out. Everywhere drums were beating to arms. Couriers and aides-de-camp were galloping here and there. Men in uniform were hurrying on foot to this and that rendezvous. Crowds of the idle and poor were streaming out toward the levee. Carriages and cabs rattled frantically from place to place; men ran out-of-doors and leaped into them and leaped out of them and sprang up stair-ways; hundreds of all manner of vehicles fit and unfit to carry passengers and goods crowded toward the railroad depots and steam-boat landings; women ran into the streets wringing their hands and holding their brows; and children stood in the door-ways and gate-ways and trembled and called and cried.

Richling took the new Dauphine street car. Far down in the Third district, where there was a silence like that of a village lane, he approached a little cottage painted with Venetian red, sitting in its garden of oranges, pomegranates, and bananas, and marigolds, and coxcombs behind its white paling fence and green gate.

The gate was open. In it stood a tall, strong woman, good-looking, rosy, and neatly dressed. That she was tall you could prove by the gate, and that she was strong, by the graceful muscularity with which she held two infants — pretty, swarthy little fellows, with joyous black eyes and evidently of one age and parentage — each in the hollow of a fine, round arm. There was just a hint of emotional disorder in her shining hair and a trace of tears about her eyes. As the visitor drew near, a fresh show of distressed exaltation was visible in the slight play of her form.

"Ah! Mr. Richlin'," she cried, the moment he came within hearing, "'the dispot's heels is on our shores!'" Tears filled her eyes again. Mike, the bruiser, in his sixth year, who had been leaning backward against her knees and covering his legs with her skirts, ran forward and clasped the visitor's lower limbs with the nerve and intention of a wrestler. Kate followed with the cherubs. They were Raphael's.

"Yes, it's terrible," said Richling.

"Ah! no, Mr. Richlin'," replied Kate, lifting her head proudly as she returned with him toward the gate, "it's outrageouz! but it's not terrible. At least it's not for me, Mr. Richlin'. I'm only Mrs. Captain Ristofalah; and whin I see the collonels' and gin'r'ls' ladies a-prancin' around in their carridges I feel my *humility;* but it's my djuty to be *brave*, sur! An' I'll help to *fight* thim, sur, if the min can't do ud. Mr. Richlin', my husband is th' intimit frind of Gin'r'l Garrybaldy, sur! I'll help to burrin the cittee, sur! —

rather nor give ud up to thim vandjals! Come in, Mr. Richlin', come in." She led the way up the narrow shell walk. "Come in, sur; it may be the last time ye do ud before the flames is leppin from the roof! Ah! I knowed ye'd come. I was a-lookin' for ye. I knowed *ye'd* prove yerself that frind in need that he's the frind indeed! Take a seat an' sit down." She faced about on the vine-covered porch and dropped into a rocking-chair, her eyes still at the point of overflow. "But, ah! Mr. Richlin', where's all thim flatterers that fawned around uz in the days of tytled prosperity?"

Richling said nothing; he had not seen any throngs of that sort.

"Gone, sur! and it's a relief; it's a relief, Mr. Richlin'!" She marshaled the twins on her lap, Carlo commanding the right, Francisco the left.

"You mustn't expect too much of them," said Richling, drawing Mike between his knees, "in such a time of alarm and confusion as this." And Kate responded generously:

"Well, I suppose you're right, sur."

"I've come down," resumed the visitor, letting Mike count off "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief," on the buttons of his coat, "to give you any help I can in getting ready to leave town. For you mustn't think of staying. It isn't possible to be anything short of dreadful to stay in a city occupied by hostile troops. It's almost certain the Confederates will try to hold the city, and there may be a bombardment. The city may be taken and retaken half a dozen times before the war is over."

"Mr. Richlin'," said Kate, with a majestic lifting of the hand, "I'll niver rin away from the Yanks."

"No, but you must *go* away from them. You mustn't put yourself in such a position that you can't go to your husband if he needs you, Mrs. Ristofalo; don't get separated from him."

"Ah! Mr. Richlin', it's you as has the right to say so! and I'll do as you say. Mr. Richlin', my husband"—her voice trembled—"may be wounded this hour. I'll go, sur, indeed I will; but, sur, if Captain Raphael Ristofalah wor *here*, sur, he'd be ad the *front*, sur, and Kate Ristofalah would be at his galliant side!"

"Well, then, I'm glad he's not here," rejoined Richling, "for I'd have to take care of the children."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Kate. "No, sur! I'd take the lion's whelps wid me, sur! Why, that little Mike theyre can han'le the dthrumsticks to beat the felley in the big hat!" And she laughed again.

They made arrangements for her and the three children to go "out into the confederacy" within two or three days at furthest; as soon as she and her feeble helper could hurry a few matters of business to completion at and about the Picayune Tier. Richling did not get back to the doctor's house until night had fallen and the sky was set aglare by seven miles' length of tortuous harbor front covered with millions' worth of burning merchandise. The city was being evacuated.

Dr. Sevier and he had but few words; Richling was dejected from weariness and his friend weary with dejections.

"Where have you been all day?" asked the doctor, with a touch of irritation.

"Getting Kate Ristofalo ready to leave the city."

"You shouldn't have left the house—but it's no use to tell you anything. Has she gone?"

"No."

"Well, in the name of common sense, then, when is she going?"

"In two or three days," replied Richling, almost in retort.

The doctor laughed with impatience.

"If you feel responsible for her going, get her off by to-morrow afternoon at the furthest." He dropped his tired head against the back of his chair.

"Why," said Richling, "I don't suppose the fleet can fight its way through all opposition and get here short of a week."

The doctor laid his long fingers upon his brow and rolled his head from side to side. Then slowly raising it—

"Well, Richling!" he said, "there must have been some mistake made when you was put upon the earth."

Richling's thin cheek flushed. The doctor's face confessed the bitterest resentment.

"Why, the fleet is only eighteen miles from here now." He ceased, and then added with sudden kindness of tone: "I want you to do something for me; will you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, go to bed; I'm going. You'll need every grain of strength you've got for to-morrow. I'm afraid then it will not be enough. This is an awful business, Richling."

They went upstairs together. As they were parting at its top Richling said:

"You told me a few days ago that if the city should fall, which we didn't expect——"

"That I'd not leave," said the doctor. "No; I shall stay. I haven't the stamina to take the field, and I can't be a runaway. Anyhow, I couldn't take you along. You couldn't bear the travel, and I wouldn't go and leave you here, Richling,—old fellow."

He laid his hand gently on the sick man's

shoulder,—who made no response, so afraid was he that another word would mar the perfection of the last.

When Richling went out the next morning the whole city was in an ecstasy of rage and terror. Thousands had gathered what they could in their hands, and were flying by every avenue of escape. Thousands ran hither and thither, not knowing where or how to fly. He saw the wife and son of the silver-haired banker rattling and bouncing away toward one of the railway depots in a butcher's cart. A messenger from Kate by good chance met him with word that she would be ready for the afternoon train of the Jackson Railroad, and asking anew his earliest attention to her interests about the lugger landing.

He hastened to the levee. The huge, writhing river, risen up above the town, was full to the levee's top, and as though the enemy's fleet was that much more than it could bear, was silently running over by a hundred rills into the streets of the stricken city.

As far as the eye could reach, black smoke, white smoke, brown smoke, and red flames rolled and spread, and licked and leaped, from unnumbered piles of cotton bales, and wooden wharves, and ships cut adrift, and steam-boats that blazed like shavings, floating down the harbor as they blazed. He stood for a moment to see a little revenue cutter—a pretty topsail schooner—lying at the foot of Canal street, sink before his eyes into the turbid yellow depths of the river, scuttled. Then he hurried on. Huge mobs ran to and fro in the fire and smoke, howling, breaking, and stealing. Women and children hurried back and forth like swarms of giant ants, with buckets and baskets, and dippers and bags, and bonnets, hats, petticoats, anything—now empty, and now full, of rice and sugar and meal and corn and syrup; and robbed each other, and cursed and fought, and slipped down in pools of molasses, and threw live pigs and coops of chickens into the river, and with one voiceless rush left the broad levee a smoking, crackling desert, when some shells exploded on a burning gunboat, and presently were back again like a flock of evil birds.

It began to rain, but Richling sought no shelter. The men he was in search of were not to be found. But the victorious ships, with bare black arms stretched wide, boarding nettings up, and the dark muzzles of their guns bristling from their sides, came, silently as a nightmare, slowly around the bend at Slaughterhouse Point and moved up the middle of the harbor. At the French market he found himself, without forewarning, witness of a sudden skirmish between some Gascon and Sicilian market-men who had waved a welcome to the fleet, and some Texan soldiers who resented the treason. The report of a musket rang out, a second and third reëchoed it, a pistol cracked, and another, and another; there was a rush for cover, another shot, and another, resounded in the market-house, and presently in the street beyond. Then, in a moment, all was silence and emptiness, into which there ventured but a single stooping, peeping Sicilian, glancing this way and that with his finger on trigger, eager to kill, gliding from cover to cover, and presently gone again from view, leaving no human life visible nearer than the swarming mob that Richling, by mounting a pile of ship's ballast, could see still on the steam-boat landing, pillaging in the drenching rain, and the long fleet casting anchor before the town in line of battle.

Late that afternoon Richling, still wet to the skin, amid pushing and yelling and the piping calls of distracted women and children, and scuffling and cramming in, got Kate Ristofalo, trunks, baskets, and babes, safely off on the cars. And when, one week from that day, the sound of drums, that had been hushed for a while, fell upon his ear again, no longer the jaunty rataplan of Dixie's drums, but the heavy, monotonous roar of the conqueror's at the head of his dark-blue columns, Richling could not leave his bed.

Dr. Sevier sat by him and bore the sound in silence. As it died away and ceased, Richling said:

"May I write to Mary?"

Then the doctor had a hard task.

"I wrote for her yesterday," he said. "But, Richling, I—don't think she'll get the letter."

"Do you think she has already started?" asked the sick man, with glad eagerness.

"Richling, I did the best I knew how——"

"Whatever you did was all right, Doctor."

"I wrote to her months ago, by the hand of Ristofalo. He knows she got the letter. I'm afraid she's somewhere in the Confederacy trying to get through. I meant it for the best, my dear boy."

"It's all right, Doctor," said the invalid; but the physician could see the cruel fact slowly grind him.

"Doctor, may I ask one favor?"

"One or a hundred, Richling."

"I want you to let Madame Zenobie come and nurse me."

"Why, Richling, can't I nurse you well enough?"

The doctor was jealous.

"Yes," answered the sick man. "But I'll need a good deal of attention. She wants to do it. She was here yesterday, you know. She wanted to ask you, but was afraid."

His wish was granted.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW ASTRONOMY. I.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

THE visitor to Salisbury Plain sees around him a lonely waste, utterly barren except for a few recently planted trees, and otherwise as desolate as it could have been when Hengist and Horsa landed in Britain, for its monotony is still unbroken except by the funeral mounds of ancient chiefs, which dot it to its horizon, and contrast strangely with the crowded life and fertile soil which everywhere surrounds its borders. In the midst of this loneliness rise the rude, enormous monoliths of Stonehenge, circles of gray stones, which seem as old as time, and were there, as we now are told, the temple of a people which had already passed away, and whose worship was forgotten, when our Saxon forefathers first saw the place.

In the center of the inner circle is a stone which is believed once to have been the altar, while beyond the outmost ring, quite away to the north-east upon the open plain, still stands a solitary stone, set up there evidently with some special object by the same unknown builders. Seen under ordinary circumstances, it is difficult to divine its connection with the others; but we are told that once in each year, upon the morning of the longest day, the level shadow of this distant, isolated stone is projected at sunrise to the very center of the ancient sanctuary, and falls just upon the altar. The primitive man who devised this was both astronomer and priest, for he not only adored the risen god whose first beams brought him light and warmth, but could mark its place; and, though utterly ignorant of its nature, had evidently learned enough of its motions to embody his simple astronomical knowledge in a record so exact and so enduring that, though his very memory has gone, common men are still interested in it; for, as I learned when viewing the scene, people are accustomed to come from all the surrounding country, and pass in this desolate spot the short night preceding the longest day of the year, to see the shadow touch the altar at the moment of sunrise.

Most great national observatories, like Greenwich or Washington, are the perfected development of that kind of astronomy of which the builders of Stonehenge represent the infancy. Those primitive men could know where the sun would rise on a certain day, and make their observation of its place, as we see, very well, without knowing anything of its physical nature. At Greenwich the moon has been observed with scarcely an intermission for one hundred and fifty years, but we should mistake greatly did we suppose that it was for the purpose of seeing what it was made of, or of making discoveries in it. This immense mass of Greenwich observations is for quite another purpose — for the very practical purpose of forming the lunar tables, which, by means of the moon's place among the stars, will tell the navigator in distant oceans where he is, and conduct the fleets of England safely home.

In the observatory at Washington one may see a wonderfully exact instrument, in which circles of brass have replaced circles of stone, all so bolted between massive piers, that the sun can be observed by it but once daily, as it crosses the meridian. This instrument is the completed attainment along that long line of progress in one direction, of which the solitary stone at Stonehenge marks the initial step — the attainment, that is, purely of precision of measurement; for the astronomer of to-day can still use his circles for the special purpose of fixing the sun's place in the heavens, without any more knowledge of that body's chemical constitution than had the man who built Stonehenge.

Yet the object of both is, in fact, the same. It is true that the functions of astronomer and priest have become divided in the advance of our modern civilization, which has committed the special cultivation of the religious aspect of these problems to a distinct profession; while the modern observer has possibly exchanged the emotions of awe and wonder for a more exact knowledge of the equinox than was possessed by his primitive brother, who both observed and adored. Still, both aim at the common end, not of learning what the sun is made of, but of where it will be at a certain moment; for the prime object of astronomy, until very lately indeed, has still been to say *where* any heavenly body is, and not *what* it is. It is this precision of measurement, then, which has always — and justly — been a paramount object of this oldest of the sciences, not only as a good in itself, but as leading to great ends; and it is this which the poet of Urania has chosen rightly to note as its characteristic, when he says:

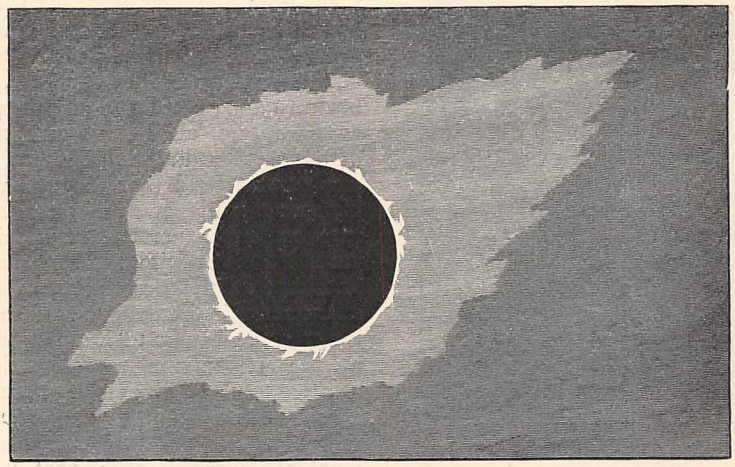


FIG. 1.—THE SUN'S SURROUNDINGS.

"That little Vernier, on whose slender lines
The midnight taper trembles as it shines,
Tells through the mist where dazzled Mercury burns,
And marks the point where Uranus returns."

But within a comparatively few years a new branch of astronomy has arisen, which studies sun, moon, and stars for what they are in themselves, and in relation to ourselves. Its study of the sun, beginning with its external features (and full of novelty and interest, even, as regards those), led to the further inquiry as to what it was made of, and then to finding the unexpected relations which it bore to the earth and our own daily lives on it, the conclusion being that, in a physical sense, it made us and re-creates us, as it were, daily, and that the knowledge of the intimate ties which unite man with it brings results of the most practical and important kind, which a generation ago were unguessed at.

This new branch of inquiry is sometimes called Celestial Physics, sometimes Solar Physics, and is sometimes more rarely referred to as the New Astronomy. I will call it here by this title, and try to tell the reader something about it which may interest him, beginning with the sun.

The whole of what we have to say about the sun and stars presupposes a knowledge of their size and distance, and we may take it for granted that the reader has at some time or another heard such statements as that the moon's distance is two hundred and forty thousand miles, and the sun's ninety-three million (and very probably has forgotten them again as of no practical concern). He will not be offered here the kind of statistics which he would expect in a college text-book; but we must linger a moment on the threshold of our subject — the nature of these bodies — to insist on the real meaning of such figures as those just quoted. We are accustomed to look on the sun and moon as far off together in the sky; and though we know the sun is greater, we are apt to think of them vaguely as things of a common order of largeness, away among the stars. It would be safe to say that, though nine out of ten intelligent readers have learned that the sun is larger than the moon, and, in fact, larger than the earth itself, most of them do not at all realize that the difference is so enormous that if we could hollow out the sun's globe and place the earth in the center, there would still be so much room that the moon might go on moving in her present orbit at two hundred and forty thousand miles from the earth, — *all within the globe of the sun itself*,— and have plenty of room to spare.

As to the distance of ninety-three million miles, a cannon-ball would travel it in about fifteen years. It may help us to remember that at the speed attained by the Limited Express on our railroads a train which had left the sun for the earth when the *Mayflower* sailed from Delfhaven with the Pilgrim Fathers, and which ran at that rate day and night, would in 1884 still be a journey of some years away from its terrestrial station. The fare, at the customary rates, it may be remarked, would be rather over two million five hundred thousand dollars, so that it is clear that we should need both money and leisure for the journey.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the sun's distance is given by expressing it in terms of what the physiologists would call velocity of nerve transmission. It has been found that sensation is not absolutely instantaneous, but that it occupies a very minute

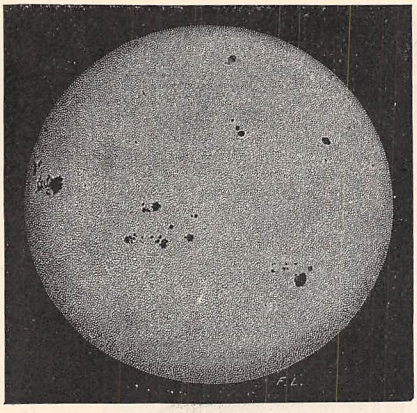


FIG. 2.—VIEW OF THE SUN ON SEPTEMBER 20, 1870. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

time in traveling along the nerves; so that if a child puts its finger into the candle, there is a certain almost inconceivably small space of time, say the one-hundredth of a second, before he feels the heat. In case, then, a child's arm were long enough to touch the sun, it can be calculated from this known rate of transmission that the infant would have to live to be a man of over a hundred before it knew that its fingers were burned.

Trying with the help of these still inadequate images, we may get some idea of the real size and distance of the sun. I could wish not to have to dwell so long upon figures, that seem, however, indispensable; but we are now done with these, and are ready to turn to the telescope and see what the sun itself looks like.

The sun, as we shall learn later, is a star, and not a particularly large star. It is, as has been said, "only a private in the host of heaven," but it is one of that host; it is one of those glittering points to which we have been brought near. Let us keep in mind, then, from the first, what we shall see confirmed later, that there is an essentially similar constitution in them all, and not forget that when we study the sun, as we now begin to do, we are studying the stars also.

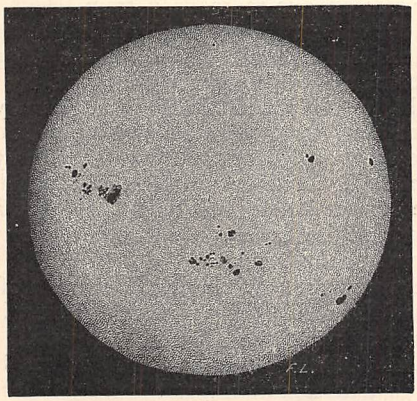


FIG. 3.—THE SUN ON SEPTEMBER 22, 1870.

If we were called on to give a description of the earth and all that is on it, it would be easily understood that the task was impossibly great, and that even an account of its most striking general features might fill volumes. So it is with the sun; and we shall find that in the description of the general character of its immediate surface alone there is a great deal to be told. First, let us look at a little conventional representation (Fig. 1), as at a kind of outline of the unknown regions we are about to explore. The circle represents the Photosphere, which is simply what the word implies, that "sphere" of "light" which we have daily before our eyes,

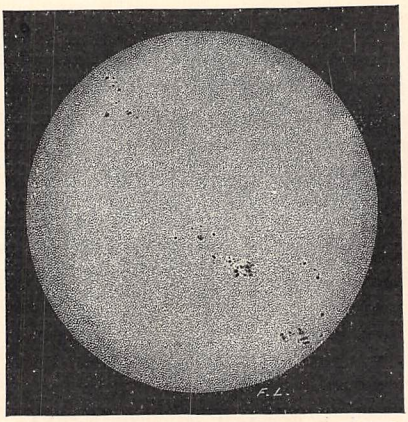


FIG. 4.—THE SUN ON SEPTEMBER 26, 1870.

or which we can study with the telescope. Outside this there is a thin envelope, which rises here and there into irregular prominences, some orange-scarlet, some rose-pink. This is the Chromosphere, a thin shell, mainly of crimson and scarlet tints, invisible even to the telescope except at the time of a total eclipse, when alone its true colors are discernible, but seen as to its form at all times by the spectroscope. It is always there, not hidden in any way, and yet not seen, only because it is overpowered by the intenser brilliancy of the Photosphere, as a glow-worm's shine would be if it were put beside an electric light. Outside all is the strange shape, which represents the mysterious Corona, seen by the naked eye in a total eclipse, but at all other times invisible even to telescope and spectroscope, and of whose true nature we are nearly ignorant from lack of opportunity to study it.

Disregarding other details, let us carry in

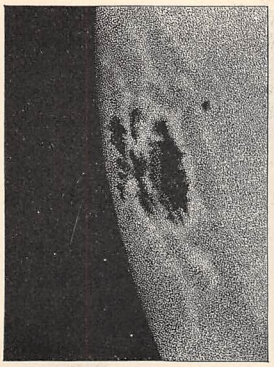


FIG. 5.—SEPTEMBER 19, 1870.

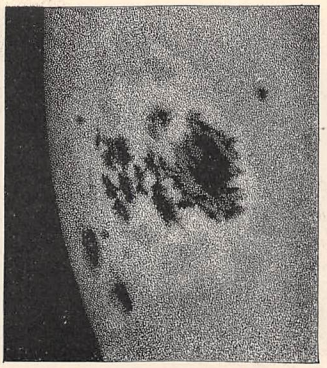


FIG. 6.—SEPTEMBER 20, 1870.

(ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUTHERFURD.)

our minds the three main divisions:—the Photosphere, or daily visible surface of the sun, which contains nearly all its mass or substance; the Chromosphere; and the unsubstantial Corona, which is nevertheless larger than all the rest. We begin our examination with the Photosphere.

There are records of spots having been seen with the naked eye before the invention of the telescope, but they were supposed to be planets passing between us and the surface; and the idea that the sun was pure fire, necessarily immaculate, was taught by the professors of the Aristotelian philosophy in mediæval schools, and regarded almost as an article of religious faith. We can hardly conceive now the shock of the first announcement that spots were to be found on the sun, but the notion partook in contemporary minds at once of the absurd and the impious; and we notice here, what we shall have occasion to notice again, that these physical discoveries from the first affect men's thoughts in unexpected ways, and modify their scheme of the moral universe as well as of the physical one.

Very little indeed was added to the early observations of Fabricius and Galileo until a time within the remembrance of many of us; for it is since the advent of the generation now on the stage that nine-tenths of the knowledge of the subject has been reached.

Let us first take a general view of the sun, and afterward study it in detail. What we see with a good telescope in this general view is something like this. Opposite are three successive views (Figs. 2, 3, 4) taken on three successive days,—quite authentic portraits, since the sun himself made them; they being, in fact, projected telescopic images which have been fixed for us by photography, and then exactly reproduced by the engraver. The first was taken (by Mr. Rutherfurd, of New York) on the 20th of September, 1870, when a remarkably large spot had come into view. It is seen here not far from the eastern edge (the left hand in the engraving), and numerous other spots are also visible. The reader should notice the position of these, and then on turning to the next view (Fig. 3, taken on September 22d) he will see that they have all shifted their places, by a common motion toward the west. The great spot on the left has now got well into view, and we can see its separate parts; the group which was on the left of the center has got a little to the right of it, and so on. From the common motion of them all, we might suspect that the sun was turning round on an axis like the earth, carrying the spots with it, and as we continue to observe, this suspicion becomes certainty. In the third view (Fig. 4), taken on September 26th, the spot we first saw on the left has traveled more than half across the disk, while others we saw on September 20th have approached to the right-hand edge or passed wholly out of sight behind it. The sun does rotate, then, but in twenty-five or twenty-six of our days—I say twenty-five *or* twenty-six, because (what is very extraordinary) it does not turn all-of-a-piece like the earth, but some parts revolve faster than others,—not only faster in feet and inches, but in the number of turns,—just as though the rim of a carriage wheel were to make more revolutions in a mile than the spokes, and the spokes more than the hub. Of course no solid wheel could so turn without wrenching itself in pieces, but that the great solar wheel does is incontestable; and this alone is a convincing proof that the sun's surface is not solid, but liquid or gaseous.

FIG. 7.—SEPTEMBER 21, 1870.

FIG. 8.—SEPTEMBER 22, 1870.

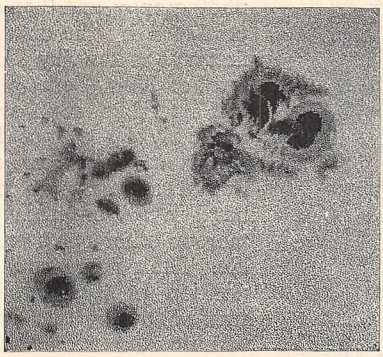


FIG. 9.—SEPTEMBER 23, 1870.

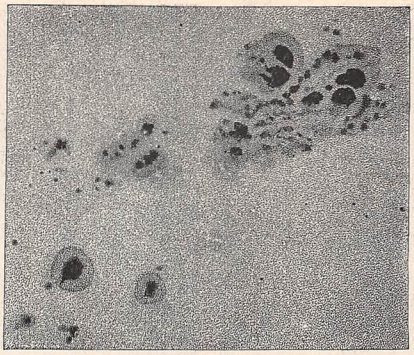
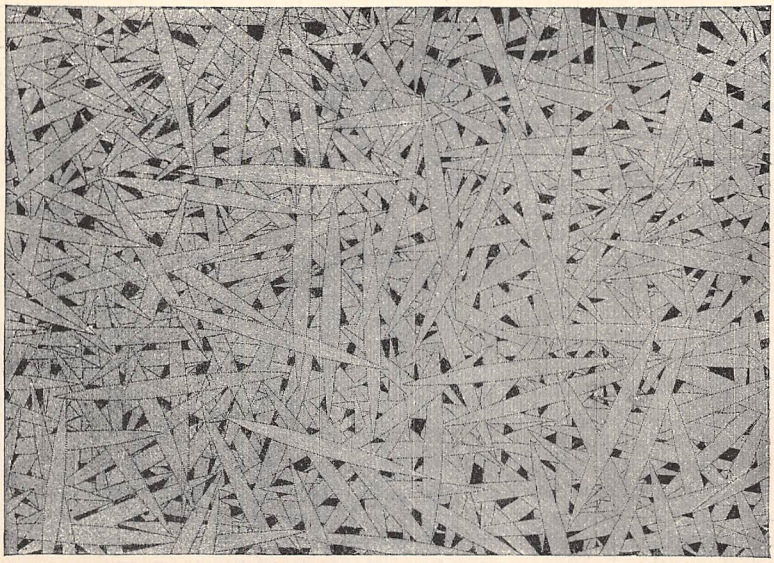


FIG. 10.—SEPTEMBER 26, 1870.

But let us return to the great spot which we saw coming round the eastern edge. Possibly the word "great" may seem misapplied to what was but the size of a pin-head in the first engraving, but we must remember that the disk of the sun there shown is in reality over 800,000 miles in diameter. We shall soon see whether this spot deserves to be called "great" or not.

Next we have six enlarged views of it on the 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, and 26th. On the 19th it is seen very near the eastern limb, showing like a great hole in the sun, and foreshortened as it comes into view around the dark edge; for the edge of the sun is really darker than the central parts, as it is shown here, or as one may see even through a smoked glass by careful attention. On the 20th we have the edge still visible, but on the 21st the spot has advanced so far that the edge cannot be shown for want of room. We see distinctly the division of the spot into the outer shades which constitute the penumbra, and the inner darker ones which form the umbra and nucleus. We notice particularly in this enlarged view, by comparing the appearances on the 21st, 22d, and 23d, that the spot not only turns with the sun (as we have already learned), but moves and changes within itself in the most surprising way, like a terrestrial cloud, which not only revolves with the rest of the globe, but varies its shape from hour to hour. This is seen still more plainly when we compare the appearance on the 23d with that on the 26th, only three days later, where the process has begun by which the spot finally breaks up and forever disappears. On looking at all this, the tremendous scale on which the



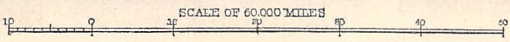


FIG. 11.—NASMYTH'S WILLOW LEAVES. (FROM HERSCHEL'S "OUTLINES OF ASTRONOMY.")

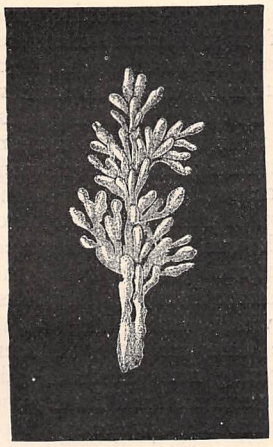


FIG. 12.—THE CACTUS TYPE. (FROM SECCHI'S "LE SOLEIL.")

action occurs must be borne in mind. On the 21st, for instance, the umbra, or dark central hole, alone was large enough to let the whole globe of our own earth drop in without touching the sides! We shall have occasion to recur to this view of the 21st September again.

In looking at this spot and its striking changes, the reader must not omit to notice, also, a much less obvious feature: the vaguely seen mottlings which show all over the sun's surface, both quite away from the spots and also close to them, and which seem to merge into them.

I think if we assign one year rather than another for the birth of the youthful science of solar physics, it should be 1861, when Kirchhoff and Bunsen published their memorable research on Spectrum Analysis, and when Nasmyth observed what he called the "willow-leaf" structure of the solar surface (See Fig. 11). Mr. Nasmyth, with a very powerful reflecting telescope, thought he had succeeded in finding what these faint mottlings really are composed of, and believed that he had discovered in them some most extraordinary things. This is what he thought he saw: The whole sun is, according to him, covered with huge bodies of most definite shape, that of the oblong willow leaf, and of enormous but uniform size; and the faint mottlings the reader has just noticed are, according to him, made up of these. "These," he says, "cover the whole disk of the sun (except in the space occupied by the spots) in countless millions, and lie crossing each other in every imaginable direction." Sir John Herschel took a particular interest in the supposed discovery, and, treating it as a matter of established fact, proceeded to make one of the most amazing suggestions in explanation that ever came from a scientific man of deserved eminence. We must remember how much there is unknown in the sun still, and what a great mystery even yet overhangs many of our relations to that body which maintains our own vital action, when we read the following words, which are Herschel's own. Speaking of these supposed spindle-shaped monsters, he says:

"The exceedingly definite shape of these objects, their exact similarity to one another, and the way in which they lie across and athwart each other — all these characters seem quite repugnant to the notion of their being of a vaporous, a cloudy, or a fluid nature. Nothing remains but to consider them as separate and independent sheets, flakes, or scales, having some sort of solidity. And these . . . are evidently *the immediate sources of the solar light and heat*, by whatever mechanism or whatever processes they may be enabled to develop, and as it were elaborate, these elements from the bosom of the non-luminous fluid in which they appear to float. Looked at in this point of view, we cannot refuse to regard them as *organisms* of some peculiar and amazing kind; and though it would be too daring to speak of such organization as partaking of the nature of life, yet we do know that vital action is competent to develop at once heat and light and electricity."

Such are his words; and when we consider that each of these solar inhabitants was supposed to extend about two hundred by one thousand miles upon the surface of the fiery ocean, we may subscribe to Mr. Proctor's comment, that "Milton's picture of him who on the fires of hell 'lay floating many a rood,' seems tame and commonplace compared with Herschel's conception of these floating monsters, the least covering a greater space than the British Islands."

I hope I may not appear wanting in respect for Sir John Herschel—a man whose memory I reverence—in thus citing views which, if his honored life could have been prolonged, he would have abandoned. I do so because nothing else can so forcibly illustrate the field for wonder and wild conjecture solar physics

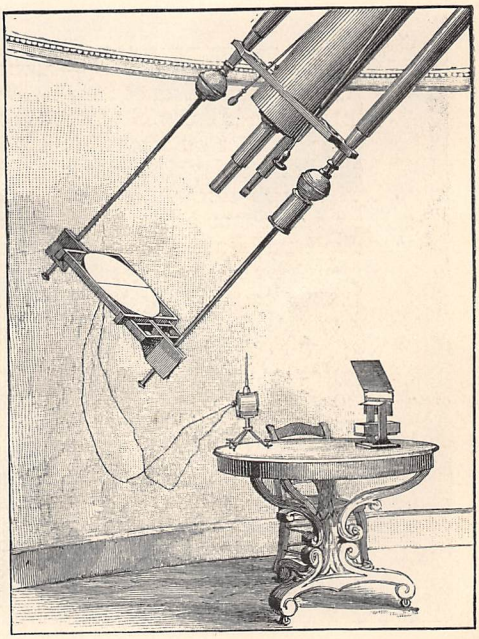


FIG. 13.—EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE AND PROJECTION.

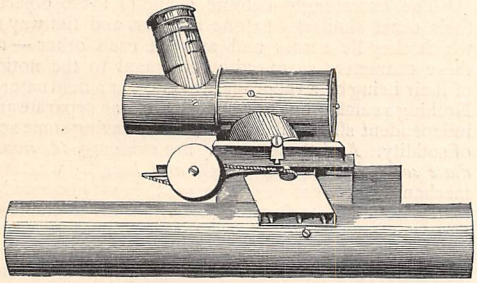


FIG. 14.—POLARIZING EYE-PIECE.

presented even a few years ago; and its supposed connection with that "Vital Force," which was till so lately accepted by physiology, serves as a kind of landmark on the way we have come.

This new science of ours, then, youthful as it is, has already had its age of fable.

After a time Nasmyth's observation was attributed to imperfect definition, but was not fairly disproved. He had, indeed, a basis of fact for his statement, and to him belongs the credit of first pointing out the existence of this minute structure, though he mistook its true character. It will be seen later how the real forms might be mistaken for leaves, and *in certain particular cases* they certainly do take on a very leaf-like appearance. Here is a drawing (Fig. 12) which Father Secchi gives of some of them in the spot of April 14th, 1867, and which he compares to a branch of cactus. He remarks somewhere else that they resemble a crystallization of sal-ammoniac, and calls them veils of most intricate structure. This was the state of our knowledge in 1870. And it may seem surprising that such wonderful statements had not been proved or disproved, when they referred to mere matters of observation. But direct observation is here very difficult on account of the incessant tremor and vibration of our own atmosphere.

The surface of the sun may be compared to an elaborate engraving, filled with the closest and most delicate lines and hatchings, but an engraving which during ninety-nine hundredths of the time can only be seen across such a quivering mass of heated air as makes everything confused and liable to be mistaken, causing what is definite to look like a vaguely seen mottling. It is literally true that the more delicate features we are about to show are only distinctly visible even by the best telescope during less than one-hundredth of the time, coming out as they do in brief instants when our dancing air is momentarily still, so that one who has sat at a powerful telescope all day is exceptionally lucky if he has secured enough glimpses of the true structure to aggregate five minutes of clear seeing, while at all other times the attempt to magnify only produces a blurring of the image. This study, then, demands not only fine telescopes and special optical aids, but endless patience.

My attention was first particularly directed to the subject in 1870, shortly after the

FIG. 15.—SPOT OF SEPTEMBER 21, 1870. (REDUCED FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY S. P. LANGLEY.)

regular study of the Photosphere was commenced at the Allegheny Observatory by means of its equatorial telescope of thirteen inches aperture, with the view of finding out what this vaguely seen structure really is. Nearly three years of constant watching were given to obtain the results which follow. The method I have used for it is indicated in the drawing, which shows the preliminary step of projecting the image of the sun directly upon a sheet of paper divided into squares and attached to the eye-end of a great equatorial telescope. When this is directed to the sun in a darkened dome, the solar picture is formed upon the paper as in a camera obscura, and this picture can be made as large or as small as we please by varying the lenses which project it. As the sun moves along in the sky its image moves across the paper; and as we can observe how long the whole sun (whose diameter in miles is known) takes to cross, we can find how many miles correspond to the time it is in crossing one of the squares, and so get the scale of the future drawing, and the true size in miles of the spot we are about to study. Then a piece of clock-work attached to the telescope is put in motion, and it commences to follow the sun in the sky, and the spot appears fixed on the paper. A tracing of the spot's outline is next made, but the finer details are not to be observed by this method, which is purely preliminary, and only for the purpose of fixing the scale and the points of the compass (so to speak) on the sun's face. The projecting apparatus is next removed and replaced by the polarizing eye-piece. Sir William Herschel used to avoid the blinding effects of the concentrated solar light by passing the rays through ink and water, but the phenomena of "polarization" have been used to better advantage in modern apparatus. This instrument, one of the first of its kind ever constructed, and in which the light is polarized with three successive reflections through the three tubes seen in the drawing,

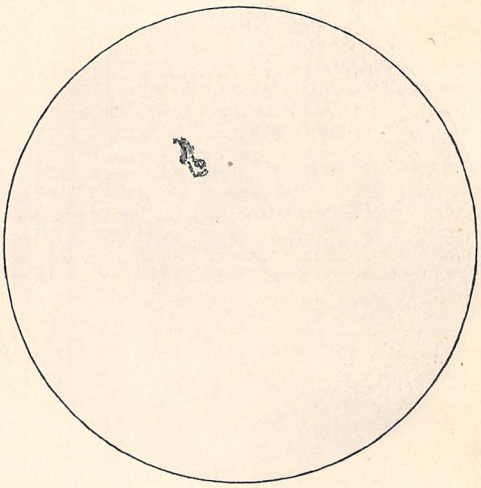


FIG. 16.—SUN ON MARCH 5, 1873. (FROM A DRAWING BY S. P. LANGLEY.)

FIG. 17.—SPOT OF MARCH 5, 1873. (REDUCED FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY S. P. LANGLEY.)

FIG. 18.—"THE PLUME" SPOT OF MARCH 5 AND 6, 1873. (FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY S. P. LANGLEY.)

was made in Pittsburgh as a part of the gift of apparatus by one of its citizens to the Observatory, and has been most useful. By its aid the eye can be safely placed where the concentrated heat would otherwise melt iron. In practice I have often gazed through it at the sun's face without intermission from four to five hours, with no more fatigue or harm to the eye than in reading a book. By its aid the observer fills in the outline already projected on the paper.

The photograph has transported us already so near the sun's surface that we have seen details there invisible to the naked eye. We have seen that what we have called "spots" are indeed regions whose actual vastness surpasses the vague immensity of a dream, and it will not cause surprise that in them is a temperature which also surpasses greatly that of the hottest furnace. We shall see later, in fact, that the whole surface is composed largely of metals turned into vapor in this heat, and that if we could indeed drop our great globe itself upon the sun, it would be dissipated as a snow-flake. Now, we cannot suppose this

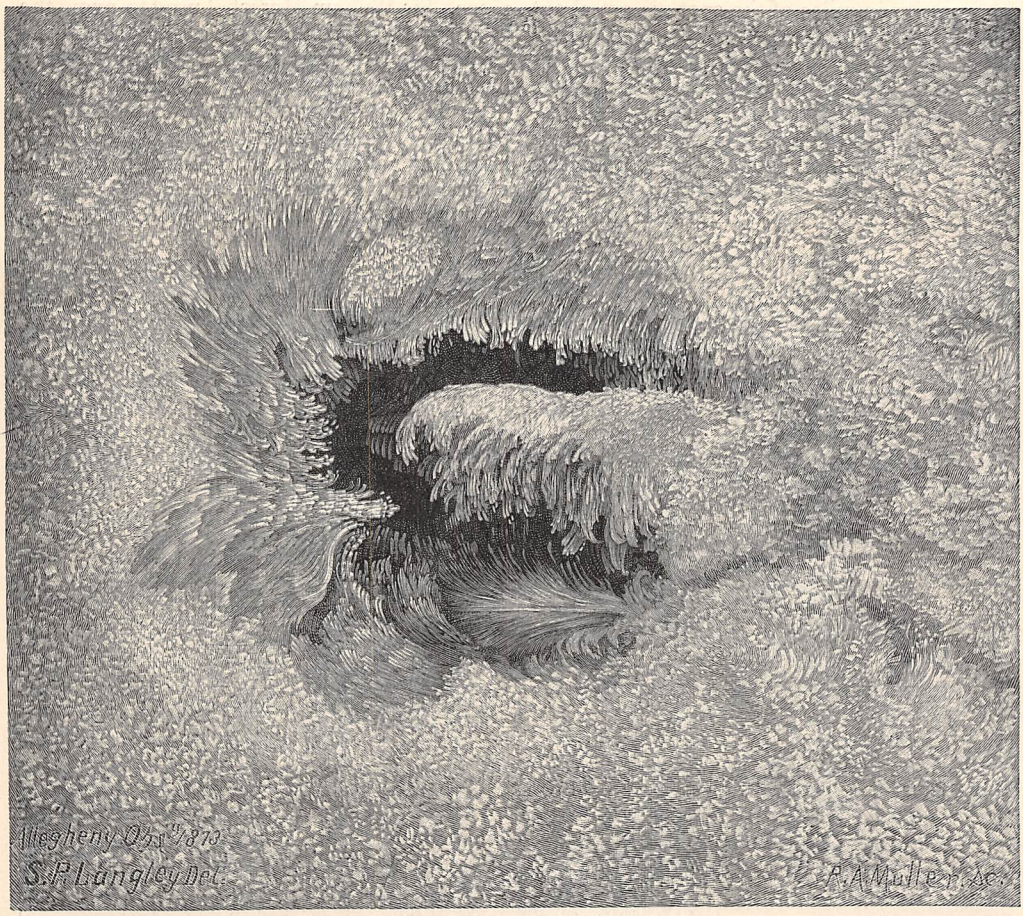


FIG. 19.—TYPICAL SUN SPOT OF DECEMBER, 1873. (REDUCED FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY S. P. LANGLEY.)

great space is fully described when we have divided it into the penumbra, umbra, and nucleus, or that the little photograph has shown us all there is, and we rather anticipate that these great spaces must be filled with curious things, if we could get near enough to see them. We cannot advantageously enlarge our photograph further; but if we could really come closer, we should have the nearer view that the work at Allegheny, I have just alluded to, now affords. On page 718 there is a drawing (Fig. 15) of the central part of the same great spot already cited, made on the 21st of September, 1870, and which may be compared with the photograph of that day. We have now a greatly more magnified view than before, but it is not blurred by the magnifying, and is full of detail. We have been brought within two hundred thousand miles of the sun, or rather less than the actual distance of the moon, and are seeing for ourselves what was a few years since thought out of the reach of any observer. See how full of intricate forms that void, black, umbral space in the photograph has become! The penumbra is filled with detail of the strangest kind, and there are two great "bridges," as they are called, which are almost wholly invisible in the photograph. Notice the line in one of the bridges which follows its sinuosities through its whole length of twelve thousand miles, making us suspect that it is made up of smaller parts as a rope is made up of cords (as, in fact, it is); and look at the end, where the cords themselves are unraveled into threads, fine as threads of silk, and these again resolved into finer fibers, till in more and more web-like fineness it passes beyond the reach of sight! I am speaking, however, here rather of the wonderful original, as I so well remember it, than of what my sketch, or even the engraver's skill, can render.

On page 719 is quite another "spot," belonging to another year (1873). First, there is a view (Fig. 16) of the sun's disk with the spot on it (as it would appear in a small telescope), to show its relative size, and then a larger drawing of the spot itself (Fig. 17), on a scale of twelve thousand miles to the inch, so that the region shown to the reader's eyes, though but a "spot" on the sun, covers an area of over one billion square miles, or more than five times the entire surface of the earth, land and water. To help us to conceive its vastness, I have drawn in one corner the continents of North and South America on the same scale as the "spot." Notice the evidence of solar whirlwinds, and the extraordinary "plume" (Fig. 17), which is a something we have no terrestrial simile for. The appearance of the original would have been described most correctly by such incongruous images as "leaf-like," and "crystalline," and "flame-like"; and even in this inadequate sketch there may remain some faint suggestion of the appearance of its wonderful archetype, which was indeed that of a great flame leaping into spires and viewed through a win-

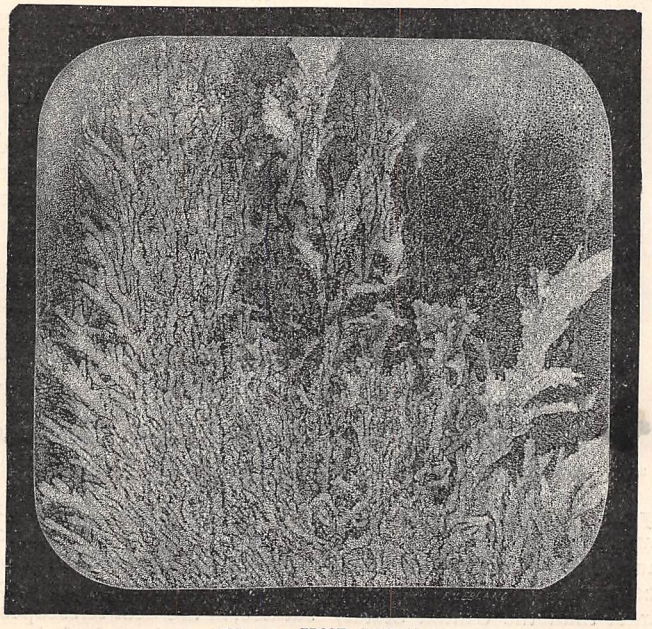


FIG. 20.—FROST CRYSTAL.

dow covered with frost crystals. Neither "frost" nor "flame" is really there, but we cannot avoid this seemingly unnatural union of images, which was fully justified by the marvelous thing itself. The reader must bear in mind that the whole of this was actually in motion, not merely turning with the sun's rotation, but whirling and shifting within itself, and that the motion was in parts occa-

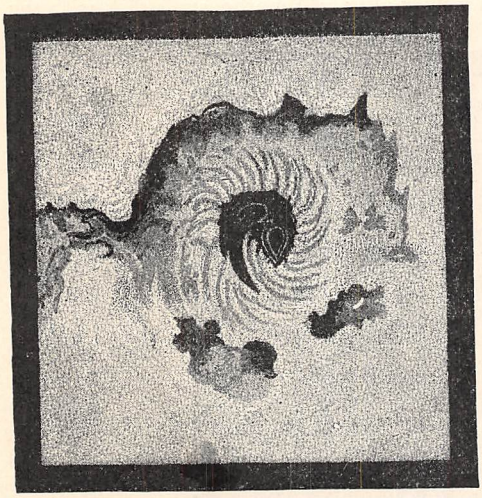


FIG. 21.—CYCLONE SPOT. (DRAWN BY FATHER SECCHI.)

sionally probably as high as fifty miles per second,— per *second*, remember, not per hour, —so that it changed under the gazer's eyes. The hook-shaped prominence in the lower part (actually larger than the United States) broke up and disappeared in about twenty minutes, or while the writer was engaged in drawing it. The imagination is confounded in an attempt to realize to itself the true character of such a phenomenon.

On page 720 is a separate view of the plume (Fig. 18), a fac-simile of the original sketch, which was made with the eye at the telescope. The pointed or flame-like tips are not a very common form, the terminals being more commonly clubbed, like those in Father Secchi's "branch of cactus" type given on page 717. It must be borne in mind, too, if the drawing does not seem to contain all that the text implies, that there were but a few minutes in which to attempt to draw, where even a skilled draughtsman might have spent hours on the details momentarily visible, and that much must be left to memory. The writer's notebook at the time contains an expression of despair at his utter inability to render most of what he saw.

Let us now look at another and even more wonderful example. Figure 19 shows part of a great spot which the writer drew in December, 1873, when the rare coincidence happened of a fine spot and fine terrestrial weather to observe it in. In this, as well as in the preceding drawing, the pores which cover the sun's surface by millions may be noted. The luminous dots which divide them are what Nasmyth imperfectly saw, but we are hardly more able than he to say what they really are. Each of these countless "dots" is larger than England, Scotland, and Ireland together! The wonderful "crystalline" structure in the center cannot be a real crystal, for it is ten times the area of Europe, and changed slowly while I drew it; but the reader may be sure that its resemblance to some crystallizations has not been in the least exaggerated. I have sought to study various actual crystals for comparison, but found none quite satisfactory. That of sal-ammoniac in some remote way resembles it, as Secchi says; but perhaps the frost crystals on a window-pane are better. Figure 20 shows one selected among several windows I had photographed in a preceding winter, which has some suggestions of the so-called crystalline spot-forms in it, but which lacks the filamentary thread-like components presently described. Of course the reader will understand that it is given as a suggestion of the appearance merely, and that no similarity of nature is meant to be indicated.

There were wonderful fern-like forms in this spot, too, and an appearance like that of pine-boughs covered with snow; for, strangely enough, the intense whiteness of the solar surface, in the best telescopes, constantly suggests cold. I have had the same impression vividly in looking at the immense masses of molten-white iron in a great puddling furnace. The salient feature here is one very difficult to see, even in good telescopes, but one which is of great interest. It has been shown in the previous drawings, but we have not enlarged on it. Everywhere in the spot are long white threads, or filaments, lying upon one another, tending in a general sense toward the center, and each of which grows brighter toward its inner extremity. These make up, in fact, as we now see, the penumbra, or outer shade, and the so-called "crystal" is really affiliated to them. Besides this, on closer looking we see that the inner shade, or umbra, and the very deepest shades, or nuclei, are really made of them, too. We can look into the dark center, as into a funnel, to the depth of probably over five thousand miles; but as far as we may go down we come to no liquid or solid floor, and see only volumes of whirling vapor, disposed not vaguely like our clouds, but in the singularly definite, fern-like, flower-like forms which

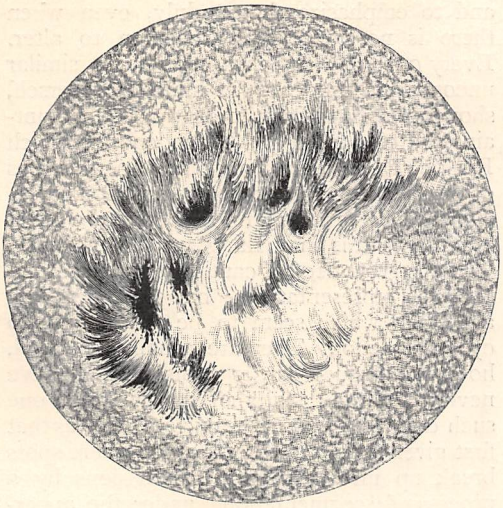


FIG. 22.—SPOT OF MARCH 31, 1875. (FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY S. P. LANGLEY.)

are themselves made of these "filaments," each of which is from three to five thousand miles long, and from fifty to two hundred miles thick, and each of which (as we saw in the first spot) appears to be made up like a rope, of still finer and finer strands, looking, in the rare instants when irradiation makes an isolated one visible, like a thread of gossamer, or the finest of cobweb. These suggest the fine threads of spun glass; and here there is something more than a mere resemblance of form, for both appear to have one causal feature in common, due to a viscous or "sticky" fluid; for there is much reason to believe that the solar atmosphere, even where thinner than our own air, is rendered viscous by the enormous heat, and owes to this its tendency to pull out in strings, in common with such otherwise dissimilar things, as honey, or melted sugar, or melted glass.

We may compare those mysterious things, the filaments, to long grasses growing in the bed of a stream, which show us the direction and the eddies of the current. The likeness holds in more ways than one. They are not lying, as it were, flat upon the surface of the water, but *within* the medium; and they do not stretch along in any one plane, but they bend down and up. Moreover, they are, as we see, apparently rooted at one end, and their tips rise above the turbid fluid and grow brighter as they are lifted out of it. But perhaps the most significant use of the comparison is made if we ask whether the stream is moving in an eddy like a whirlpool or boiling up from the ground. The question in other words is, "Are these spots themselves the sign of a mere chaotic disturbance, or do they show us by the disposition of these filaments that each is a great solar maelstrom, carrying the surface matter of the sun down in to its body? or, finally, are they just the opposite — something comparable to fiery fountains or volcanoes on the earth, throwing up to the surface the contents of the unknown solar interior?"

Before we try to answer this question, let us remember that the astonishing rapidity with which these forms change, and still more the fact that they do not, by any means always change by a bodily removal of one part from another, but by a dissolving away and a fading out into invisibility, like the melting of a cloud into thin air — let us remember that all this assimilates them to something cloud-like and vaporous, rather than crystalline, and that as we have here seen, we can ourselves pronounce from such results of recent observation that these are not lumps of scoriæ floating on the solar furnace (as some have thought them), and still less, literal crystals. We can see for ourselves, I believe, that so far there is no evidence here of any solid, or even liquid, but that the surface of the sun is purely vaporous. Figure 23 shows a cirrous cloud in our own atmosphere, caught for us by photography, and which the reader will find it interesting to compare with the apparently analogous solar cloud-forms.

"Vaporous," we call them, for want of a better word, but without meaning that it is like the vapor of our clouds. There is no exact terrestrial analogy for these extraordinary

FIG. 23.—CIRROUS CLOUD. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

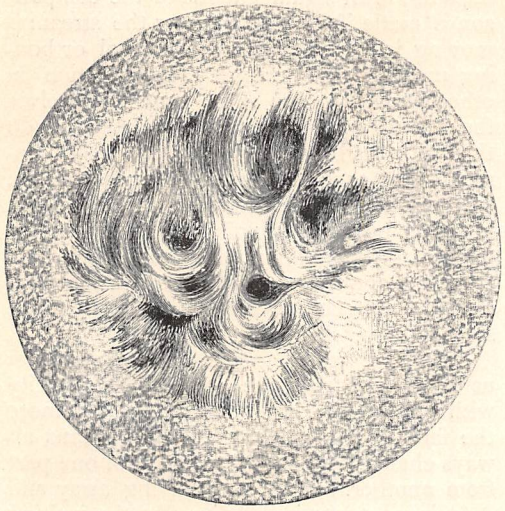


FIG. 24.—SPOT OF MARCH 31, 1875. (FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY S. P. LANGLEY.)

forms, which are in fact, as we shall see later, composed of iron and other metals—not of solid iron nor even of liquid, but iron heated beyond even the liquid state to that of iron-steam or vapor.

With all this in mind, let us return to the question, "Are the spots, these gigantic areas of disturbance, comparable to whirlpools or to volcanoes?" It may seem unphilosophical to assume that they are one or the other, and, in fact, they may possibly be neither; but it is certain that the surface of the sun would soon cool from its enormous temperature, if it were not supplied with fresh heat, and it is almost certain that this heat is drawn from the interior. As M. Faye has pointed out, there *must* be a circulation up and down, the cooled products being carried within, heated and brought out again, or the sun would, however hot, grow cold outside; and, what is of interest to us, the earth would grow cold also, and we should all die. No one, I believe, who has studied the subject, will contradict the statement, that, if the sun's surface were absolutely cut off from any heat supply from the interior, organic life in general upon the earth (and our own life in particular), would cease much within a month. This solar circulation, then, is of nearly as much consequence to us as that of our own bodies, if we but knew it; and now let us look at the spots again with this in mind.

Fig. 21 shows a drawing by Father Secchi of a spot in 1854; and it is, if unexaggerated, quite the most remarkable case of distinct cyclonic action recorded. I say "if unexaggerated" because there is a strong tendency in most designers to select what is striking in a spot, and to emphasize that unduly, even when there is no conscious disposition to alter. Every one who sketches, may see a similar unconscious tendency in himself or herself, shown in a disposition to draw all the mountains and hills too high,—a tendency on which Ruskin, I think, has remarked. In drawings of the sun there is a strong temptation to exaggerate these circular forms, and we must not forget this in making up the evidence. There is great need of caution, then, in receiving such representations; but there certainly are forms which seem to be clearly due to cyclonic action. They are usually scattered, however, through larger spots, and I have never, in all my study of the sun, seen one such complete type of the cyclone spot as that first given from Secchi. Instances where spots break up into numerous subdivisions by a process of "segmentation" under the apparent action of separate whirlwinds are much more common. I have noticed, as an apparent effect of this segmentation what I may call the "honeycomb structure" from its appearance with low powers, but which with higher ones turns out to be made up of filamentary masses disposed in circular and ovoid curves, often apparently overlying one another, and frequently presenting a most curious resemblance to vegetable forms, though we appear to see the real agency of whirlwinds in making them. I add some transcripts of my original pencil memoranda themselves, made with the eye at the telescope, which, though not at all finished drawings, may be trusted the more as being quite literal transcripts at first hand.

Figs. 22 and 24, for instance, are two sketches of a little spot, showing what, with low powers, gives the appearance I have called the honeycomb structure, but which we see here to be due to whirls which have disposed the filaments in these remarkable forms. The first was drawn at eleven in the forenoon of March 31, 1875, the second at three in the afternoon

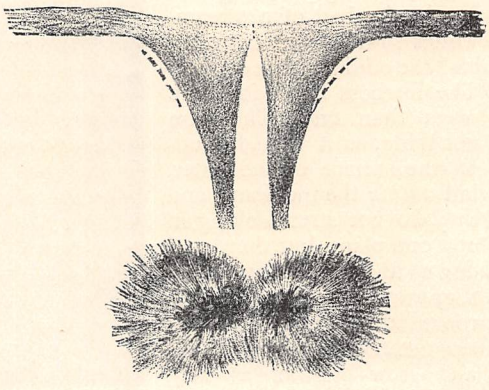


FIG. 25.—TYPICAL ILLUSTRATION OF FAYE'S THEORY.

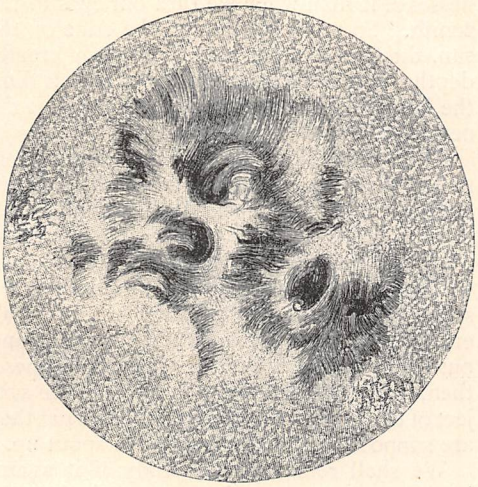


FIG. 26.—SPOT OF OCTOBER 13, 1876. (FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING BY S. P. LANGLEY.)

of the same day. The scale of the drawing is fifteen thousand miles to the inch, and the changes in this little spot in these few hours imply a cataclysm compared with which the disappearance of the American continent from the earth's surface would be a trifle.

The very act of the solar whirlwind's motion seemed to pass before my eyes in some of these sketches; for while drawing them as rapidly as possible, a new hole would be formed where there was none before, as if by a gigantic invisible auger boring downward.

M. Faye, the distinguished French astronomer, believes that, owing to the fact that different zones of the sun rotate faster than others, whirlwinds analogous to our terrestrial cyclones, but on a vaster scale, are set in motion, and suck down the cooled vapors of the solar surface into its interior, to be heated and returned again, thus establishing a circulation which keeps the surface from cooling down. He points out that we should not conclude that these whirlwinds are not acting everywhere, merely because our bird's-eye view does not always show them. We see that the spinning action of a whirlpool in water becomes more marked as we go below the surface, which is comparatively undisturbed, and we often see one whirl break up into several minor ones, but all sucking downward, and never upward. According to M. Faye, something very like this takes place on the sun, and in Fig. 25 he gives this section to show what he believes to occur in the case of a spot which has "segmented," or divided into two, like the one whose (imaginary) section is shown above it. This theory is to be considered in connection with such drawings as we have just shown, which are themselves, however, no way dependent on theory, but transcripts from nature.

I do not here either espouse or oppose the "cyclonic" theory, but it is hardly possible for any one who has been an eye-witness of such things to refuse to regard some such disturbance as a real and efficient cause in such instances as this.

Fig. 26, on nearly the same scale as the last, shows a spot which was seen on October 13, 1876. It looked at first, in the telescope, like two spots without any connection; then, as vision improved and higher powers were employed, the two were seen to have a subtle bond of union, and each to be filled with the most curious foliage-forms, which I could only indicate in the few moments that the good definition lasted. The reader may be sure, I think, that there is no exaggeration of the curious shapes of the original; for I have been so anxious to avoid the overstatement of curvature that the error is more likely to be in the opposite direction.

We must conclude that the question as to the cyclonic hypothesis cannot yet be decided, though the probabilities from telescopic evidence at present seem to me on the whole in favor of M. Faye's remarkable theory, which has the great additional attraction to the student that it unites and explains numerous other quite disconnected facts.

Turning now to the other solar features, let us once more consider the sun as a whole.

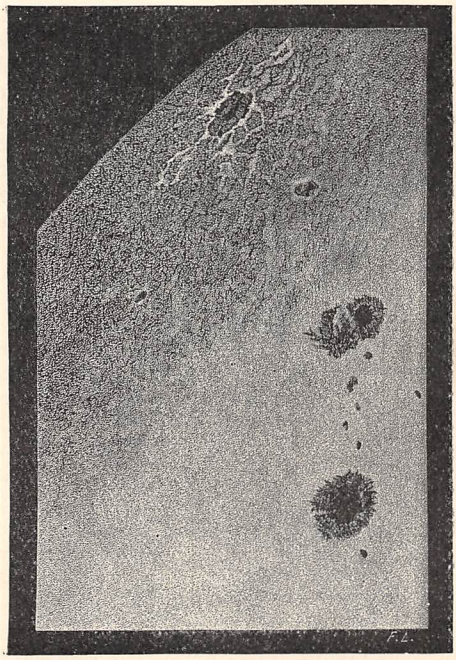


FIG. 27.—PHOTOGRAPH OF EDGE OF SUN. (BY PERMISSION OF WARREN DE LA RUE, LONDON.)

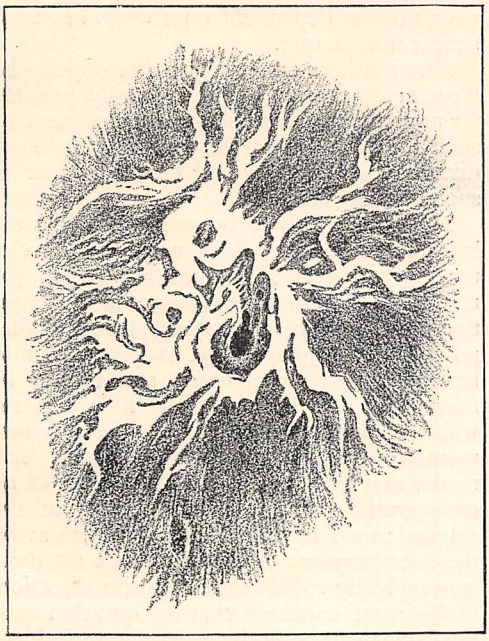


FIG. 28.—FACULA. (FROM A DRAWING BY CHACORNAC.)

Fig. 27 is a photograph taken from a part of the sun near its edge. We notice on it, what we see on every careful delineation of the sun, that its general surface is not uniformly bright, but that it grows darker as we approach the edge, where it is marked by whiter mottlings called faculæ, "something in the sun brighter than the sun itself," and looking in the enlarged view which we present of one of them (Fig. 28), as if the surface of partly cooled metal in a caldron had been broken into fissures showing the brighter glow beneath. These "faculæ," however, are really above the solar surface, not below it, and what we wish to direct particular attention to is that darkening toward the edge which makes them visible.

This is very significant, but its full meaning may not at first be clear. It is owing to an atmosphere which surrounds the sun, as the air does the earth. When we look horizontally through our own air, as at sunrise and sunset, we gaze through greater thicknesses of it than when we turn our eyes to the zenith. So when we look at the edge of the sun, the line of sight passes through greater depths of this solar atmosphere, and it dims the light shining behind it more than at the center, where it is thin.

This darkening toward the edge, then, means that the sun has an atmosphere which tempers its heat to us. Whatever the sun's heat supply is within its globe, if this atmosphere grow thicker, the heat is more confined within, and our earth will grow colder; if the solar atmosphere grow thinner, the sun's energy will be expended more rapidly and our earth will grow hotter. This atmosphere, then, is in considerable part, at least, the subject of the action of the spots; this is what they are supposed to carry down or to spout up.

We shall return to the study of it again; but what I want to point out now is that the temperature of the earth, and even the existence of man upon it, depends very much upon this, at first sight, insignificant phenomenon. What, then, is the solar atmosphere? Is it a permanent thing? Not at all. It is more light and unsubstantial than our own air, and is being whirled about by solar winds as ours toss the dust of the streets. It is being sucked down within the body of the sun by some action we do not clearly understand, and returned to the surface by some counter effect which we comprehend no better; and upon this imperfectly understood exchange depends in some way our own safety.

There used to be recorded in medical books the case of a boy, who, to represent Phœbus in a Roman masque, was gilded all over to produce the effect of the golden-rayed god, but who died in a few hours, because all the pores of the skin being closed by the gold-leaf, the natural circulation was arrested. We can count with the telescope millions of pores upon the sun's surface, which are in some way connected with the interchange which has just been spoken of; and if this, his own natural circulation, were arrested, or notably diminished, we should see his face grow cold, and know that our own health, with the life of all the human race, was waiting on his recovery.

S. P. Langley.

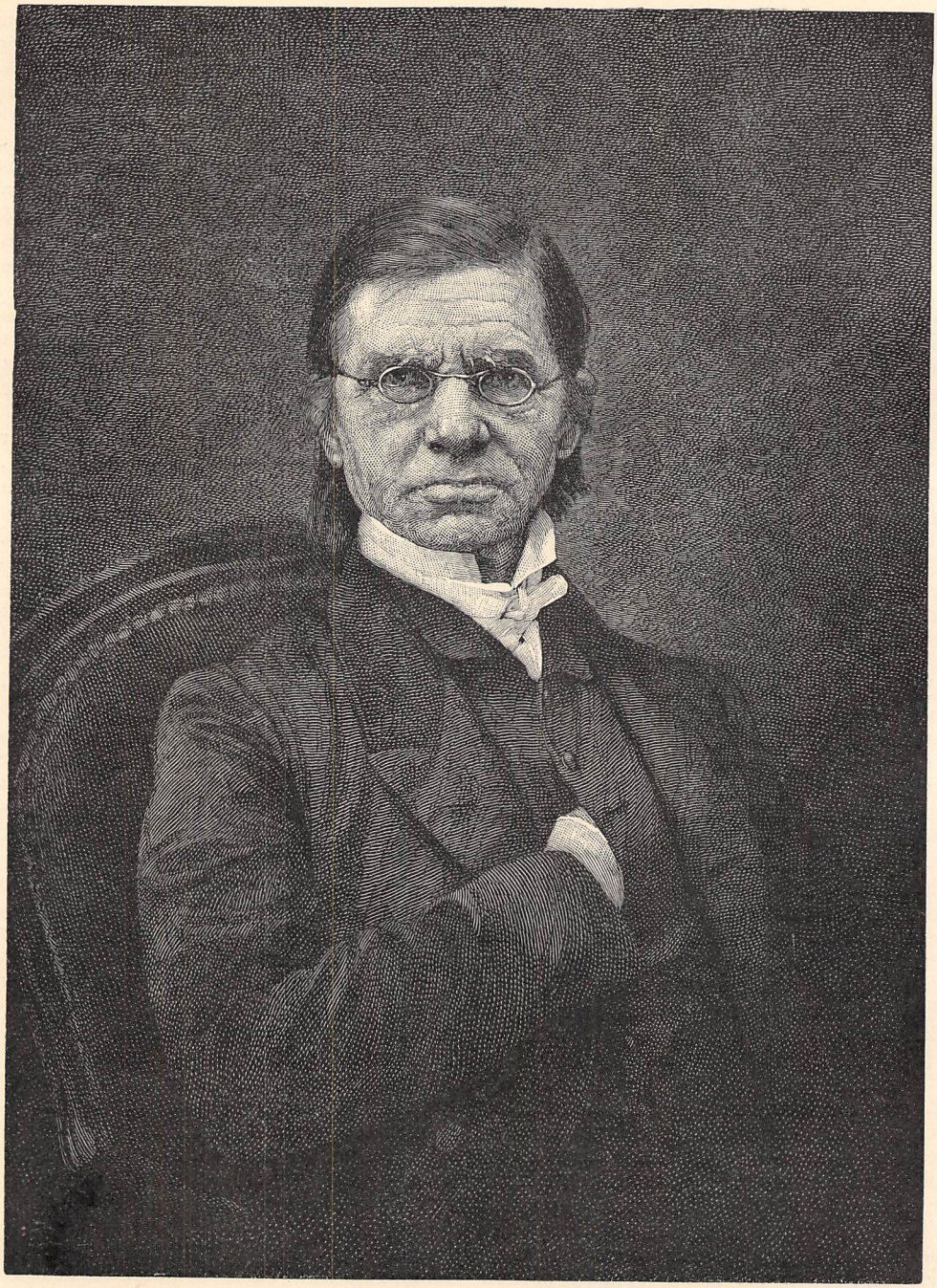
ÉMILE LITTRÉ.

In his own country Littré was never famous until Monseigneur Dupanloup began to attack him more than twenty years ago, and to denounce him as an atheist and the father of Darwinism. The Bishop's threat to retire from the French Academy if Littré was admitted to that body made the savant an object of public curiosity. Every one then wished to know exactly who Littré was, and tried to understand something about the Darwinian theory of the origin of species. Clerical journals spoke of the modest lexicographer, whose dictionary was then beginning to appear, as affording in his face and figure the one great argument in favor of Darwin's theory. Even professors of natural history were not wanting, who, to please elegant society, jocosely suggested that perhaps Littré was "the missing link." His unusually long arms and long sinewy hands were not lost sight of by clerical caricaturists. Another incident called public attention to the modest and gentle savant. It was the lawsuit about the will of Comte, the founder of the Positivist school of philosophy. Of the will Littré was an executor. Comte had started by declaring that nothing was to be received as a religious dogma unless it was susceptible of scientific proof; but he was later drawn by vanity, imagination, old habits, and his adoring love for Madame Clotilde de Vaux, to promulgate extravagant notions about religion. His scheme suppressed the Pope and set up a Pontiff-man (Homme Pontife), who was to be the highest incarnation of the generation from which he sprung. Comte, as might be expected, looked upon himself as the Pontiff-man, and Madame de Vaux was the celestial woman to complete l'Homme Pontife, and corresponded to the Virgin Mary.

Littré became Comte's disciple soon after 1840, when he first met him. But he refused to follow him in his vagaries, and after his death would not execute those clauses in the will, the object of which was to raise Madame de Vaux to a kind of celestial queenship. Who is this Littré? the unlearned *bourgeoisie* asked. The clerical press described him as a hideous pedant. M. Louis Veuillot abused him in the "Monde." Preachers attacked him in the pulpit. One of them told how he made war on the small birds in his garden, because two sparrows which had been bred in a hatching apparatus, and had received no sort of ornithological instruction, on being let out in spring, proceeded to construct a nest without any scientific or experimental knowledge. But Littré was too much engaged in compiling his dictionary, and in other philological studies, to notice the small birds in his garden at Menil-le-Roi. Had he watched them, they might have taught him lessons analogous to those which Christian, in "The Pilgrim's Progress," learned at the Interpreter's House, and brought him to place his philosophy on a wider basis. Human instinct is not always able to give a reason for what it does. Nevertheless, it may be a surer guide than reason.

Littré was a year the senior of Victor Hugo, he having dated from the year 1801, famous for the pseudo-classic costumes which were so soon out of fashion. He was singularly fortunate in his hereditary antecedents. Temptation makes the sinner, and Littré was above the ordinary temptations of human nature. His virtues were inborn. His oldest surviving friend, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, said to me: "Littré sacrificed less than any one I ever knew to vanity, sensuousness, or falsehood. His leadings were all good." He was not so much governed by reason as by inherited virtue. Both father and mother were great characters — greater, perhaps, than their son, who lacked capacity for honest indignation and those militant qualities springing therefrom.

His father was a Norman of the picturesque old town of Avranches, where his ancestors had, time out of mind, been gold and silver smiths. Some of them worked in long ages past for the cathedrals and abbeys of their province, and one of them in the sixteenth century had a narrow escape from being burned as a heretic for denying the personality of the Devil. He was tried for the crime, and got off by recanting. Michael's Mount and Monastery are near Avranches, and all the glory of the archangel to which they were dedicated lay in the successful duel against Satan. The heretic had treated the Devil as a synthetic figure of speech in which all bad on earth was expressed. The last male Littré but one received a classical education, and might have followed the hereditary business if his mother had not died and his father taken for his second wife a person of sharp temper and unjust and covetous disposition. The young man left Avranches for Paris to get out of her way. Soon after he arrived there he heard that cred-



ÉMILE LITTRÉ.

itors had seized on the paternal home, and in order to aid his parent in his distress Littré, who was himself penniless and unemployed, enlisted in the marines, and sent home the premium he had received from the recruiting officer. There was no conscription then, and blood-money was high in the branch of the King's service which he entered. France and England were at war, and English naval captains had been giving much trouble to France. This son, who was the lexicographer's father, took part in many engagements, and rose to the rank of sergeant-major. It was the highest grade to which a person of non-aristocratic blood could rise. He was in the combat of the Cybele with an English man-of-war off the coast of the Mauritius. The former had forty-four guns, and the latter, which was captured and taken into Port Louis as a prize, had fifty guns. Sergeant-major Littré so distinguished himself that the Governor and notables of the island treated him as the real victor, and presented him with a sword and ordered a public fête in his honor. He stayed eleven years in the Indian Ocean. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, who owes to him his thorough knowledge of Greek, and was helped by him in the first volume of his translation of Aristotle, gave me the following rude portrait of him: "He was just and wise, and had a sound mind in a strong body. Though disfigured by small-pox, he was a man of grand presence, finely proportioned, athletic, active, daring, proud, independent, and a deep well of human kindness. He had a pronounced taste for botany, which the flora of the Mauritius called out. When there he learned with transport of the Revolution; but long before that event he was a Republican. He returned home, expecting to see the reign of justice, but arrived just in time to witness the *coup d'état* of Brumaire. He hated its author, and transmitted his sentiment to Émile, who was the meekest of men —kind except when the Bonapartes were presented to his mind. To hear of any of them was enough to throw him (Émile) in a passion, to make him, who was usually silent, loquacious and violent in speech."

I may here state that M. Wyrouboff, a disciple of Littré and co-editor with him of "La Revue Positiviste," has also spoken to me of Littré's hatred of Napoleon and all his family. It was so ungovernable that one day, hearing the Bonapartes mentioned as he was stepping into an omnibus, he inveighed against them during a ride of several miles, regardless of the possible feelings of those who were in the vehicle with him. The lexicographer's mother was worthy of her husband. Though she dressed like a servant in her humble home near the College of France, she looked one of nature's noblewomen. Boissy d'Anglas and Montgolfier, of balloon celebrity, were related to her. Her nearest kindred were Cévennes Protestants named Johannot, and lived at Annonay, where she was born. In 1797 her father, a paper manufacturer, was mayor of St. Etienne. Being an admirer of Greek philosophy, he called his daughter Sophia. He chanced to be at Lyons when that city rose against the Republic, and was cast into prison. Sophia went to stay with him, and not only exhorted him and his friends to be of good courage, but worked to liberate them. On learning that the national troops which invested Lyons formed but a small corps, she went into the Loire mountains to recruit peasants, and came back with her mother at the head of a large body of volunteers, which she led into the camp of Dubois Crancé. There she learned of the fall of the city, and with Madame Johannot hastened to the prison. Meeting friends on the road who told them all the captives had been massacred, the mother was paralyzed with grief and sank down. The daughter took her into a forsaken house, and leaving her there went to seek for the corpse of her father. She met him as she flew along the road. He was doomed, however, to be a martyr to his Republican faith. In the Thermidor reaction, he was again seized and finally massacred by a gang of Royalists, known as "The Company of Jesus and the Sun." His body was pierced with seventeen poignards and riddled with bullets. The daughter rushed to save him. Finding he was dead, she knelt beside his remains calling for vengeance, and so stirred the hearts of the people that the authorities ordered her arrest. How she met her husband I have not heard.

The present Madame Littré is a fervid Roman Catholic, and avoids speaking of her mother-in-law. M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire knew the latter, venerates her memory, and ranks her with the heroines of Corneille. But he is unable to say under what circumstances she married. He heard in a general way that Littré the elder met her on the way from Toulon, where he was discharged, to Paris, and fell in love with her and she with him. Both were poor. M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire knew when a boy the Littré family in their small house in the Rue Maçons-Sorbonne. It stood in a garden, where the table used to be spread for dinner in fine weather. Father and mother were hospitable, and welcomed the class-fellows of their sons. The garden was like the Academy at Athens. Old Littré's passion for study increased with age. His was a master mind treated with the sacred fire of enthusiasm, which he communicated to

the youngsters, among whom were Burnouf, who grew up to be the first Orientalist in Europe, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, and Hachette the publisher.

Émile and his brother followed the classes at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, which they had entered on scholarships won at public examinations. There was a sister, the darling of the group, who died in her teens. Boys and girl out of school hours aided their mother in her household tasks. She took a lively interest in their studies. Their father brushed up his classics to help them, and learned Sanskrit to know Greek better. Republicanism was the religious faith of all. One of Émile's names was Maximilien after Robespierre, who his mother would never admit was a monster, or a whit more severe than the Royalists deserved. A characteristic of the father was kindness to the poor. He held it a crime to pass by a starving man without giving him bread or money; and to teach his children to be pitiful, he related to them how he himself lacked food when his eldest son was an infant. Until 1871 the lexicographer was always poor. His wife kept what money he earned, so that he never had small change to give away. But he remembered his father's humane precepts and example, and when in the country practiced medicine for the exclusive benefit of poverty-stricken neighbors.

Littré was the greatest winner of prizes ever known at the high school where he was educated. He was first in every branch of learning taught to his class. At the last prize distribution that he attended as a pupil, he was given one hundred and seventeen volumes. He had then an athlete's muscles, and could lift from the floor, with outstretched arm and one leg, a chair on which a man was seated. In racing, walking, and swimming his staying powers were no less remarkable. At that time his mind appeared to suffer from a congestion of ideas. Littré in youth sometimes apprehended that he would die a lunatic. He threw himself into mathematics to drill his intellect, and prepared to enter the Polytechnic School. An accident changed the course of his life. In diving he hit his right shoulder against a sunken boat, and put it out of joint as well as broke it. When it was quite recovered he became the private secretary of Comte Daru, an ex-minister of Napoleon. The pain he suffered in writing lowered vitality, and brought on a gastric attack which lasted many years. Strength deserted nerves and muscles to concentrate itself in the brain. Will and memory acquired phenomenal tenacity. Though in miserable health from 1821 to 1831, in that decade he studied medicine, and learned all the languages and dialects with which he was familiar. The plan of the dictionary was already in his head. He had translated poems of Schiller and begun his translation of Hippocrates and "La Dictionnaire de Médecine et de Chirurgie."

In his twenty-sixth year he lost his father, and began to provide for his mother by giving lessons in Greek and Latin. He was abreast at the medical school with those students who have since won fame and fortune as surgeons and physicians, and had gone through all the courses needed to qualify for a diploma. But he had not ready money to pay the ultimate fees, and he would not borrow it or seek to obtain credit for what furniture he needed to set up as a doctor. In France a professional man thinks it *infra dig.* to live in a hotel or in lodgings. Littré was neither eager nor enterprising. He was always letting chances to get on slip through his fingers; and it was not in his nature to lament about them.

What Littré had above everything else was a strong and ever-active principle of growth that brought him steadily on and up. In the days of July he shook off his inertia, because he thought if his father were alive he would have handed him his old firelock, and told him to descend into the street and use it in defense of liberty and justice. Littré on that occasion fought manfully. The National Guard was dissolved. He put on its uniform, but, not being able to find his képi, donned a melon hat, and went to fight where resistance to the insurgents was hottest. For a whole day he was exposed to fire in the Cité and on the Quai Napoléon. One of his old and intimate schoolmates was shot beside him. His mother turned her house into a hospital, and her youngest son, until Émile returned home, attended to the wounded insurgents. Those who died were buried with civic honors at Père Lachaise. After the Revolution of 1830 the flush of physical courage forever subsided in him. He henceforth threw himself exclusively into science and literature.

M. Wyrouboff, in analyzing for me Littré's odd disposition, said: "I never knew him to say no. Silence is generally held to give consent. If he was asked to do a thing, and made no answer, but turned the conversation to another subject, nothing was to be got out of him, and those who knew him felt that it would be loss of time to ask again." The same intimate friend and disciple told me that Littré was indifferent to applause or blame. He did not want to shine in the world, and would as lief have been obscure as famous, until in his sixty-sixth year he began to taste the pecuniary sweets of celebrity. He then

sold the copyright of his dictionary for two hundred and fifty thousand francs, and reserved for himself the price of every thirteenth impression of the work. His share in the "Dictionary of Medical Science" was mismanaged. The other works that he published brought him little profit. "Conservation, Révolution et Positivism," which may be regarded as the finest fruit of twenty years of deep thought, meditation, and study, was brought out at the price of a franc and a half, or thirty cents, in an edition of two thousand impressions, which it took ten years to sell. There was a good part of the stock on the booksellers' hands when the Bishop of Orleans began to attack the author. Scientists and eminent doctors bought his translation of Hippocrates, which he dedicated, in admiring and affectionate terms, to the memory of his father, Michel Littré.

Those monuments of erudition which he wrote for the "Journal des Savants" on the tongues and dialects of the Latin stock were hardly noticed by the public. They were the germ of his great dictionary. He explained in them the laws of accent, and showed how ancient Latin degenerated successively into the lower Latin of the peasants and artisans, and then into French, Spanish, Catalan, Italian, and Provençal. The southern Europeans have a sing-song mode of speech. The Latins did not pronounce as they wrote. When the barbarians overflooded them, the unaccustomed ears of the barbarians only heard the accentuated syllable, and cast aside the others. Local and pre-existing idioms were also grafted on the Roman tongue. Gallic ears had a predilection for sounds to which their mouths were accustomed. So had the Moors who invaded Spain, and the Franks and Normans who swept down on France north of the Loire. Littré reduced a Babel of confusion to perfect order.

He was encouraged by a small group of philologists, but the rest of the world was indifferent to his labors. While following his vocation, he kept himself for some time in bread and cheese by translating articles from foreign journals for the famous "National," which Thiers started, and Armand Carrel subsequently directed. He was five years a sub-translator. An article which a bookseller asked him to write upon an essay by Herschel on the Newtonian Philosophy revealed his superior attainments to Carrel, who then asked him to write leaders for the "Journal." The "Revue des Deux Mondes" paid him miserably for his scientific contributions, and nothing at all for the first of the series, which was a masterpiece of thought and medical research. It was headed "Les Grandes Épidémies." Being less hampered by editorial supervision in the "Revue Républicaine," his best work was done for that short-lived periodical. In his review for it of Cuvier's book, "Recherches sur les Ossements Fossiles," and in an essay headed "Nouvelles Recherches des Géomètres sur la Chaleur de la Terre," all his scientific knowledge, speculative power, and poetic feeling were brought into play.

Littré was a poet as well as a book-worm and scientist. The contrast presented by his own littleness as compared with the vast shadows of the past, the endless perspectives of the future, and the infinity of space, oppressed him. The world and the beings on its surface appeared to him as if moving in a cloud of other worlds that were like dust driven on by a whirlwind. Science enabled man to cast a grave and longing look into the depths of the abyss which surrounds him. His stanzas "On Light" show how he longed to penetrate the mysteries of creation. I sometimes fancied he did not dare give the rein to speculation because he thought it his besetting intellectual sin, and might, if not kept down, lead him further than he wanted to go. He was tortured in early life by a desire to understand what is unknowable, but what may yet be partly divined.

His brother's premature death from a scalpel wound in a dissecting room plunged him into a state of gloom in which he remained stultified until he met Auguste Comte. What did he or could he know, he cried to his mother and his intimate friends, of God and the alleged eternity of the soul? He had not the power to believe in them. When his mother was dying she professed, he holding her in his arms, her deistical faith, and got him to promise that he would never examine a religious question unless in a spirit of candor and humility. She died in 1842.

Littré was already married and a father. His marriage was not preceded by any courtship. One day he said to his mother: "I have made up my mind to do one of two things — marry or commit suicide." His mother inferred that he had fallen in love with a girl of low station and meant to do an act of justice; but she wronged him, for he had never been in love, and his conduct had been blameless. Her daughter had been twelve years dead, and she was not acquainted with any family at once respectable enough to provide her with a daughter-in-law, well-reared and yet poor enough to be satisfied with a man who had no fixed income and no talent for making money. She spoke to a Norman doctor, who recommended a young lady from his province. The young lady was prosaic and a Roman Catholic. Her fanati-

cism was cold and inflexible. But as Littré was tolerant and gentle, and she relieved him from the material cares of home life, eking out well the small sums of money that he earned, they suited each other. They were able in 1848 to buy a peasant's cottage and garden ten miles from Paris, where they passed the hot months of the year. A centime was never spent in repairing it until after Littré entered the National Assembly, when his income rose to 25,000 francs a year. The furniture was rustic, and there was not much of it. Their Paris flat was in a third-story near the Luxembourg Garden, and small and meanly furnished, but very clean. A white table-cloth appeared on the board only when a woman relative or old friend of Madame Littré came to dine.

Littré's daughter received her religious training from her mother and her literary and scientific instruction from her father. She inherited his peaceable temper, and being intelligent was a satisfactory pupil. The hours reserved for pedagogy were in the forenoon. His dark, somber face, as he strove to stoop to the child's head, wore an expression of angelic benevolence. But he was not quite at ease. The wife listened too, not to learn, but to prepare an antidote for any false religious doctrine that he might instill into the girl's mind in speaking to her of moral obligations. The rest of the day was spent in collecting materials for literary and scientific works, and when he was in the country in attending to poor patients, or in strolling, book in hand, in the forest near which his cottage lay. If Madame Littré had allowed him, he would have followed the paternal example in being hospitable with simplicity. It pleased him to see friendly faces at his table. At meals he was amiable, and with old acquaintances almost gay. In his mother's time he used to propose healths, and sing short songs of his own composing. One of them ran thus:

> "Hippocrates a dit qu'on s'enivre
> Pour le moins une fois par mois,
> Et ses fils qui devraient le suivre
> Ne boivent par an qu'une fois."

It gave him pleasure to oblige, and he disliked to be thanked; but nothing could induce him to solicit the patronage of a man in high position for the benefit of himself or any other person. He was firmly attached to the elective principle, and would accept no office that was a gift. In 1840 he was a husband, father, and the prop of his widowed mother, and only earned a small and precarious income. M. Cousin was Minister of Public Instruction. At the instance of Barthélemy St. Hilaire he proposed to found a chair at the School of Medicine for the history of medical art and science, and to ask Littré to fill it. The *savant* did not answer for himself yes or no, but recommended a Doctor Dezeimeris. When pressed he refused. His mother was set on to try to make him change his mind. The answer she received was: "If my father, who taught us to stand by the elective principle, were alive, would he ask me to take a chair as a gift? No. The matter is therefore decided, and for good." Both father and son also hated decorations and titles. M. de Villemain, on succeeding Cousin, sent Littré the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor and the violet one of the Academy. Littré refused them on the ground of principle. Gambetta was not more successful when he asked him to fill the chair of history at the Polytechnique. Membership in the Academy of Berlin was declined because it would render obligatory the wearing of the cross of the Order of Merit. Being an enemy of charlatanism, Littré never mentioned the offered honors, and newspapers were not informed of the sacrifices made to principle.

Littré had not a refined palate. He liked plain food best, and ate in moderation. He was generally through his dinner at half-past six, and at seven went to work, remaining at his desk until three in the morning. Then he walked up and down his parlor for half an hour, and went to bed toward four. He rose at eight in town, and often earlier when in the country. At the sea-side he liked to go to a boarding-house belonging to a convent. The quiet regularity and absence of luxury pleased him; and as prices were low and a chapel was in the house, his wife was always in good humor. When very poor they used to go to St. Quay for sea-bathing, and there they were lodged and boarded for a very small price, and cheaper than other families, partly because Littré gave medical advice to the community. He caught a bad cold at the Versailles Assembly, which stuck to him six years and finally killed him. A nun attended him. Her attention gave him an interest in the Christian faith which he never before experienced. But he never was converted to Roman Catholicism. His life for the last half-year of his existence was completely vegetative. The mind was gone, and he had no knowledge of what the priest who was called in was doing, when he administered to him baptism and the eucharist and the extreme unction.

Y. D.

A NEW ENGLAND WINTER.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "An International Episode," "Lady Barberina," etc.

VI.

MRS. MESH sat on one side of the fire, and Florimond on the other; he had by this time acquired the privilege of a customary seat. He had taken a general view of Boston. It was like a first introduction, for before his going to live in Paris he had been too young to judge; and the result of this survey was the conviction that there was nothing better than Mrs. Mesh's drawing-room. She was one of the few persons whom one was certain to find at home after five o'clock; and the place itself was agreeable to Florimond, who was very fastidious about furniture and decorations. He was willing to concede that Mrs. Mesh (the relationship had not yet seemed close enough to justify him in calling her Pauline) knew a great deal about such matters; though it was clear that she was indebted for some of her illumination to Rachel Torrance, who had induced her to make several changes. These two ladies, between them, represented a great fund of taste; with a difference that was the result of Rachel's knowing clearly beforehand what she liked (Florimond called her, at least, by her baptismal name), and Mrs. Mesh's only knowing it after a succession of experiments, of transposings and drapings, all more or less ingenious and expensive. If Florimond liked Mrs. Mesh's drawing-room better than any other corner of Boston, he also had his preference in regard to its phases and hours. It was most charming in the winter twilight, by the glow of the fire, before the lamps had been brought in. The ruddy flicker played over many objects, making them look more mysterious than Florimond had supposed anything could look in Boston, and, among others, upon Rachel Torrance, who, when she moved about the room in a desultory way (never so much *enfoncée*, as Florimond said, in a chair as Mrs. Mesh was) certainly attracted and detained the eye. The young man from his corner (he was almost as much *enfoncée* as Mrs. Mesh) used to watch her; and he could easily see what his aunt had meant by saying she had a serpentine figure. She was slim and flexible; she took attitudes which would have been awkward in other women, but which her charming pliancy made natural. She reminded him of a celebrated actress in Paris, who was the ideal of tortuous thinness. Miss Torrance used often to seat herself for a short time at the piano, and though she never had been taught this art (she played only by ear), her musical feeling was such that she charmed the twilight hour. Mrs. Mesh sat on one side of the fire, as I have said, and Florimond on the other; the two might have been found in this relation — listening, face to face, — almost any day in the week. Mrs. Mesh raved about her new friend, as they said in Boston, — I mean about Rachel Torrance, not about Florimond Daintry. She had at last got hold of a mind that understood her own (Mrs. Mesh's mind contained depths of mystery), and she sacrificed herself, generally, to throw her companion into relief. Her sacrifice was rewarded, for the girl was universally liked and admired; she was a new type altogether; she was the lioness of the winter. Florimond had an opportunity to see his native town in one of its fits of enthusiasm. He had heard of the infatuations of Boston, literary and social; of its capacity for giving itself with intensity to a temporary topic; and he was now conscious, on all sides, of the breath of New England discussion. Some one had said to him, — or had said to some one, who repeated it, — that there was no place like Boston for taking up with such seriousness a second-rate spinster from Brooklyn. But Florimond himself made no criticism; for, as we know, he speedily fell under the charm of Rachel Torrance's personality. He was perpetually talking with Mrs. Mesh about it; and when Mrs. Mesh descanted on the subject, he listened with the utmost attention. At first, on his return, he rather feared the want of topics; he foresaw that he should miss the talk of the studios, of the theaters, of the boulevard, of a little circle of "naturalists" (in literature and art) to which he belonged, without sharing all its views. But he presently perceived that Boston, too, had its actualities, and that it even had this in common with Paris,— that it gave its attention most willingly to a female celebrity. If he had had any hope of being himself the lion of the winter, it had been dissipated by the spectacle

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of his cousin's success. He saw that while she was there, he could only be a subject of secondary reference. He bore her no grudge for this. I must hasten to declare that from the pettiness of this particular jealousy poor Florimond was quite exempt. Moreover, he was swept along by the general chorus; and he perceived that when one changes one's sky one inevitably changes, more or less, one's standard. Rachel Torrance was neither an actress, nor a singer, nor a beauty, nor one of the ladies who were chronicled in the "Figaro," nor the author of a successful book, nor a person of the great world; she had neither a future, nor a past, nor a position, nor even a husband, to make her identity more solid; she was a simple American girl, of the class that lived in *pensions* (a class of which Florimond had ever entertained a theoretic horror); and yet she had profited to the degree of which our young man was witness, by those treasures of sympathy constantly in reserve in the American public (as has already been intimated) for the youthful-feminine. If Florimond was struck with all this, it may be imagined whether or not his mother thought she had been clever when it occurred to her (before any one else) that Rachel would be a resource for the term of hibernation. She had forgotten all her scruples and hesitation; she only knew she had seen very far. She was proud of her prescience, she was even amused with it; and for the moment she held her head rather high. No one knew of it but Lucretia, — for she had never confided it to Joanna, of whom she would have been more afraid in such a connection even than of her sister-in-law; but Mr. and Mrs. Merriman perceived an unusual lightness in her step, a fitful sparkle in her eye. It was, of course, easy for them to make up their mind that she was exhilarated to this degree by the presence of her son; especially as he seemed to be getting on beautifully in Boston.

"She stays out longer every day; she is scarcely ever home to tea," Mrs. Mesh remarked, looking up at the clock on the chimney-piece.

Florimond could not fail to know to whom she alluded, for it has been intimated that between these two there was much conversation about Rachel Torrance. "It's funny, the way the girls run about alone here," he said, in the amused, contemplative tone in which he frequently expressed himself on the subject of American life. "Rachel stays out after dark, and no one thinks any the worse of her."

"Oh, well, she's old enough," Mrs. Mesh rejoined, with a little sigh, which seemed to suggest that Rachel's age was really affecting. Her eyes had been opened by Florimond to many of the peculiarities of the society that surrounded her; and though she had spent only as many months in Europe as her visitor had spent years, she now sometimes spoke as if she thought the manners of Boston more odd even than he could pretend to do. She was very quick at picking up an idea, and there was nothing she desired more than to have the last on every subject. This winter, from her two new friends, Florimond and Rachel, she had extracted a great many that were new to her; the only trouble was that, coming from different sources, they sometimes contradicted each other. Many of them, however, were very vivifying; they added a new zest to that prospect of life which had always, in winter, the denuded bushes, the solid pond and the plank-covered walks, the exaggerated bridge, the patriotic statues, the dry, hard texture of the public garden for its foreground, and for its middle distance the pale, frozen twigs, stiff in the windy sky, that whistled over the common, the domestic dome of the State House, familiar in the untinted air, and the competitive spires of a liberal faith. Mrs. Mesh had an active imagination, and plenty of time on her hands. Her two children were young, and they slept a good deal; she had explained to Florimond, who observed that she was a great deal less in the nursery than his sister, that she pretended only to give her attention to their waking hours. "I have people for the rest of the time," she said; and the rest of the time was considerable; so that there were very few obstacles to her cultivation of ideas. There was one in her mind now, and I may as well impart it to the reader without delay. She was not quite so delighted with Rachel Torrance as she had been a month ago; it seemed to her that the young lady took up — socially speaking — too much room in the house; and she wondered how long she intended to remain, and whether it would be possible, without a direct request, to induce her to take her way back to Brooklyn. This last was the conception with which she was at present engaged; she was at moments much pressed by it, and she had thoughts of taking Florimond Daintry into her confidence. This, however, she determined not to do, lest he should regard it as a sign that she was jealous of her companion. I know not whether she was, but this I know,—that Mrs. Mesh was a woman of a high ideal, and would not for the world have appeared so. If she was jealous, this would imply that she thought Florimond was in love with Rachel; and she could only object to that on the ground of being in love with him herself. She was

not in love with him, and had no intention of being; of this the reader, possibly alarmed, may definitely rest assured. Moreover, she did not think him in love with Rachel; as to her reason for this reserve, I need not, perhaps, be absolutely outspoken. She was not jealous, she would have said, she was only oppressed — she was a little over-ridden. Rachel pervaded her house, pervaded her life, pervaded Boston; every one thought it necessary to talk to her about Rachel, to rave about her in the Boston manner, which seemed to Mrs. Mesh, in spite of the Puritan tradition, very much more unbridled than that of Baltimore. They thought it would give her pleasure; but by this time she knew everything about Rachel. The girl had proved rather more of a figure than she expected; and though she could not be called pretentious, she had the air, in staying with Pauline Mesh, of conferring rather more of a favor than she received. This was absurd for a person who was, after all, though not in her first youth, only a girl, and who, as Mrs. Mesh was sure, from her biography, — for Rachel had related every item, — had never before had such unrestricted access to the fleshpots. The fleshpots were full, under Donald Mesh's roof, and his wife could easily believe that the poor girl would not be in a hurry to return to her boarding-house in Brooklyn. For that matter there were lots of people in Boston who would be delighted that she should come to them. It was doubtless an inconsistency on Mrs. Mesh's part that if she was overdone with the praises of Rachel Torrance which fell from every lip, she should not herself have forborne to broach the topic. But I have sufficiently intimated that it had a perverse fascination for her; it is true, she did not speak of Rachel only to praise her. Florimond, in truth, was a little weary of the young lady's name; he had plenty of topics of his own, and he had his own opinion about Rachel Torrance. He did not take up Mrs. Mesh's remark as to her being old enough.

"You must wait till she comes in. Please ring for tea," said Mrs. Mesh, after a pause. She had noticed that Florimond was comparing his watch with her clock; it occurred to her that he might be going.

"Oh, I always wait, you know; I like to see her when she has been anywhere. She tells one all about it, and describes everything so well."

Mrs. Mesh looked at him a moment. "She sees a great deal more in things than I am usually able to discover. She sees the most extraordinary things in Boston."

"Well, so do I," said Florimond, placidly.

"Well, I don't, I must say!" She asked him to ring again; and then, with a slight irritation, accused him of not ringing hard enough; but before he could repeat the operation, she left her chair and went herself to the bell. After this she stood before the fire a moment, gazing into it; then suggested to Florimond that he should put on a log.

"Is it necessary, — when your servant is coming in a moment?" the young man asked unexpectedly, without moving. In an instant, however, he rose; and then he explained that this was only his little joke.

"Servants are too stupid," said Mrs. Mesh. "But I spoil you. What would your mother say?" She watched him while he placed the log. She was plump, and she was not tall; but she was a very pretty woman. She had round brown eyes, which looked as if she had been crying a little, — she had nothing in life to cry about; and dark, wavy hair, which, here and there, in short, crisp tendrils, escaped artfully from the form in which it was dressed. When she smiled she showed very pretty teeth; and the combination of her touching eyes and her parted lips was at such moments almost bewitching. She was accustomed to express herself in humorous superlatives, in pictorial circumlocutions; and had acquired in Boston the rudiments of a social dialect which, to be heard in perfection, should be heard on the lips of a native. Mrs. Mesh had picked it up; but it must be confessed that she used it without originality. It was an accident that on this occasion she had not expressed her wish for her tea by saying that she should like a pint or two of that Chinese fluid.

"My mother believes I can't be spoiled," said Florimond, giving a little push with his toe to the stick that he had placed in the embers; after which he sank back into his chair, while Mrs. Mesh resumed possession of her own. "I am ever fresh, — ever pure."

"You are ever conceited. I don't see what you find so extraordinary in Boston," Mrs. Mesh added, reverting to his remark of a moment before.

"Oh, everything! the ways of the people, their ideas, their peculiar *cachet*. The very expression of their faces amuses me."

"Most of them have no expression at all."

"Oh, you are used to it," Florimond said. "You have become one of themselves; you have ceased to notice."

"I am more of a stranger than you; I was born beneath other skies. Is it possible that you don't know yet that I am a native of Baltimore? 'Maryland, my Maryland!'"

"Have they got so much expression in Maryland? No, I thank you; no tea. Is it possible!" Florimond went on, with the familiarity of pretended irritation. "Is it possible that you haven't noticed yet that I never take it? *Boisson fade, écœurante*, as Balzac calls it."

"Ah, well, if you don't take it on account of Balzac!" said Mrs. Mesh. "I never saw a man who had such fantastic reasons. Where, by the way, is the volume of that depraved old author which you promised to bring me?"

"When do you think he flourished? You call everything old, in this country, that isn't in the morning paper. I haven't brought you the volume, because I don't want to bring you presents," Florimond said; "I want you to love me for myself, as they say in Paris."

"Don't quote what they say in Paris! Don't sully this innocent bower with those fearful words!" Mrs. Mesh rejoined, with a jocose intention. "Dear lady, your son is not everything we could wish!" she added in the same mock dramatic tone, as the curtain of the door was lifted, and Mrs. Daintry rather timidly advanced. Mrs. Daintry had come to satisfy a curiosity, after all quite legitimate; she could no longer resist the impulse to ascertain for herself, so far as she might, how Rachel Torrance and Florimond were getting on. She had had no definite expectation of finding Florimond at Mrs. Mesh's; but she supposed that at this hour of the afternoon — it was already dark, and the ice, in many parts of Beacon street, had a polish which gleamed through the dusk—she should find Rachel. "Your son has lived too long in far-off lands; he has dwelt among outworn things," Mrs. Mesh went on, as she conducted her visitor to a chair. "Dear lady, you are not as Balzac was; do you start at the mention of his name?—therefore you will have some tea in a little painted cup."

Mrs. Daintry was not bewildered, though it may occur to the reader that she might have been; she was only a little disappointed. She had hoped she might have occasion to talk about Florimond; but the young man's presence was a denial of this privilege.

"I am afraid Rachel is not at home," she remarked. "I am afraid she will think I have not been very attentive."

"She will be in in a moment; we are waiting for her," Florimond said. "It's impossible she should think any harm of you. I have told her too much good."

"Ah, Mrs. Daintry, don't build too much on what he has told her! He's a false and faithless man!" Pauline Mesh interposed; while the good lady from Newbury street, smiling at this adjuration, but looking a little grave, turned from one of her companions to the other. Florimond had relapsed into his chair by the fire-place; he sat contemplating the embers, and fingering the tip of his mustache. Mrs. Daintry imbibed her tea, and told how often she had slipped coming down the hill. These expedients helped her to wear a quiet face; but in reality she was nervous, and she felt rather foolish. It came over her that she was rather dishonest; she had presented herself at Mrs. Mesh's in the capacity of a spy. The reader already knows she was subject to sudden revulsions of feeling. There is an adage about repenting at leisure; but Mrs. Daintry always repented in a hurry. There was something in the air—something impalpable, magnetic—that told her she had better not have come; and even while she conversed with Mrs. Mesh she wondered what this mystic element could be. Of course she had been greatly preoccupied, these last weeks; for it had seemed to her that her plan with regard to Rachel Torrance was succeeding only too well. Florimond had frankly accepted her in the spirit in which she had been offered, and it was very plain that she was helping him to pass his winter. He was constantly at the house,—Mrs. Daintry could not tell exactly how often; but she knew very well that in Boston, if one saw anything of a person, one saw a good deal. At first he used to speak of it; for two or three weeks he had talked a good deal about Rachel Torrance. More lately his allusions had become few; yet to the best of Mrs. Daintry's belief his step was often in Arlington street. This aroused her suspicions, and at times it troubled her conscience; there were moments when she wondered whether, in arranging a genial winter for Florimond, she had also prepared a season of torment for herself. Was he in love with the girl, or had he already discovered that the girl was in love with him? The delicacy of either situation would account for his silence. Mrs. Daintry said to herself that it would be a grim joke if she should prove to have plotted only too well. It was her sister-in-law's warning in especial that haunted her imagination, and she scarcely knew, at times, whether more to hope that Florimond might have been smitten, or to pray that Rachel might remain indifferent. It was impossible for Mrs. Daintry to shake off the sense of responsibility; she could not shut her eyes to the fact that she had been the prime mover. It was all very well to say that the situation, as it stood, was of Lucretia's making; the thing never would have come into Lucretia's head if she had not laid it before her. Unfortunately, with the quiet life she led, she had very little chance to observe; she went out so little, that she was reduced to guessing what the manner of the two young persons might be to each other when they met in society, and she should have thought herself wanting in delicacy if she had sought to be intimate

with Rachel Torrance. Now that her plan was in operation, she could make no attempt to foster it, to acknowledge it in the face of Heaven. Fortunately, Rachel had so many attentions, that there was no fear of her missing those of Newbury street, She had dined there once, in the first days of her sojourn, without Pauline and Donald, who had declined, and with Joanna and Joanna's husband for all "company." Mrs. Daintry had noticed nothing particular then, save that Arthur Merriman talked rather more than usual,— though he was always a free talker,— and had bantered Rachel rather more familiarly than was perhaps necessary (considering that he, after all, was not her cousin) on her ignorance of Boston, and her thinking that Pauline Mesh could tell her anything about it. On this occasion Florimond talked very little; of course he could not say much when Arthur was in such extraordinary spirits. She knew by this time all that Florimond thought of his brother-in-law, and she herself had to confess that she liked Arthur better in his jaded hours, even though then he was a little cynical. Mrs. Daintry had been perhaps a little disappointed in Rachel, whom she saw for the first time in several years. The girl was less peculiar than she remembered her being, savored less of the old studio, the musical parties, the creditors waiting at the door. However, people in Boston found her unusual, and Mrs. Daintry reflected, with a twinge at her depravity, that perhaps she had expected something too disheveled. At any rate, several weeks had elapsed since then, and there had been plenty of time for Miss Torrance to attach herself to Florimond. It was less than ever Mrs. Daintry's wish that he should (even in this case) ask her to be his wife. It seemed to her less than ever the way her son should marry,— because he had got entangled with the girl in consequence of his mother's rashness. It occurred to her, of course, that she might warn the young man; but when it came to the point she could not bring herself to speak. She had never discussed the question of love with him, and she didn't know what ideas he might have brought with him from Paris. It was too delicate; it might put notions into his head. He might say something strange and French, which she shouldn't like; and then perhaps she should feel bound to warn Rachel herself, — a complication from which she absolutely shrank. It was part of her embarrassment now, as she sat in Mrs. Mesh's drawing-room, that she should probably spoil Florimond's entertainment for this afternoon, and that such a crossing of his inclination would make him the more dangerous. He had told her that he was waiting for Rachel to come in; and at the same time, in view of the lateness of the hour and her being on foot, when she herself should take her leave, he would be bound in decency to accompany her. As for remaining after Rachel should come in, that was an indiscretion which scarcely seemed to her possible. Mrs. Daintry was an American mother, and she knew what the elder generation owes to the younger. If Florimond had come there to call on a young lady, he didn't, as they used to say, want any mothers round. She glanced covertly at her son, to try and find some comfort in his countenance; for her perplexity was heavy. But she was struck only with his looking very handsome, as he lounged there in the firelight, and with his being very much at home. This did not lighten her burden, and she expressed all the weight of it — in the midst of Mrs. Mesh's flights of comparison — in an irrelevant little sigh. At such a time her only comfort could be the thought that at all events she had not betrayed herself to Lucretia. She had scarcely exchanged a word with Lucretia about Rachel since that young lady's arrival; and she had observed in silence that Miss Daintry now had a guest in the person of a young woman who had lately opened a kindergarten. This reticence might surely pass for natural.

Rachel came in before long, but even then Mrs. Daintry ventured to stay a little. The visitor from Brooklyn embraced Mrs. Mesh, who told her that, prodigal as she was, there was no fatted calf for her return; she must content herself with cold tea. Nothing could be more charming than her manner, which was full of native archness; and it seemed to Mrs. Daintry that she directed her pleasantries at Florimond with a grace that was intended to be irresistible. The relation between them was a relation of "chaff," and consisted, on one side and the other, in alternations of attack and defense. Mrs. Daintry reflected that she should not wish her son to have a wife who should be perpetually turning him into a joke; for it seemed to her, perhaps, that Rachel Torrance put in her thrusts rather faster than Florimond could parry them. She was evidently rather wanting in the faculty of reverence, and Florimond panted a little. They presently went into an adjoining room where the lamp-light was brighter; Rachel wished to show the young man an old painted fan which she had brought back from the repairer's. They remained there ten minutes. Mrs. Daintry, as she sat with Mrs. Mesh, heard their voices much intermingled. She wished very much to confide herself a little to Pauline,— to ask her whether she thought Rachel was

in love with Florimond. But she had a foreboding that this would not be safe; Pauline was capable of repeating her question to the others, of calling out to Rachel to come back and answer it. She contented herself, therefore, with asking her hostess about the little Meshes and regaling her with anecdotes of Joanna's progeny.

"Don't you ever have your little ones with you at this hour?" she inquired. "You know this is what Longfellow calls the children's hour."

Mrs. Mesh hesitated a moment. "Well, you know, one can't have everything at once. I have my social duties now; I have my guests. I have Miss Torrance,—you see she is not a person one can overlook.

"I suppose not," said poor Mrs. Daintry, remembering how little she herself had overlooked her.

"Have you done brandishing that superannuated relic?" Mrs. Mesh asked of Rachel and Florimond as they returned to the fireside. "I should as soon think of fanning myself with the fire-shovel!"

"He has broken my heart," Rachel said. "He tells me it is not a Watteau."

"Do you believe everything he tells you, my dear? His word is the word of the betrayer."

"Well, I know Watteau didn't paint fans," Florimond remarked, "any more than Michael Angelo."

"I suppose you think he painted ceilings," said Rachel Torrance. "I have painted a great many myself."

"A great many ceilings? I should like to see that!" Florimond exclaimed.

Rachel Torrance, with her usual promptness, adopted this fantasy. "Yes, I have decorated half the churches in Brooklyn; you know how many there are."

"If you mean fans, I wish men carried them," the young man went on; "I should like to have one *de votre façon*."

"You are cool enough as you are; I should be sorry to give you anything that would make you cooler!"

This retort, which may not strike the reader by its originality, was pregnant enough for Mrs. Daintry; it seemed to her to denote that the situation was critical; and she proposed to retire. Florimond walked home with her; but it was only as they reached their door that she ventured to say to him what had been on her tongue's end since they left Arlington street.

"Florimond, I want to ask you something. I think it is important, and you mustn't be surprised. "Are you in love with Rachel Torrance?"

Florimond stared, in the light of the street-lamp. The collar of his overcoat was turned up; he stamped a little as he stood still; the breath of the February evening pervaded the empty vistas of the "new land." "In love with Rachel Torrance? *Jamais de la vie!* What put that into your head?"

"Seeing you with her, that way, this evening. You know you are very attentive."

"How do you mean, attentive?"

"You go there very often. Isn't it almost every day?"

Florimond hesitated, and, in spite of the frigid dusk, his mother could see that there was irritation in his eye. "Where else can I go, in this precious place? It's the pleasantest house here."

"Yes, I suppose it's very pleasant," Mrs. Daintry murmured. "But I would rather have you return to Paris than go there too often," she added, with sudden energy.

"How do you mean too often? *Qu'est-ce-que vous prend, ma mère?*" said Florimond.

"Is Rachel — Rachel in love with *you?*" she inquired, solemnly. She felt that this question, though her heart beat as she uttered it, could not be mitigated by a circumlocution.

"Good heavens! mother, fancy talking about love in this temperature!" Florimond exclaimed. "Let one at least get into the house."

Mrs. Daintry followed him reluctantly, for she always had a feeling that if anything disagreeable were to be done, one should not make it less drastic by selecting agreeable conditions. In the drawing-room, before the fire, she returned to her inquiry. "My son, you have not answered me about Rachel."

"Is she in love with me? Why, very possibly!"

"Are you serious, Florimond?"

"Why shouldn't I be? I have seen the way women go off."

Mrs. Daintry was silent a moment. "Florimond, is it true?" she said, presently.

"Is what true? I don't see where you want to come out!"

"Is it true that that girl has fixed her affections—" and Mrs. Daintry's voice dropped.

"Upon me, *ma mère?* I don't say it's true, but I say it's possible. You ask me, and I can only answer you. I am not swaggering, I am simply giving you decent satisfaction. You wouldn't have me think it impossible that a woman should fall in love with me? You know what women are, and how there is nothing, in that way, too queer for them to do."

Mrs. Daintry, in spite of the knowledge of her sex that she might be supposed to possess, was not prepared to rank herself on the side of this axiom. "I wished to warn you," she simply said; "do be very careful."

"Yes, I'll be careful; but I can't give up the house."

"There are other houses, Florimond."

"Yes, but there is a special charm there."

"I would rather you should return to Paris than do any harm."

"Oh, I sha'n't do any harm; don't worry, *ma mère*," said Florimond.

It was a relief to Mrs. Daintry to have spoken, and she endeavored not to worry. It was doubtless this effort that, for the rest of the winter, gave her a somewhat rigid, anxious look. People who met her in Beacon street missed something from her face. It was her usual confidence in the clearness of human duty; and some of her friends explained the change by saying that she was disappointed about Florimond,— she was afraid he was not particularly liked.

VII.

By the first of March this young man had received a good many optical impressions, and had noted in water-colors several characteristic winter effects. He had perambulated Boston in every direction, he had even extended his researches to the suburbs; and if his eye had been curious, his eye was now almost satisfied. He perceived that even amid the simple civilization of New England there was material for the naturalist; and in Washington street, of a winter's afternoon, it came home to him that it was a fortunate thing the impressionist was not exclusively preoccupied with the beautiful. He became familiar with the slushy streets, crowded with thronging pedestrians and obstructed horse-cars, bordered with strange promiscuous shops, which seemed at once violent and indifferent, overhung with snowbanks from the housetops; the avalanche that detached itself at intervals fell with an enormous thud amid the dense procession of women, made for a moment a clear space, splashed with whiter snow, on the pavement, and contributed to the gayety of the Puritan capital. Supreme in the thoroughfare was the rigid groove of the railway, where oblong receptacles, of fabulous capacity, governed by familiar citizens, jolted and jingled eternally, close on each other's rear, absorbing and emitting innumerable specimens of a single type. The road on either side, buried in mounds of pulverized, mud-colored ice, was ploughed across by laboring vehicles, and traversed periodically by the sisterhood of "shoppers," laden with satchels and parcels, and protected by a round-backed policeman. Florimond looked at the shops, saw the women disgorged, surging, ebbing, dodging the avalanches, squeezed in and out of the horse-cars, on their little platforms, where flatness was enforced, and made himself as perpendicular as possible. The horses steamed in the sunny air, the conductor punched the tickets and poked the passengers, some of whom were under and some above, and all alike stabled in trampled straw. They were precipitated, collectively, by stoppages and starts; the tight, silent interior stuffed itself more and more, and the whole machine heaved and reeled in its interrupted course. Florimond had forgotten the look of many things, the details of American publicity; in some cases, indeed, he only pretended to himself that he had forgotten them, because it helped to entertain him. The houses — a bristling, jagged line of talls and shorts, a parti-colored surface, expressively commercial — were spotted with staring signs, with labels and pictures, with advertisements familiar, colloquial, vulgar; the air was traversed with the tangle of the telegraph, with festoons of bunting, with banners not of war, with inexplicable loops and ropes; the shops, many of them enormous, had heterogeneous fronts, with queer juxtapositions in the articles that peopled them, an incompleteness of array, the stamp of the latest modern ugliness. They had pendant stuffs in the doorways, and flapping tickets outside. Every fifty yards there was a "candy store"; in the intervals was the painted panel of a chiropodist, representing him in his professional attitude. Beyond the plates of glass, in the hot interiors, behind the counters, were pale, familiar, delicate, tired faces of women with polished hair and glazed complexions. Florimond knew their voices; he knew how women would speak when their hair was "treated," as they said in the studios, like that. But the women that passed through the streets were the main spectacle. Florimond had forgotten their extraordinary numerosity, and the impression that they produced of a deluge of petticoats. He could see that they were perfectly at home on the road; they had an air of possession, of perpetual equipment, a look, in the eyes, of always meeting the gaze of crowds, always seeing people pass, noting things in shop-windows, and being on the watch at crossings; many of them evidently passed most of their time in these conditions, and Florimond wondered what sort of *interieurs* they could have. He felt at moments that he was in a city of women, in a country of women. The same impression came to him *dans le monde*, as he used to say, for he made the most incongruous application of his little French phrases to Boston. The talk, the social life, were so completely in the hands of the ladies, the masculine note was so subordinate, that

on certain occasions he could have believed himself (putting the brightness aside) in a country stricken by a war, where the men had all gone to the army, or in a seaport half depopulated by the absence of its vessels. This idea had intermissions; for instance, when he walked out to Cambridge. In this little excursion he often indulged; he used to go and see one of his college-mates, who was now a tutor at Harvard. He stretched away across the long, mean bridge that spans the mouth of the Charles,—a mile of wooden piles, supporting a brick pavement, a roadway deep in mire, and a rough timber fence, over which the pedestrian enjoys a view of the frozen bay, the backs of many new houses, and a big brown marsh. The horse-cars bore him company, relieved here of the press of the streets, though not of their internal congestion, and constituting the principal feature of the wide, blank avenue, where the puddles lay large across the bounding rails. He followed their direction through a middle region, in which the small wooden houses had an air of tent-like impermanence, and the February mornings, splendid and indiscreet, stared into bare windows and seemed to make civilization transparent. Further, the suburb remained wooden, but grew neat, and the painted houses looked out on the car-track with an expression almost of superiority. At Harvard the buildings were simple and fresh; they stood in a yard planted with slender elms, which the winter had reduced to spindles; the town stretched away from the horizontal palings of the collegiate precinct, low, flat and immense, with vague, featureless spaces and the air of a clean encampment. Florimond remembered that when the summer came in the whole place was transformed. It was pervaded by verdure and dust, the slender elms became profuse, arching over the unpaved streets, the green shutters bowed themselves before the windows, the flowers and creeping-plants bloomed in the small gardens, and on the piazzas, in the gaps of dropped awnings, light dresses arrested the eye. At night, in the warm darkness,—for Cambridge is not festooned with lamps,—the bosom of nature would seem to palpitate, there would be a smell of earth and vegetation,—a smell more primitive than the odor of Europe,—and the air would vibrate with the sound of insects. All this was in reserve, if one would have patience, especially from March to June; but for the present the seat of the University struck our poor little critical Florimond as rather hard and bare. As the winter went on, and the days grew longer, he knew that Mrs. Daintry often believed him to be in Arlington street when he was walking out to see his friend the tutor, who had once spent a winter in Paris, and who never tired of talking about it. It is to be feared that he did not undeceive her so punctually as he might, for, in the first place he was at Mrs. Mesh's very often; in the second, he failed to understand how worried his mother was; and in the third, the idea that he should be thought to have the peace of mind of a brilliant girl in his keeping was not disagreeable to him.

One day his Aunt Lucretia found him in Arlington street; it occurred to her about the middle of the winter that, considering she liked Rachel Torrance so much, she had not been to see her very often. She had little time for such indulgences; but she caught a moment in its flight, and was told at Mrs. Mesh's door that this lady had not yet come in, but that her companion was accessible. Florimond was in his customary chair by the chimney corner (his aunt perhaps did not know quite how customary it was), and Rachel, at the piano, was regaling him with a composition of Schubert. Florimond, up to this time, had not become very intimate with his aunt, who had not, as it were, given him the key of her house, and in whom he detected a certain want of interest in his affairs. He had a limited sympathy with people who were interested only in their own, and perceived that Miss Daintry belonged to this preoccupied and ungraceful class. It seemed to him that it would have been more becoming in her to feign at least a certain attention to the professional and social prospects of the most promising of her nephews. If there was one thing that Florimond disliked more than another, it was an eager self-absorption; and he could not see that it was any better for people to impose their personality upon committees and charities than upon general society. He would have modified this judgment of his kinswoman, with whom he had dined but once, if he could have guessed with what anxiety she watched for the symptoms of that salutary change which she expected to see wrought in him by the fascinating independence of Rachel Torrance. If she had dared, she would have prompted the girl a little; she would have confided to her this secret desire. But the matter was delicate; and Miss Daintry was shrewed enough to see that everything must be spontaneous. When she paused at the threshold of Mrs. Mesh's drawing-room, looking from one of her young companions to the other, she felt a slight pang, for she feared they were getting on too well. Rachel was pouring sweet music into the young man's ears, and turning to look at him over her shoulder while she played; and he with his head tipped back and his eyes on

the ceiling hummed an accompaniment which occasionally became an articulate remark. Harmonious intimacy was stamped upon the scene; and poor Miss Daintry was not struck with its being in any degree salutary. She was not reassured when, after ten minutes, Florimond took his departure; she could see that he was irritated by the presence of a third person; and this was a proof that Rachel had not yet begun to do her duty by him. It is possible that when the two ladies were left together her disappointment would have led her to betray her views, had not Rachel almost immediately said to her: "My dear cousin, I am so glad you have come; I might not have seen you again. I go away in three days."

"Go away? Where do you go to?"

"Back to Brooklyn," said Rachel, smiling sweetly.

"Why on earth — I thought you had come here to stay for six months?"

"Oh, you know, six months would be a terrible visit for these good people; and of course no time was fixed. That would have been very absurd. I have been here an immense time already. It was to be as things should go."

"And haven't they gone well?"

"Oh yes, they have gone beautifully."

"Then why in the world do you leave?"

"Well, you know, I have duties at home. My mother coughs a good deal, and they write me dismal letters."

"They are ridiculous, selfish people. You are going home because your mother coughs? I don't believe a word of it!" Miss Daintry cried. "You have some other reason. Something has happened here; it has become disagreeable. Be so good as to tell me the whole story."

Rachel answered that there was not any story to tell, and that her reason consisted entirely of conscientious scruples as to absenting herself so long from her domestic circle. Miss Daintry esteemed conscientious scruples when they were well placed, but she thought poorly on the present occasion of those of Mrs. Mesh's visitor; they interfered so much with her sense of fitness. "Has Florimond been making love to you?" she suddenly inquired. "You mustn't mind that — beyond boxing his ears."

Her question appeared to amuse Miss Torrance exceedingly; and the girl, a little inarticulate with her mirth, answered very positively that the young man had done her no such honor.

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Lucretia; "I was in hopes he would give you a chance to take him down. He needs it very much. He's dreadfully puffed up."

"He's an amusing little man!"

Miss Daintry put on her nippers. "Don't tell me it's you that are in love!"

"Oh, dear no! I like big, serious men, not small, Frenchified gentlemen, like Florimond. Excuse me if he's your nephew, but you began it. Though I am fond of art," the girl added, "I don't think I am fond of artists."

"Do you call Florimond an artist?"

Rachel Torrance hesitated a little, smiling. "Yes, when he poses for Pauline Mesh."

This rejoinder for a moment left Miss Daintry in visible perplexity; then a sudden light seemed to come to her. She flushed a little; what she found was more than she was looking for. She thought of many things quickly, and among others she thought that she had accomplished rather more than she intended. "Have you quarreled with Pauline?" she said presently.

"No, but she is tired of me."

"Everything has not gone well, then, and you *have* another reason for going home than your mother's cough?"

"Yes, if you must know, Pauline wants me to go. I didn't feel free to tell you that; but since you guess it —" said Rachel, with her rancorless smile.

"Has she asked you to decamp?"

"Oh, dear, no! for what do you take us? But she absents herself from the house; she stays away all day. I have to play to Florimond to console him."

"So you *have* been fighting about him?" Miss Daintry remarked, perversely.

"Ah, my dear cousin, what have you got in your head? Fighting about sixpence! If you knew how Florimond bores me! I play to him to keep him silent. I have heard everything he has to say, fifty times over!"

Miss Daintry sank back in her chair; she was completely out of her reckoning. "I think he might have made love to you a little!" she exclaimed, incoherently.

"So do I! but he didn't — not a crumb. He is afraid of me — thank Heaven!"

"It isn't for you he comes, then?" Miss Daintry appeared to cling to her theory.

"No, my dear cousin, it isn't."

"Just now, as he sat there, one could easily have supposed it. He didn't at all like my interruption."

"That was because he was waiting for Pauline to come in. He will wait that way an hour. You may imagine whether he likes me for boring her so, that, as I tell you, she can't stay in the house. I am out myself as much as possible. But there are days when I drop with fatigue; then I must rest. I can assure you that it is fortunate that I go so soon."

"Is Pauline in love with him?" Miss Daintry asked gravely.

"Not a grain. She is the best little woman in the world."

"Except for being a goose. Why, then, does she object to your company — after being so enchanted with you?"

"Because, even the best little woman in the world must object to something. She has everything in life, and nothing to complain of. Her children sleep all day, and her cook is a jewel. Her husband adores her, and she is perfectly satisfied with Mr. Mesh. I act on her nerves, and I think she believes I regard her as rather silly to care so much for Florimond. Excuse me again."

"You contradict yourself. She *does* care for him, then?"

"Oh, as she would care for a new *coupé!* She likes to have a young man of her own — fresh from Paris — quite to herself. She has everything else — why shouldn't she have that? She thinks your nephew very original, and he thinks her what she is,— the prettiest woman in Boston. They have an idea that they are making a 'celebrated friendship,'— like Horace Walpole and Madame du Deffand. They sit there face to face — they are as innocent as the shovel and tongs. But, all the same, I am in the way, and Pauline is provoked that I am not jealous."

Miss Daintry got up with energy. "She's a vain, hollow, silly little creature, and you are quite right to go away; you are worthy of better company. Only you will not go back to Brooklyn, in spite of your mother's cough; you will come straight to Mount Vernon Place."

Rachel hesitated to agree to this. She appeared to think it was her duty to quit Boston altogether; and she gave as a reason that she had already refused other invitations. But Miss Daintry had a better reason than this,— a reason that glowed in her indignant breast. It was she who had been the cause of the girl's being drawn into this sorry adventure; it was she who should charge herself with the reparation. The conversation I have related took place on a Tuesday; and it was settled that on the Friday Miss Torrance should take up her abode for the rest of the winter under her cousin Lucretia's roof. This lady left the house without having seen Mrs. Mesh.

On Thursday she had a visit from her sister-in-law, the motive of which was not long in appearing. All winter Mrs. Daintry had managed to keep silent on the subject of her doubts and fears. Discretion and dignity recommended this course; and the topic was a painful one to discuss with Lucretia, for the bruises of their primary interview still occasionally throbbed, but at the first sign of alleviation the excellent woman overflowed, and she lost no time in announcing to Lucretia, as a Heaven-sent piece of news, that Rachel had been called away by the illness of poor Mrs. Torrance, and was to leave Boston from one day to the other. Florimond had given her this information the evening before; and it had made her so happy that she couldn't help coming to let Lucretia know that they were safe. Lucretia listened to her announcement in silence, fixing her eyes on her sister-in-law with an expression that the latter thought singular; but when Mrs. Daintry, expanding still further, went on to say that she had spent a winter of misery, that the harm the two together (she and Lucretia) might have done was never out of her mind, for Florimond's assiduity in Arlington street had become notorious, and she had been told that the most cruel things were said,— when Mrs. Daintry, expressing herself to this effect, added that from the present moment she breathed, the danger was over, the sky was clear, and her conscience might take a holiday,— her hostess broke into the most prolonged, the most characteristic, and most bewildering fit of laughter in which she had ever known her to indulge. They were safe, Mrs. Daintry had said! For Lucretia this was true, now, for herself, at least; she was secure from the dangers of her irritation; her sense of the whole affair had turned to hilarious music. The contrast that rose before her between her visitor's anxieties and the real position of the parties, her quick vision of poor Susan's dismay in case *that* reality should meet her eyes, among the fragments of her squandered scruples,— these things smote the chords of mirth in Miss Daintry's spirit, and seemed to her in their high comicality to offer a sufficient reason for everything that had happened. The picture of her sister-in-law sitting all winter with her hands clasped and her eyes fixed on the wrong object was an image that would abide with her always; and it would render her an inestimable service,— it would cure her of the tendency to worry. As may be imagined, it was eminently open to Mrs. Daintry to ask her what on earth she was laughing at, and there was a color in the cheek of Florimond's mother that brought her back to propriety. She suddenly kissed this lady very tenderly — to the latter's great surprise, there having been no kissing since her visit in November — and told her that she would reveal to her some day, later, the cause of so much merriment. She added that Miss Torrance was leaving Arlington street, yes; but only to go as far as Mount Vernon Place. She was engaged to spend three months in that very house. Mrs. Daintry's countenance, at this, fell several inches, and her joy appeared completely to desert her. She gave her sister-in-law a glance of ineffable re-

proach, and in a moment she exclaimed: "Then nothing is gained! it will all go on here!"

"Nothing will go on here. If you mean that Florimond will pursue the young lady into this mountain fastness, you may simply be quiet. He is not fond enough of me to wear out my threshold."

"Are you very sure?" Mrs. Daintry murmured, dubiously.

"I know what I say. Hasn't he told you he hates me?"

Mrs. Daintry colored again, and hesitated. "I don't know how you think we talk," she said.

"Well, he does, and he will leave us alone."

Mrs. Daintry sprang up with an elasticity that was comical. "That's all I ask!" she exclaimed.

"I believe you hate me too!" Lucretia said, laughing; but at any risk, she kissed her sister-in-law again before they separated.

Three weeks later Mrs. Daintry paid her another visit; and this time she looked very serious. "It's very strange. I don't know what to think. But perhaps you know it already?" This was her *entrée en matière*, as the French say. "Rachel leaving Arlington street has made no difference. He goes there as much as ever. I see no change at all. Lucretia, I have not the peace that I thought had come," said poor Mrs. Daintry, whose voice had failed, below her breath.

"Do you mean that he goes to see Pauline Mesh?"

"I'm afraid so, every day."

"Well, my dear, what's the harm?" Miss Daintry asked. "He can't hurt *her* by not marrying her."

Mrs. Daintry stared; she was amazed at her sister-in-law's tone. "But it makes one suppose that all winter, for so many weeks, it has been for *her* that he has gone!" and the image of the *tête-a-tête* in which she had found them immured that day, rose again before her; she could interpret it now.

"You wanted some one; why may not Pauline have served?"

Mrs. Daintry was silent, with the same expanded eyes. "Lucretia, it is not right!"

"My dear Susan, you are touching," Lucretia said.

Mrs. Daintry went on without heeding her. "It appears that people are talking about it; they have noticed it for ever so long. Joanna never hears anything, or she would have told me. The children are too much. I have been the last to know."

"I knew it a month ago," said Miss Daintry, smiling.

"And you never told me?"

"I knew that you wanted to detain him. Pauline will detain him a year."

Mrs. Daintry gathered herself together. "Not a day, not an hour, that I can help! He shall go, if I have to take him."

"My dear Susan," murmured her sister-in-law on the threshold. Miss Daintry scarcely knew what to say; she was almost frightened at the rigidity of her face.

"My dear Lucretia, it is not right!" This ejaculation she solemnly repeated, and she took her departure as if she were decided upon action.

She had found so little sympathy in her sister-in-law that she made no answer to a note Miss Daintry wrote her that evening, to remark that she was really unjust to Pauline, who was silly, vain, and flattered by the development of her ability to monopolize an impressionist, but a perfectly innocent little woman and incapable of a serious flirtation. Miss Daintry had been careful to add to these last words no comment that could possibly shock Florimond's mother. Mrs. Daintry announced, about the 10th of April, that she had made up her mind she needed a change, and had determined to go abroad for the summer; and she looked so tired that people could see there was reason in it. Her summer began early; she embarked on the 20th of the month, accompanied by Florimond. Miss Daintry, who had not been obliged to dismiss the young lady of the kindergarten to make room for Rachel Torrance, never knew what had passed between the mother and the son, and she was disappointed at Mrs. Mesh's coolness in the face of this catastrophe. She disapproved of her flirtation with Florimond, and yet she was vexed at Pauline's pert resignation; it proved her to be superficial. She disposed of everything with her absurd little phrases, that were half slang and half quotation. Mrs. Daintry was a native of Salem, and this gave Pauline, as a Baltimorean and a descendant of the Cavaliers, an obvious opportunity. Rachel repeated her words to Miss Daintry, for she had spoken to Rachel of Florimond's departure, the day after he embarked. "Oh, yes, he's in the midst of the foam, the cruel, crawling foam! I 'kind of' miss him afternoons, he was so useful round the fire. It's his mother that charmed him away; she's a most uncanny old party. I don't care for Salem witches, anyway; she has worked on him with philters and spells!" Lucretia was obliged to recognize a grain of truth in this last assertion; she felt that her sister-in-law must indeed have worked upon Florimond, and she smiled to think that the conscientious Susan should have descended, in her last resort, to an artifice, to a pretext. She had probably persuaded him she was tired of Joanna's children.

THE END.

REPLY.

WHAT, then, is Love? she said.
Love is a music, blent in curious key
Of jarring discords and of harmony;
'Tis a delicious draught which, as you sip,
Turns sometimes into poison on your lip.
It is a sunny sky infolding storm,
The fire to ruin or the fire to warm,
A garland of fresh roses fair to sight,
Which then becomes a chain and fetters tight.
It is a half-heard secret told to two,
A life-long puzzle or a guiding clew,
The joy of joys, the deepest pain of pain.
All these Love has been and will be again.

How may I know? she said.
Thou mayest *not* know, for Love has conned the art
To blind the reason and befool the heart;
So subtle is he, not himself may guess
Whether he shall be more or shall be less;
Wrapped in a veil of many colored mists,
He flits disguiséd wheresoe'er he lists,
And for the moment is the thing he seems:
The child of vagrant hope and fairy dreams
Sails like a rainbow bubble on the wind,
Now high, now low, before us or behind;
And only when our fingers grasp the prize,
Changes his form and swiftly vanishes.

Then best not love, she said.
Dear child, there is no better and no best.
Love comes not, bides not at thy slight behest.
As well might thy frail fingers seek to stay
The march of waves in yonder land-locked bay,
As stem the surging tide which flows and fills
'Mid human energies and human wills.
The moon leads on the strong, resisting sea;
And so the moon of love shall beckon thee,
And at her bidding thou wilt leap and rise
And follow o'er strange seas, 'neath unknown skies,
Unquestioning; to dash, or soon or late,
On sand or cruel crag, as is thy fate.

Then woe is me! she said.
Weep not; there is a harder, sadder thing,
Never to know this sweetest suffering!
Never to see the sun, though suns may slay,
Or share the richer feast as others may.
Sooner the sealed and closely guarded wine
Shall seek again its purple-clustered vine,
Sooner the attar be again the rose,
Than Love unlearn the secret that it knows!
Abide thy fate, whether for good or ill,
Fearlessly wait, and be thou certain, still,
Whether as foe disguised or friendly guest
He comes, Love's coming is of all things best.

Susan Coolidge.

A PROBLEMATIC CHARACTER.*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN,

Author of "Gunnar," "Tales from Two Hemispheres," "Ilka on the Hill-top," etc.

VI.

It was about six weeks after Madame de Salincourt's departure from Kingsbridge that she received a letter from France which suddenly changed the aspect of her future. Her uncle and only surviving relative in France, Count Tellefer, who but eight months ago had been foremost in his condemnation of her, had apparently neglected to bring his will into harmony with his recent disapprobation, and now he had "shuffled off this mortal coil," leaving the compromised niece, if not a princely, at all events a very handsome fortune. The will bore a date about three years old, and the Count had found his death rather suddenly while hunting the wild boar in northern Italy, in the company of some scion of the house of Savoy; so it was only fair to conjecture that Fate had played a trick on him in her favor. The cause of Count Tellefer's displeasure and of Madame's escapade to the United States was an affair which it can hardly be indiscreet to reveal, as the "Figaro" gave a scandalous publicity to it at the time of its occurrence. A friend of Madame's, of a very illustrious name and high connections, had rented an expensively furnished house on the Boulevard Hausmann, and, becoming involved in gambling debts, had pawned one precious article of furniture after another, and finally vacated the premises without notice, transferring some valuable *bric-à-brac* and *objets de vertu* to Madame's boudoir for safe-keeping. Now, the miserable plebeian who had had the honor of such a distinguished tenant had the insolence to appeal to the courts of law. Madame's friend was arrested, and at the trial some very damaging testimony was given. Monsieur de Salincourt, who was an irascible man and susceptible as to his honor, made haste to challenge His Grace, and had his brains blown out for his trouble. Madame, to be sure, although she suffered the humiliation of being obliged to testify in her own behalf at the trial, was triumphantly acquitted of any wrong intention in harboring stolen goods. But, for all that, she was under a cloud, and a very dense one; and when poverty was added to her other trials, she found the French capital unendurable and fled to the United States. Her first thought had been to seek refuge with her well-to-do relatives in England (her mother having been of English birth), but a brief correspondence sufficed to show that she had nothing to expect from that quarter. England was apparently not the place to repair a damaged reputation.

When Madame accepted the "professorship" in the Female Seminary at Catoville, she was greatly relieved to find that there was no one in that locality who read metropolitan journals or interested himself in transatlantic scandals. She had persuaded herself that all she needed for perfect contentment now was peace, and Catoville promised to supply this source of happiness in abundant measure. A six months' experiment, however, sufficed to convince her that, after all, peace was not what she wanted; that, in fact, the serene and idyllic future she had sketched for herself was not at all to her taste. She therefore feigned no regret when the letter with the large official seals arrived, informing her of her uncle's death, and she computed instinctively the value of her wealth as a means of overcoming the opprobrium incident upon the scandal which, though a year old, could not even in Paris be yet wholly forgotten. Still, a year is a long time in Paris, —equivalent to five years elsewhere,— and Madame was brave enough and pretty enough to face the remnant of prejudice that might still be lingering in the minds of her former friends. She therefore took a smiling farewell of the "twenty-two," who wept in chorus, kissed Alice lightly on both cheeks, and invited her to visit her at her home in Paris. She had suddenly become again the grand lady of the world; she was stately and beautiful, but not over-affectionate. The mere anticipation of wealth dignified her and made her a little bit ashamed of her intimacy with these twenty-two innocent plebeians.

During the first week in March she sailed in the *Ville de Paris* for Havre.

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VII.

HANNIBAL TARLETON had made arrangements for an extended Western tour when he learned from Alice that Madame de Salincourt was on her way to France. His interest in the picturesqueness of the West thus suffered an unaccountable abatement, and he went rather disconsolately to Uncle Joel, "the soap man," who was his banker, counselor, and the scape-goat of his ill humor, and declared that he would never amount to much unless he could spend a couple of years abroad. Uncle Joel, who had a great distrust of whatever came from abroad, declared that if his ward would only take pains to learn all that could be learned at home, he would make as good an artist as he would care to see; in response to which remark Hannibal observed that he did not doubt it, but that he had aspired to pleasing a more fastidious public than Uncle Joel. The soap manufacturer, who was gifted with an indomitable good-nature, replied that he did well to aspire as high as possible, and that if he cared to go to New York he, Uncle Joel, would be happy to pay his expenses for a year or two, until he had learned the true characteristics of American art. Thus ended the first discussion of this fateful topic; but the tenth, which was more stormy, resulted in Hannibal's throwing up all the prudent investments which Uncle Joel had made for him, and drawing a check for some six thousand dollars,—his whole paternal inheritance, —which the manufacturer was forced to honor. Two days later he bought a first-class ticket and sailed for Europe; and his first inquiries on his arrival in Paris were for Madame de Salincourt.

Hannibal was not much impressed with the neighborhood in which Madame had taken up her residence. His topographical knowledge was too defective and his nostrils were not sufficiently delicate to perceive the faint odor of ancient aristocracy in those musty and silent courts. Madame's house, which had been among her inheritances from her late uncle, had a close-buttoned and forbidding look from the outside, and it exhibited a dampish gray tint which did not look to him either venerable or picturesque. The narrow windows were all closely shuttered, and the ponderous gate, which was likewise shut, was obviously intended for carriages only, and made a man feel ashamed to walk through it on foot. Nevertheless, Hannibal had no hesitation in ringing the bell vigorously; while his heart rose in pity for Madame, who, he concluded, must be living in rather reduced circumstances. He was somewhat relieved when he entered a large and sunny court, which was better kept than the street without; and, glancing up at the white and cheerful façade, he made the reflection that the house, through some inadvertency of the builder or the street commissioner, had come to turn its back to the public. Approaching the front door, over which a conical glass roof was projecting, he handed his card to a servant, and asked, in such poor French as he could command, if Madame was at home. The reply was returned in a few minutes that "Madame the Countess would be happy to see Monsieur."

"Ah, the deuce," thought Hannibal, "is she a Countess? She never told me that. Who would have suspected that she was such a grand personage?"

He kept throwing uneasy glances about him as he mounted with the servant to the second floor, noticing with quickened surprise the rich stuffs and warmly blending colors of carpets and draperies, the laughing chase of cupids and nymphs over the frescoed ceilings and walls, and the faint perfume exhaling from groups of exotic plants, skillfully arranged at each landing of the stairs. He had just time to blush at his naïve inferences regarding Madame's economic situation when he was ushered into a magnificent apartment, where he found himself face to face with a lady who held out her hand to him, and with an affable but somewhat distant smile bade him be seated. He obeyed half mechanically, but forgot all the eloquent speeches which he had composed on his way across the Seine. It required a second look to convince him that this lady was really his friend. She was so regal in her attire, so gracious and yet so remote, that it seemed a forlorn hope to renew the intimacy on which a moment ago he had confidently counted. Prosperity had evidently agreed with her. She looked blooming and radiant; but it required no subtlety of observation to convince him that he was standing in the presence, not of Madame, but of the Countess de Salincourt.

"It was so kind of you to come to see me, Mr. Tarleton," she was saying, with an evident intention to relieve his embarrassment. "I had not counted on the pleasure of meeting you so soon again. I supposed you were wedded to America, and prospectively to Miss Beach. How is your dear *fiancée?* I sincerely trust she is well."

"She is very well indeed, thank you," said Hannibal, stiffly. "At all events, she was when I last heard from her. You have, however, seen her later than I have."

"Ah, indeed, is that possible? You know I was so fond of her. She was such a dear,

sweet little thing. With due respect for your talents, Mr. Tarleton, I think you have been undeservedly fortunate in gaining the affections of such a jewel of a girl. She is just the woman to make a man like you happy. And now, I trust you will use your time well and profit by the grand opportunities which Paris offers you. I know you have not the heart to disappoint her. She expects you to be great, and you are bound, for her sake, to be great. May I ask if you have already selected a master?"

"I arrived in Paris only this morning," he replied sullenly. "I have had no time to look about yet."

"And how very good of you to call upon me so soon. I need not say that if I can be of any service to you, it will afford me great pleasure. I know Gérôme, and, in fact, all the masters here who teach. Perhaps you would like me to furnish you with introductions?"

"No, I thank you," said Hannibal, rising with his old restless manner and taking a couple of strides across the floor. He felt as if he were being slowly smothered in eiderdown or some other soft and insidious substance; and he was conscious of a savage impulse to knock down some precious piece of furniture and fling the fragments out of the window. He paused moodily in the middle of the floor and stood for a moment staring at the cupids in the ceiling.

Madame observed him narrowly, and it occurred suddenly to her that he was an interesting barbarian, and that in all probability something might be made of him. The defiant light in his eyes pleased her, and his tall and shapely form made him an impressive person in spite of his indifferent costume.

"I cannot allow you to leave me yet," she said, with something of her old friendliness, seeing that he was approaching the door. "I am afraid I shall shock you dreadfully; but as an old friend I think I may venture to take a liberty. I want you to see Paris at its best, and if you will do me the honor to come to my Wednesday evenings I shall be happy to make you acquainted with the literary and artistic world of France. But — but, you know, the French are an idle and frivolous folk, who judge every aspirant to fame more by the cut of his coat than by the cut of his genius. Now, will you promise to pardon me if I send a friend of mine to you whose instinct is unerring in the matter of costume, and will you listen to his advice like a good and obedient boy and submit your eccentric proclivities to the verdict of his taste? You see I have the kindest intentions with you; otherwise I should certainly not take the risk of incurring your displeasure."

Her insinuating manner and the caressing accents of her voice had an intolerably soothing effect upon him. He felt as if she were stealing his strength, as if she were inclosing him like the Lady of Shalott in a cobwebby net from which he could not or would not extricate himself. The luxurious richness of the room, the odor of the flowers, and above all her wonderful beauty, formed a kind of intoxicating exotic atmosphere about him and robbed him of his resolution and courage.

"She has been making a fool of me," he muttered to himself, as he descended the stairs, followed by a liveried servant. "The deuce take her and her confounded politeness."

For all the rest of the day he went about in a state of feverish discontent, chafing under his sense of humiliation; but when Wednesday came he presented himself smiling and in irreproachable attire at the door of the Countess de Salincourt.

VIII.

MADAME had a way of rhapsodizing about her friends when they were within earshot, and making them blush by the extravagance of the praise which she lavished upon them. Hannibal learned in this manner at one of the Wednesday receptions that she entertained the highest respect for his character and genius, and that she prophesied for him a most brilliant future. For all that, she gradually fell into a way of criticising him to his face with a kind of maternal frankness which he was far from relishing. She sometimes adopted a tone toward him like that of his elder male relatives who, when he was a boy, made a point of asking him how he was getting on in his studies, and whether he got many whippings at school. "Now, my dear Mr. Tarleton," she said to him during one of the *tête-à-têtes* which usually followed the reception, "you lack repose. You do not control your thoughts and emotions; on the contrary, they control you. I always know approximately what you are going to say a couple of seconds before you have opened your mouth. Your eyes, your expression, your whole countenance betray you while you are still fashioning your thoughts. You are a child of impulse; you are too vehement. I want to make a man of the world of you; I want to have you succeed; and you will never succeed so long as you remain in such a shocking state of innocence. I want you

to study the cool and impassive manners of the celebrated gentlemen you meet here in my *salon*. They can be vivacious, and even impassioned, but they never forget themselves. There is always a cool undercurrent of calculation beneath all their vehemence."

In this strain Madame could deliver long harangues to which Hannibal listened in rebellious silence. He acknowledged, in the abstract, that everything she said was true, although he suspected the futility of cultivating a manner which was radically at variance with his nature. He was dimly grateful to her for taking so lively an interest in his welfare, but he chafed and fumed at the fate which had placed such a gulf between them, making it impossible for him to approach her again on terms of equality, asking for a return of the love he bore her. He could not shut his eyes to the fact that he was daily lapsing more completely under her sway; and although she outwardly took pains to emphasize the didactic and to ignore the sentimental aspect of their relation, he was yet rational enough to observe that she was in a hundred subtler ways encouraging his devotion. It occurred to him that in all probability it was his engagement to Alice which thus restrained her; that, though she possibly loved him, she was too conscientious to deprive her friend of her lover; and that her didactic manner was merely a shield which she raised in self-defense when she feared that her own emotion might betray her. Hannibal pondered long on this ingenious theory, and he finally arrived at the conclusion that it was his duty to break his engagement with Alice. He therefore lost no time in writing her the following letter:

"PARIS, May 31st, 187–.

"MY DEAR ALICE: I am not the man you took me for, and I am utterly unworthy of your love. I want you to forget all about me and to blot out my name from your memory. I wish I could explain to you my motives for making such an extraordinary demand upon you; but I can't. I am a pitiful wretch, who had no business in the world to mar the happiness of the dearest and best girl that was ever born. I wish you would curse me, as I deserve, and call me hard names. But, for Heaven's sake, don't sit pale and tearless and silent at the window, gazing listlessly out; don't say I have outgrown you, and that you were never my equal. Don't speak well of me, or I shall go mad. The fact is, I am a terrible coward, and the consequences of my own villainy appall me. I am in a horrible frame of mind, but, I am sorry to say, I am perfectly sane. I am not even very unhappy; so, don't waste any pity upon me. If I were unhappy, I should, at all events, save my self-respect. Now it is beyond redemption. I will write no boshy stuff at the end, but merely sign myself,

"Yours with sympathy and respect,

"HANNIBAL TARLETON."

It was with a profound sense of relief that he heard this letter drop at the bottom of the mail-box. He had carried it in his pocket for three days before he could find it in his heart to send it. Now it was at last beyond his reach, unless he chose to reclaim it at the General Post-office. He was afraid of having the appearance of indecent haste in communicating to the Countess what he had done, and therefore allowed nearly a week to pass without approaching her. He was inexpressibly miserable, but he felt a virtuous satisfaction in his misery as an expiation for the suffering he had caused one who had no power to harm him in return. The first reception in June, however, offered him an apt opportunity for divulging his uncomfortable secret. Madame had taken his arm and was about to introduce him to an elderly dowager whom she was telling him, *sotto voce*, that he must cultivate, as she was of enormous social importance.

"This, my dear Marchioness, is my young friend from the Sierras," she was saying, with her usual vivacity. "He is an artist of brilliant promise, and I hope you will give him the benefit of your weighty favor when he appears in the Salon. I am perfectly sure you will when you hear that he is engaged to marry a beautiful and lovely maiden who now sits in the far West, waiting for his return with Parisian laurels about his brow."

"I beg your pardon," interposed Hannibal, promptly. "I am no longer engaged."

"Ah, that is a great pity," observed the stout Marchioness, in a husky bass voice. "You have spoiled a delightful situation. There is nothing I love so much as romantic situations. I was just beginning to feel an interest in you, and had resolved to use all my influence in your favor for the sake of the lovely maiden in the West. But now you have taken away all incentive for generosity. As a good-looking young man, with fair talents and good connections, you are certainly not an object of pity. I reserve my sympathy for the lonely maiden of the Sierras. Now, why did you break with her, when she was seated in such a picturesque attitude of love-lorn expectancy?"

"Because he is a bad, naughty boy," replied Madame, who had small confidence in Hannibal's French. "I shall take him severely to task for his perfidy when I get him *tête-à-tête*."

"He does not look as if he dreaded the interview," said the Marchioness, with a ghastly archness, which was made up chiefly of wrinkles.

"No, he is too hardened, too depraved," responded Madame, lightly. "If you cannot lead him from the error of his ways, my dear Marchioness, what can I hope to do?"

In this strain they kept discussing the young

delinquent, while he stood by with a puzzled frown, comprehending perfectly what they were saying, but unable to frame a reply to their remarks with sufficient rapidity to apply it at the proper moment. Growing discouraged at last, he made a stiff bow to the Marchioness, murmuring something about his inability to converse in French, and retired into a corner, where he stood listening absently to the buzz of conversation about him. He watched with uncontrollable impatience the departure of the guests, feeling a haughty contempt for their elaborate courtesy and the polished insincerity of their manners.

"If this is the kind of creature she wants to make of me," he muttered, scowling magnificently at a dapper little landscape painter, whom Madame had lauded as a model of deportment, "she will find that she has got an uncomfortable job on her hands. The Titans didn't smirk and crook their spines in this ridiculous style when they stormed the heavens. I must make an end of this, before I am shorn of my strength and the Philistines have taken me captive."

He had felt at a disadvantage the whole evening; the epigrammatic small-talk, of which he often missed the point, had wearied and irritated him, and his own insignificance had stimulated instead of quelling his vanity. If Madame had not been so radiantly lovely, he would have picked up his hat long ago and left without saying good-bye. He allowed, however, the last guest to depart without showing any disposition to follow his example. Madame was standing in the middle of the room with her society smile slightly enfeebled, still on her visage, as if she were listening to some invisible interlocutor. Nearly one hundred candles burned in Venetian-glass chandeliers about the walls and under the ceiling, and poured a soft flood of light down upon her head and shoulders. She had developed a preference of late for candle-light, because gas-light, as she had recently discovered, was no longer becoming to her complexion.

"Ah," she exclaimed, with light surprise, as she saw Hannibal standing before her, "I had forgotten you were here."

"Well," he said sulkily, "I wish you would forget me altogether. I suppose I am ungrateful, but the fact is, Madame, I am tired of your patronage."

She looked at him for a moment with an inscrutable expression, as if she were weighing some important resolution.

"Monsieur Hannibal," she said at last, with abruptness, "are you in earnest? You may know, once for all, that my patience has a limit, and that I am not to be trifled with."

"Yes, by the heavens, Madame, I am terribly in earnest," he cried passionately. "You have made a fool of me from the first moment you saw me, and I will endure it no longer. It can be no secret to a woman of your astuteness that I came to France merely for the purpose of seeing you, and that I am insanely in love with you. Of course you are too grand now to listen to me, but I am a blunt man, and I don't care if I shock you. To me, it is not an amusing position, but a matter of life and death."

"Well, Monsieur Tarleton," she replied coolly and with a perceptible sneer, "since brutal frankness is in order, I will confess that I did know all and more than you give me credit for. But I was mistaken, it appears, in supposing that you were sufficiently civilized to refrain from confessing your absurd devotion to me, which could lead to nothing but unpleasantness."

Whether it was because her plausibility convinced him, or because he saw the futility of argument, he felt suddenly as if mental resources were failing him. A whiff of Parisian atmosphere had invaded his mind, and he began dimly to see the absurdity of his position, as in all probability it appeared to Madame. She had defeated him utterly, but she had defeated herself, too; for he could not but suspect that her zeal in his behalf had had some ulterior aim. He could not tell why, but the process of disillusion had begun, his admiration for her had suffered a shock; and he did not feel half the pang nor a shadow of the despair which he had anticipated, when he reached her his hand, saying, with tolerable composure:

"Good-bye, Madame. I start to-morrow for Rome."

IX.

Not much was heard of Hannibal Tarleton during the next four years. Only vague rumors floated across the sea from time to time, and his friends in Kingsbridge felt safe in inferring that he was, at all events, alive. What sort of a life he was leading they were at a loss to conjecture, but, on general principles, took it for granted that he was doing no credit either to himself or to anybody else. People began to speak of him under their breath, and to shake their heads ominously when his name was mentioned, and it was generally understood that his relatives did not like to be questioned about him. Some one, it was reported, who had a slight acquaintance with him, had seen and talked with him at a place in the Via Margutta in Rome, where they were painting from living models. A lady who had once visited in the

town had seen him at the baths of Lucca; but beyond the fact that he wore a full beard, a broad-brimmed slouched hat, and a blue flannel blouse with plaits down the back, she had nothing to communicate. Uncle Joel and Mr. Beach were both of opinion, however, that he must have sunk pretty low when he could appear in public in such a costume.

Alice Beach was understood to have taken the rupture of their engagement much to heart; she had, however, come very near forfeiting the sympathy of the town by her refusal to join in its condemnation of her delinquent lover. The two Misses Glenn, who had come upon a visit of condolence, and naturally expected a complete unbosoming, had gone away much shocked at her reticence and her enigmatical behavior. "She is silly about him yet," the Misses Glenn reported. "She expects him to come back, and she is too shrewd to cut off her nose to spite her face."

Whether this was a correct statement of the situation or not, it seemed sufficiently plausible to gain general credence; and when, in the spring of 187–, four years after Hannibal's disappearance, Alice accepted an urgent invitation from the Countess de Salincourt to visit her in Paris, there seemed no escape from the conclusion that she had gone on a journey of exploration in search of her errant knight. In this spirit, at all events, her departure was commented upon in Kingsbridge. Mr. Beach, too, I am inclined to think, shared this view, and did all in his power to thwart so quixotic an enterprise; but when it was found that Uncle Joel had so far conquered his prejudices against monarchy as to consent to the introduction of his soap in Europe, and actually intended supervising this hazardous undertaking in person, an escort seemed providentially provided, and there was no longer any valid ground for objection. Uncle Joel and his niece therefore started without delay for Paris, and were most graciously received by the Countess.

Madame had found some unexpected thorns in her path during recent years, and she had found them by the most uncomfortable process, viz.: by stepping on them. From the moment of her return from her exile she had found life a much more intricate affair than she had previously suspected. She had, to be sure, captured for her Wednesdays a real Marchioness, who, for the sake of Madame's unimpeachable Bonapartism, had consented to let bygones be bygones; but, after having remained for some time the solitary titled adornment of the Salincourt *salon*, the Marchioness kissed her hostess very affectionately, and never crossed her threshold again; nor was she at home when Madame called. Even socially Bonapartism was daily becoming a less and less profitable investment, and Madame, after two or three other unpleasant encounters with titled ladies, began to develop republican propensities. With the male aristocrats she had better luck, although not enough to rob her defeat with the ladies of its bitterness. Nevertheless, her charms were yet more than sufficient to overcome the stanchest political prejudice; and with the added attraction of a large rent-roll and investments in the funds, she was quite excusable in thinking that her matrimonial career was not yet closed. Thirty-two is no great age in France, and secure investments are said to prolong in some subtle way the period of florescence in a marriageable woman. Madame had had chances enough, of course, of sacrificing her independence; but they had not been the kind of chances which she had desired. In the meanwhile she felt very melancholy at times in her gilded solitude, and there were even moments when her conscience vaguely pricked her, recalling with morbid vividness her treacherous conduct toward a certain little maiden in the United States who had once been very kind to her. It was one day while her transatlantic recollections were causing her annoyance that she read a notice in a journal of two very remarkable pictures which had been forwarded for exhibition by the American artist, Mr. Hannibal Tarleton, in Rome. Mr. Tarleton, the correspondent continued, had made a good deal of noise in the artistic circles in Rome (and all circles in Rome were more or less artistic), and his pictures had been the talk of the town. He had burst upon the horizon of the American colony like an unheralded comet, which had put all the prognostications of the astronomers to shame. American art, and particularly the question whether there were any such thing as American art, were the problems of the hour, and excited much virulent discussion. Mr. Tarleton, it was rumored, meant to be in Paris in time for the opening of the Salon; and Paris, being the artistic Areopagus of the world, would have to pronounce the final verdict upon his claims to recognition.

Madame had hardly finished this paragraph when she flew to her writing-desk and penned an epistle in which her "irrepressible yearning for her dear, beloved Alice" found a most exuberant expression; and the dear, beloved Alice, who suspected none but the literal meaning in her friend's occult diplomacy, packed her trunks and was exported by Uncle Joel to the delightful city where all

good Americans are said to go once, either before or after their demise. It is needless to say that Madame had made no allusion in her letter to the broken engagement, nor had she even mentioned Hannibal's name; but in her heart she had plotted a little romance which was to atone for all her former misdemeanors. She would reunite the estranged lovers, and, in so doing, she would provide a charming companion for herself during the summer, and she would derive a great deal of innocent amusement from the unraveling of her plot.

Alice's appearance appealed at once to Madame's dramatic susceptibility. At the very first glance the distinct New England flavor of the girl's personality impressed her. She was delightfully alien, and by her very novelty might be made a grand social success. She had changed much in four years, as every girl is apt to do between seventeen and twenty-one. She looked less prim, but still pure and placid and grave. Her type had slowly unfolded into a modest bloom, which revealed a wealth of unobtrusive charm to the patient observer. At Madame's side she could hardly be called graceful; her movements were too simple and natural, too obviously unpremeditated, to challenge attention. They bore about the same relation to the elaborate elegance and *empressement* of her hostess's manner that a hymn does to a Strauss waltz. Some of the Puritanic rigidity had survived in her, no doubt, but its effect was partly counteracted by a rare and lovely smile, which was both innocent and mature, both childlike and womanly. She seemed somewhat taller than before, and had fairly reached middle height, although her slenderness made her look taller than she really was.

"Now, my love," said Madame, when her first effusive greetings and the leave-taking with Uncle Joel were at an end, "let us examine your wardrobe and see if you have anything presentable in the Parisian sense. You must know, my dear, that I intend to introduce you to the *beau monde*, and I mean to make a sensation with you. I know of old that you are a good and obedient girl, who will give me *carte-blanche* in the matter of costume. You know, my dear, that with a little art you might be made very impressive."

"But I don't care to be made impressive, Madame," protested Alice. "I am really quite satisfied with myself as I am."

"But I am not satisfied with you as you are," insisted Madame, with smiling vehemence. "That is, of course, you are very sweet as you are, but you are too — what shall I say? — unobtrusive. You are like the kind of sweet little wild-flower which grows in the grass, and which you have to hunt for a good while before you find it. When you do find it, you see at once that it is lovely; but the chances are always against your finding it. Now, Parisian gentlemen, you must know, have not the patience to go on such fatiguing botanical excursions. You must emphasize your charms, and place them within convenient distance of the masculine eye-glass, if you want them to be discovered."

"But I am sure I have no ambition to be discovered by the Parisian gentlemen," said Alice, in vague alarm. "Please, Madame, let us have a nice quiet time here at home, you and I, and let us go to the famous galleries and see pictures and statuary; and if you choose, let me hear music and do all I can to improve myself. But don't exhibit me as an American curiosity."

Madame responded with a caress which expressed a mixture of affection and patronage.

"You delicious little goose," she exclaimed, gayly. "Improve yourself! Who in the world ever heard of coming to Paris for the purpose of improving one's self? No, this time you must yield to my superior wisdom. Moreover," she added, with a bright look, "the most improving thing in Paris is its society. That gives a woman the *belle air*, the *aplomb*, without which no success is possible. It is only English blue-stockings and long-haired novices in art who go to the Louvre and the Luxembourg. Nobody of position and prominence, in fact, nobody who is anybody, goes to such places. No; the Longchamps races — that is where you meet the great world; that is where you must be seen if you want to be anybody. Self-improvement, my dear child, isn't at all the thing here; it is held to be decidedly bad form; and you know one must always avoid doing things that are in bad form. I mean to make a little *Parisienne* of you before you leave me. You have some admirable points, and if you are brought out under the proper auspices, you may become the belle of the season."

Thus Madame kept discoursing while softly bustling about her guest, helping her unpack her trunks, spreading out dress after dress upon the silken coverlet of the bed, smoothing out the wrinkles, and subjecting each new article that emerged from the depths to her critical scrutiny. The suite of rooms which she had placed at the young girl's disposal was in such a quaintly antique style that Alice, who was clandestinely romantic, found herself walking on tiptoe and talking in a hushed voice, as if she were afraid of disturbing the ghost of the dead grandees who must have stalked through these apartments in the times

when powdered wigs and silk stockings were yet in fashion. Madame's gay and inconsequent chatter jarred upon her, and seemed out of keeping with the faded splendor of her surroundings. The fact was, the late Count Tellefer, who had been a passionate sportsman, had never had the spare cash to rejuvenate the third floor of his house and bring it into harmony with the century; and the superb tapestries *à la* Louis XV., and the florid rococo which then prevailed in furniture, as in everything else, were thus left undisturbed, until by some freak of fate they drifted into a second youth and once more became fashionable. Time, and perhaps a slight settling of the wall, had added here and there a little twist to the noses and the smiles of the coquettish ladies in the *Fête Champêtre*, and the Gobelins gentlemen in their faded complexions looked a trifle weary of their prolonged love-making. More youthful and perennial was the love of the porcelain shepherd, who carried a basket of lucifer matches on his back, and whose devotional attitude toward the pale-pink and blue shepherdess, who carried a similar burden, seemed to have suffered no change with the centuries. She was too evidently made for him, and the opposite corner of the mantel-piece would have been conscious of her absence. The porcelain clock, too, which stood half-way between these two love-lorn figures, suggested Arcadian associations; it had a light and frivolous heart-beat, like a little gay old woman whom old age had failed to sober. The same charming levity was more remotely suggested in the tarnished gilding and the buoyant outlines of the long mirrors, in the exaggerated chubbiness of the cupids who peeped forth from behind the dusty-red cloud under the cracked frescoed ceiling, and in the slender and gracefully carved legs of the chairs, which seemed only to be waiting for the first bang of the orchestra to "balance to partners" and glide away courtesying to an old-time minuet.

When, after a long and somewhat fatiguing discussion of millinery, races, young men, and Parisian customs, Alice found herself alone in her boudoir, she slipped into a plain little New England wrapper, which seemed oddly out of place amid all this magnificence. She remained for a while standing in the middle of the room, trying by an effort of will to conquer her glaring sense of her own alienism; but feeling the attempt to be futile, she surrendered herself to it, first shyly, then gradually, with a luxuriousness which was intellectual, perhaps, rather than physical. It seemed all so delightfully strange; she realized acutely that she was in the Old World. And in the next moment she reflected upon the impossibility of her ever becoming acclimated and learning to breathe this atmosphere without a conscious effort. Her American self, which had hitherto seemed as natural and indefinable as any other growth of the soil, became suddenly a palpable and definable thing, — a matter of consciousness and reflection. She resolved to remain stanch against all Madame's blandishments, and not to compromise an inch of her republican dignity. While being intensely alive to the historic flavor of her surroundings, she yet thanked God, in her simplicity, that she had not been born a countess and been surrounded from the cradle by these insidious incentives to worldliness. Even her own reflection seemed strange to her as she stood undoing her hair before the gilded and gorgeously draped toilet-table (which had an air *à la* Pompadour), and she paused in a tremor before she could persuade herself to repose her slim little body in a bed so formidable with historic associations. She fell to wondering how Hannibal, with his susceptible nature, had withstood the allurements of this wicked European society; for she did not for a moment doubt that the European society had made strenuous efforts to beguile him. She hoped and prayed that he had proved himself strong, and had not forgotten his descent from a God-fearing New England governor. With this fervent hope she drifted away into unconsciousness, but awoke after a brief slumber in an agony of terror. She had dreamed that she was Marie Antoinette, and that she was being led away to execution. She had to relight the lamp to convince herself of her identity.

X.

"Look, Alice," said Madame; "our heroes are training for revenge."

Alice looked, but saw only a dozen men who were seated at little tables on the sidewalk, outside of a fashionable restaurant. "I don't understand," she said.

"Don't you know the latest theory of our defeat in 1870?" asked the other, vivaciously, lolling back against the soft cushions of her landau. "It was a war between wine and beer, some kind-hearted philosopher has discovered, wishing to deprive the defeat of its bitterness. The beer, as you know, was victorious. Therefore, we now all drink. Drive on, Lampère," she went on, addressing the coachman, "to the Bois."

Madame had lost the thread of her discourse, and she sat for some minutes smiling distractedly, trying vainly to recover it.

"You were saying," began Alice, tenta-

tively, "that the kind-hearted philosopher wished ——"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Madame, with a *nonchalant* air. "He wished to deprive the beer of its bitterness—or, I mean the defeat. Therefore our heroes now drink beer in anticipation of another tussle; they endeavor to grow ponderous, and the imperial is hidden in a bushy Teutonic beard. All those things tell in war. I, for my part, maintain that it was a war between the imperial and the full beard, or between the blonde and black. I should not be astonished if blonde-dyed beards soon became the fashion on the boulevards."

She spoke with light persiflage, but with a nervousness, which, however, wholly escaped her friend's observation. Alice was too absorbed in the sights of the streets, the gay toilets, the magnificent equipages, and the stately buildings, to watch the variable moods of the Countess. She had not observed the tall young man who sat before a small table on the sidewalk of the Boulevard des Italiens, smoking reflectively, while regarding the crowds that were surging past him with an air of languid interest; and if she had seen him, she would have been at a loss to know why Madame should be in the least agitated by his presence. She would have concluded, possibly, that it was her own turn to look agitated. The fact was, Madame was in a flurry, not, as she imagined, on her own account, but lest her beautiful plot should come to naught. She had not been aware that Hannibal had arrived in the city yet, and it was of the utmost importance to her that he should gain no inkling of Alice's presence until she should herself choose to inform him. She was a little humiliated, too, perhaps, at the thought that he had made no effort to see her, and that, judging by his apparent health and contentment, the love for her which he had once so fervently avowed had left no leanness or sentimental ravages behind it. He looked irritatingly healthy, she reflected, for a disappointed lover. "A French lover," she said, thinking aloud, "would have a sufficient regard for the proprieties to look dispirited and emaciated, if he were rejected. Common decency and a regard for the feelings of the lady who rejected him would demand it. He would be too polite to walk about flaunting his insolent health in the face of the world."

"What makes you think of lovers?" asked Alice, wonderingly. "They are a very unsafe subject to generalize about."

"All men are potential lovers, Madame went on, with a mock-didactic air; "at all events, it is only in that capacity that I find them interesting. I have had men of all civilized nationalities in love with me, and some barbarians besides. When M. de Salincourt was alive, it was rumored that he was offered a fabulous sum for me by a Turkish pasha, whom I met at a ball at the Tuilleries. He never said two words to me, but, the same rumor asserted, on receiving M. de Salincourt's indignant refusal my pasha quietly strangled himself, and made no more ado about it. That is the kind of lover I should like. That is the kind of flattery to which I am keenly susceptible. If a man paid me such a compliment again, I think I could do anything for him in a moderate way, as, for instance, assuming his name, wearing weeds for him, and spending his money."

"You must have been very unhappy in your married life, Madame," said Alice, gravely, "since you can talk in that bitter and reckless way about what was meant to be the happiest and most beautiful relation on earth."

"No, my dear," replied Madame, lightly, "I was not *very* unhappy. Unhappiness, at all events, has a certain dignity. I was only moderately wretched, with the kind of wretchedness which a man feels in the morning after a night's carousal. He has a headache, his tongue is parched; the world seems out of gear. He orders soda, and swears mildly while performing his toilet. It is a kind of undignified wretchedness for which there is no effective remedy. Soda is merely a makeshift. There have been moments when the execrable cupids who dragged ponderous garlands over M. de Salincourt's walls seemed to mock me with their stereotyped smirk. I often felt tempted to fling something at them. But I know that M. de Salincourt would only have smiled politely, and ordered the servant to remove the débris. He was always polite, ingeniously and cruelly polite. Sometimes I thought I should go mad, but I hadn't even the force of character to do that."

Odd as it may seem, it was Hannibal's failure to call which had untuned Madame and made her indulge in this autobiographical retrospect. When she planned her little intrigue, which was supposed to have the reunion of Alice and Hannibal as its *dénouement*, she forgot to take her own vanity into account, imagining that she would find a disinterested delight in watching the reawakening of a passion of which she was herself not the object. She was still laboring under this delusion when the carriage drove up before her own door; and although she had not quite conquered her irritation, she did not allow it to interfere with the sentimental programme which she still continued to contemplate with much satisfaction. She went quickly to her boudoir, rang for her

maid, and having with her assistance arrayed herself in a less stately and more convenient costume, she sat down at her writing-desk and wrote a note to an artistic friend, who was a member of that year's hanging committee, and requested him, at the earliest possible moment, to send her the address of Mr. Hannibal Tarleton.

The next morning, having obtained the desired information from her friend, she ordered her landau, and, excusing herself to Alice on the plea of urgent business, drove to the Boulevard Malesherbes, where Hannibal had taken temporary lodgings. She sent up her card, with the request that the gentleman would have the kindness to come down and see her in her carriage. She was nervous and a little apprehensive lest he should refuse to renew his acquaintance with her, but felt much relieved when, at the end of a few minutes, she saw his tall figure emerging from the door. There was something quiet and commanding in his aspect which immediately impressed her, and she was conscious of an inexplicable flutter as he raised his hat to her, and in a leisurely manner stepped up to the carriage.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Tarleton," she said in English, holding out her hand to him with great cordiality. "I heard, by accident, from a friend that you were in Paris, and I thought it was very unkind of you that you should slight your old friends, now that you are great and famous. I thought I was entitled to a little recognition for having been one of the first to prophesy an illustrious career for you."

"It was my intention to call upon you, Madame," said Hannibal gravely. "I have hardly been a week in the city yet, and I am very busy."

"A week, a week!" exclaimed Madame, theatrically; "how can you have the cruelty to utter such words to me? But I will not scold you now. Perhaps you will do me the honor to step into my carriage and take a ride with me through the Bois. I have a hundred things to say to you."

She beckoned to the footman, who jumped down from the box and flung open the door of the carriage. Hannibal, after a moment's hesitation, seated himself at her side, and the sleek horses trotted away over the smooth asphalt pavement in the direction of the Arc de Triomphe.

"And how have you spent these many years away from friends and kindred?" queried Madame, with effusion.

"Very pleasantly, I thank you," was his laconic reply.

"Do you know that you are very provoking?" she ejaculated, shaking her fan at him with an archness which took no account of her years.

"No, I was not aware of it," he answered, simply. "I assure you I am quite ready to bear any amount of cross-examination. But I have no intention of volunteering information which I have no reason to suppose will interest you."

"Ah, you have your revenge," cried Madame sententiously. "You are cruel, cruel, cruel!"

Hannibal raised his hat with a mock-serious air and made Madame a profound bow.

"Search my heart, Madame," he exclaimed, with a theatrical gesture; "if you find a trace of such monstrous wickedness there, punish me as I deserve."

Madame made no immediate answer, but sat gazing at the young man, shaking her head slowly and with a mournful mien, which also had a touch of histrionic art in it.

"Ah, my dear friend," she murmured sadly, "I see you have passed beyond my control. You have lost the charming sincerity which I valued so highly in you; you have become cold and worldly like the rest."

"Very likely, Madame," he replied, without being in the least affected by her tragic manner. "I remember once upon a time having a charming and valued friend whose words unto me were law. She chid me mercilessly for my barbaric sincerity and lack of repose; and having always held her to be an authority on the subject of masculine charms, I did not fail to take her words to heart. I don't know if you ever were introduced to her?"

"No, I don't think I ever was," she said, her seriousness gradually dissipating, and a roguish gleam kindling in the corner of her eye. "And now," she went on, with another abrupt change of manner, "having paid our tribute to the god of nonsense, let us burn a small sacrifice on the altar of sense. I am informed on good authority that you are about to lay siege to Paris, to take it by storm. The Salon will open to-morrow, and to-morrow there will also be an article about you in the 'Figaro,' which will make all the city talk about you. Having been the first to discover your genius, I think it is only just that I should also have the privilege of being the first to celebrate your greatness when it is no longer a mere promise, but an accomplished fact. Therefore I intend, with your consent, to give a dinner for you on Wednesday, and to invite some thirty or forty people of the artistic and literary coteries."

"That is a very handsome offer, Madame," he replied after a brief meditative pause, "and I hope you will not think me churlish if I object to being celebrated, especially in ad-

vance of my achievements. Of course, I expect to accomplish something before I die, although I feel by no means so confident about it as I did four years ago. I have learned a vast deal in Italy, and among other things modesty. My two pictures in the Salon contain some very good work, but they fall far short of being an adequate expression of my own first conception, and they are not entitled to the adjective great. You will, therefore, do me a favor if you will postpone your dinner until I have done something which is really worthy of so flattering a recognition."

"Ah, but, my dear sir," broke out Madame impatiently, "I have already ordered my *pâtés*, and my Scotch salmon, and my pheasants *à la Sainte-Alliance*, and the choicest brands of wines, and a Tower of Babel filled with charlotte-russe, with the angel of fame standing on the top of it, blowing a bassoon upon which your name is inscribed in sugar. Now, you surely cannot resist that."

She improvised this tempting bill of fare on the spur of the moment, and without a pang at its wholly fictitious character. She leaned over toward Hannibal and fixed upon him a look of acute distress.

"I admit that this is all very touching," he said, with a frank laugh. "The Tower of Babel especially appeals to me, and the angel of fame who shouts my name so prematurely to the universe, I find it hard to resist. I sympathize strongly with his impudent generosity, and although I hope to give him employment some day, I must beg of him to put away his instrument in a case lined with green baize until further notice."

"But that is terrible, Mr. Tarleton" cried Madame in dismay. "You have not the faintest regard for my feelings. You treat the whole affair as if it were a joke. But I assure you it is anything but a joke to have to countermand a dinner."

"You do me injustice," he responded promptly. "I am quite able to appreciate the serious side of the affair, and am also grateful to you for your desire to honor me. But, as I have said, I cannot consent on the terms you propose. If, however, you will give a dinner and invite me on the same terms as you do your other guests, I shall be happy to spend an evening in your company. That has the advantage of being embarrassing neither to you nor to me. And please remember to dethrone the angel of fame, or scrape my name off his trumpet."

"Well, I am at your mercy," sighed Madame. "You really take me by the throat and say, 'I want it this way and no other.' And I, being at a disadvantage, have no choice but to consent."

"That is a very pathetic way of putting it, and you make me feel heartily ashamed of my brutality. And now, perhaps you will have the kindness to drive me home. I have an appointment at twelve."

Madame made merely a feint of keeping up the conversation during the remainder of the ride. She could not quite recover from her amazement at Hannibal's *sang-froid*, and the bantering superiority with which he treated her. He was not discourteous, but he was armed at all points and allowed her to gain no advantage over him. He seemed to have found the formula which expressed her, and with that the mysterious fascination which she had formerly exercised over him had vanished. Madame felt all this dimly, and a vague perturbation filled her mind. She was dissatisfied with herself, and while being vexed with him she still felt strangely attracted to him. There were both vigor and repose in his bearing — a rare combination. He had none of the artificial elegance which characterizes the aristocrat of the Old World, but a frank and spirited straightforwardness which was very winning. Madame even thought that he looked stately as he stood on the sidewalk raising his hat to her before entering the door of his hotel, and her eyes lingered with pleasure on his tall form.

"She is an odd piece," soliloquized Hannibal, seating himself at the window and lighting a cigar. "It is like meeting one's own ghost, seeing the woman with whom you were once in love. It is a severe reflection upon my intelligence that I could ever have been in love with Madame de Salincourt. She is impressive yet, and she never will be anything but interesting. Her honesty, however, is problematic, and the archness which was yet charming at twenty-eight loses some of its fascination at thirty-two. Nevertheless, she has played a conspicuous rôle in my life, and whatever happens I shall remain her debtor. It is hardly fair to throw overboard one's unintentional benefactress."

Thus quoth Mr. Hannibal Tarleton. But Madame, the moment she reached home, ran to her boudoir, locked her door, and seizing a carved, ivory-framed hand-glass, scrutinized her face with an anxious expression.

"I must be getting old," she murmured. "It is what I have always said: 'The love of a man never survives the crow's-feet.'"

XI.

MADAME'S stately *salon*, frescoed all over with mythological reminiscences of the rococo period, was filled with a subdued conversa-

tional hum. Some forty or fifty guests were scattered about the room in irregular groups, of which some celebrated artist or author or beautiful woman was invariably the center. Gorgeous heaps of flowers were arranged with fine effect upon tables and stands, and a multitude of candles blazed from the Venetian chandeliers. The ebony chairs and sofas, all elaborately carved, were upholstered in oriental tapestries of rich colors, and the draperies of windows and doors shone with a soft subdued splendor. Madame, who always felt radiant in a radiant toilet, stood near the middle of the room, greeting every one who entered with some appropriate compliment, and exciting admiration by her ready wit and the brilliancy of her repartees. Alice, who stood at her elbow and was introduced to every one who approached the hostess, was delighted no less at the fertility of her mind than at the beauty of her appearance. It was a mystery to Alice that all the world did not fall in love with Madame, and she reflected gravely that if she had been a man she certainly would have been powerless to resist her fascinations. As for herself, she always felt very modest, and almost insignificant, at her friend's side, but she no longer disliked the feeling. Even though one did not in all respects approve of Madame, it was a great privilege to be near her. Alice had acquired of late a kind of elder-sisterly sentiment for her; she was very anxious to benefit her morally, and, though she had sufficient tact not to be importunate, she was secretly much interested in her spiritual welfare. She had even taken courage once or twice to give her a cautious little lecture on the sin of paying insincere compliments, and she meant to repeat the experiment, unmindful of the fact that Madame had, on the last occasion, embraced her with a sort of humorous tenderness and called her a delicious little Puritan. She was a little bit uneasy at the thought that she had herself made a concession to Madame's worldliness in consenting to appear in a Worth toilet and sending all her home-made dresses to be metamorphosed by a Parisian *modiste*. She was just wondering whether there was anything sinful in the stately self-consciousness which seemed to be the sublimated effect of a long train, rustling satin, and an elaborate coiffure, when the door was flung open and the footman announced in a loud voice: "Monsieur 'Annibal Tarleton." The floor suddenly seemed to undulate under Alice's feet, and she took two or three steps hastily toward the center-table, against which she leaned, striving to quell the agitation which was rippling through her nerves.

"I have a young friend here," Madame was saying to Hannibal, when he had shaken hands with her and lightly apologized for his churlish conduct at their last meeting. "She is a very charming young girl, and I know you will thank me for placing her at your side at the table. I shall just have time to present you."

With a mysterious eagerness in her face she took the young man's arm and conducted him to the table where Alice was standing.

"Miss Beach," she said, "may I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Tarleton?"

There was an embarrassing pause, during which the hum of conversation was suddenly hushed, and the little group at the table seemed the center of attention. Madame glanced imploringly at Hannibal, whose face was grave but unperturbed. Alice did not raise her eyes, but gazed fixedly at some figure in the carpet.

"Monsieur le Capitaine de Calambert," shouted the liveried functionary at the door, and the hostess, grateful of an opportunity to absent herself, dropped Tarleton's arm, and, with her gracious society smile, hastened to receive the military guest.

"Alice," murmured Hannibal, in a voice which was joyful and tender and yet penitent, "give me your hand; I am overjoyed to see you."

She raised her hand slowly, and he felt it trembling in his grasp.

"Look at me, Alice," he said, pleadingly. "This is a strange place for you and me to meet after so long a separation. I cannot say to you now what I would like to say, but I should like to know, at least, that you do not feel toward me as—as—I deserve you should feel," he finished, hurriedly.

"I have no ill feeling toward you, Hannibal," she answered, raising her Madonna-like face and meeting his frank gaze with a kind of solemn wistfulness.

"Pardon me, Mr. Tarleton," said Madame, who, as soon as she had assured herself that her *coup de théâtre* had proved a success, was anxious to interrupt the interview. "Would you have the kindness to conduct me to the table?"

She had begun already to repent of her generosity, wondering confusedly how she could avert the *dénouement* which, a week ago, she had been so desirous of precipitating. Alice's narrow conscientiousness, her prudishness, and all the qualities to which she had been wont to apply the adjective "delicious," became suddenly hateful, almost repellent to her. And absurd as it may appear, leaning on Hannibal's arm, and glancing up at his sunburned neck, his strong,

well-formed ear, and the soft, densely curling blonde beard, she was conscious of an immense liking for him; and as, at a beck from her, he headed the procession to the dining-room, she marveled at her own blindness in having failed to discover that he was really *distingué*. The table was a work of art, such as one sees only in Paris, and perhaps occasionally in New York; but amid all the artistic arrangements of china and silver and flowers, Hannibal saw nothing except the angel of fame on the top of the Tower of Babel, waving in one hand a diminutive copy of the "Figaro," and with the other supporting a trumpet from which issued, in a sort of spray of sugar, the name, "Hannibal Tarleton."

"That was very unkind of you," he said, seating himself at Madame's side. "I shall never put any trust in your promises again."

"My dearest friend," exclaimed the lady, with effusion, "does not the Bible say that we must not hide our light under a bushel, but put it on a candlestick? What is my Tower of Babel, pray, but a somewhat elaborate candlestick? You are by nature morbidly modest, and I am morbidly vain. Therefore it is the duty of a true friend to quell my vanity and stimulate yours. *Comprenez?*"

"It is not hard to comprehend," responded Hannibal gravely; "it is harder to forgive."

Madame sent a rapid glance around the table to see that everything was in order. The gentlemen were busy smelling their *boutonnières*, or putting them in their button-holes, and the ladies were fastening the superb bouquets, which each one found at her plate, in some appropriate and unoccupied spot of their costumes.

"I had better make a clean breast of it at once," she said confidentially, seeing that her attention was nowhere required. "These people have all been invited to meet you. You are for the moment a celebrity, whether you choose to be or not. The 'Figaro' has made you momentarily famous, and I flatter myself that I had something to do with it; it depends only upon yourself whether you wish to perpetuate your fame. To-day all Paris is talking about you, and curious to see you. You are our wild man from the West, who has come to found a new Titanic school of art, and you share with the midgets, Tatra the bareback rider, and Judic of the Opéra Bouffe, the celebrity of the hour. To-day you are one of the things 'to do,' to be pointed out to strangers, and to be commented upon in the newspapers; a month hence you may be forgotten. Therefore it behooves you to behave beautifully while the public gaze is upon you, so that you may leave a nice posthumous fame behind you to comfort you when you shall have returned to your native obscurity."

Hannibal had listened, at first with annoyance, then with surprise, and at last with amusement, to Madame's harangue, and when she had finished he leaned over toward her and said gallantly:

"I surrender to your mercy, Countess, and to your eloquence."

"Ah, you are doing nobly! That is Parisian, that is civilized. That is the kind of music which appeals to my ears."

Hannibal was conscious, as soon as he had uttered his compliment, that a pair of grave blue eyes were fixed upon him in painful surprise. He turned about quickly, but yet not quickly enough to catch Alice's expression; she was apparently listening with conscientious earnestness to the light chatter of her French neighbor, M. de Calas, a dramatist who had achieved distinction by being hissed off the boards of the Théâtre Français. He was a small and dapper man, with good features and a dark, forked beard. He seemed to be vain of his hands, which certainly were fine; for he bent them backward and looked at them frequently while he talked.

"I am going to write a play, Mademoiselle," he was saying, picking up a gold-handled tea-spoon and twirling it between his thumb and forefinger, "and you are going to be its heroine. That is enough to save it from being hissed. I am going to call it *Mademoiselle la Puritaine*. You know, I rather pride myself on the hostility the public has hitherto shown toward my dramatic productions. I was hissed, not because I was feeble, but because I was new. I am a sort of dramatic impressionist. I call a spade a spade, while the traditions of the Français require that I should call it

> 'A constellation sable, grim and drear,
> Pregnant with chance of good and evil fate,'

or something in that style. I persevere and educate my public. In you I shall introduce a new and striking type — not the American adventuress, who runs about marrying men promiscuously and flourishing pistols in drawing-rooms,— not, in other words the types which superficial charlatans like Sardou delight in, but a true product of the democratic soil, a pure and plain maiden, a silent and unostentatious heroine, a ——"

"Pardon me, Monsieur," interrupted Hannibal, who could contain himself no longer, "Miss Beach must have been making a confidant of you on very short acquaintance. In

the days when I knew her she used to be shy to a fault and morbidly shrinking. France must have wrought a great transformation in her."

He spoke French with a confidence and fluency which commanded the Frenchman's respect and Alice's admiration. She was so wrought up by the consciousness of his presence that she could not trust herself at once to embark in the conversation; and she sat trembling lest her power of will should prove insufficient to master her agitation.

"Ah, M. Tarleton," replied the dramatist, with exquisite *bonhomie*, "permit me to explain. Mademoiselle Beach has kindly opened two little garret windows in the roof of her soul, otherwise called eyes, and graciously permitted me to gaze in through them. It was sufficient. You must remember that I am skilled in that kind of observation. It is, if you choose, the artistic divination."

There was a lover-like ardor in M. de Calas's speech which irritated Hannibal beyond endurance; he neglected his soup and did poor justice to the delicious salmon, because the idea of this little Frenchman standing on tiptoe and gazing through Alice's eyes into her pure and sequestered New England soul, seemed both a sacrilege and an insult which ought to be resented. It did not mend matters in the least that M. de Calas was so deferential and polite that it was impossible to quarrel with him without putting one's self greatly in the wrong. Before he could frame a sufficiently cutting and yet not discourteous reply to his antagonist, Madame had again claimed his attention, and a celebrated painter on the other side of the table had raised his glass and nodded to him in a fraternal way. If Alice had not just then found her voice and replied in good but somewhat laborious French to her cavalier's undisguised flatteries, he would have taken sincere delight in such a recognition from so great a master. He was forced, however, to do violence to his feelings, as one guest after another lifted his glass to drink with him; and he was obliged to have his wits about him, in order not to neglect, after the proper lapse of time, to return these compliments. Difficult as it was, he resolved to be deaf in his right ear and to conquer his restlessness. It was of importance that he should make a good impression, and he had seen enough of the world to know that the way to impress society agreeably is to appear interested in every one else's concerns, and to forget one's own. He therefore embarked in a lively discussion with Madame on the comparative beauty of Bohemian and Venetian glass (of both of which the table displayed a choice selection), promised to present her with a proof of his skill in hammering brass (a revived art which was just then getting into fashion), and listened with devout attention to the *littérateurs* who gave their opinions with much decision concerning contemporary art, and to the artist who found much fault with contemporary literature. The pheasants *à la Sainte-Alliance*, which were a culinary triumph, led to some irreverent criticism of the three sovereigns who had combined to drag Europe back into the old Slough of Despond, after the Revolution had kindled the Beacon of Hope and shown the nations in the dim crimson distance the Mount of Salvation. It was Madame who especially shone in this debate; she waved with zest her Jacobin banner, which had the effect of irritating a stout artist who sat half-way down the table, and whose breast was much bespattered with native and foreign orders.

"But, my dear Countess," he cried, "what has become of your Bonapartism? And I who revered you for being somehow entangled with the destiny of France, and receiving private communications from Chiselhurst!"

"I am sorry to undeceive you, Monsieur," she replied, with animation, "but you do me too much honor. There was a time when her Majesty did not disdain addressing an occasional note to me; but since my return from America I have experienced a profound change of sentiments. My conversion to the Republic is, in fact, chiefly due to my friend Mademoiselle Beach, who is a Red of the deepest dye, and repeats the Declaration of Independence every night on her knees, before going to bed."

A burst of laughter greeted this sally, and Alice, finding herself the center of attention, blushed with embarrassment. She rapidly recovered herself, however, and, fixing her serious eyes upon her friend, answered calmly:

"I am very happy to know, Madame, that I have converted you to the Republic, although I was not aware of it until this moment. Whether I am a Red, as you say, I cannot tell, because I do not know what a Red is, but I am certainly a good Republican."

"Brava, Mademoiselle, brava!" cried M. de Calas, ecstatically. "I knew you had the stuff of a heroine in you. I could imagine you repeating those words fearlessly from the steps of the guillotine, with a furious mob of kings and emperors surging at your feet."

"The kings and emperors are not sufficiently numerous now to be dangerous," she said, smiling.

"But they are sufficiently furious, Mademoiselle," he retorted promptly.

The time had now come when the champagne was in order; and at a beck from the Countess the illustrious artist at her left arose and proposed, in very choice and flattering language, the toast to the honored guest of the evening. The toast was drunk with acclamation, while Hannibal stood bowing in all directions with a dignified simplicity, as if he had been accustomed from the cradle to the homage of his fellow-men. But as he was about to seat himself, and before touching the glass to his lips, he clinked it lightly against that of Alice, who sat silent and absorbed, gazing with burning cheeks at her plate.

"Alice," he said, gently, "are you to be the only one who will not drink my health?"

She woke up with a start, and looked into his face with a faint smile.

"You know I never drink anything," she whispered.

"That is very unkind," he said, turning away with an air of disappointment.

"It is a queer thing, that New England conscience," he thought to himself, as he sat down. "It is the only constant thing in this inconstant world; the only absolute and uncompromising thing in a world of fleeting vanities and makeshifts."

Letting his eyes glide down the length of the table, with its blaze of light and its glitter of precious glass and silver, he recalled in his memory the plain white crockery, the simple fare, and the serious talk at his father's table, and he saw the sober and toil-worn faces of the men and women who were wont to gather at his fireside. He remembered affectionately the stern simplicity and uprightness of the folk among whom his childhood had been spent, and he felt keenly his spiritual remoteness from the witty and frivolous men and the gorgeously attired women with whom he was now consorting. He had, indeed, drifted far from his native moorings, but with such a slow and imperceptible movement that he had not until this moment been aware of the distance he had traversed. And even now these reflections merely scudded like a light fog through his mind, and the musical confusion of voices about him soon reminded him of his obligation to make some acknowledgment of the toast in his honor. The Tower of Babel was already being demolished, and the angel of fame, with "Figaro," trumpet, and all, was dethroned, and was brought to him prostrate upon a blue Sèvres plate, with a little painted scene *à la* Watteau in its center. Seizing the sugar image by the waist, he arose, while the Countess tapped her glass lightly with her knife.

"This generous little prophet," he said in French, "has had the kindness to anticipate my fame by some ten or fifteen, or possibly twenty years; and there is even another possibility which I shrink from contemplating, namely, that he is a false prophet, who has assumed the rôle merely in obedience to the wishes of our honored hostess, the Countess de Salincourt, who is, probably, no less irresistible to angels than she is to men. The Countess has desired that I shall become famous, and behold, I shall blush with shame if I prove churlish enough to oppose her wishes. And as there appears to be a third party to this benevolent conspiracy, and that, indeed, the most illustrious master of modern French art, I should have to be the most accomplished blockhead of the century in order to be able to defeat his predictions. It seems, then, that I have to-night received such a launch toward immortality, that by the mere *vis inertiæ* I cannot escape drifting toward an illustrious future. In that case, I cannot express too strongly my gratitude toward those who have kindly assembled here to be the sponsors of my fame; and while including all, I desire particularly to address my thanks to the Countess de Salincourt, whose health I have the honor to propose."

Bowing toward the Countess and touching his glass to hers, he drank and seated himself, amid the vociferous applause of the company; and the great master (whose name I dare not mention, because all the world would recognize it) again nodded smilingly to his young colleague, and with an expression which plainly said that he had acquitted himself well. Alice, who had sat with tingling ears, feeling a weight of unaccountable responsibility and a dread lest Hannibal should break down, drew a sigh of relief when he had finished; and her eyes shone with pleasure when she perceived that he had not only not disgraced himself, but added a fresh leaf to his laurels. She glanced shyly at his face when he was again seated, but turned away quickly as soon as she caught his eye. He was serenely content and radiant, and her coolness had lost all power to discourage him.

"Here, Alice," he said cheerfully, putting the angel of sugar upon her plate, "be you the keeper of my fame. You can both make and unmake it. I am a poor hand at taking care of it myself; it is much safer in your keeping."

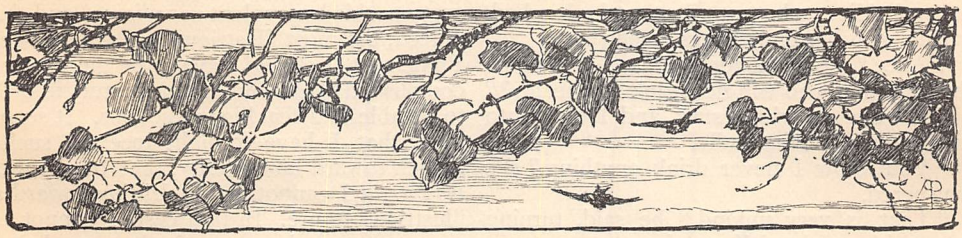
"That is a terrible responsibility," she answered, still with averted face; "and I hardly think I will assume it."

"Do, do," he pleaded with a strange earnestness; "do it for my sake."

The bonbons and the rare fruits came in due order, each accompanied by the appropriate wine; and at last came the Turkish

coffee, served black in little blue cups, which instead of saucers rested upon brass frames, resembling tiny gridirons. The Countess was in the highest of spirits as she rose from the table, pushing back her chair and inviting her guests to follow her example. She was conscious of a delicious exaltation, which lent a soft luster to her eyes, a flush to her cheek, and brilliancy to her speech. Hannibal kept constantly repeating to himself, as he walked at her side and listened to her musical laugh, that she was a *chef-d'œuvre* of a woman. She was supremely *civilized.* That word seemed to express her better than any other. And he marveled at his own callousness in being able to bask in the favor of this charming woman without experiencing a thrill of rapture at the mere touch of her hand. Four years ago, to be thus distinguished by her preference would have thrown him into a fever of happiness. What, then, had wrought the change during these four years?

(To be continued.)



PERIWINKLE.

TINKLE, tinkle,
Periwinkle!
Soft and clear,
Far or near,
Still the mellow notes I hear!
Up and down the sunny hills,
Here you go, there you go,
Where the happy mountain rills
Tinkle soft, tinkle low;
Where the willows, all a-quiver,
Dip their long wands in the river,
And the hemlock shadows fall
By the gray rocks, cool and tall—
In and out,
And round about,
Here you go,
There you go!

Tinkle, tinkle,
Periwinkle!
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Floats the music on the air!
Through the pastures wide and free,
Here you go, there you go,
Making friends with bird and bee,
Flying high, flying low;
In and out, where lilies blowing
Nod above wild grasses growing,
Where the sweet-fern and the brake
All around rich odors make,
Where the mosses cling and creep
To the rocks, and up the steep—
In and out
You wind about,
Here and there,
Everywhere!

Tinkle, tinkle,
Periwinkle!
Day is done,
And the sun
Now its royal couch hath won!
Homeward through the winding lane,
Here you go, there you go,
While the bell in sweet refrain
Tinkles clear, tinkles low,—
Tinkles softly through the gloaming,
"Drop the bars — I'm tired of roaming
Here and there, everywhere
Through the pastures wide and fair.
Home is best,
Home and rest!"
Through the bars goes Periwinkle,
While the bell goes tinkle, tinkle,
Low and clear,
Saying softly, "Night is here!"

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE FOREIGN ELEMENTS IN OUR POPULATION.

THERE has arisen in Europe a line of historical research which occupies itself in tracing the origins of existing nations, and which has not only engaged the energies of some of the brightest and best-stored minds, but has aroused remarkable popular interest, making the studies of Taine, Freeman, and Green among the most widely read of recent works, and proving that contemporaneous peoples have a desire to know their beginnings and trace their growth.

Such studies are not a new thing in this country, so far as relates to the population as it existed before the beginning of the great European immigration in the present century. But this great immigration, introducing a vast population, a large part of whom are more fruitful than the old inhabitants, has rendered the study of the original stock of value simply as revealing the origin of the one element which we now call the native American. Is it not possible that before long the study of our early colonization, of the composition and character of the colonizing bodies, etc., may be, as relates to the real American nation, like a study of the inhabitants of Britain before the arrival of Angles, Danes, Saxons, or Normans, of interest merely in connection with a more comprehensive and exact study to follow? The current of foreign immigration still pours in upon us, fluctuating from time to time, but in the long run steadily augmenting. The American nation is in the formative stage, and though our Angles, Danes, Saxons, and Normans are coming together, and under our eyes, their numbers being carefully recorded from year to year, the problem of their blending, of the evolution of the type which is to become dominant and to survive, is still to be solved. But an assemblage and consideration of the data at hand bearing on this problem may not be without interest to this generation, and perhaps not without utility to those generations which are to come.

We may consider with profit the number and proportion of the various foreign elements, their grouping, and their probable influence upon distinct districts.

As the great mass of the immigration has come since the year 1820,* the numbers of the foreign element in the first and second degrees may be estimated with approximate accuracy from the number of persons of foreign birth and parentage given in the census returns of 1880. While 10,138,758 immigrants had landed in the United States from 1820 to the middle of 1880, there were in the country, in 1880, 14,955,996 persons of foreign birth or having one parent foreign-born. If from this sum we take 33,252, the surprisingly large number of persons of foreign birth having both parents born in the United States, who are for all the purposes of this study "natives," we have a population foreign in the first and second degrees of 14,922,744, of whom 6,679,943 were foreign-born. This number still does not represent quite all the new element, since a large number of small children figuring in the census of 1880 must have had parents of the younger generation of the new population born upon our soil. There is no record of these third-degree foreigners, of course, and we must proceed without regard to them, simply assuming that the figures relating to the old stock embrace a certain number, not proportionately large, who belong to the new. We may judge of the relation in which this mass of people of foreign birth and parentage stands to the population which we are accustomed to regard as the leaven of our nationality — the stock to which all other elements are to be assimilated if possible — by comparing it with the white population of native parentage. The whole population of the country, minus persons of foreign birth and parentage, native negroes, and Indians, is 28,601,676.† This is not much more than half the population.

* Savage, in the introduction to his "Genealogical Dictionary," says: "I suppose that nineteen-twentieths of the people of these New England colonies in 1775 were descendants of those found here in 1692." The proportion was doubtless much the same in other parts of the original thirteen colonies, and had not altered much in 1820. The common estimate of the number of immigrants arriving in the country from the end of the War of Independence to the year 1820, when alien arrivals were first numbered, namely, 250,000, is believed by excellent authorities to be excessive. Probably 175,000 would fully cover the number.

† Native colored	6,566,776
Native civilized Indians	64,587
Foreign birth and parentage	14,922,744
	21,554,107
Population of the United States, including civilized Indians	50,155,783
Deduct	21,554,107
Growth from 1820 to 1880	28,601,676

The problem presented would be, how two diverse masses of population so nearly equal in numbers can be safely assimilated to each other. And with the immigration continuing increasingly, and the negroes multiplying faster than the whites, manifestly the hope of completely molding the mass to the existing form becomes vain.

Let us observe the distribution of the foreign elements, observing (1) where they have settled in greatest proportions, and (2) how the principal immigrant nationalities have grouped themselves.

Of all the States and territories, the one having the largest proportion of inhabitants of foreign birth is Nevada, where the natives in 1880 were 58.8 + per cent. of the population, and the foreign-born 41.1+. The State or territory having the smallest percentage of persons of foreign birth was North Carolina, with only one-fourth of one per cent. foreign-born. After Nevada, in proportion of foreign population, is Arizona, where 40 per cent. of the people are of foreign birth, mainly Mexican. Next below Arizona is Dakota, with 38.4 per cent. of the people of foreign birth. Next comes Minnesota, with 34.3 per cent. foreign; next California, with 33.9 per cent. foreign; next Wisconsin, 30.9 foreign; next Utah, 30.5 per cent.; next Montana, 29.5 per cent.; next Wyoming, 28.7 per cent.; next Rhode Island, 26.8 per cent.; next Massachusetts, 24.9 per cent.; then New York, 23.9 per cent. From here the scale descends steadily. We find the Northern States, from causes well known, drawing nearly all the immigration. Not one of the former slave States has 10 per cent. of foreign-born people; most of them have less than 5 per cent., and several less than one. Taking the Southern States through, the proportion of inhabitants of foreign birth is about four in one hundred.

The distribution of the various foreign elements, their choice of surroundings best suited to their needs and ambitions, is of interest as revealing their own character, and as exercising an influence upon the destiny of the States of the Union. Let us take the nationalities in the order of their numerical strength in the whole country, and observe the proportion in which they are found in the various States and territories.

The natives of the present German Empire form the most numerous element in our foreign population. They numbered, in 1880, 1,966,742, which was 3.9 per cent. of the whole population. This number is, of course, exclusive of the natives of the Grand Duchy of Austria and of German Switzerland, who may be considered, in this enumeration, as fairly offsetting those natives of the German Empire among the immigrants (Poles, Jews, and a few others) who are not German by race. The Germans are distributed among the States and territories as follows, in the order of their number in each:

New York	355,913	Oregon	5,034
Illinois	235,786	Tennessee	3,983
Ohio	192,597	Virginia	3,759
Wisconsin	184,328	Arkansas	3,620
Pennsylvania	168,426	Alabama	3,238
Missouri	106,800	Georgia	2,965
Michigan	89,085	South Carolina	2,846
Iowa	88,268	Mississippi	2,556
Indiana	80,756	Nevada	2,213
Minnesota	66,592	Washington	2,198
New Jersey	64,935	Rhode Island	1,966
Maryland	45,481	Montana	1,705
California	42,532	Delaware	1,179
Texas	35,347	Arizona	1,110
Nebraska	31,125	Florida	978
Kentucky	30,413	North Carolina	950
Kansas	28,034	Utah	885
Louisiana	17,475	Wyoming	801
Massachusetts	16,872	New Hampshire	789
Connecticut	15,627	Idaho	750
West Virginia	7,029	New Mexico	729
Colorado	7,012	Maine	688
Dakota	5,925	Vermont	396
Dist. of Columbia	5,055		

Looking down the table, we see that we quickly leave the sea-board. The Germans, for the most part, have a desire to become cultivators and proprietors. They are thinly represented in manufacturing communities, and strongly in agricultural and trading communities. The mining districts have very few of them. Although New York has the largest number of Germans of all the States, she has not the largest proportion of them. What we may call the German character of the States and territories may be exhibited by a table of the percentages of inhabitants of German birth in all the States and territories having at least one per cent. of their population born in the German Empire:

	Per cent.		*Per cent.*
Wisconsin	14.0	Indiana	4.0
Minnesota	8.5	Pennsylvania	3.9
Illinois	7.6	Colorado	3.6
New York	7.0	Nevada	3.5
Nebraska	6.8	Washington	2.9
Ohio	6.0	Kansas	2.8
New Jersey	5.7	Dist. of Columbia	2.8
Iowa	5.4	Oregon	2.8
Michigan	5.4	Arizona	2.7
California	4.9	Connecticut	2.5
Missouri	4.9	Texas	2.2
Maryland	4.8	Kentucky	1.8
Dakota	4.3	Louisiana	1.8
Montana	4.3	West Virginia	1.1

This shows Wisconsin to be, by a very large proportion, the most German of our States. The States having the largest German-born percentages are, with the exception of New

York and New Jersey, geographically in a group. They are Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, and Nebraska. It is here that the future population must be most strongly impressed with the German type.

If we now take the Irish-born, who, 1,854,571 in number (3.7 per cent. of the whole population), form the next strongest foreign element, we find them distributed as follows in the order of their numbers, in the various States and territories:

New York	499,445	Texas	8,103
Pennsylvania	236,505	Dist. of Columbia	7,840
Massachusetts	226,700	West Virginia	6,459
Illinois	117,343	Tennessee	5,975
New Jersey	93,079	Delaware	5,791
Ohio	78,927	Nevada	5,191
Connecticut	70,638	Virginia	4,835
California	62,962	Georgia	4,148
Missouri	48,898	Dakota	4,104
Iowa	44,061	Oregon	3,659
Michigan	43,413	Alabama	2,966
Wisconsin	41,907	Mississippi	2,753
Rhode Island	35,281	South Carolina	2,626
Minnesota	25,942	Arkansas	2,432
Indiana	25,741	Montana	2,408
Maryland	21,865	Washington	2,243
Kentucky	18,250	Utah	1,321
Kansas	14,993	Arizona	1,296
Louisiana	13,807	Wyoming	1,093
Maine	13,421	Idaho	981
New Hampshire	13,052	New Mexico	795
Vermont	11,657	Florida	652
Nebraska	10,133	North Carolina	611
Colorado	8,263		

We find 1,178,452 of the Irish, or 63 per cent. of them, in the Atlantic sea-board States north of North Carolina, leaving one-third of the Irish-born to be scattered over the rest of the country. The Irishman comes to this country with a less definite purpose than the German. His ambition, his dream, has been simply to reach our shores, and his life of misery upon the soil in Ireland has disinclined him to agriculture. His exuberant fancy has led him, moreover, to picture life everywhere in America as easy and prosperous. His love of movement and the spectacular is charmed by the magnificence of the eastern cities. Too often he is penniless. He becomes the drudge of the cities' streets and of the coal-mines and cotton-mills. Let us see in what proportion the Irish-born stand in the States and territories having one or more per cent.:

	Per cent.		Per cent.
Rhode Island	12.75	Wisconsin	3.1
Massachusetts	12.71	Dakota	3.0
Connecticut	11.1	Idaho	3.0
New York	8.4	Washington	2.9
Nevada	8.3	Iowa	2.7
New Jersey	8.2	Michigan	2.6
California	7.2	Ohio	2.3
Montana	6.1	Missouri	2.2
Pennsylvania	5.5	Maryland	2.2
Wyoming	5.2	Nebraska	2.2
Dist. of Columbia	4.4	Maine	2.0
Colorado	4.2	Oregon	2.0
Delaware	3.9	Kansas	1.5
New Hampshire	3.7	Louisiana	1.4
Vermont	3.5	Indiana	1.3
Illinois	3.4	Kentucky	1.1
Minnesota	3.3	West Virginia	1.0
Arizona	3.1		

Next in order are the immigrants from Great Britain,—English, Scotch, and Welsh,—in number 917,598. A certain proportion of these, but a proportion not ascertainable from figures so far made public by the Census Bureau, are not Britannic in race, but Irish, being born in English manufacturing cities of Irish parents; and they become a part of the Irish element in our national structure. These are, of course, set down to their proper element in the figures giving parent nativity. We give the States and territories in the order of the number of their British-born inhabitants:

New York	151,914	New Hampshire	4,631
Pennsylvania	130,360	Oregon	4,254
Illinois	75,859	Virginia	3,815
Ohio	64,340	Vermont	3,777
Massachusetts	60,732	Dakota	3,456
Michigan	54,827	Louisiana	3,320
New Jersey	39,803	West Virginia	3,044
Wisconsin	36,150	Tennessee	2,792
California	33,097	Idaho	2,497
Iowa	32,526	Washington	2,478
Utah	25,258	Dist. of Columbia	2,200
Missouri	21,249	Montana	1,821
Kansas	20,059	Delaware	1,770
Connecticut	20,045	Wyoming	1,667
Rhode Island	15,709	Georgia	1,612
Indiana	14,767	Arkansas	1,505
Minnesota	12,609	Alabama	1,441
Colorado	11,684	Mississippi	1,367
Nebraska	11,080	North Carolina	1,163
Maryland	8,813	Florida	1,113
Texas	8,434	South Carolina	1,038
Kentucky	5,481	Arizona	1,016
Maine	5,401	New Mexico	477
Nevada	5,147		

The British we find distributed rather more evenly than the Irish and Germans; a smaller proportion than of the former, and a larger proportion than of the latter, remaining upon the sea-board. The heaviest proportionate British population is, we find, in the Western territories, where the English form a large contingent of the working miners. In Utah they are especially strong, owing to the success of the Mormon propaganda in Great Britain. The British percentages are as follows:

	Per cent.		Per cent.
Utah	17.5	Pennsylvania	3.0
Nevada	8.2	Wisconsin	2.8
Wyoming	8.0	Dakota	2.5
Idaho	7.6	Nebraska	2.4
Colorado	6.0	Oregon	2.4
Rhode Island	5.6	Illinois	2.2
Montana	4.6	Iowa	2.0
New Jersey	3.5	Kansas	2.0
Massachusetts	3.3	Ohio	2.0
Connecticut	3.2	Minnesota	1.6
Michigan	3.2	Delaware	1.2
Washington	3.2	Vermont	1.1
New York	3.0		

British America furnishes the next largest contingent—717,157 all told. These people can by no means be added at once to the British element, as might be supposed. The English-speaking natives of Canada are easily assimilated, being to a great extent Americanized before they emigrate, and, as far as race-influence goes, may be counted a part of the native population. But the French-speaking Canadians, on the contrary, are not easily assimilated; they are gregarious, tenacious of language and manners, indifferent to the privileges of citizenship, and for the most part of monarchical opinions. Our own census figures furnish no clew to the proportion of Canadians in the United States who are descendants of the French colonists, but I approximate them from Canadian statistics at 275,000. The entire British-American population is distributed as follows:

Michigan	148,866	Washington	2,857
Massachusetts	119,302	Montana	2,481
New York	84,182	Texas	2,472
Maine	37,114	Kentucky	1,070
Illinois	34,043	Utah	1,036
Minnesota	29,631	Maryland	988
Wisconsin	28,965	Arkansas	787
New Hampshire	27,142	Louisiana	726
Vermont	24,620	Virginia	585
Iowa	21,097	Idaho	584
California	18,889	Arizona	571
Rhode Island	18,306	Tennessee	545
Connecticut	16,444	Wyoming	542
Ohio	16,146	Dist. of Columbia	452
Kansas	12,536	Florida	446
Pennsylvania	12,376	North Carolina	425
Dakota	10,678	Georgia	348
Missouri	8,685	West Virginia	295
Nebraska	8,622	New Mexico	280
Colorado	5,785	Alabama	271
Indiana	5,569	Mississippi	261
New Jersey	3,536	Delaware	246
Nevada	3,147	South Carolina	141
Oregon	3,019		

I make no further analysis of the British-American population, as its divided character in respect to race renders a reduction to percentages of little value.

Next in order are the Scandinavians, an interesting element, as they are massed so strongly in a certain district that they cannot fail to impress themselves upon the population and affect the type there to a marked extent. The persons of Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish nativity in the country in 1880 were 440,262 in number, and were distributed among the States and territories as follows:

Minnesota	107,768	Kansas	14,403
Wisconsin	66,284	Utah	12,765
Illinois	65,414	California	9,722
Iowa	46,046	Pennsylvania	8,901
Dakota	17,869	Massachusetts	5,971
Nebraska	16,685	Missouri	4,517
New York	16,494	Indiana	3,886
Michigan	16,445	New Jersey	3,115
Colorado	3,033	Tennessee	374
Connecticut	2,682	Arkansas	342
Texas	2,662	Arizona	282
Ohio	2,006	New Hampshire	240
Oregon	1,942	Georgia	214
Washington	1,524	Alabama	212
Maine	1,360	Kentucky	189
Idaho	1,185	Virginia	138
Rhode Island	887	S. Carolina	128
Nevada	786	Dist. of Columbia	115
Montana	644	Vermont	113
Louisiana	633	Delaware	113
Florida	569	N. Carolina	92
Wyoming	511	New Mexico	79
Mississippi	457	W. Virginia	62
Maryland	413		

Of these Scandinavians, 350,914, or more than three-fourths of the whole, are in a group of eight North-western States and territories. Their proportionate representation, in the districts where they are appreciable, is as follows:

	Per cent.		*Per cent.*
Minnesota	13.6	Iowa	2.8
Dakota	13.1	Illinois	2.1
Utah	8.8	Kansas	1.4
Wisconsin	5.0	Michigan	1.0
Nebraska	3.6		

Of the remaining foreign elements of our population, none may be said to be measurable in relation to the mass of the people. Even the Scandinavians are fewer than one per cent. of the total population, and their influence is measurable only because they are massed in a definitive area, which is also a prosperous and important one.

The natives of France, numbering 106,971 in the whole country, are found in sufficient numbers to be worthy of consideration only in these States:

New York	20,321	California	9,550
Ohio	10,136	Illinois	8,524
Louisiana	9,992	Pennsylvania	7,949

Only in California and Louisiana do the natives of France constitute one per cent. of the population. In both these States they join with other southern Europeans, and descendants of southern Europeans, to make a considerable population of Latin race. The French natives and French Canadians together form an element of Gallic race of about 380,000 in the whole country, which is considerably less than the Scandinavian, and preponderates over other foreign elements in the three northern States of New England only.

The next largest element are the Chinese. The natives of China in the country number 104,468, only the following States and territories having more than 1,000:

California	73,548	Washington	3,166
Oregon	9,472	Montana	1,756
Nevada	5,402	Arizona	1,626
Idaho	3,366	New York	1,015

There were in 1880 only 1,186 Chinese born in the country; that is to say, the entire Chinese immigration has produced scarcely more than a thousand of this race born on our soil, against the 2,756,054 children of Irish in excess of the 1,854,571 Irish immigrants, and the 3,243,313 children of Germans in excess of the 1,966,742 German immigrants. This fact assures us, much more strongly than could any conclusions drawn from the habits of the Chinese race, that they are merely sojourners, and that we may drop at once consideration of them as an element in the formation of the future American people.

In examining the figures of foreign parent nativity in the "Compendium of the Tenth Census," which department of the work should yield us most important and interesting data concerning the growth of the various new elements, we are confronted with the unfortunate circumstance that the census gives us the results of inquiries into the parentage of the inhabitants in but thirty-six States and territories. We are given, indeed, an estimate of the whole number of persons having parents born in the United States, in Germany, in Ireland, in Scandinavia, in British America, and in Great Britain, and the whole number of those having parents born in other countries than those specified, and also the number having parents of each of these nativities in each of thirty-six States and territories; but some of the most important of the States, including New York, are absent from the list. The figures given, however, taken in connection with the returns of the foreign-born, enable us to reach some interesting facts and deductions regarding the race elements in the different States and territories.

If we take a map of the United States and put upon each State and territory the color red just in the proportion that the foreign-born exist in it, we shall find the New England States, to begin with, the descendants of whose early settlers have set in a great measure their stamp upon the nation, deeply tinted with the foreign color. Rhode Island is deepest of them all; 26.4 per cent. of her population are foreign-born, and 51.9 per cent. are of foreign parentage. Of Rhode Island's population, 12.75 per cent. are of Irish birth and 28 per cent. of Irish parentage, while the French Canadians follow closely with 10 per cent. born of foreign parents. As the fruitfulness of these two strong new Roman Catholic elements is, in the first generation at least, considerably greater than that of the old inhabitants, it is plain that Rhode Island must be a future stronghold of the Roman Catholic Church, and that the character of the people, supposing a mixture of the whole to take place, is likely to be much modified, in a direction from grave to gay, from serious to mercurial. If mixture does not take place, a strong and compact element, separate from the original inhabitants, will take its place in the State, presumably to be counted on for all time — ruling, if united, in the State's affairs. Rhode Island is likely to be the first State in the Union to have a majority of its electors of Roman Catholic creed; and the property qualification for foreign voters will not long operate to prevent such a result.

Massachusetts we must color an almost imperceptible shade lighter than Rhode Island. There we have a foreign-born population of 24.9 per cent., and a population of foreign parentage of 49.5 + per cent. The percentage of the latter is increasing, for the percentage of foreign parentage in Massachusetts in 1870 was 43 of the whole. One-half only of the people of Massachusetts have both parents native,* and not all of those are of the Yankee stock; 12.71 per cent. of the population are of Irish birth, 6.6 per cent. British-American, and 3.3 per cent. British. The Irish are diminishing relatively to the whole foreign-born population, and the Canadians increasing. The number of persons in Massachusetts, in 1880, having one or both parents born in Ireland, was 545,275; if we add to this one-half of those reporting parents born in the "Old Country" simply — certainly not an excessive estimate, considering the proportion of the Irish to all other foreigners in Massachusetts — we have 554,275 as the number of persons of Irish parentage in the State, or nearly 31 per cent. of the whole population. The situation is substantially the same as that in Rhode Island.

Connecticut approaches nearly to the proportion of foreign-born of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, having 21.0 per cent. of foreign birth — 11.1 of the population being Irish, 3.2 British, 2.5 Canadian; and in Connecticut alone, of the New England States, does the German element become measurable in comparison with others, with 2.5 per cent. of the population.

In the northern New England States the foreign map shades much lighter, with 9.1 per cent. of foreign birth in Maine, 5.7 per cent. of the whole population being Canadian and 2 per cent. Irish. In New Hampshire 13.4 per cent. are of foreign birth, 7.7 per cent. being Canadian and 3.7 Irish. In Vermont 12.4

* For these and all figures relating to foreign parent nativity, see "Compendium of the Tenth Census," pp. 1407–8–9. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, has drawn from the federal census, and published, figures in detail relating to that State which the "Compendium" does not give.

per cent. of the inhabitants are foreign, 7.1 per cent. being Canadians and 3.5 Irish. These three States are little affected by their foreign population, as the French Canadians, the chief element, are very unstable. They are likely to remain distinctively foreign longer than any other foreign population, maintaining as they do constant communication with the country of their origin.

Turning to New York, which, although the principal landing-place for the immigrants, and the State containing the largest gross foreign population, is not the most foreign State, we find 23.9 per cent. of its population foreign-born. It ranks twelfth on the list of States and territories in relative proportion of foreign-born. The Irish lead among the foreign elements, being 8.4 per cent. of the whole population. They are followed closely by the Germans, who are 7 per cent.; and 3 in every 100 were born in Great Britain. More than one-third of the foreign-born population of the State is concentrated in New York City. The immigrant races stand in such proportions as to offset each other and prevent the preponderant influence of any one nationality (I speak of influence upon the type, and not of political influence, in which respect the race caring most for public affairs, and having most gifts for them, must excel). Supposing the original stock to draw from all in equal proportion, it will not be sensibly modified.

Our foreign map grows lighter in shade as we move southward, New Jersey having 19.6 per cent. of foreign birth, 8.2 per cent. of the population being Irish-born, 5.7 German, and 3.5 British. Pennsylvania has 16.1 per cent. foreign-born, 5.5 per cent. of the whole population being Irish, 3.9 per cent. German, and 3.0 per cent. British. Delaware has 6.5 per cent. foreign-born, of whom something more than half are Irish, the rest being of various nationalities. Maryland has 8.1 per cent. foreign-born, 4.8 per cent. German and 2.2 per cent. Irish—the Irish here first losing their leadership in the Atlantic States south of New Hampshire. In the District of Columbia the foreign-born are 9.7 per cent., the Irish being 4.4 per cent. of the whole population, and the Germans 2.8 per cent. West Virginia has 3 per cent. only of foreign-born, the Germans being slightly in excess of the Irish. In Virginia there is not one foreign-born person to one hundred natives, the percentage of native-born being 99.02. Here, as in all the remaining States of the South bordering on the Atlantic or the Gulf (except Florida, where 1.8 per cent. are West Indians), until Louisiana is reached, we have fewer than 1 per cent. of foreign nativity, and the few foreigners, living mostly in the cities, are of diverse nationalities. Our Southern States are scarcely so much affected, as yet, by foreign settlement as are some of the countries of Europe by immigration from neighboring nations. The presence of a lately enslaved race keeps away, in nearly all of them, all but traders and a few handicraftsmen and farmers.

Reaching Louisiana, we find a foreign-born population of 5.8 per cent., of whom 1.8 per cent. are Germans, 1.4 per cent. Irish, and 1 per cent. French. Here, however, 15.5 per cent. of the people are of foreign parentage, indicating that the immigration has not been as large recently as it had been earlier in the State's history. We find in Louisiana the peculiar feature presented of a population, a large proportion of which, of colonial origin, speaks a foreign language, but is essentially American in the political sense. Though not yet assimilated in manners, and though holding themselves socially to some extent apart, the Louisiana Creoles have no foreign feeling in the sense that they acknowledge a stronger tie to a foreign nationality than is consistent with enthusiastic and loyal American citizenship. In this respect they present a contrast to the descendants of the French colonists in Canada, with whom the tie to France is still very strong, though the political bonds of Canada with that country were severed generations before Louisiana became a part of the American republic. This difference would seem to be significant of the stronger assimilating power of a people under republican institutions, which more easily enlist the loyalty and affection of new citizens than monarchical systems. The Creoles of Louisiana may in this respect be compared with the descendants of the German colonists of Pennsylvania, who still preserve the use of a German dialect, but have no thought of acknowledging any other nationality than the American. We may perceive, in the Louisiana French and the Pennsylvania Germans, what may be the result should the Germans or Scandinavians, now new elements and in many respects still foreign, concentrate in any place in sufficient bulk to preserve their language from one generation to another.

In Texas we find the foreign map growing a shade darker, with 7.3 per cent. foreign-born. A new element here appears, in the shape of the natives of Mexico, who number 43,161 in the State, or 2.7 per cent., while the Germans are 2.2 per cent. The Mexican-born population, which is joined to a considerable native population of Mexican origin, is unassimilable and undesirable. It is not, however, sufficiently strong or influential to cause

trouble. The Mexican-born population in the United States is 68,399, and is confined almost entirely to the States and territories bordering on the Mexican republic. Turning northward to Arkansas, we find the foreign-born population again sinking to a trifle more than 1 per cent. The causes—commercial importance and the possession of large tracts of land untouched by the blight of servile labor—which have made Louisiana and Texas an exception to the other Southern States in the matter of foreign immigration, no longer operate. Tennessee has but 1 per cent. of foreign-born and Kentucky 3.6 per cent. The Germans form much the larger part of Kentucky's small foreign population, and almost all live in the Ohio river cities. Missouri is another exception to the Southern rule. It stands in the track of immigration, and contains 9.8 per cent. of foreign-born. The Germans are 4.9 per cent. of Missouri's population, and the Irish 2.2 per cent. Twenty-one per cent. of the people are of foreign parentage, and the proportion is rapidly increasing.

The Western States (so called) and territories present by far the most inviting field for a study of race-influence in America. We find that this section is not only the most profoundly affected by foreign immigration, but that its increase in population from other causes is fastest. Moreover, on account of the probability that it will some time contain a much larger portion of the population of the country than any other region, it is likely to do most to fix the permanent national type and character.

Ohio, the oldest of the Western States, does not color the foreign map so deeply as certain States further east. The foreign-born here are 12.8 per cent., the Germans leading with 6 per cent. of the whole population of the State; 2.3 per cent. are Irish, and 2 per cent. British. We see that the foreign influence here is strongly Germanic. Proceeding to Indiana, we find the foreign percentage still less, with 7.3 per cent. foreign-born. Exactly four per hundred of Indiana's population are Germans, and 1.3 per cent. Irish. (We may note that the Irish people remain in the background, as here, in nearly all the remaining Western States and territories.) The comparative fewness of foreigners in Indiana may be due to the undeveloped state of her manufactures and the absence of very large cities, and also, in some degree, to the considerable colored population. In Michigan the foreign-born population is very strong, being 24.8 per cent. The natives of British America (mainly English-speaking Upper Canadians) are the leading foreign element in the State—9.0 per cent. of the whole population; 5.4 per cent. are Germans, 3.2 British, 2.6 Irish, 1 Scandinavian, and 2 + per cent. of other foreign birth. Michigan, again, shows a very strong preponderance of Germanic elements. Illinois has a smaller percentage of foreign population than Michigan, namely, 19 per cent.; 7.6 persons in a hundred are Germans, 3.4 Irish, 2.2 British, 2.1 Scandinavians, 1.1 British Americans; the rest are of various nationalities. The country districts of Illinois are largely occupied by natives, but nearly half the people of the city of Chicago are foreign-born, and other large towns have a large foreign population.

Wisconsin we find one of the most interesting States in the Union for a study of this sort. The percentage of foreign-born, 30.9, is higher than in any State we have yet considered, and the population of foreign parentage in 1880 reached the enormous percentage of 72.5+, showing that fewer than 28 per hundred of the inhabitants of Wisconsin are of American parentage. The foreign element in the first and second degree has manifestly the upper hand in this large and important State. Further, in the population of Wisconsin the German-born numbered, in 1880, 14 per cent. of the whole, and they were 45 per cent. of the foreign-born. The Scandinavians are 5 per cent. of the whole population, the Irish 3.01, the British 2.8, the British American 2.1, and the Bohemians 1. The remaining foreign-born in Wisconsin are divided amongst a remarkable diversity of nationalities. Thirty-five per cent. of the population are of German parentage—4 per cent. more than the population of Irish parentage in Massachusetts. Manifestly, the German type will prevail in Wisconsin, or the German modified by the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon. It may be noted in passing that the fact that nearly two-thirds of the people of Wisconsin are of foreign parentage does not give the State a perceptible difference in its social structure or political character from other States of the West. The foreign influence, though strong, is not as such preponderant in the politics of the State. But two of the nine members of the Forty-eighth Congress from Wisconsin are foreigners by birth; both are natives of Germany. (It is a coincidence, perhaps, that two of the members of the Forty-eighth Congress from Massachusetts are natives of Ireland.) If we join to the German element in Wisconsin the 102,631 persons in the State of Scandinavian parentage, we have, in the product and its influence, a promise of a fair and stalwart race.

Hardly so blonde in type will be the future man of Wisconsin, however, as his neighbor

the Minnesotan. Of the people of Minnesota 65.7 per cent. only are of native birth; 16.3 per cent. are natives of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark; 8.5 per cent. are Germans, 3.7 British Americans, 3.3 Irish, and 1.6 British. Only 28 + per cent. of the population of Minnesota are of native parentage. The Scandinavian people, the Norwegians at their head, have poured into Minnesota as if it were a land promised them by their deities. They have, in the south-western part of the State, taken possession of entire townships, where no other people live. The curious fact may be noted that while the Scandinavian-born are 13.6 per cent. of the population of Minnesota, they and their children are only 22 per cent. of the whole population, while the German-born, who are only 8.5 per cent. of the population, are, with their children, 21 per cent. This superior fecundity of the Germans over the Scandinavians exists, as I have taken pains to ascertain from the census returns of parent nativity, in Wisconsin and other States. Another curious fact: In both Wisconsin and Minnesota, as well as in other States, the number of persons having Scandinavian mothers is greater than the number having Scandinavian fathers, while those having German fathers are everywhere much more numerous than those having German mothers. The disparity in these classes in Wisconsin and Minnesota amounts to many thousands. Evidently a larger proportion of German than Scandinavian men prefer wives of other nationalities than their own, or else the affinity between Scandinavian women and men of other races is greater than between German women and men of other races.

In Iowa the proportion of natives rises to 83.2 per cent., the Germans being 5.4 per cent., the Scandinavians 2.8, the Irish 2.7, the British 2, and the British Americans 1.2. In Nebraska the foreign-born rise again to 21.6 per cent.; the Germans are 6.8 per cent., the Scandinavians 3.6, the British 2.4, the Irish 2.2, the British Americans 1.9, and the Bohemians 1.9. Forty-three per hundred of the people of Nebraska are of foreign parentage.

The territory (soon to be the State) of Dakota colors the foreign map a deeper shade than any State yet considered. We find here a foreign-born population of 38.4 per cent.; 13.1 of the whole population are of Scandinavian birth; 7.1 per cent. are British Americans (largely Upper Canadians drifting across the border from Manitoba, dissatisfied with that province as a field of settlement); 4.3 Germans, 4.8 Russian Mennonites (German by race and speech, but distinct from the other Germans, and for the present unassimilable), 3 Irish, and 2.5 British. The stream of immigration pouring into Dakota gives promise that the population will repeat the characteristics of Minnesota.

In Kansas the proportion of native-born, doubtless owing to the peculiar and forced method of settlement from the other States previous to the civil war, is larger than in most other Western States, namely, 89.9 per cent. The Germans are 2.8 per cent. of the people, the British 2 per cent., the Irish 1.5 per cent., the Scandinavians 1.4 per cent., and the British Americans 1.2 per cent. The native influence is altogether preponderant in Kansas, as the adoption of the constitutional amendment prohibiting traffic in liquor shows. The population doubtless owes the rigidness of its views on all matters, and the tinge of fanaticism in its character, to the political turmoil and excitement of its early settlement.

Colorado is 79.5 per cent. native, 6 per cent. British, 4.2 per cent. Irish (the mines here, as elsewhere in the country, drawing a large British and Irish population), 3.6 per cent. German, and 2.9 per cent. British-American. With the growth of this State's agriculture the proportion of Germans would increase, and with a decline of its mining interests the English and Irish would decline.

The territories and States to the westward are, for the most part, very strongly affected by immigration. Nevada, as we have already noted, gives the very deepest color upon the foreign map. Of its people 41.2 per cent. are of foreign birth. Arizona is but a trifle behind, with 40 per hundred of her inhabitants born outside the republic. Utah has 31.5 per cent. foreign; Idaho, 30.6; Wyoming, 29.9, and Montana, 29.5. New Mexico has only 6 per cent. foreign-born, but her great majority of Mexicans by race makes her population in the truest sense foreign to our own. This territory presents a serious social problem; a considerable population here of European origin would be a welcome adjunct in the "Americanization" of the territory. Arizona has also a very large Mexican element; 23 per cent. of the whole population being Mexican-born, in addition to the natives of Mexican race. But here we have a larger proportionate native element, and 3.1 per cent. of Irish, 2.7 of Germans, 6.6 of other Europeans, and 4.0 of Chinese. The population of Utah is remarkable for containing not only a larger percentage of British-born inhabitants than any State or any other territory, but also for having, in this British-born element, the largest single proportionate contribution by any European nation to the population of an American State or territory. The British in Utah are 17.5 per cent. of the inhabitants, nearly all being Mormons;

and the Scandinavians are 8.8 per cent. The Mormons are likely to be a fair race, if their climate does not make them swarthy in spite of their origin. Nevada shows 8.6 per cent. of Chinese, 8.3 of Irish, 8.2 of British (mainly Cornish), 5 of British Americans, 3.5 of Germans, and 2.5 of Italians. The population of Nevada has little stability. Sixty-four per cent. are of foreign parentage. Idaho's population is remarkable for being one-tenth Chinese — a larger proportion of this race than in any State or any other territory; it is also 7.6 per cent. British, 3 per cent. Irish, and 1 per cent. German. Montana, which contains as large an area of arable land as Ohio, just opened to the world by a railroad, and sure to receive soon a considerable population, has at present a very composite people — 70.5 per cent. natives, 6.3 per cent. British-American, 6.1 per cent. Irish, 4.6 per cent. British, 4.5 per cent. Chinese, and 4.3 per cent. German. Wyoming, a grazing and, to a small extent, mining territory, and very thinly peopled, is 8 per cent. British and 5.2 per cent. Irish.

In Oregon and Washington the Chinese, who will eventually disappear and leave no trace, are the leading foreign element, with 5.3 per cent. in Oregon, and 4.2 in Washington. In Oregon the natives are 82.6 per cent., the Germans 2.8 per cent., the British 2.4, the Irish 2 per cent., and the British Americans 1.7. In Washington the natives are 78.9 per cent., the British Americans 3.8, the British 3.2, the Irish 2.9, and the Germans 2.9. The immigration yet to flow into this fine and productive region will not greatly change these proportions.

The State of California, interesting in whatever aspect we view it, alone remains for examination. We find it very largely foreign, with 33.9 per cent. born abroad. Among the foreign the Chinese are most numerous, being 8.5 per cent. of the whole population, while the Irish are 7.2 per cent., the Germans 4.9 per cent., and the British Americans 2.1 per cent. I have grouped together the populations of southern European and Latin origin in California, and find them to be 4.3 per cent. of the whole population — a larger proportional representation of foreigners of these races than exists in any other State in the Union. As the character and manners of the Californians, owing to climate and modes of life growing out of the manner of settlement of the State, the gold-fever and speculating excitement, have already received a bent in the direction of the mercurial temperament of the Latins, we may expect to see the Californian race of the future, with its strong Celtic and Latin admixture, resembling the people of southern Europe. Let us note that there are 9,950 French and 7,537 Italians in California; New York and California being the only States having any considerable Italian population.* There are also 8,000 Portuguese, including Atlantic islanders of that race. California bids fair to differ as strikingly from the region lying to the north of it in its people as in its climate. The Chinese, by far the most numerous body of foreigners in California as well as in the other Pacific States and territories, may be dropped with a word. We have already seen that there were in 1880 but 1,186 natives of this country of Chinese parentage, though the Chinese have been coming since about the year 1850. Now that further importation of Chinese laborers has been forbidden, the race must disappear with the present generation.

From the examination we have made, we perceive that the Germans are the most numerous body of foreigners in fifteen States and territories, which are the following: Alabama, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, South Carolina, West Virginia, and Wisconsin.

The Irish are the most numerous foreign element in twelve States and territories, as follows: Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Georgia, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, and Virginia.

Of the remaining States and territories, thirteen have more Irish than Germans, and seven have more Germans than Irish. There are, therefore, twenty-two States and territories where the Germans outnumber the Irish, and twenty-five where the Irish outnumber the Germans.

The Chinese are the most numerous foreign element in five States and territories, as follows: California, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington.

The British Americans are the most numerous foreign element in four States and one territory, namely: Maine, Michigan, Montana, New Hampshire, and Vermont.

The British are the largest foreign element in two States and two territories: North Carolina, Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming.

The Mexicans are the largest foreign population in one State and two territories: Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas.

The Scandinavians are the most numerous in one State and one territory: Dakota and Minnesota.

* New York had, in 1880, 15,113 Italians; Pennsylvania, 2,794; Louisiana, 2,527; and Massachusetts, 2,116. No other State had more than 2,000. More Italians have reached the country since the close of the census year, June 30, 1880, than were here on that date.

The West Indians are the most numerous in one State: Florida.

A glance at the map, in connection with the lists just given, will show that the immigrant races have grouped themselves in a manner worthy of further note. We find what we may call the Irish States, beginning with Massachusetts, constituting an unbroken tier as far south as Maryland, and after the narrow interruption of that State beginning again with Virginia, and, bending westward, extending through Tennessee and to the Gulf in two prongs, Georgia and Mississippi. The German States are a compact mass in the center of the republic, extending from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico (Wisconsin to Louisiana), and from Nebraska eastward, with a tongue through West Virginia and Maryland to the Atlantic. The British Americans have a group in northern New England, and a detached State and territory, Michigan and Montana, in the North-west — all these bordering on Canadian territory. The British have three contiguous mountain political divisions and a detached Southern State; the Mexicans have a group bordering on Mexico, and the Chinese the Pacific group, facing China.

I SHALL not attempt to discuss the broad question, What is likely to be the specific influence upon the old stock for good or ill, for improvement or deterioration, of these peoples who, in certain States, in themselves and in their offspring in the first generation, already outnumber the descendants of the original colonists? We could only conjecture this effect in advance, even if the inpour had ceased and the process of union had begun under permanent conditions. But I think it is reasonable to assume that ethnologically the change could be but slight; supposing the entire mass to be fused, the Celtic and Teutonic blood, the Latin and the Norman would be mingled in much the same proportions as they were in the veins of the original English settlers. The American of the future, supposing present forces to continue, and all white elements to fuse equally, would be almost as much an "Anglo-Saxon" as the American of 1820. We have seen, however, that the races are not distributed evenly, and that certain types are likely to be locally predominant, at least until a long process of intermigration shall have welded the mass into a substantial likeness. The Wisconsin man of the near future, for instance, is likely to be almost a German, while the New Englander (still supposing all elements to combine) will be at least half an Irishman. But in the meantime all come to speak a single dialect; all wear the same costume; all come under the assimilating influence of an intensely active internal commerce; and all continue to accustom themselves to diversity of views and organizations in religion without strife growing out of such diversity or a thought of social separation on its account. May we not assume that such a state of affairs will tend to make the people a single and homogeneous nation, in spite of local diversity of origin?

I believe that no one now accuses any large or influential portion of the foreign element of a set purpose to spread ideas subversive of our political institutions. It can hardly be denied that such tendencies and ideas as are most deprecated in the foreigners in the United States relate to manners, to mere habits of life and social practices. In these things we have undergone great changes, and would have undergone them, in a great degree, independent of foreign influence.

So long as all elements blend, and the people remain free to seek their own happiness in their own way, it would seem to make little difference with coming generations whether their family tree shall have had its roots in Plymouth or Boston or New Amsterdam, or in Castle Garden. So long as this freedom to seek a common happiness remains, it is of little consequence whether the new inhabitants are lost in the old or the old in the new. The greatest danger would seem to be that the mingling of all elements, with a resulting evolution of a single nationality, will not proceed without interruption. No greater danger can threaten than that the population will split into two or more castes, with caste hatreds and conflicts. Whenever in any place a tendency to such a condition seems to be arising, all the proper influence of the State and of society should be brought to bear against it.

Joseph Edgar Chamberlin.

A TROPICAL HURRICANE.

It is strange how completely we have lost some of the most useful instincts of our fellow-creatures. We cannot predict a dry summer or an early frost. Not one man in a thousand can distinguish a slight indisposition from the presentiment of a serious disease; and I do not believe that one in a million can *forefeel* a storm, though some old sailors can foresee it by the looks of the clouds, the flight of birds, and similar indications. The trouble is that often such visible prognostics — including those of the United States Weather Bureau — come too late to be of any practical use.

On the ninth of September, 1882, I transported my surveying instruments from Santa Cruz de Costa Rica to Punta Velas, the Pacific *entrepôt* of the little town, and I distinctly remember that on the morning of that day the weather was as pleasant as the Isthmus countries may expect it to be before the end of October; the air was clear and cool, the wind north-west; and a sailing vessel leaving the port during that forenoon would have been justified in counting upon a prosperous trip to Panama. My companion, Captain H——, intended to go that way before the end of the week, and the natives congratulated him on the timely *mudanza*, a change or pause in the rainy season which rarely occurs before the first gale after the September equinox. The only circumstance which could have been interpreted as a presage of the coming event was a change in the temperature, which increased a little faster than the rise of the sun could alone account for; the wind itself felt warm, though at noon its direction was still the same, that is, a little north of west. But two hours afterward the sky began to look murky —*cloudy* would not be the right word; it was a curious sort of haze, that had crept up from the sea and overspread the sky so gradually that one could hardly notice its transition from light-blue to gray.

We changed horses at the harbor inn and took a guide to the "Cerro," a ridge in the littoral where our coöperators had been at work for several weeks. When we reached the summit of the bluff I noticed for the first time that strange sultriness which the wind seemed to increase rather than to moderate.

The same haze that veiled the sun had narrowed the seaward horizon, and there were few ships in view, though, as I afterward learned, the Realejo fishing-smacks had turned out in force.

"I don't like the looks of that weather," observed our carrier; "they will have a rough night at the *embarcadero*" [the dredge-boat].

"What makes you think so?" inquired my companion.

The man either had not understood us, or was not quite sure of his conclusion.

"The sky looks strange," said he, when we repeated our question; "*mira los patos* — look at those white-caps — there's a storm under way."

Half an hour before the same fellow had remarked that it was getting cloudy, but did not look like rain. Half an hour later his warning would have come too late, so that from the first shadow of an omen the time of grace was limited to less than thirty minutes. We had not yet reached the north-western declivity of the ridge, when an exclamation of my companions induced us to rein our horses near a gap that revealed a glimpse of the eastern sky. Its hue had darkened to a forbidding-looking black-blue, mottled with still uglier grizzly clouds, fringed with white edges. From these clouds dark-gray shreds hung down upon a narrow strip of pale sky at the very edge of the horizon. Every now and then an electric flash irradiated their ragged seams.

"Halloo! it's coming this way," said the guide; "we'd better turn back."

"How far is that camp from here?" asked Captain H——.

"More than two miles," said the guide; "but the surveyors are at work on this side of it. Wait — let me gallop ahead and tell their overseer that you want to see him at the *meson*. There's no time to be lost," he called out, as he galloped away.

He was no sooner gone than we began to share his opinion. Sixteen miles north of Punta Velas a spur of the Mesaya range fronts the sea in the form of a bold promontory, and from the brow of that headland (a treeless rock) a horizontal streak of white dust shot out like a jet of steam from a side-valve; the storm had reached that ridge, and was sweeping its sand-clouds toward the sea. A number of farmers had accompanied us from the Velas tavern, and seemed inclined to await the return of our guide; but at the sight of that fluttering storm-signal they had a private consultation, and prepared to remount their horses.

"Are you going home?" I inquired.

"Yes, under shelter," said one of them, "to the shed of that hammer-work over yonder" [on the other side of a little bayou].

They rode off at a trot first, but presently at a tearing gallop, that made us a little fidgety. They must have seen some additional signs of danger, and after waiting about ten minutes we concluded to follow them, in spite of the blinding dust-clouds that invaded the coast plain like the first billows of a rising tide. We had expected to meet the guide at the foot of the bluff, but when we finally caught sight of him he came from the right (farther up the bayou), and motioned to us to turn back, waving his hat with an energy of action that served all the purposes of a conclusive argument.

"You cannot cross that creek," he called out, when he overtook us; "it's filling with backwater and rising fast. Let's turn back; we may reach the Posada ahead of that shower."

Those who had mistaken the approaching gale for a common thunder-shower were soon undeceived. Even as we raced along the strand, and before the first cold blast of the impending rain, the "knife-grinder" locust in the trees suddenly stopped their shrill concert, alarmed perhaps by the portent of the gathering darkness. A louder and louder rush in our rear betrayed the speed of the on-coming storm, and as we galloped through the hovel-suburbs of Las Velas the inhabitants ran to and fro in a state of the wildest alarm; they had seen the mountainous dust-clouds of the tornado, and all who had valuables to save knew that their time was measured by minutes. The dust-sea rolled southward, but also westward, *i. e.*, toward the shore, where the main storm-wave seemed to meet a counter-current that mixed dust and sea-foam in a tumultuous whirl. Here, at the north end of the village, the distance to the harbor was hardly half a mile, but we were too late to reach the tavern on horseback. As we crossed a little creek we heard cries behind and before us, and looking up the bank (where numbers of fugitives were scrambling up the steep slope), I saw one man fall down like a sack, while others staggered as from a sudden blow, or threw themselves forward in time to clutch at the cliffs. We instantly dismounted, and it seemed the best plan to leave our horses to the guidance of their instincts; but they followed us at a trot, and had, indeed, the advantage of us, so long as the gale did not strike them sideways. It seems strange that a man who can resist the spring of a wolf and a cudgel-blow should not be able to withstand the pressure of the unsubstantial air. I had myself been self-deceived on that point, and in the shelter of the ravine we managed to keep our heads up; but I believe that few persons would like to be photographed in the positions we were obliged to assume before we could reach the Posada. I felt as though I were wading in the deepening water of a strong river current, and when we finally clutched the props of the tavern-porch the assembled refugees cheered us as the crowd on a harbor-pier would hail the passengers of a life-boat. In western Nicaragua, within range of sixteen active volcanoes, nearly every public building is earthquake-proof, and the Posada was the safest house in the place: one-story, flat-roofed, with massive masonry, and mortised corner-stones. But an earthquake shock being here an event of almost monthly occurrence, the limits of its power have been approximately ascertained; while the force of a tornado is incalculable, except by indications, which were anything but reassuring even at that stage of the atmospheric developments. Low-sailing clouds shot rather than drifted across the sky; all counter-currents had yielded, and, like a victor bearing his trophies before him, the tornado raked the town with a storm of flying shingles and boards. Not a drop of rain yet, but dense showers of drift-sand; the air itself seemed to become visible, and explosions of the atmospheric fluid struck against the house corners and dashed in spray from the projecting roofs. Volley after-volley of débris swept the main street till a larger fragment struck the shutter of our room and strewed the floor with a hail of splinters. That weakened the credit of the house; the assembly crowded to the opposite end of the hall, and the alarm of the female refugees became demonstrative.

"The roof is coming down! Open the cellar! O Santos! there is no cellar." And wild cries broke out anew at every crack of a falling tree.

"*No temas, almita*," one husband consoled the trembling woman at his side. "Keep still, my love. Last night I dreamed of a little white dog playing around our house, and this is not going to be an unlucky day for us!"

Only the stout old landlord preserved his *sang-froid*.

"*No hay cuidado*," he repeated at each heavier blast; "no danger, friends, this house has stood the earthquake of '58, and would weather a worse storm than this. More noise than harm."

The ear is the organ of terror; yet the most appalling element of a storm is not its voice, nor any visible proof of its portentous power, but rather the uncertainty of the end, and the worse uncertainty of the climax. It is

like stumbling downhill in the dark and wondering if the next second will bring us to the bottom of the hoped-for valley or to the brink of a deeper precipice. The fury of the gale was evidently increasing, as well as the darkness, and it turned so chilly — even in-doors, though there were more than forty persons in the hall — that Captain H—— pulled out his pocket-thermometer and stepped into the yard to expose it to the draught of the open air. He had to watch for an interval of the shingle volleys, and the success of his enterprise encouraged the street Arabs to try their luck at the front door, till a Scotch sailor-boy bore off the palm of imprudence by running first to the end of the pavement and then clear across the street and back through a shower of storm-missiles. His last exploit was followed by the enthusiastic plaudits of the assembled half-breeds, and the not less outspoken disapproval of his shipmates, as a proof that the Creoles love excitement at any price, while the Britons, on the whole, value courage too highly to approve its waste. The domestic animals set us a good example of prudence. A strange dog whom his own master tried to eject clung to his arm by the edge of his teeth and returned as if the storm had blown him back; for it was impossible to keep the house-door shut, even if the constant arrival of new fugitives had not made an open house a moral necessity. Out in the yard a little pigeon-house swayed on its slender support, and at last broke down; but the occupants even then clustered around their cot like bees, and nearly all crept back as soon as the superstructure had found a safe anchorage. One hapless pouter took wing for a moment, but was immediately caught in the storm-whirl and dashed against the wall with a force that knocked its top-heavy body into a mass of bristling feathers. It is said that swallows love to sport with a storm, but this sort of sport seemed too much even for their tireless wings. Whenever the dust-veil lifted for a moment I made my way to a window that commanded a view of the seaward sky, an hour ago the aërial rendezvous of a cloud of swifts; but the only bird that now ventured to ride the gale was a single sea-gull that shot by with slanting wings, perhaps in a vain attempt to reach its nest in the harbor-cliffs.

The intermittent gusts of the hurricane had risen to a steady rush, when all at once its voice mingled with a deeper sound — the boom of a rising sea, that dashed with sudden fury against the bulwarks of the breakwater, as if the storm-waves of the outer ocean had penetrated the northern harbor-reefs. In the next moment the cause of the uproar became sensible as well as audible: a blow like the blast of an explosion struck the building and leveled all obstacles in the open street; the massive boards of an ox-cart were knocked flat against the wheels; the wood-pile at the gate was overthrown, and its heavy logs rolled bumping along the street like empty barrels; shreds of sail-canvas shot fluttering through the air; and amid the fearful shrieks of the poor neighbors the frame-house of an American store-keeper came down with a splintering crash. For the next ten minutes individual voices were drowned by the deafening and almost stupefying roar of the storm; I am sure that the violent slapping of a broken shutter was inaudible at a distance of ten steps. The whole assembly had recoiled from the north side of the room, and were crouched on the floor as if in momentary expectation of a fatal catastrophe. Suddenly the shutters in the south-west corner burst open, and the storm seemed to strike the house from all sides at once; but a troop of sailors in that very corner set up a loud hurrah: "The worst is over — the *shifts* are coming!"

The events of the next few minutes seemed hardly to encourage that hope. It was a little past four o'clock, but the darkness became almost nocturnal, and each shift of the furious wind was accompanied by the crash of falling trees that had thus far withstood its assaults. That, however, did not prove an increase of its violence. A leafy tree veers in the storm like a vane; every single leaf accommodates itself to the direction of the wind by turning in the plane of the least resistance. But the sudden shifts of a very violent gale appear to foil that expedient of vegetable instinct, and break the tree before it has time to turn. The sailors were right; a cold blast swept the street, and presently the lowering clouds discharged themselves in a deluge that seemed to check the force of the storm. The room was swamped, but nobody minded that; the *rasgos*, the terrible tornado-blasts, had ceased, and the crowd set up a ringing cheer when one of the sailors assured them, "on the faith of a *caballero*," that before night the gale would turn into a harmless land wind. Two hours later it was still blowing "big guns," but the heavy blasts came at longer intervals. One by one the refugees ventured out, and the guests inquired after the amount of their indebtedness. But now the landlord interfered. He had no right to detain the anxious housekeepers, but his patrons must not think of thus leaving the house that had passed the ordeal so bravely; supper would soon be ready, and he was going to stand treat. We begged to be excused, and soon after retired to the guest-rooms across the yard. The night was cold and gusty, with an occasional feeble

attempt at another *rasgo;* but toward midnight my neighbor tapped at the partition-wall, and asked me to get up and look at the sky. Above the ridge of the Cartagos Range, *i. e.*, in the south-east, the horizon glowed with a curious reddish hue, almost like the last shimmer of a lurid sunset. Here and there the stars twinkled through the clouds, and the conflagration of a neighboring town would have revealed itself in a different way. We concluded that the reflection of a volcanic outbreak in the mountains of Costa Rica was the most probable explanation, but the news of the next three days failed to confirm that conjecture, and it may have been one of those unexplained electric phenomena that often accompany a storm in the tropics.

The next morning the little port looked like a fortress-town after a heavy bombardment. The main street was covered with heaps of mingled drift-sand and rubbish. In the hill suburb nearly every house was down, as well as every larger tree and the trestle-work of an American saw-mill. The trees that had weathered the storm in the down-town gardens were not the largest, but the least leafy ones. An avenue of mango-trees (with a foliage resembling that of our southern magnolias) had fallen in ranks, all with their crowns to the west. Lake Managua, the Rio de San Juan, and Bluefields' Lagoon had overflowed their banks for miles; and with the exception of the earthquake of 1858, and perhaps of Walker's invasion, the calamity was, on the whole, the worst that has befallen the republic in the course of this century. In the district of Nicoya, where we were, the loss of life, direct and prospective, was estimated at 23, without counting that by shipwreck, which must have been very considerable, as a number of feluccas had left the harbor a few hours before the outbreak of the gale. But on the Hacienda del Cerro, eight miles north of Las Velas, a herd of black cattle had saved themselves, *during the forenoon*, by galloping to the glen of a coast-river, the only valley within sixty miles, with a high north shore. Here, then, is one of the cases where art cannot compete with instinct. The tornado originated in the Lesser Antilles, skirted the Island of Porto Rico and the south coast of Cuba, and passed through the center of the Caribbean Sea, across Yucatan, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. Now, the only observatory in the range of that track is the United States Signal Office at Santiago de Cuba. The gale passed Santiago at 11 A. M. and reached Nicoya a little after 2 P. M., so that by instant telegrams (allowing for the unavoidable delays at the intermediate stations) the Santiago observer *might* have warned the Pacific ports in time to prevent them from mistaking the atmospheric symptoms of the early afternoon. But the cattle of the Cerro had recognized the danger during the morning.

In the small coast-towns, where telegrams are received only by the somnolent government officials, a few of the native shipmasters might have been saved by their weather-glasses, if barometrical indications were not so curiously equivocal. Professor Salinez, the State Geologist at Nicaragua, has a barometer on which the lower end of the scale is marked *Huracan ó Terremoto* — hurricane or earthquake. The professor owns that he has never seen the mercury down to the *terremoto* point, and the next higher degree may mean anything, from a tornado to a common thunder-shower.

Horace D. Warner.

THE LATE DR. DORNER AND THE "NEW THEOLOGY."

SEVERAL years ago an eminent American theologian, Dr. Edwards A. Park, late Professor of Christian Theology at Andover, wrote a biographical sketch of Professor Tholuck. Feeling evidently under some necessity of overcoming the prejudice then existing in many quarters against the freedom of German speculation, and being embarrassed in particular by Professor Tholuck's supposed leaning toward the larger hope of the final restoration of all souls, Professor Park apologized for the great German Christian, saying, among other extenuating remarks, that "an opinion, when entertained in the shape of a subordinate and incidental theory, is as different in its influence from that same opinion, when entertained in the shape of an essential and conspicuous doctrine, as the alcohol in bread is different in its effect from the alcohol in brandy." The apology is creditable to the charity of the distinguished divine who made it, but it is not so creditable to the circle of his readers that such an apology for such a Christian as the late Professor Tholuck ever should have been deemed necessary. I once heard Tholuck himself offer a simpler and very different defense for the

German clergy. It was in the course of one of those conversations which American students abroad, who have ever been invited to walk with Tholuck, cherish among the memories of a life. Kindling with enthusiasm,—for Tholuck was always young in heart, and a word was often enough to call forth his devout enthusiasm,—he said that the German clergy have been accused of falling into rationalism, and it is true that many of them did become rationalists. "When I first came to Halle, there were only two Evangelical ministers and one Evangelical school-master in all this region. But the German clergy," he continued, "have sought most conscientiously to find the truth. They have been most conscientious students." Certain clergymen in the United States have of late been credited with the questionable right of holding private speculations diverse from their public teachings. An honest man may make, and because he is honest he sometimes must make, a distinction between his opinions and his beliefs; Horace Bushnell said he kept certain questions hanging up in his mind. But the only defense which religious teachers should make of their own work, or which they should willingly accept as an apology from their friends, is the justification which Professor Tholuck made for the German clergy, that they have been conscientious students of truth. Good Bishop Butler claimed the same high prerogative for the English clergy when he said, in anticipation of his own work, "I mean to make truth the business of my life." In this country Dr. Nathaniel W. Taylor used to say to his classes in theology: "Young gentlemen, follow truth, though it leads you over Niagara." And this same tone of manly sincerity was echoed at another seat of theological learning in New England when Professor Park, in a notable sermon on the "Duties of the Theologian," pleading in defense of his own suspected "new theology," said: "Idle, idle, this attempt to defeat the first law of nature, that the soul of man shall go out free as the air of heaven—go after truth, let her leadings be what they may." Such worthy words as these may very properly be quoted in a sketch of the life and teachings of that representative German scholar and theologian, Professor Isaac A. Dorner.

The life of a German student and professor has in it usually few of the elements of romance. There is little color for the literary artist to weave into the portraiture of the work and thought of a German philosopher and theologian. Indeed, the simplicity of his life, undisturbed by the rush of the world's affairs, affords the opportunity for that patient work of investigation and quiet, steadfast communion with ideas which have rendered German scholarship thorough and trustworthy, and made acquaintance with it a matter of mental economy to scholars in our own country who are pulled hither and thither by the multitude of interests which lay hands upon them. The still world of the theologian may have in it little to attract the general reader; but, nevertheless, the religious question is always the question of life; the theological interest lies not far beneath the surface of all the interests of society and movements of life. Dr. Dorner's name has been brought into special prominence of late in religious discussions in this country. It has become associated with a wide and deep movement in our own religious world, and many readers who care little to enter into the schools of theological disputation may yet wish to know more of one of those leading teachers of our times whose thought is evidently working like a new theological leaven even in our own religious conservatism.

The world of ideas in which men like Dr. Dorner have lived and thought is not so well known to the public at large as those whose studies have led them into it wish it might be. It lies somewhat one side from the traveled ways of literature. One cannot be hurried through it in a day in some easy literary conveyance, at a small expense of time and effort. One must plod through it afoot. But to those who have found their way into this somewhat remote theological world, and who are not easily wearied in exploring it, it proves a rich country, and rewards them with many superlative views of truth. It is unfortunate for us that the best work of German scholars, particularly in the sphere of religion, has not always become the best known abroad. German philosophical and religious literature suffers in the importation very much the same fate as the vintage of foreign fields. The acrid and poorer wines are not long in finding their way to this country, and adulterations of them abound, while the best wines are not so easily brought over to our tables. We have had in past years large importations of the sour wine of German thought. The hasty, unmellowed products of German scholarship have been eagerly devoured by a class of American readers. Adulterations and popular dilutions of crude German theories and unripe speculations have been accepted and paraded as pure philosophy by persons who have been ignorant of the mature thought of the richest minds abroad. In philosophy, for example, the "Microcosm" of Hermann Lotze still remains untranslated,—the pure wine of a fine vintage locked up in the original German from most American readers,—while books fermenting with unchristian ideas have found a market,

the effervescent reasonings of the pessimists have been poured at least into second-hand magazine articles, and the distillations of Haeckel's scientific imagination, and of others of his class, have been put up by enterprising publishers in quantities suited to the popular taste, labeled pure science, and dispensed to the people. Similarly in theology Strauss's "Life of Jesus," and other raw first-fruits of the new science of Biblical criticism, were quickly imported, while later and better products of that conscientious study for which the German universities are renowned have been left hardly known beyond the circle of a few thorough students of modern German thought.

Professor Dorner was the last eminent representative of a famous group of German thinkers and teachers whose influence has long been felt by some of our own ablest minds, though it is just beginning to come to its full power in our religious literature. There has been an unbroken succession of strong thinkers in Germany, throughout this century of searching and doubt, who have followed truth conscientiously, and who have not been left, like snow-bound travelers, at some cold, uncomfortable half-way house of skepticism or rationalism, but who have pushed on and through until they have come again to the happy, restful faith of childhood. From about the beginning of this century the German universities have been honored by religious teachers who have found in Christianity the reconciling word for modern philosophies and doubts. Patient and profound students of the history of thought, they have realized in their studies the truth of Pascal's thought, "In Christ all contradictions are reconciled." Walking in the fires of intense questionings, they have come forth Christian believers, unharmed. The smell of the fire may indeed be upon some of their garments, but they have kept the faith. Eminent among this group of Christian scholars and believers are the names of Schleiermacher, Neander, Nitsch, Tholuck, Julius Müller, Ullmann, Rothe, and — but lately entered among that goodly company beyond the veil — the venerable Dorner. Schleiermacher was among the first of this royal succession of Christian scholars who, during this century, have found thrones of faith in the land of doubt. He has been rightly spoken of as "the last in a generation of skeptics, and the first in the succession of believers." His name marks the beginning of a new era in German Protestantism; for since the first impulse and freshness of the Reformation an age of Protestant scholasticism had ensued. Careful scholars have learned to distinguish between the living principles and powers of the Reformation and the post-Reformation dogmas and definitions which are embalmed in many current forms of religious speech. Protestantism was a new life of souls before it crystallized into the confessions of faith. During the last two centuries Protestantism had withered in many places — not everywhere, but in some branches of the Church — into an orthodoxism as dry and fruitless as the Latin scholasticism which became tinder to the flame of Luther's newly kindled faith. The reaction from this Protestant confessionalism and orthodoxism of sound words had necessarily carried many of the best minds over into rationalism and general skepticism. Many of the Protestant clergy at the close of the last century were hopeless rationalists, and sermons were often anything but religious. The old mechanical supernaturalism and orthodoxism had made the challenge of Lessing's skepticism a providential necessity. His sturdy and oft-repeated blows against the dogmatic theologies of his day helped open the gate through which the next century might find an entrance, in a more childlike spirit, to fresh pastures of faith. The same rising flood which came in to renew the arid rationalism in which the philosophy of the last century lay parched and exhausted — the reeking French infidelity, and the dry sands of English deism which mark the dead low tide of human philosophy — the same refreshing flood of higher and still higher thought which began to flow in with the opening years of this century swept away, also, almost every vestige from Germany of the mechanical divinity and confessional dogmatism which marked the wreck of the theology of the Reformation. Schleiermacher stands at the beginning of this new epoch. But Schleiermacher was himself the herald of the coming day, rather than the careful reconstructor of its beliefs. He sowed far better than he could reap. He has been an influence in the thoughts of his pupils and successors, rather than the master of a school of thought. He was not a gigantic system-builder, as Hegel was in philosophy, whose ideas even in the present ruins of his system as a whole are the quarry from which many minds still gather material to build. Schleiermacher's thought has been as a living spring whose outflowing has mingled with the whole subsequent development of German theology. Amid the many diversities and strong individualities of this succession of Christian believers in the German universities, there may still be noticed a certain unity of tendency, which may be traced back to Schleiermacher's spirit and direction. The whole modern development of German theology is informed, at least, by the principle

which was the life of Schleiermacher's thought, that in faith man stands in some real contact with the living God — in some immediate, felt, and assured relationship to the Christian God.

It is noteworthy that this revival of faith, this new epoch of German Protestantism, was in its beginning contemporaneous with that uprising of patriotism and outburst of national enthusiasm which enabled the German people to throw off the yoke of Napoleon. The professors in the University of Berlin were ardent patriots; Schleiermacher's sermons rang with patriotism, while they glowed with faith. When the war interrupted the session of the university, Fichte dismissed his students with the words: "These lectures will be resumed in a free country." This is not the first nor the only example in the history of liberty of the power of patriotism and religion when fused in one purpose in the heart of a people. Patriotism rises and burns in a clear and steady flame when it is fed from the religious consciousness of a people. It flickers and is more easily extinguished if it is not so fed. Any necessity of national life or endeavor which stirs the popular heart to its depths necessarily calls forth the forces of religion, and is sustained by them. What great and enduring achievement has been won in history, unless the religious power of a people's life has been evoked? We may not forget that the modern nation was not born from Erasmus' culture, but from the soul of a peasant's son, a monk who had found his own freedom before the throne of the Christian God; and so also the century which began with the overthrow of the Napoleonic domination, and has become a new era for the German people, began also with renewed power of spiritual faith, and already may be characterized as a new era of Protestantism.

Dr. Isaac A. Dorner was the son of a clergyman. He was born in Würtemberg in the year 1809, and was but a child when Schleiermacher was still publishing his famous addresses upon religion to its despisers among the educated. His early career was a more rapid advancement than is usually possible in Germany. Graduated at the University of Tübingen as the first scholar of his class, he made a literary journey, during which he visited England, and returned to Tübingen as a fellow and tutor. There he was elected in the year 1838 to the professorship of theology, then made vacant by the death of Steudel,—one of the last representatives of the old order,—although when elected he was still a young man to hold a full professorship in an important faculty of the University. At that time the influence of Baur was in the ascendant. Baur saw the early Christian history through Hegel's dialectics, and the so-called Tübingen school, then at the height of its fame and power, possessed no little attractiveness for young and idealistic minds in its scholarly endeavor to account for the origin of a large part of the New Testament through certain supposed tendencies of human thought; and it was not then so apparent as the criticisms of a generation of sober scholars have since made it that the Tübingen school virtually made the second century the father of the first — an order of parentage more philosophical according to Hegel than natural according to the truth of history. The endeavor of these learned men to account for the fact of Christianity in the world from its own effects — a philosophical endeavor now largely abandoned in Germany — reminds us of the wonderful exploit which the monkish biographers relate of Saint Patrick, who upon one occasion, they calmly assure us, swam across the Irish channel, carrying his head in his teeth. Dorner was one of the first writers to withstand vigorously this new school of philosophical reconstructionists of the facts of primitive Christianity, who, on their part, notwithstanding their frequent arbitrary procedure with the facts and actual processes of history, did the Church great service in causing the Scriptures of the New Testament, and every shred and remnant of the early Christian literature extant, to be subjected to a microscopically critical examination. Dorner had himself been a careful student of Hegel, and at first Neander was somewhat suspicious of his Hegelian style and tendencies. The rising star, however, was not to be eclipsed in the clouds that gathered around the setting sun which for a long day had ruled German philosophy. Dorner emerged safely from Hegelianism, as Julius Müller had done from the pantheism of Spinoza; and the results of his earlier Hegelian studies appear in many just and searching criticisms, scattered through his later writings, of the relation of Hegelian ideas to the truths of Christianity. His early skill in confuting the left, or pantheistic, group of Hegelians with their own weapons, and from the arsenal of their own master, rendered him before long a popular champion of faith, and he was urged by a succession of calls from one university to another.

Dr. Schaff, in a brief notice of Dorner written several years ago (Schaff, "German Universities," pp. 377–380), suggests that this rapid succession of calls may have worked disadvantageously to Dorner's literary labors. He certainly never has acquired what we should regard in an English writer as a good style; but few German thinkers study form

of expression. Dr. Dorner was advanced in honor and usefulness from Tübingen to Kiel, from Kiel to Königsberg, from Königsberg to Bonn, thence to Göttingen, and from there to Berlin,—whose university, though one of the latest born, is the queen and crown of the whole university system in Germany. In Berlin he quietly elaborated his teaching, and at last published the ripe fruits of his long life of theological study.

My own recollection of Dorner begins with a picture, still hanging in memory, of a quiet study in Berlin, peopled with books, where a letter of introduction from a former American pupil of his secured me a kindly welcome. Dorner sat by his plain study-table, with books to the right of him and books to the left of him, a man of not large stature, yet compact frame, with a marked face and thoughtful eye. A young American student seems to breathe ideas in such an atmosphere! I remember well one remark which Dorner made as he was inquiring about our own country: "You, in America, are not compelled to grow up, as we are, under the shadow of ancient institutions." Though a man of books, his conversation dwelt largely upon the religious condition and practical needs of the people of Germany. He thought there was much real piety among the people in the country; but the cities in Germany, as with us, are the problems of society and Christianity. As the practical tendency of Dorner's writings, and of the group of men to which he belongs, has recently, for polemical purposes, been called in question in this country, and, indeed, the evils inherent in the German system of state churches, and German irreligion in general, have been laid by undiscriminating American controversialists at the door of those very men who have done the most to reform and to revive the faith of the German people during this century, it is only just that this interest which the theologian of Berlin showed, in that interview with him in his study, in regard to popular evangelization and vital religion, should be noted. Dr. Dorner has not been a preacher or pastor; but years ago, so he once told a friend of mine, he took great pleasure in preaching in a jail. He has not been an uninterested or silent spectator of the religious life and activities of his times. These leaders of the "new" German theology, and Dr. Dorner conspicuous among them, whose views, we are told, if allowed in our evangelical pulpits, will "cut the nerve of missions," were among the founders and supporters of the German Church Diet, which is the Protestant home missionary society of Germany. "This assembly," says Dr. Schaff, very justly, "may be regarded as the practical fruit of that vigorous evangelical theology," among whose leaders and supporters he mentions the names of some of those men, including Dorner.

The missionary power of the modern Church has its purest and deepest source in the Christian principles of God's grace and love for the whole world; and no modern theologian has entered more fully or more thoroughly into the spirit of Luther, into the power of these Christian truths, than has Professor Dorner. An address lies before me which Professor Dorner delivered at the meeting of the Evangelical Church Diet, in Kiel, in the year 1867, which he began by a modest expression of his own wish that a practical theologian, in the stricter sense of the word, had been chosen to speak in his place. He then proceeded to deliver a noble exposition and vindication of the great principle of Luther's Reformation,—the doctrine of justification by faith,—dwelling in conclusion upon the practical fruits of this principle in the life of the Church, and in his closing sentences expressing the wish that German youth of sufficiently ripe age might be trained in Sunday-schools, "not merely receiving, but acting and giving," in order that there might be an "active participation of young men and women in the work of home and foreign missions." The cruelly groundless suspicion of "Dornerism" as a practically perilous influence among us is one of those misunderstandings and misrepresentations of the views of good men which are apt to arise, and to disappear, with theological panics. The wise are not alarmed or misled by them.

Dorner has not been indifferent to the interest of religious liberty. He defended the liberal union principles of the faculty of Göttingen against the confessionalism of the clergy of Hanover; and when Baron Bunsen was violently attacked on account of his pamphlet upon "The Signs of the Times," Dorner did not hesitate to take up his pen for the cause of religious liberty against the reactionary tendencies of Stahl and Hengstenberg.

His chief and enduring service, however, has been in the realm of speculative theology, which is in many places clearer because he has moved through it. His power comes from his lecture-room. We have nothing in our American colleges corresponding exactly to the German system of lectures. The students congregate where they are most attracted by the fame or fresh thought of the professor, being left in their choice and attendance very much to the devices of their own hearts. Dorner's lecture-room in Berlin used to be well filled, some of the theological students appearing at times with heads bandaged on

account of the cuts received in duels—though there are not now, I believe, so many of these heroes of the duel as formerly. The professor would enter, take his seat, and plunge at once into the profound discussion of the hour, only interrupting the flow of his discourse to take occasionally a pinch of snuff. He was in his last years prevented by a painful disease from going to that lecture-room for which he elaborated his best thought, though he was still able, so he wrote last spring, to "work a little." American students, many of whom have attended his lectures, always found him courteous and interested in them and their work.

In the last chapter of his "History of Protestant Theology," Dorner remarks that theology in America has hardly had a connected literary history. He notices the different foreign elements which are entering into our thought, and anticipates that theology in this country will come, even though it be through a process of fermentation, to an independent combination and form, which he thinks, in our entire freedom of the church from the state, may resemble in many respects the theological development of the first centuries. "America," he says, "stands as yet in its theological beginnings, but the future of Protestantism depends largely upon the further development of this powerful people now freed from the ban of slavery; hence the maintenance and increase of intercourse with German Protestantism and its possessions are of inestimable importance." This commerce of thought between German theologians and American students and clergymen has not been established for us without a struggle. In a published letter, with regard to the pursuit of German studies, Professor Moses Stuart once portrayed vividly and feelingly the difficulties and the suspicions of his brethren, with which he had to contend in pushing his way into the German literature and bringing the spoils of its Biblical scholarship back to his own lecture-room at Andover. He found fightings without and fears within. As the Athenians of old were taught by their philosophers to avoid commerce in order that they might keep out the rascals, so good men have been afraid to encourage free intercourse with the foreign literature of Germany lest it should bring in heretics. This universal commerce of free scholarship has now, however, become so firmly established that we are not so much in danger of having to do without these products of German scholarship as we are of having our own individuality overwhelmed by their abundance. Dorner looked, as we have just seen, with sagacious hope for an independent development of religious thought and life in this country, which may be enriched by the treasures of German Protestantism. Mere imitation of foreign manners would be as unfortunate for us in matters of philosophy and theology as it is in literature and art. Our scholars must not consent to become mere importers of German goods. We may well go abroad to learn, but we should come home to teach, and in our own vernacular. Our theology has always had in it something of the flavor of our own national life, and the strength and purpose of our own national consciousness. It needs enrichment and expansion; but let it, in all its larger and higher development, be still the product of American life, and have in its fruit the flavor of our own clear climate.

It is undoubtedly true that German books and German ideas are influencing powerfully our schools of thought. The Germans are the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the scholars of the rest of the world, and he who would understand any science, or know all that can be known in any department, must go to the Germans. So the works of Dorner, and of other younger Biblical and theological teachers in Germany, must be read by our students and clergy who would understand modern theology. Good men may be afraid of their tendency, but the young men must read them, or consent to ignorance. It is altogether too late in the century to attempt to put a "high ecclesiastical tariff" upon any foreign ideas or speculations. Even though one may justly at times be afraid of the infection of error, especially in minds predisposed to it, from the influx of foreign ideas from all quarters, still no quarantine can now be devised in the republic of letters against any thought; and there is for us no need of it, for our safety is in our broad practical piety and in our religious freedom.

Moral pestilence is best dissipated by the breezes of free discussion. The real conservation of faith in Germany itself has been in the freedom of its universities. The history of philosophy and theology in these universities proves that in the end to think in freedom is to think in truth. The free air of Protestantism, after all, is a better preservative for the life and health of the Christian faith than the restrictions of ecclesiastical stipulations and the confinement of high theological creeds. It is true that the liberty of the universities produced a generation of doubters—unwilling skeptics, like the doubter who wished his boy to be educated in the belief of those things in which he had lost faith; and radical skeptics like Strauss, who set up a poor human caricature of religion as his last gift to those who cared to worship in the void which he

left instead of the home of the old faith. But the universities of Germany have also raised a race of giants to defend the faith. Whoever would follow Matthew Arnold's canon, and know "the best that has been thought and said" in vindication of religion, and in witness to the Christ, must go forth now from the institutions which have fettered their professors with dogmatic restrictions to the universities which have not sought to bind up forever their teachings in cerements of words, and must learn his faith afresh of those great scholars who, like Dorner and many others, have wrought out their own Christian beliefs in freedom, and in the open halls of science, in the face of all denials. In the long run a large conscientious liberty of teaching proves to be the best conservatism of the Christian faith. For the true apostolic church is not, and was never intended to be, a museum of dead traditions carefully preserved in glass bottles; — the true church is the living body of Christ, not afraid to walk forth at any hour of the world's history, be it day or night, having in its own glad and forgiven heart the eternal evangel of the Christ, and most safe from the infection of human error when most active in its divine ministry among men. All who really believe that the Christian religion is true; that the soul of man is organized for the perception of truth; that the Gospel of Christ and the heart of humanity are made for each other, as the ocean with its inflowing tides fits the shore — as the life-giving air covers every acre of the earth, from highest Alp to lowest valley; — these will never be disturbed by the utmost freedom of thought, or fear the largest commerce of ideas.

Several years ago Professor Dorner visited this country and attended the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York. There was at that time no little curiosity among the audiences at those meetings to see the German theologian whose fame had been whispered in the public ear. Many who may never have read a word of his writings were then willing to honor him as a defender of the faith. Some of the same persons, in perhaps equal ignorance of his real work, would now look askance at him as a bringer-in of divisive novelties. The denominational religious papers have succeeded in coining a new word, "Dornerism," to designate a portentous German speculation about the hereafter, and they have done much by repeated warnings against it to persuade their readers to believe their own somewhat vague and hazardous notions of what Dornerism really is. Unfortunately, popular religious prejudices are still too easily inflamed, and, when these are once excited, the truth needing to be received must wait in quietness until in time such prejudices burn themselves out. For those who care little for any theological discussions, but who like to be well informed as to the drift and tendencies of religious opinion, a summary of the teachings of a theologian like Dorner might be a helpful service. But when one considers the breadth and profundity of his works, any attempt, especially within the limits of an article like this, to convey a just idea of his teaching would seem almost as hopeless an undertaking as the task once imposed upon a French philosopher by a lady, who, meeting him in a *salon*, said: "Give me your theory of the universe in one word — in one word!"

Patient familiarity with the habits of German minds and modes of German speech is necessary to render much of their best thought intelligible. German style in the schools of philosophy is apt to be the loose and negligent undress of thought. The German grammar lends itself with fatal facility to intricate discourse. German philosophical writers often carry us along slow and winding processes of thinking, where condensation and a rapid summary of results would be a great gain to their readers. Dorner's style is involved and difficult to follow until one has learned to keep in the current of his thought through the sinuosities of his grammar. But the current is always deep and strong. His sentences are often the despair of translators who would make him speak English. His chief works have been translated, though they may hardly be said to have been Anglicized, in the foreign "Theological Library," published by the Clarks of Edinburgh. A greater service might be rendered by some one who understands him, if his "System of Christian Doctrine" should be, not translated, but epitomized and rewritten for English readers. To those who have become sufficiently familiar with Dorner's style to understand him readily, he is a most suggestive writer. One may win from his pages principles of thinking and belief which he will find afterward shining over many dark passages of doctrine and life. American theologians are fond of definitions. A clear definition is considered to be the beginning of all wisdom. Start with a good definition, proceed through a straight course of logic, and end in a dogmatic proposition as the conclusion of all strife — this is the favorite verbal method of much of our theology. Usually, moreover, the desired conclusion is put into the definition from which afterward it is to be triumphantly drawn forth. But this method, which has undeniable advantages as a method of teaching foregone conclusions, is not helpful or satisfactory to minds which

punctuate life with interrogation points, and which cannot rest satisfied until things are seen in their spiritual principles and forces. And there are realities too divine to be compassed by human definitions.

It is of more importance for us to have our thinking on every subject inspired with the living, informing principles of the Christian faith, than it is to agree in our definitions of doctrine, or to be able to show on all topics of inquiry a clear-cut and perfect crystallization of beliefs. These are necessary in Christian education, as text-books are in scientific education. But as the really scientific man knows that the principles of his science are larger and more far-reaching than any results as yet definitely won by them, so the true theologian knows that it is more important for reason to move along its high investigations of things spiritual and divine in the Christian principles of grace and love, than it is for it to build its deductions into a compact logic of divinity. Dorner is a logical reasoner; but he is more than that—he is a thinker, a Christian thinker. His endeavor is to interpret the facts of man's history, the revelations of God, and, so far as we may, the prophecies of the hereafter, according to the principles of the Christian faith. The title of his last work—the mature product of his life—indicates this peculiar superiority of his endeavor. It is his "System of the Doctrine of Christian Faith." The true ideal of theology is not merely to construct a symmetrical "body of divinity," or to deduct from Biblical proof-texts a complete system of doctrine, but in all things "to think according to Christ." The student of Dorner's pages will find many problems of faith left again unsolved in these pages. He will wish sometimes that more definitions of belief were possible; he will realize how partial after our utmost effort our knowledge remains of the infinite mystery of life and God; but he will find it easier to believe that this is a Christian mystery, a mystery of light as yet too bright for us, and not a mystery of darkness and infinite night; and he will find it easier also to write above all the hard facts of the world, and doubtful doctrines of the creeds: Nevertheless I believe that God is a Christian—of all beings the most Christian—an infinite and adorable Christ-likeness.

Dorner's work is not indeed a final word or completed task of theology; but his endeavor to carry all questions of doctrine up into the harmony of the principles of faith which are embodied in Christ—the real and authoritative revelation of God on earth—is in the line of the strongest and purest spiritual movement of our times, and indicates the hopeful way of further progress for theology. The so-called "new theology" can surpass the old only as it shall prove itself to be more thoroughly, practically, and profoundly Christian—more distinctively Christian in its informing principles of faith, and more broadly Christian in its transformation of life and society. Anything in thought or life which makes it shine more luminously with the spirit of Christ should be gladly welcomed by all good men. All else in theology and life must pass away before the kingdom for which the Church has ever prayed can come on earth. To re-Christianize Christianity, then, may be a part of the work of the Spirit for the conversion of the world.

The work of Dorner which won for him his early fame was a "History of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ,"—a beautiful book, Julius Müller used to say,—which Dorner afterwards enlarged into a voluminous and complete discussion of all views which have been held in the Church concerning the two natures and one person of Christ. In this work he made a notable contribution to the philosophical conception of the fact of the incarnation. His "History of Protestant Theology," which he published subsequently, is a criticism and classification of Protestant theologies from the hour of Luther to the present day. His review of the cardinal principles of the Reformation is luminous. No clearer or more satisfactory discussion, within so brief a compass, has ever appeared of the relation between Christian faith, or the Christian consciousness, and the Scriptures, their relative independence, and mutual dependence. His last work, to which I have already alluded, which consists of his theological lectures, is a classic of Protestant theology.

It is somewhat unfortunate for Dorner's present reputation in this country that his name has recently become identified with a discussion of a single point of orthodox doctrine, and many regard him simply as the German sponsor for questionable views among us of the future life. His contributions to this subject, however, constitute but a part, and not the most important portion, of his whole theological work. As I touch at this point a matter upon which there has been recently much popular interest in religious circles, and upon which there is great religious sensitiveness in the community, a few words in explanation of Dorner's position are necessary in justice to him, and they may be welcome to many who would not wish to misunderstand his views and influence. English and American theologians, following the lead of Bishop Butler, make large use of the word *probation*. Life is a probation for char-

acter, and the probation for which room has been made in the system of nature for man naturally ends with death. Any individual who has had no gracious opportunity for Christian character shall at least be judged justly according to the law of nature by the just God. It is significant that this constant word of our theology, probation, hardly occurs at all in Dorner's writings. The reason is that he approaches the question from a different direction, and carries the whole discussion up to a higher plane. The discussion of man's future condition, as it has ordinarily been conducted, lies down on the plane of nature, and is concerned chiefly with the questions, What punishment does man justly deserve for sin? and When under the natural laws of the formation of character does he become self-determined in sin? Dr. Dorner approaches the questions concerning the future life from the higher plane of Christianity, and his mind is concerned rather with the inquiries, When does a man put himself freely and finally beyond the pale of possible redemption? and Where must divine grace leave him alone in his natural self-determination in evil? The one view considers man as a probationer under a system of nature, to which in the Gospel a provision of grace has been added, at least for the elect; the other view considers man as belonging in God's eternal purpose in Christ to a system of grace, justly deserving indeed by nature the punishment of sin, yet not to be abandoned to the judgment until he has freely put away from himself the possibility of Christian redemption. The latter view holds thus consistently that Christianity is the universal and absolute religion, and that the last judgment shall be the Christian judgment for all men. Those who entertain this view believe it to be in accordance with the principles of faith, and to be true to the Christianity of the Christ. It is evident that this view cannot be refuted by those who are not prepared to meet it in the plane of its own principles. The arguments against the possibility of a gracious probation after death for any souls, which have been running of late through the denominational newspapers, do not meet Dorner's conduct of the discussion any more than a wagon on the street in New York can collide with a train of cars on the elevated railway. The most that American students of Dorner have cared to claim is their perfect liberty to think and to discuss these subjects upon the plane of his Christian principles of reasoning, and to rest in any conclusions which may seem legitimate from such premises. They have advanced no new and definite dogmatism with regard to the hereafter. They have protested against the attempt to make revelation more definite than Christ, and they apprehend the danger of producing unbelief in the world by overbelief in the Church. They do care much for their liberty in the Christian Church to think upon all subjects, and to dream, if they wish, of the future in the spirit of Christ. They do not care so much for any particular view or speculation concerning the hereafter, and the final issues of things, which men have suggested. They have hoped, and still expect, that free and reverent rediscussion of these themes, and the teachings of the Scriptures concerning the future life, in view of the most Christian conceptions of the nature of God and our relationship to him which modern theology has been able to gain, may yet yield more satisfactory results for believers concerning the final issue of evil in the universe — views which shall not be alien to the Christian heart, while true to the Christian conscience. They find it easier to preach the laws of retribution, and to proclaim the present Christian opportunity of grace, because they have ceased to make their dogmas concerning the future so definite and complete as to render the conclusions of their logic unreal to their own Christian imaginations, and to estrange from their own words their Christian hearts. A great deal, they are confident, may be gained for the relief of our working faith from needless theological difficulties, if we are always careful to maintain the reserve of revelation. The Biblical disclosures of the future life were given to us for present practical purposes; hence, they are necessarily partial and prophetic. A revelation for use by little children cannot be a full revelation. It will help us much in this matter if we follow out a hint first dropped, I believe, by Schleiermacher, and suggested again by Dorner, that the Biblical revelation of the future is a prophecy, and subject, therefore, to the necessary limitations and incompleteness of all prophetic writing. We stand, that is, toward the New Testament prophecy of the world to come, in a position similar to that occupied by an Israelite of old to Isaiah's prophecy of the coming Messianic kingdom. Certain truths and promises which the Hebrew then needed for his own use and profit undoubtedly lay clear to his eye upon the surface of that Messianic prophecy. Certain great outlines, moreover, of the future he might have discerned fixed and definite in the prophetic imagery. But the Jew would have made a wretched caricature of prophecy, if he had attempted to harmonize all the words and colors of the prophetic revelations in one definite and complete picture of the Christian-

ity which was to come. Yet they were words of inspiration. We can now see how they all find their fulfillment in the Christianity of Christ. It is their perfect fulfillment, yet not probably the realization of the dreams even of the prophets themselves, still less, then, of their uninspired commentators and copyists. Thus the New Testament teachings concerning the world to come, and particularly the few words of Christ which have come down to us, are of the nature of unfulfilled prophecy. There are some clear lines in them, definite so far as they go; there are truths of present urgent concern to us, warnings and hopes, which he who runs may read. But they are, like all prophecy, a broken and partial revelation. They do not contain one distinct, harmonious, finished picture of the life to come. Any religious teacher, orthodox or universalist, who finds such a revelation of the hereafter in his Bible, does so by selecting single texts, or classes of texts, and shutting out others. Only when the history of redemption shall have completed God's picture will all the lines of revelation be seen finished, and all its colors blended. A certain reserve and silence of faith, therefore, before this great unfulfilled Christian prophecy, is both humility and loyalty of faith. And it is also practical wisdom of faith.

Professor Dorner has finished his work for the Church, but he lived to speak his full thought. But the succession of Christian teachers and thinkers will continue in the free universities of Germany. The "new theology" in this country calls no man master; but many who are thinking with fresh joy, and working in the Church with new hope, gratefully own their obligations to these German scholars and believers for the enlightenment and inspiration, if not the intellectual salvation, of their own faith. They may differ much among themselves as to particular statements of doctrine; — in one thing they find themselves agreed, for their common desire and aim is that the most Christian thing possible should be thought and said and done, to-day and to-morrow.

Newman Smyth.

THE FIRST STEP.

My little one begins his feet to try,
  A tottering, feeble, inconsistent way;
  Pleased with the effort, he forgets his play,
And leaves his infant baubles where they lie.
Laughing and proud his mother flutters nigh,
  Turning to go, yet joy-compelled to stay,
  And bird-like, singing what her heart would say;
But not so certain of my bliss am I.
For I bethink me of the days in store
  Wherein those feet must traverse realms unknown,
And half forget the pathway to our door.
  And I recall that in the seasons flown
We were his all—as he was all our own—
  But never can be quite so any more.

Andrew B. Saxton.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Political Education of the People.

THE amount of intelligence and virtue required for the conduct of public affairs was never so great as now. There lie before us some of the most difficult political problems with which any people has ever been called upon to deal, and they are likely to increase in number and difficulty as time goes on. Nor can they be solved without a high grade of instruction among the people at large; for political power is now in the people's hands, and no important question can be settled without their concurrence. In this country, moreover, the population is so large, and composed of such diverse materials, that the difficulty of adequately instructing the voters is greatly enhanced, and the variety of opinions, interests, and sentiments that is developing among us still further complicates the task. History shows how difficult it has been in times past to guide and instruct even small communities in the art of self-government, and the work can hardly fail to be more difficult still in so vast a nation as the United States.

How to accomplish this work is the question before us. It is needless to say that we do not propose to answer the question here, but only to furnish some suggestions which may, perhaps, be of some use to those actually engaged in the work. In the republics of the ancient world, which were mere urban communities, the whole people could attend the public assemblies, and listen there to the ablest thinkers and leaders of the time, as they unfolded their plans and discussed measures for promoting the public weal; and thus the people were furnished with the best counsel and instruction which the times could afford. In our time and country such a mode of instruction is not possible, and it remains to be seen whether we have other agencies that will adequately fill its place.

The work of political instruction, at least in regard to the practical conduct of affairs, properly belongs to the holders of public office, especially to members of Congress and other legislative bodies; but, as we have before pointed out in these columns, our public officers seem to have abdicated their functions in this respect. They have very little to say about the matters that are placed in their charge, and what they do say is apt to be of little value. We doubt if the speeches and debates of the public men of any nation have ever been of less weight or less fitted to instruct and guide the people than those of our own politicians during the past ten years. Whether they are afraid to express their opinions, or whether they really have no opinions to express, we do not undertake to say; but, whatever may be the cause of their reticence, its effect is to make them well-nigh useless as political instructors of the people. Of what use they might be in this respect the example of English statesmen clearly shows. The influence wielded by the leading members of Parliament seems to be little diminished by the great and growing influence of the periodical press, and is still one of the most potent agencies in the formation of English opinion; and that American statesmen might wield a similar influence we see no reason to doubt. They have certain advantages over their fellow-citizens in the discussion of political subjects, as they have easier access to the sources of information, and because what they say is likely to be attended to more widely than what other men say. No doubt there is a growing tendency in our day to seek instruction from the printed page rather than from public speakers; but there are certain advantages in the living voice and personal presence of the speaker which the writer does not enjoy, and, besides, the press reports the speaker, and politicians are free to use the press itself as a medium for addressing the public, as, indeed, the statesmen of England often do.

But many people think that the press alone is sufficient as a political instructor, and that the masses can now find in its columns all the information about public affairs that they need. And if the papers and magazines that are issued in such great numbers were all that they should be and are capable of becoming, they would indeed furnish a great part of the instruction required. We are indebted to the press for nearly all our information about the condition of the public business and the course of events at home and abroad; and it is safe to say that without such a source of information the conduct of popular government, in so large a country as ours, would be very difficult, if not impossible.

But while the press gives us the news, its discussion of public questions is not yet what it must be if we are to depend on the press alone for political instruction. Some of its defects, indeed, are inseparable from its nature; as, for instance, in the daily papers, the shortness of the articles and the haste with which they are necessarily written. On the other hand, the shortness of the articles is in one respect of advantage, since it secures for them a more general reading from a busy people than longer and more elaborate essays would be likely to receive. Moreover, it is only the newspapers that are thus restricted, for the magazines admit of longer articles and a more elaborate method of treatment. It should be remarked, also, that in the case of the newspapers the shortness of the articles is compensated for by the frequency of their publication, which enables a writer to reiterate his views till they can hardly fail to make an impression.

But great as are the advantages of the press for the work of political instruction, it has certain faults that must be got rid of, if it is to be really sufficient for the work. There are two abuses to which the press is liable, and which are the chief obstacles in the way of its educating influence. In the first place, there is a tendency on the part of its conductors to publish what will please their readers rather than that which will instruct them. This comes from the pecuniary motives by which they are influenced, and which within certain limits are inevitable and right; since no one could afford to publish or write for a paper without gaining

some profit from it. But if these motives are the only ones, as they sometimes appear to be, and the periodical is conducted with no other object than to make money, its usefulness as a public instructor cannot be of a very high order. Its policy will then be to win favor by such a treatment of events and measures as seems likely to please the majority of its readers, and thus its influence will tend rather to mislead and vulgarize the people than to instruct them, politically or otherwise.

The other abuse to which we have alluded is the influence of sinister interests. Men pecuniarily interested in the press are frequently interested also in some other kind of business; and when this is the case, they are apt to take advantage of their connection with the press to promote their business interests, even in opposition to the general good. Of course, the interest of a special branch of business may be perfectly compatible with the general good; but when it is so, it needs no special advocacy, and hence the influence of such advocacy is pretty sure to be misleading. Then, besides commercial interests, the partisan and personal interests of politics are also liable to bias both publishers and writers. In addition to this, there is sometimes a guilty and interested silence, in regard to certain men, certain enterprises, corporations, and combinations, which silence may be as injurious to the community as direct advocacy would be. All these things detract from the usefulness of the press.

We would by no means be understood to mean that the greater portion of the American press exhibits the faults mentioned in any high degree; but their existence in many cases is undeniable, and their deleterious influence, wherever they exist, is obvious. If they can be got rid of, as assuredly they may be, and if at the same time the ability with which the press is conducted shall rise with the rising importance and growing difficulty of American politics, the press will then take the rank its friends now claim for it as a popular educator.

But after all, the instruction of the people in politics, as in all other important matters, depends far more on the quality of the teachers than on the character of the medium through which they address the public. The channels of influence are probably sufficient, imperfect though some of them may be; but the amount and quality of the influence they convey will depend on the character of the men behind them. This is equivalent to saying that the political education of the people depends in the main on the presence in their midst of a body of able teachers, interested in politics and animated by regard for the general good, and capable of expressing themselves effectively by speech or writing. In England at the present time such men are numerous, and the influence of their words and example is beneficial in a high degree. Their activity is the main cause of the intellectual character of English politics and of the influence of English political thought upon other nations; and the elevation of our own politics to the same high level depends on the appearance of such men here. They ought to be found here in public station as they are in England; but whether in public or in private station, the influence of such men is really the most important factor in the world of political education.

Up to this time we cannot boast of many such men in the United States. We had, indeed, a sufficient number of leaders in the antislavery contest; but the work we have now to do is very different from that, and leaders of the old stamp will no longer serve. The slavery question was a simple question of justice, which almost any one was competent to discuss; but the questions before us now are of a delicate and complicated character, requiring much greater ability to understand and explain. That men of the character required will appear among us we have no doubt; indeed, we are by no means utterly without them now, and we should not be surprised if they should eventually become more numerous here than anywhere else in the world. The freedom and activity of American life seem eminently fitted to produce such men; and with the growing interest in politics that is now manifest, with the improvement in the higher education that has now begun, and with the increasing independence of political views and action, we are likely soon to be more amply supplied with the teachers we need. And with teachers of the right stamp, the political education of the people will be fully provided for; for their influence will flow through a thousand channels to the whole mass of the population, bringing instruction with it and spreading everywhere the principles of truth and justice. In the future that we expect to see in America, the exhibition of conscience in political matters, and the honest and unbiased discharge of their duties by officers of government, will less seldom be a reproach or a stumbling-block in the path of official advancement.

Sheep and Goats.

DURING a political campaign, when partisan feeling is at its greatest intensity, the study of the phenomena of politics becomes at once more interesting and more easy. For it is at such a time, of course, that the men who are straining after the prizes act with the greatest eagerness and *naïveté*. Not that there is at such a moment an absence of posing and insincerity; on the contrary, there is then more buncombe and humbug than ever; the phenomenon, indeed, is at its fullest development, and therefore all the more apparent and picturesque. But along with the attitudinizing, and demagogy of all kinds, there is a frankness of expression, where any particular end is to be served, that is especially characteristic of campaigning times. The working politician recklessly throws aside his mask whenever that tribute to decency stands in the way of his immediate success. Or, to use a figure from the latest household appliance, the practical worker telephones his venal and shameless message, regardless of the fact that the ears of the public are at the wires. It is in the heat of the campaign, if not before, that we find that the ordinary type of professional politician cares not one jot for any success save a selfish and personal one. "What are we here for," he frankly demands, "except to control the offices?" Especially do the lowest traits of the professional politician come conspicuously to the surface during a campaign where the forces are evenly balanced, and where a little thing may turn the scales. Then look out for bargains, deals, and all the forms that political bribery can take! And then, too, look out for one of the most

interesting and instructive of all the phenomena of politics — note the certainty with which, in every party, the worst elements spontaneously come together and begin to play into each other's hands; note, too, how either by direct bargain and sale, or simply by a natural and inevitable tendency, the most self-seeking and unscrupulous elements in each party begin to play into the hands of the same elements in the other.

It may be said, and it is undoubtedly true, that this curious tendency of birds of a feather to flock together is often in its results wholesome; for it enables honest-minded citizens to judge of their political leaders, not only by their actions, but by their associations. Under these circumstances all the good men ought, by a process of natural selection, to survive in a compact body of thoroughly public-spirited voters.

While, then, such a tendency toward separation is doubtless, as we have said, wholesome, and in part a compensation for the evils of sordid partisanship, it is not as effective as it should be, mainly for the reason that there is in this world no perfectly effectual means of separating sheep from goats. It perhaps does no harm for some of the goats to get among the sheep; the trouble is that there are sheep who have a settled and ineradicable tendency to get among the goats, thereby giving a deceitful respectability to their unworthy companions, and allowing the latter to play all sorts of pranks under cover of these virtuous aliens. This is one of the reasons why it is well-nigh impossible to found a political party on so apparently simple a thing as goodness; though another reason for this is that the bad do not always stay bad, and the good cannot always be counted on to remain forever virtuous, and sometimes in the same character there is a perplexing mixture of good and evil.

We heartily wish that thoroughly good men could not, in their innocence or in their weakness, be used as the tools of the corrupt and designing; but so long as virtue and wisdom are not always apportioned in equal amounts we fear it will be as it is now. All that can be said is that each individual should see to it that he does not add to the moral confusion and the evils that exist by throwing his influence on the side of corruption. For it is not always the lack of adjustment between one's goodness and one's intelligence that is to blame; it is sometimes the want of the due and necessary proportion of a third indispensable quality, that, namely, of moral courage. It is so much easier to acquiesce, to go with the crowd; it is sometimes, apparently, even so much more modest, so much more generous to avoid setting up a higher standard than that of one's neighbor. "Who am I," the modest good man asks himself, "that I should think myself more moral, more high-toned than my brother?"

But the modest good man should be aware of the fact that nearly all the medical, educational, artistic, political, social, and religious quacks and adventurers of our day get a large part of their vogue, and power to do harm, by the guilty or good-natured acquiescence or the cordial support of reputable men. We doubt if there is a community in the United States where thoughtful persons will not, if they read this, recall conspicuous instances of the truth of the remark. We know it is so in literary matters; there has scarcely ever come to this office a conscienceless literary adventurer who has not brought a letter of introduction from some worthy, amiable, and all too indiscriminating sponsor.

It is, we say, often so much more amiable, generous, and altogether easy not to insist too strenuously upon moral distinctions, that even the intelligent man of virtue sometimes becomes the ally, protesting but still effective, of the man without conscience, and with only selfish and sordid aims. It must not be forgotten that there is sometimes to be honestly made "a choice of evils"; and, moreover, it is not well to cultivate too sedulously "the tormenting and enfeebling spirit of scruple"; but, also, it is not well that good men should be forever inventing reasons for doing the work that demagogues and bad men generally would have them do.

Art and Congressmen.

CONGRESS has refused either to pass Mr. Belmont's Free Art Bill or to pass the bill of the Committee on Ways and Means, which reduces the tariff on foreign works of art from thirty to ten per cent., and puts an equal duty on imported American works. America, as has been often said, is the only civilized country that inherits no great works of art from the past, while it is the only one that puts serious impediments in the way of their importation. It does this in the face of the earnest protest of the entire body of American artists studying and working among the art-treasures of the Old World, and against that of the leading men among the younger artists now pursuing their profession at home, as well as that of many of their older brethren.

It is a curious and suggestive fact that while the thirty per cent. art tariff was devised by a gentleman of Philadelphia for the "protection" of American artists from foreign competition, and has been somewhat favored on that ground by some of the older artists, in behalf of their younger brethren (who were meanwhile loudly protesting that they did not want such protection) — it is a curious fact, we say, that the congressional favorers of a high art tariff did not urge this point of protection, but simply insisted upon a high tariff on the ground that works of art were the luxuries of the rich, and ought, therefore, to be heavily taxed. Mr. Dunn was the most vociferous arguer on this line. He wanted to know whether Mr. Hurd had forgotten "the poor and the shivering and the starving." In vain Mr. Belmont, Mr. Kasson, and Mr. Hurd explained the merits of the Equalization Bill; Mr. Dunn continued to stand up for the "toiling millions," and the House sustained Mr. Dunn.

There are hardships in the Equalization Bill, for it is an outrage to tax an American artist ten per cent. on a work of art sent by him into his own country. On the other hand, the discrimination against the foreign artist working in the same city and atelier where the American receives gratuitous instruction, is manifestly unjust. A Free Art Bill is the only sensible solution of the question, but it is evident that this is not likely to pass until the American Congress learns something of the nature and value of art. We fear that it will take a long time to get this lesson into the heads of a majority of our national law-makers, but the admirable lecture given the House by Mr. Hurd, in the course of the discussion, ought to help along greatly in that

direction. "In my judgment," said Mr. Hurd, "there ought to be no duties at all on works of art. The highest attainment in art can be reached only by a study of the achievements of genius in past generations. To our people with gifts for artistic pursuits, study of the works of the world's great artists is indispensable. The present enormous duty keeps them out of America, so that our people cannot study them here, and mutterings of retaliation threaten their opportunity of studying them abroad. Our legislation is a cruelty to the ambitious and artistic of our own countrymen. . . . Art is an educator. It refines, elevates, civilizes. It develops and perfects the tastes of a people. It is at once the evidence and the cause of culture. Every work of art which America receives adds to its store of educational equipment and increases the possibilities of artistic growth. It does not come, as other articles, to disappear in the wants of daily consumption, but to delight and improve the public taste for generations."

Congressmen, we say, did not give as a reason for opposing a reduction of the tariff the desire to "protect" American artists against foreign competition; yet this was the humiliating reason publicly given at the time by the one or two individuals who sprung the thirty per cent. art tariff on the country a year or so ago, and there are American artists who do not blush to advocate "protection" in matters of art, and to petition Congress in its favor. Some of these gentlemen may now regret their course when they see the distress brought by the action of Congress upon the whole body of their fellow-artists and art-students now studying abroad. It is a strange thing, by the way, that just at the time of the establishment of the Hallgarten and Harper art prizes for foreign study, Congress, with the encouragement and consent of certain of our artists, strikes a blow not only at the admission of works of art into America, but, incidentally, at the study of art by the rising generation of American art-students in the places where it has hitherto been customary to study it, namely, in European ateliers and galleries.

"The New Astronomy."

THE great care which has been necessary in the preparation of the illustrations accompanying Professor Langley's series of papers has been the principal occasion of the delay in their appearance. Some of these illustrations, from original drawings of the phenomena made by the author himself, have been engraved more than once, in the attempt to reach the highest degree of accuracy attainable in wood-engraving. And even after either the first or second cutting there have been corrections and alterations requiring the minutest and most painstaking attention. We think that both the "general reader," for whose instruction and entertainment the series is primarily intended, and the scientific student and expert will recognize the difficulties in the way of graphic presentation of so important and peculiar a subject, and that the work of author, artist, and engraver will be thoroughly appreciated.

As the present series proceeds it will, we believe, be evident to its readers that the name of Professor Langley must now be added to the distinguished list of original investigators and discoverers of our time who have been able to give the results of their special studies in language at once precise, graphic, and popular. To these men the world is doubly indebted,—not only for the facts added by them to the stock of scientific knowledge, but also for the general dissemination among those of their own generation of the astonishing discoveries of modern science—discoveries which not only wholesomely agitate and amuse the mind, but which have a constant and increasing, though sometimes unsuspected, application to the daily affairs of mankind.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Clergy and Political Reform.

AS THE recognized teachers of morality and religion, ministers of "the everlasting Gospel" ought to be oracles and examples of all personal, social, and civic virtues. As "ambassadors for God," it is their duty and privilege officially to proclaim that "righteousness" which "exalteth a nation," and to rebuke all "sin" that is "the reproach of any people." It is not enough to vapor out cheap patriotism in Fourth-of-July speeches, and to scourge public vices on Thanksgiving and Fast days. The republic wants ministers in her churches and educational institutions who will give tone to the public conscience, and leadership in "whatsoever things are pure, honest, lovely, and of good report" among the people—men of prophetic spirit, who dare to say and do right against the greatest wrongs and wrong-doers in church and state. The wisdom of the Apostles and primitive Christian ministers was demonstrated in their marvelous self-adjustment to the actual state of things in the Roman Empire, which they accepted as a providential summons to measure their power against its giant evils, and to take possession of that magnificent organism of ancient civilization and imperial government for the King of kings. And they did it, giving a new civilization to the world, and making every Roman road a highway for their Lord to the uttermost parts of the earth. Historically and nominally this is a Christian country; providentially and generically it is Protestant. But if the church and her leaders stand off from great moral reforms that touch the heart of the nation and the head-springs of republican institutions, it needs no prophet to foretell the coming doom.

The clergy of this country, eighty thousand strong, ought not to leave civilians, who need and claim their help, to fight alone any of the great battles of national moral reform. When bad men combine to do wrong,

good men of all classes must combine to defeat them. When bribery and corruption do their worst to destroy the purity of the ballot, and the spoils system threatens the life of freedom, the ministers of God are religiously bound not only to denounce the crimes, but to use their best influences as good citizens and as preachers of righteousness to strengthen every genuine movement for the reform of these abuses. Not as fanatics nor as politicians, but as heralds of the kingdom of truth and right, as patriotic umpires of opinion, to whom their fellow-men properly look for wisdom, counsel, and "the courage of their convictions," they can help civil-service reform, as any other moral movement, by coöperating with their fellow-citizens in local associations, by the pen and the press, and by public speech on fit occasions. They can always do this on the broad ground of the common weal, and in the interest of good laws administered by capable, honest, and trustworthy officials. Of all men in this free country, the clergy cannot afford to be on the wrong side of a vital national reform which reaches from every home and hamlet to the capitals of the States and of the republic, and from the remotest ballot-box to the elect of the nation. There are times when moral indifference to living issues is disloyalty; and ultra-conservatism is cowardly toward liberty and religion. Revolutions in civil polity stamp their likenesses upon national character as deeply as do the scars of war. Are there not scores and hundreds of patriotic American clergymen who have the sagacity and the force, as well as the grace, to seize the opportunity, and to help the reformers, who are doing their best to give us a pure ballot and a clean administration of the offices of the nation and of all the States and cities, so "that government of the people by the people and for the people may not perish from the earth"?

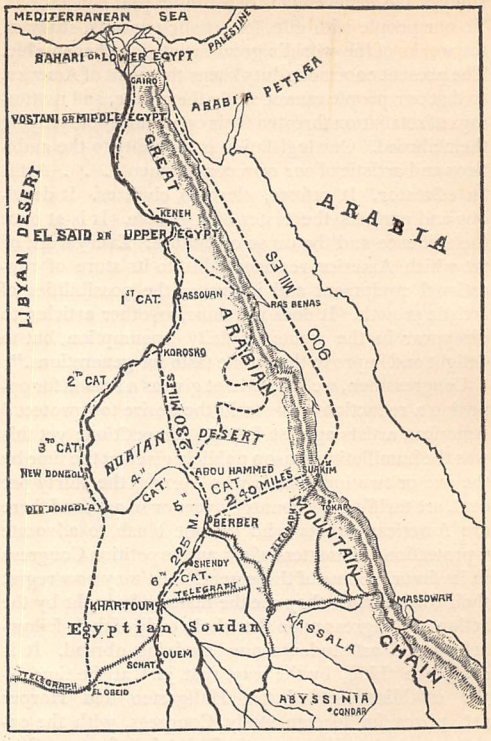
William J. R. Taylor.

NEWARK, N. J.

The Rescue of Chinese Gordon.

AT a time when the whole civilized world is anxiously looking for tidings of General Gordon, and hoping almost against hope that he may be extricated from his perilous position, it is not reassuring to reflect upon the ignorance and misstatements of the British authorities concerning the geography, topography, and peculiarities of a country which they have virtually occupied for eight years, and which was fully mapped out and described a generation ago. My knowledge of the Soudan, it is proper to state, was acquired by six thousand miles' travel on camel's back, over the theater of the Mahdi's war. As one of the American officers in the late Khedive's service, it fell to my lot to command two military and scientific expeditions of exploration in the Soudan—one to the east and the other to the west of the Nile. For two years I lived among the Bedouin tribes now in insurrection. The object of the expeditions led by me was to make accurate surveys of the country and to report to the Egyptian Government upon its water-supply and its resources of every kind. What I state, therefore, is the result of careful personal observation and study, and I wish briefly to discuss the means and routes by which it has been thought possible to reach General Gordon at Khartoum, to relieve him if still besieged; else rescue or avenge him, if he has been overpowered, the latter probably being the fact.

The two routes which have been used from time im-



MAP SHOWING THE USUAL ROUTES (DOTTED LINES) FROM CAIRO TO KHARTOUM AND EL OBEID.

memorial as the highways of trade between Cairo and Khartoum are (1) by way of Suakim, (2) up the Nile through Korosko. The quickest route is the former from Cairo to Suez, five hours by rail, one hundred and twenty miles; from Suez to Suakim, nine hundred miles, or four days by steamer; from Suakim to Berber, two hundred and forty miles by caravan; from Berber to Khartoum, two hundred and twenty-five miles by water, or by land, following the banks of the Nile; total, one thousand four hundred and eighty-five miles. To illustrate the difficulties of this line of advance, let us suppose a British force, with all its supplies and munitions, to have landed at Suakim. Remembering that ten thousand Bedouins, armed only with sword and spear, were so near destroying four thousand British soldiers, on the plain within ten miles of Suakim (breaking one of their squares and capturing its artillery), it is evident that five or six thousand soldiers is the smallest force that could venture to attack the Bedouins in their mountains and deserts.

Immediately after leaving the sea-coast or the Nile, one enters the "Waterless Land," where there is not a stream, a creek, a rivulet, or even a living spring,—nothing but deep and scanty wells at long intervals with here and there a few natural, rocky reservoirs in narrow ravines, away from the line of march and known only to the natives. In six thousand miles of travel, I saw not more than five living springs, and their waters disappeared in the sand within sixty yards

of the observable source. Therefore, in addition to all its supplies, ammunition, etc., an army would be compelled to carry water enough to last it on the journey from well to well, sometimes a distance of five days for a caravan moving without opposition. Droughts of long duration are common all over the Soudan. When I traveled over these desert routes it had not rained for three years. Many of the wells were dry, and multitudes of camels and cattle had perished. Water must be carried in goat-skins and ox-hides on camel's back. Hicks Pasha's army of ten thousand Egyptians had six thousand camels, a large proportion being water camels; yet I believe he had transportation only for one day's supply. The Suakim trail (for there are no roads between Suakim and Berber) is better supplied with water than most desert routes; yet the wells are seldom less than two or three days apart, and there is not a group of wells on the whole line sufficient to water more than six hundred men and their animals. Traveling with five hundred camels and two hundred men, I frequently found on arriving at the wells that another caravan had just exhausted them for the time; and I had to wait one or two days for the water to ooze in sufficiently to water my party and fill my water-skins. How, then, would it be possible to march an army of five or six thousand men and their immense train of animals where not over six hundred could get water at a time at any one place? The only way would be to march in detachments of five hundred, two days apart; but in time of war such a course would insure their easy destruction by the enemy.

In the "Waterless Land," water is the paramount question. If it be asked how a large body of Bedouins like the ten thousand who nearly destroyed the British squares at Tamaï manage to subsist, the reason is plain. In the first place, they do not need the enormous trains required for a European army. They are the most abstemious of men. Each man carries a skin of water and a small bag of grain, procured by purchase or barter from caravans. Their camels and goats move with them, supplying them with milk and meat, and subsisting upon the scanty herbage and the foliage of the thorny mimosa, growing in secluded wadies. These people could live upon the increase of their flocks alone, which they exchange readily for other commodities; but being the exclusive carriers and guides for all the travel and commerce that cross their deserts, they realize yearly large amounts of money. As to water, they know every nook and hollow in the mountains, away from the trails, where a few barrels of water collect in some shaded ravine, and they can scatter, every man for himself, to fill their water-skins. On my first expedition, near the close of the three years' drought, I reached some wells on which I was depending, and found them entirely dry. It was several days to the next wells. But my Bedouin guides knew some natural reservoirs in the hills about six miles off. So they took the water camels at night-fall, and came back before daylight with the water-skins filled. An invading army would find it hard to obtain guides, and even if they did, they must keep together, and could not leave the line of march to look for water. Besides, the Bedouins, accustomed from infancy to regard water as most precious and rare, use it with wonderful economy. Neither men nor animals drink more than once in forty-eight hours. As to washing, they *never* indulge in such wasteful nonsense. When Bedouins came to my camp, water was always offered them. Their answer would frequently be: "No, thanks; I drank yesterday." They know too well the importance of keeping up the habit of abstemiousness. No wonder they can subsist where invaders would quickly perish.

Now, let us suppose a British army to have secured the six or eight thousand camels needed for transportation (a most improbable thing, for nearly all the camels in the Soudan belong to the rebellious tribes). Even the guns have to be dismounted, and with their carriages carried on camels' backs. I had very light howitzers of about five hundred pounds without the carriages. Each was fitted on a huge wooden pack-saddle made for the purpose, and the unfortunate camel which bore it never lasted over ten days, for four hundred pounds is a full load for the desert camel, whose capacity must be judged by what he can carry when worn down by travel and short rations.

All the forage and water for the cavalry and artillery horses must also be carried on camel's back, for horses would starve where the camel thrives. A march of fourteen miles from Suakim would bring the army to the foot of the great Arabian Chain, which begins at Suez and runs parallel to the Red Sea down to the equator, many of its peaks rising above eight thousand feet. It is eighty miles across, consisting of several parallel ridges separated by deep valleys. For six or seven days, at least, the army, with its immense train, would be struggling and floundering up one side of a ridge and down the other, through steep and narrow defiles where men and animals have to move in single file, and where many a baggage camel would drop his load and his bones.

Suppose that the fierce Bedouins, whose homes are in these mountains, have allowed the British, strung out in a long slender column vulnerable at every point, to cross the numerous defiles where a few hundred men could stop a whole army. Suppose the invaders to have emerged without serious losses from the mountain range out upon the plateau extending to the Nile, and which itself is very rugged and abounding in difficult passes and belts of deep, loose sand,—the toughest obstacles of all. The worst is yet to come. Water was comparatively plentiful in the mountains, and the heat was moderate. But now the only supply is from the scanty wells upon the line of march. The Bedouins retreat, destroying the wells behind them (which is a very easy thing to do), and swarms of them hang around the flanks and rear of the invaders to harass them and cut off their stragglers. The heat rises every day above one hundred degrees, even in November and December, and one hundred and fifty degrees and more in summer; in that cloudless land there is no shade. The plain quivers under the fierce sunlight, while the mirage deludes the eyes with the mockery of fictitious lakes. This is what I experienced day after day on the deserts. Suppose, now, the invaders to have consumed their supply of water. If the enemy can cut them off from the wells for three days, there is no need of firing another shot. Not a soul of them can survive. It is the story of the Roman legions perishing in the Parthian deserts, and of Hicks Pasha in Kordofan.

After much deliberation over a question that required so little, the British authorities came to the conclusion that the Suakim route is impracticable. But will it be believed that British officers at Suakim seriously proposed to build a narrow-gauge railroad, which, they said, could be laid *as rapidly as the troops could march?* And even as late as July 12 a Cairo dispatch says: "The operations for the relief of Khartoum, it has finally been decided, will begin early in September. General Wolseley continues to advise that the line of the chief attack be by way of Suakim and Berber. Additional material for the new railway is being sent to Suakim. The preparations for an expedition up the Nile have been suspended." Think of the grading, blasting, tunneling required to construct a railroad across that great chain eighty miles wide, and then one hundred and sixty miles beyond it — where everything, even to the wooden sleepers, must be brought from abroad! And would the Bedouins permit the work to proceed unmolested? And supposing the road built, how many regiments would be needed to guard it against being cut at a hundred points by the Bedouins?

Most of the objections to the Suakim route apply to all the desert routes. The next to be considered is the Korosko route, by the Nile, from Cairo in boats to Korosko, 610 miles; from Korosko, over the desert across the great bend of the Nile, 230 miles to Abou Hammed; thence along the banks of the Nile (here not navigable) to Berber, 100 miles; from Berber to Khartoum by water, or along the banks, 225 miles. In all 1125 miles. This is the great commercial caravan route. It traverses the most frightful desert in the Soudan, but it is 500 miles shorter than the course of the Nile, which, moreover, is not navigable at all for 700 miles from the second cataract to Berber.

The Arabs divide their deserts into two kinds. The first is called *el jebel* or *el berryé*, meaning mountain or wilderness. In this kind of deserts there is more or less vegetation, always very scanty; but yet it is there that the Bedouins roam and raise their flocks and camels. Gazelles and other game are also found. The desert between Berber and Suakim is chiefly of this kind. The other sort is called the *atmoor*, and it is impossible to imagine anything more barren and desolate. It is literally nothing but sand and rocks. Not a bush, not a blade of grass ever grew there, and consequently no animal life at all, not even insects. They are like oceans which you cross on your "desert ships," but where it is death to tarry. The ostrich and the hyena cross them swiftly by night. These atmoors are generally from eight to ten days across, with one group of wells in the middle. Such is the Atmoor of Shigré, which I crossed in nine days, and that of Korosko in seven (two days less than the usual time). Only one group of wells is found half-way, which is called *moura* — bitter. None but camels and Bedouins can drink its water. Travelers always carry enough Nile water to last them across. It is the only desert where no guides are needed, for the track is perfectly marked by the skeletons of camels and cattle, which, as I counted them, average sixty to the mile on the best parts of the trail, and four hundred on the worst. Thousands of camels and oxen perish there yearly. The latter are driven from the Upper Nile, scantily watered once in forty-eight hours on the march, and a large proportion of them die on the way. The hyenas and vultures, which are the only denizens of the atmoor, pick their bones clean before the next morning, and the fierce sun heat dries the hides and bones, so that the stench of carrion never taints the desert air. The objections to this route, as regards water, are still greater than to the Suakim route, and it has been rejected also.

The third route is never followed because of its extreme length. It is as follows: From Cairo to the second cataract by water, 700 miles; thence to Berber by land, following the course of the river, 700 miles. The Nile is not navigable for this entire distance, being interrupted by numerous cataracts. Only small country boats are used in the reaches between one cataract and the next. This well-known fact illustrates the absurdity of the suggestion to employ a flotilla of gun-boats to accompany a British force on a march along the river. I once followed this route as far as Dongola and Dabbé, and then struck off to the south-east to El Obeid, the present capital of the Mahdi. From Berber to Khartoum, and nearly to the lakes, the Nile is navigable, but there are only half a dozen steamers of light draft, sixty or seventy feet long, which were transported in sections on camel's back, and put together at Berber; and small as they are they continually get fast on sand-banks, as I know to my sorrow. An army following this route would have abundance of water, but would require four or five months to reach Khartoum.

The fact is, that it is almost impossible for any European army to penetrate into the Soudan. From the beginning of the present troubles I have thought that the only hope of rescuing Gordon is by the aid of King John of Abyssinia. His people are just as indomitable warriors as the Bedouins. Though savages, they call themselves Christians, and hate the Mussulmans bitterly. Their most ardent desire is to obtain an outlet upon the Red Sea, from which they have been completely shut out by Egypt. By offering King John the port of Massowah with a strip of the coast, and paying him any amount he may ask, a force of 30,000 Abyssinians could be got to move from their own country down the Blue Nile, relieving the garrisons of Kassala and Sennaar, and reaching Khartoum without any difficulty. It is only a question of money, for those people are very avaricious, and England would better pay millions than let Gordon perish. Admiral Hewett went on a mission to King John, but so far as the results have been made public he seems to have accomplished little.

The last and perhaps the only hope for Gordon's safety, is that he may be captured and held for ransom. It is probable that Khartoum has already fallen. If not, it is only a question of days. The Mahdi is well aware of Gordon's pecuniary value. He obtained $60,000 for the ransom of twelve members of the Austrian Catholic mission at El Obeid, and if he demands a million sterling for Gordon's ransom, England would pay it rather than let that brave soldier fall a victim to his own patriotic enterprise, and as the world is inclined to think, to the incapacity of his Government.

No wonder the situation in Egypt is galling to British pride. They seized that country by a doubtful exercise of power; they have forced Egypt to abandon the vast empire of the Soudan with a disre-

gard for the loss of life consequent upon a hasty and unprepared evacuation. And all their hopes are now limited to the rescue of General Gordon and to the defense of Egypt proper from the invasion of the Mahdi. The latter, flushed with success, is steadily advancing. The theological university of El Ahzar at Cairo, which is to the Mussulman world what the Pope and the College of Cardinals are to Roman Catholicism, has just recognized his mission as from God. No true Mussulman will oppose him now, and all the population of Egypt consider him as the deliverer from the yoke of Christians and foreigners, so that even the defense of lower Egypt may become a very difficult matter. And whether Gordon survive or perish, England, to save her prestige and vindicate her honor, must send an expedition to rescue or to avenge him.

R. E. Colston.

Late Bey on the General Staff of the Egyptian Army.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 18, 1884.

The Appeal of the Harvard Annex: A Claim on Educated Women.

IT is now five years since a circular was issued offering "private collegiate instruction to women" at Cambridge, Mass., the instruction to be given by members of the Faculty of Harvard University. A sum of $15,000 had been raised by those interested in the experiment, which, with the fees of students, was estimated as sufficient to test "the scheme"—now well known as the "Harvard Annex"—for a period of four years.

During its third year the plan took definite legal shape; a charter was obtained from the State of Massachusetts, and the corporate name of "The Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women" was adopted. This charter defines the object of the society to be "to promote the education of women with the assistance of the instructors of Harvard University," and authorizes it "to perform all acts appropriate to the main purpose of the Society," and also, whenever doing so would advance the objects of the association, to transfer "the whole or any part of its funds or property to the President and Fellows of Harvard College." It was in the exercise of the powers conferred by this special clause that, after four years of quiet, effective work, and when, in view of what had been accomplished, it seemed reasonable to ask an intelligent and generous public to assist in placing the association on a permanent financial basis, that in February, 1883, the ladies of the Executive Committee in due form asked for a permanent endowment fund of one hundred thousand dollars which would not only supply an assured income, but would gain for the "Annex" a recognized connection with the University, the goal of the highest hopes of its originators. The substance and ground of the appeal may be briefly summarized as follows: "The experiment (for so it was considered by those who projected it) has encountered no difficulties either from within or without; has excited neither opposition nor prejudice, but has worked so simply and easily that its success has hardly attracted attention. Few seem to know how closely the courses of study correspond in character with those of the University itself, instruction being given exclusively by officers of Harvard. . . . The annual number of students has been from thirty-five to forty; of these, some have been themselves teachers, others young women fitting themselves to become such; a few have been brought by the simple love of study. . . . All have shown high average standard, some exceptional excellence. . . . A scheme which is of such evident value to women, and which has proven so practicable, should have an official claim on the University, a connection only to be secured by the endowment asked for." Thirty-six thousand dollars was already promised by some twenty persons concerned for the success of the work. The press throughout the country noticed the appeal, in many cases with a few words of editorial commendation; but only a little more than thirty thousand dollars additional has been subscribed.

Now, in a nation which numbers many thousands of women with both wealth and education, this should not be. How many — or rather how *few* — dresses, bonnets, wraps, etc., would the rich women of the cultured circles of the United States have to forego for one season, in order to respond to such appeals as that of the Harvard Annex?

There is no occasion in the discussion of this or of any kindred question — from the point of view of a *claim on women* — to look at it with the slightest degree of sentiment, or to commend it to the consideration of cultivated women with any theoretical rhetoric. Taking a thoroughly practical view of the matter, the peremptoriness of such claims can be frankly urged on wives and mothers of fortune, with almost the promise that if they thus cast their bread upon the waters it will return to them with interest, in the benefit to their children derived from thoroughly trained and cultivated teachers. The majority of the instructors of youth in America are women, and there can be but one opinion as to the desirability of all women who select the profession of teaching having every possible opportunity to prepare themselves for it; and it is to this class that the Annex and similar schemes will always be of special service. In its report for 1883, the students are spoken of as principally "young women fitting as teachers, or older women who are already teachers, but who allow themselves out of their small earnings the rare luxury of a little change from teaching to learning, that they may go back to their work refreshed and better. . . . We have had as yet no flighty students brought by the novelty of the thing. . . . The standard of our public and private schools can never be a matter of indifference to parents, and that standard can hardly fail to be raised by the closer relations of the schools to the universities."

If any woman is tempted to say in reply to this demand for a subscription, "Women do not control the purse-strings as a rule, and, to the extent of their ability to give, they respond to more urgent needs than those of Annexes, and distribute their pocket-money in less public channels than the endowment of universities," I bespeak her attention to some data which, collected for another purpose some few years ago, have special worth in this connection, and would seem to prove not only that women in America, even as far back as colonial times, have always given to educational institutions, but that less than a tithe of the amount they have given to colleges for men

would place the Harvard Annex in a more favorable relation to the University than its prototypes across the water — Girton and Newnham — bear to the University of Cambridge.

Up to 1880, passing over for the moment those colleges whose female donors had benefited them in sums under thirty-five thousand dollars (a little more than the Annex still asks for), we find that some dozen colleges — not including those to which women are admitted — had received from women over half a million of dollars, aggregating in the case of Harvard itself "in money very nearly three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, besides the gifts of lands, books, pictures, and apparatus to a very great amount."

Hamilton College received $130,000; Amherst College, $56,000; Union College, $107,000; Bowdoin College, $86,000; Phillips Academy, $100,000: Dartmouth College, $65,000; Andover Theological Seminary, $50,000; Kenyon College, $50,000; Chicago Theological Seminary, $50,000.

Brown University, since 1860, had, according to its register's report, received $37,770. Shurtleff College, Ohio, is strictly excluded from our list, as it includes a very small percentage of female students; but I desire to record its donations of $42,395, and also the pertinent remark of its president, "Of course there are thousands of dollars to be added to this sum, coming from hundreds of women, but I can only make conjectures concerning such sums."

Of smaller amounts, Lafayette College, Pa., "since 1864," reports $26,000; Ohio Wesleyan University, "before 1878, when women were admitted," $25,000; Trinity College, $20,000; Princeton College, $8,000; Cumberland University, $15,000; and various others report smaller donations, from $10,000 to $1000.

As far as I can ascertain, American women have given to colleges for men considerably over one million dollars; and that the generosity of our sex toward educational institutions for the training of young men has been on the increase of late years is shown by the statistics of "educational benefactions for 1881" (the latest published data), where over five hundred thousand dollars appear opposite women's names, the two largest gifts being one hundred thousand dollars by Miss Lenox to the Theological Seminary for the Presbyterian Church in New York, and thirty thousand dollars to Amherst College by Mrs. Samuel Hooper, to increase the Hooper-Sturgis Professorship Fund.

The interest of these figures springs from the proof which they offer of the feminine estimate of the benefits of education. Over a century ago, when it would have been impossible to raise any question of "higher education" for women, not a few women had "well deserved to be gratefully remembered by the alumni of Harvard." The roll of honor is headed by Lady Moulson in 1643, with one hundred pounds sterling, a worthy forerunner of Mrs. Ann F. Sever, whose noble legacy of one hundred and forty thousand dollars came to the University in 1879.

A list of the gifts of women to Harvard during the first years of its existence, before 1700, may not only be of general interest, but also induce other women to place themselves on the list of subscribers to the endowment fund of the Annex during its first decade:

	£	s.	d.
"1643, Lady Moulson	100	0	0
1656, A Widow of Roxbury	1	0	0
1658, Bridget Wynes, Charleston	4	0	0
1676, Judith Finch, legacy	0	14	0
1695, Mrs. Mary Anderson, legacy	5	0	0
1696, Samuel Sewell and Hannah Sewell, his wife	500 acres."		

Catherine Baldwin.

More Words with Countrywomen.

THERE are three classes of women, at least of countrywomen, whose lives lack something of the intellectual brightening that usually comes from the social contact and subtile magnetism of the city — who need the help and stimulus that may be found in systematic association, with some positive and clearly defined end in view:

First, the young women — the girls whose school days are but lately over, and who have not yet learned what to do with their lives, or how to use them:

> "Standing with reluctant feet,
> Where the brook and river meet."

Reluctant? The adjective was well chosen, for the path a young girl enters when she first leaves school is by no means free from briers and brambles. All transition periods are periods of unrest. She has entered one that demands patience and faith on her part, and patience and discretion on that of her mother. No earnest, thoughtful girl — and the world is full of such — after years of busy school-life, in which every hour had its regular, well-defined duties, and every day had its hopes, its achievements, its generous rivalries, its eager friendships, and its failures that were as helpful and beneficent as its successes, can settle down to a little crocheting, a little embroidering, a little housework, a little music, a little visiting, a little dressing, a little reading, a little of this, that, and the other, without a sense of inexpressible depression and weariness. Is this strange? For years she has been in daily communion, more or less close, with minds that lifted hers. She has been feeding upon the best thoughts of the good and great and wise of all the centuries. Suddenly she finds herself feeding upon husks instead. Life, that has seemed to her young imagination so noble, so grand, something to glory in and thank God for, dwindles down to a thing of mere shreds and patches — a round of eating, sleeping, dressing, dancing, and flirtation.

I speak now more especially of the girls who, fortunately or unfortunately, happen to be born to a station in life that seems to demand of them only that they should "enjoy themselves"; and for the truth of my statements I appeal not only to the girls themselves, but to the memory of every woman who has not forgotten her own girlhood.

In this emergency what shall she do? The quickest and surest way out of her troubles is to give herself some stated and regular work to do, in the line of her old pursuits. That noble institution, the Boston "Study at Home" society, would come to her aid here; and so would the more democratic Chautauqua circles. But there is a large class of girls, as well as women, who prefer to study independently, and who are repelled by the red tape that is quite unavoidable in all large movements.

Second, the middle-aged women, upon whom fall

the burden and the heat of the day. They are in the very stress of the battle. They are oppressed by many cares. Little children are clinging to their garments, and the small "hindering hands," infinitely dear and precious as they are, do sadly interfere with ease, or the pursuit of so-called pleasure, or the accomplishment of any other than mother-work. The piano remains closed, and the voice warbles only lullabies. The beloved books lie unopened day after day. The sketch-block or the palette is forgotten, not from any lack of energy or of interest, but simply because time and strength seem taxed to their utmost in other ways. Housekeeping, babies, sewing, mending, social duties, the care of the sick, the aged, and the poor — every woman knows how long the list is, and how impossible it seems to shorten it.

Third, the older women. Not *old* women, for there are none nowadays. No woman is old until she is a hundred. But some of us, it must be confessed, are older than others. And this class, on whom as a rule, and most fortunately, the burdens of life rest less heavily than in middle age, are in danger of growing self-absorbed and narrow. They need something to take them out of themselves, to broaden their interests and widen the sphere of their mental activities. Grandchildren are a great help in this matter, but not all women are so blessed as to have them; and even those who have need something more to keep them out of the narrow grooves in which human nature is so prone to run. The one thing for which older women — and men too, for that matter — should most persistently strive is to keep out of the ruts worn deep and smooth by the wheels of daily habits, and the thoughts that go over and over the same track, from one year's end to another. They need to seek, from far and near, an influx of fresh life and thought continually.

I have spoken of three classes. Perhaps there are three others that might be mentioned. First, the strong, who out of their own strength and abundance can give to those who are less fortunate, and by this means learn for themselves that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Second, the weak, whether by nature or by circumstance, who need to place themselves where they may be helped by those who are stronger.

Third, those who are neither very strong nor very weak, but who, standing between the two, may be the happiest medium of communication, transmitting the electric, magnetic current from one to the other, and thus helping both as well as themselves.

No woman can live much in the lives of other women, or be placed in close relations with them, without receiving daily evidence of the need hinted at in the preceding paragraphs— the need of some social organization that shall minister to their mental and spiritual hunger. The writer has had abundant proof of this in the many letters she has received asking all manner of questions regarding two societies of which she had occasion to speak in a former paper. In answer to many of these questions, she will try to give as clear and comprehensive an account as she can of the formation, methods, and work of the smaller of the two. Of the larger, whose ways and means are very different, she hopes to write at another time.

Let us suppose that in some country village there are a number of women of nearly the same age, tastes, and mental endowments. It does not follow that they must have been born in the same year, or even in the same decade. Age is a relative term. Between the periods of full maturity and second childhood we are all of an age. But in such an association as this of which I speak, they should be as nearly as possible on a par in capacity, in acquired knowledge, and in experience. They each wish to enter upon some systematic course of reading or study, and they know they will never pursue it persistently — so weak are good resolutions and so strong are circumstances — unless they can make it in some degree obligatory. How shall they do this in the easiest and pleasantest way? Six years ago a few women asked each other this question, and answered it as follows:

They formed a band called "Friends in Council," — a suggestive and appropriate name, which, it is needless to say, did not originate with them. They drew up a constitution limiting their number to twenty-five, and pledging themselves to meet once a fortnight during eight months of the year, and to do whatever work should be assigned them by the board of directors, unless, for some good and sufficient reason, they were excused by the president.

The officers of the society, who are elected annually by ballot, are a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and a committee of three. This committee, with the president and vice-president, constitute the board of directors, whose duty it is to take the general charge of all business matters, make out the scheme of study, and assign subjects for essays and discussions. It is the duty of the secretary to keep the journal of the society, reading at each meeting a full report of the preceding, to conduct all correspondence, to call extra meetings by order of the president, and, in short, to do whatever work the office demands.

A treasurer was needful because a small annual fee seemed necessary to the very existence of the society. Some slight expenses cannot be avoided, if only for stationery and postage, and occasionally, perhaps, for a book of reference not easily accessible otherwise. The constitution, therefore, provides for the payment of an annual fee, but does not fix the amount. This is decided each year by vote of the society, and is in accordance with its actual needs — more or less, as the case may be. Any similar society that did not wish to purchase books as the nucleus of a library, or choice photographs now and then, could easily get along with a fee of even twenty-five or fifty cents a year.

But no band of twenty-five can long remain intact. Vacancies will occur, and must be filled. Just here some precautions are needful to guard against the possible admission of uncongenial or discordant elements. When, therefore, there is a vacancy, the ladies, in alphabetical order, have the right to present to the board the name of a candidate for membership. That is, if Mrs. A presents a name this year, whether her candidate is elected or not, she cannot have the privilege again until Mrs. B, C, and D, and so on through the alphabet, have had the same opportunity. If the board approves, the name is then presented to the society, which votes upon it by secret ballot. Three negative votes reject a candidate, in which case no record of the transaction appears in the journal; and by an unwritten law all lips are sealed. The society never mentions its rejected candidates.

The regular meetings are held at the house of the lady who happens to have the principal essay for that day, unless otherwise ordered; and it has been found that the hours most convenient for the majority were from three to five.

Now for the plan of study, which is, of course, purely arbitrary. Science, history, literature, art, social problems — the field is wide, and the difficulty is what to choose. The details are given not with any thought that the course pursued was exceptionally wise and good, but simply because it may help some other band of women who are at a loss where to begin, how to choose for themselves and map out their own work.

During the first year of its existence, the society of which I speak lived from hand to mouth, as it were, providing for each meeting as it came. Then it chose for its work a course of history, with a glance at the literature and art of each epoch. It then devoted a year to ancient Greece. Its third year was given to Rome, from Romulus and Remus through the reigns of the Antonines. Then, for the fourth year, as life is short and art is long, it seemed wise to take a rapid glance at the decline of the Roman Empire and the rise of modern civilization, trying to get not a minute, but a somewhat clear idea of the sweep of the centuries, and to fix in the mind the most notable events in each. This year's study was really a flight, giving a bird's-eye view that was nevertheless both interesting and instructive, and bringing the work down to the close of the thirteenth century. Perhaps a clearer idea of this flight can be given by showing the scheme as made out for two or three (not consecutive) meetings:

SECOND AND THIRD CENTURIES (from A. D. 180).

Roman History from the Antonines to Constantine.	Eusebius, the First Church Historian.
Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra.	Reading of Boyesen's "Calpurnia."

SIXTH CENTURY.

Sketch of the Eastern and Western Empires, including Justinian and his Code of Laws.	Gregory the Great, Augustine, and the Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons.
	Belisarius.

NINTH CENTURY.

England under Egbert and Alfred the Great.	Division of Charlemagne's Empire.
The Feudal System.	

This will give an idea of what the bird's-eye view gave. The years were as a vast plain, out of which rose here and there the mountain ranges of great events, and over which strode majestic figures, shadowy in the distance, yet clearly discernible.

In their fifth year the "Friends" wrestled with the history of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and by a pleasant but wholly accidental coincidence, the present season found them on the brink of the sixteenth century,— the era of the Reformation,— their scheme including the first half only, or down to the reign of Elizabeth.

The society year begins with the first Wednesday in October, and the scheme is made out in full before the end of the previous May, and the parts assigned. Each member, therefore, is supposed to have ample time for the preparation of her essays, or "ten-minute talks." It is intended to have one, and occasionally two, somewhat exhaustive essays on the main topic of the day, followed by short talks on matters or characters related to it. A great effort is made to induce the ladies to use their tongues rather than their pens, and to have the "ten-minute talks," as they are persistently called, really *talks*. But, alas! they generally turn out to be papers instead. It is expected of the ladies that while giving most time to the special topics assigned them, they will give enough thought and study to the whole scheme to enable them to follow it intelligently and with due interest.

One word more. No society of this sort can live unless it cultivates a total avoidance of anything akin to a censorious or critical spirit. Its members must be true to one another and to their officers. The meetings should be as informal as is consistent with a due regard for the proprieties.

J. C. R. Dorr.

"A Burns Pilgrimage."

IN making hurried visits to old places, it is quite common to gather inaccurate information from the inhabitants concerning the history and traditions both of place and people. This is especially the case in Scotland, and a tourist should enter a Scotch town with previous knowledge of its peculiar claim to interest the present generation, or write nothing until what is gathered by inquiry from its people is substantiated by other and better authority.

Referring to the cottage of Nanse Tinnock, in "A Burns Pilgrimage," in THE CENTURY of September last, the author says: "No doubt Nansie Tinnock's was a lighter, whiter, cheerier place than now, else the Jolly Beggars would never have gone there to tipple."

Burns mentions Nanse but once in his poems — in "The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons."

> "Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnocks,
> I'll be his debt twa mushlum bonnocks,
> An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
> Nine times a week,
> If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
> Wad kindly seek."

In a foot-note in the "Kilmarnock Edition," he says of her: "A worthy old hostess of the author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studies politics over a glass of 'guid auld Scotch drink.'" She was a most respectable person, and after her death the chair in which the bard sat when he visited her house was presented to the Masonic Lodge in Mauchline by Dr. Hamilton, son of Gavin Hamilton, and the "wee curlie John" of the "Dedication." She is buried in the church-yard, and her stone, with those of "Daddy Auld" and other characters of the poems, may yet be seen.

It is in the cantata of the "Jolly Beggars" that

> "Ae night at e'en a merry core
> O' randie, gangrel bodies,
> In Poosie Nansie's held the splore.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> So sung the bard, and Nansie's wa's
> Shook with a thunder of applause."

Now, Poosie Nansie was not Nanse Tinnock at all. Her name was Agnes Gibson, and she kept a low ale-house or "change-house" where the "Whitefoord Arms," now the coöperative store, stands; erroneously described in the "Pilgrimage" as "Johnnie Pidgeon's house."

On the opposite corner, the two forming the head of the street facing the church-yard, called the "Cowgate," stood the house of John Dove (pronounced by the natives Doo), the "Johnnie Pidgeon" of the "Epitaph," and the Johnnie Dow of the "Epistle to John Kennedy," commencing:

> "Now, Kennedy, if foot or horse
> E'er bring you in by Mauchline Cross."

On the site of his house now stands a two-story brick dwelling, with a stone tablet inserted in the front, inscribed as follows:

> "This is the house, tho' built anew,
> Where Burns, when weary frae the pleugh,
> Wad sit an hour wi' Johnnie Dow
> Anent the e'en,
> And tak' a drap o' mountain dew
> Wi' bonnie Jean."

It was upon a pane in a rear window of Dow's house that Burns wrote the epitaph on Johnnie Pidgeon with a diamond—the same window from which he had first seen Jean Armour, when a sonsie lass of seventeen, who lived next door, on the "Cowgate."

It was up this street that he made Common Sense go in "The Holy Fair."

> "While Common Sense has ta'en the road
> An' aff an' up the Cowgate."

In after life Mrs. Burns loved to relate, how she made his acquaintance. "His dog had run across her linen webs on the bleaching-green, and he apologized so handsomely that she took another look at him."

James Smith, a boon companion, the "Dear Smith, the sleest pawkie thief," and also the "wag in Mauchline," was with Burns in Poosie Nansie's the night that the "Jolly Beggars" first dawned upon his fancy.

Albert S. Gallup.

The Christian League.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN'S "Christian League of Connecticut" has called out a number of favorable comments, and an occasional intimation that in certain towns where there are "too many denominations" the people are preparing to consolidate. There are two sides to every question, and I have been waiting for some time to see the other side to this brought forward, but have not seen it as yet.

An only child is proverbially a spoiled child. Generally the best men and women are those belonging to large families. The reason for this probably lies in the fact that the numerous brother- and sisterhood have used the privileges of relationship, and have snubbed each other, or, at least, have spoken their minds plainly and often enough to take a considerable portion of the natural egotism out of one another. Denominations are a benefit, if it be only to teach each other that there are organizations besides "ours," and that these organizations as well as individuals have rights which they are in interest, if not in duty, bound to respect.

But let us suppose, as Mr. Gladden suggests, that the Presbyterians have come together, and "the Methodists and Baptists cannot afford to stay apart." Can you imagine what sort of a union it would be? They might possibly agree to partake of the same mental and spiritual food, but a Methodist pastor placed over such a flock would be very much in the condition of the hen that had hatched out a brood of chickens and ducks, when the ducks took to the water in spite of the protestations of their guardian; and a Baptist pastor in charge of such a mixed society would naturally feel alarmed because his *whole flock did not* take to the water.

"But in this advanced age questions of minor importance should be ignored," says some liberal one. Very many good Christians do not look upon certain questions, about which even orthodox churches differ, as of "minor importance," and one can scarcely conceive of a more trying position for a conscientious pastor than to be placed over a congregation where he could not speak his honest convictions for fear of offending or differing with a portion of his charge.

If individuals have individual beliefs, it is but just that they be at liberty to express them, and this they could not do freely if consolidations should take place as has been suggested. The differences of opinion that exist to-day, and that will exist so long as men read and think for themselves, instead of being a hindrance to the progress of Christianity, have tended to spread pure religion by calling attention to the doctrines discussed, and thereby leading to a careful investigation of the teachings of the Bible. Differences of opinion are not necessarily "hateful passions." On the contrary, they may be a great benefit to society. The church which has no special doctrine, and whose members are not men and women of firmly grounded convictions, will not long command the respect of even the unbeliever; and the church that tries to mold its doctrines, or perhaps more properly its *pulpit teachings*, to suit the crowd, will soon drift into a No Faith that will be as pernicious in its effects as infidelity itself.

I believe the churches which are only branches of the same denomination will eventually be consolidated, but the millennium will need to be much nearer before it will be wise for the denominations to consolidate. They would simply swallow each other up, like the kine in Pharaoh's dream,—only in this case, I suppose, the fat ones would do the devouring instead of the lean.

It might give the New England Methodist Episcopal minister, from whose letter Mr. Gladden quotes, a larger audience than he now has, if the people could be persuaded to unite in the "large beautiful Town-hall," but it would be a Town-hall meeting and but little more. But suppose these five churches should unite in one congregation, would the consolidated congregation be as large as the aggregated average of the five? Probably not by two-fifths. Many would not attend for the same reason that many church members remain at home when the churches have union services: "There will be enough without me."

The same decrease would follow in the benevolent contributions of the churches. Much as we may object, denominations *do* provoke each other to good works,

and there would be less energy and zeal if this stimulus were removed. The consolidated congregation will not be at all likely to give as much as the five had previously given; and in the case referred to by the Western Congregational minister, who wants to consolidate fifty Presbyterian congregations with fifty Congregational ones, there might be a saving of fifteen thousand dollars from salaries, but only a small portion of it would find its way to the mission treasury.

I once knew a town of some two thousand population where there were but two churches, Presbyterian and Methodist. It was a good opportunity to test the consolidating plan. There were representatives of various denominations in the two congregations, but the congregations were not unusually large. There was plenty of money for amusement, and the opera-house was well patronized, but the religious enthusiasm was — minus. The Methodist minister received a meager salary; the Presbyterian, ditto; neither receiving as much as their brethren of a neighboring town where there were four pastors and the population one-fourth less.

Where churches unite because they are weak, one or two pastors may receive larger salaries than either of the many; but there will be fewer attendants upon the church services and less missionary work (home or foreign) will be done, and, as a consequence, fewer souls will be saved. And, after all, the end and aim of the Gospel is *not* that ministers may receive fat salaries, or church members sleep in cushioned pews, but that the poor as well as the rich may hear the Word of Life and be saved.

Mary H. Villars.

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

Workingmen's Clubs and Coffee-houses.

IN May of the present year there was held in New York a Congress of Workingmen's Clubs. Delegates were present from clubs in Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Millville, N. J., and New York City, representing twenty-five societies, each having from one hundred to one thousand members. Having attended the meeting, and seen something of the practical work of such clubs, the writer may be prepared to offer some suggestions concerning the importance of starting more of these valuable institutions. For more than forty years efforts have been made in England to establish clubs or institutions for the benefit of persons of moderate means. After many failures they have been firmly planted on a good financial basis, and there are now in operation in Great Britain about fifteen hundred workingmen's clubs. These societies are quite distinct from the building and coöperative societies, and have for their aim a few simple educational and social advantages, and indirectly to oppose the influence of the liquor saloons.

In this country workingmen's clubs have many aims, and include building societies, savings-banks, and some coöperative efforts, together with reading-room, library, and social hall. Some clubs, like that connected with the Church of the Holy Communion in New York, have a sick-benefit and burial fund. Other societies have a coffee and lunch room for the use of members and the public. With the great diversity of aims of American societies, the feature of wholesome entertainment appears to be the first object. The working hours of the day are to every man and woman morally the safest. When the day's work ends, and there comes the idle hour between candle-light and bed-time, the man who works meets the hardest strain. Too weary from his vocation to engage in any set task, he looks for some relaxation, some recreation. The saloon door, turning on easy hinges, invites to warmth, society, and diversion. Here it is the club appears, and offers a better room, more entertainment, and the society of books, magazines, and his fellows. For liquor, which is neither food nor refreshment, the club offers its lunch and coffee room. Lectures, concerts, and entertainments open new doors into unexpected and perhaps undiscovered sources of amusement.

The Workingmen's Club, with its cheerful room, its library, its entertainments, and congenial society, is to the tired mechanic simply a sanitary measure. He must have amusement, and the saloon-keeper provides it for his own gain and the man's undoing. If for no other reason than this, more of these clubs should be established. The wise employer will gladly help by offering a room in the shop, or by becoming responsible for the rent of a room. Such clubs should be self-managed and self-sustained, and they will be a benefit to both employed and employer, for it must not be forgotten that he works best who has the blithest heart.*

Charles Barnard.

Educational Value of Summer Resorts.

IT is not necessary to go to Concord among the deep-thoughted philosophers, in order to attend a summer school. Saratoga, Newport, Long Branch, Mount Desert, and the thousands of favorite summer resorts in the mountains and along the sea-coast, exert on the tourist a peculiar and subtle educational influence. The courses at these schools are optional, the company is delightful, recitations are rarely heard, and examinations are unknown. The lessons are unconsciously learned, and the knowledge acquired is practical and adapted to every-day use. It is the school of the world; yet the summer term differs materially from the winter season in the cities. A stroller on the broad piazzas at the United States Hotel, at Saratoga, or at Rodick's, at Mount Desert, finds himself in the midst of a new and strange life. Seated in big easy-chairs at a shady end of the veranda, are seen the railroad king, the Baltimore merchant, the bonanza mine owner, the Texas rancher, and the Pennsylvania iron prince engaged in an earnest discussion of the business situation. Around the corner a venerable college president, an English lord, a poet of the Sierras, a novelist from the sunny South, and a New York millionaire talk science, literature, and the topics of the day. In another group a blue-grass beauty vies with a Boston blue-stocking and a St. Louis belle in capturing the affections of some Yale and Harvard

* Where workingmen themselves have not time or disposition to take control of such an enterprise, it may well appeal to the practical energies of the churches and charitable associations. What one such institution has accomplished in a saloon-infested metropolitan district may be ascertained from the managers of the Coffee-house of the Bible and Fruit Mission, opposite Bellevue Hospital, New York City.— ED.

students. Off in another part politicians from Georgia, Illinois, and Maine engage in hot debates over the presidential contest. So it is at all the summer resorts. People from every section, of different grades of society, and of many beliefs and occupations, are thrown together during July and August, on a plane of equality.

This summer migratory movement, it must be remembered, has reached enormous proportions. I believe it is not stretching the fact to say that nearly two million persons leave their homes for a short vacation during the heated season. On their trip they are thrown in contact with many strangers. The rubbing together of these thousands, and the interchange of ideas, must leave an impression of wide-reaching but unappreciated value. The tourist stepping out of his home environment into this cosmopolitan summer life, comes in contact with new customs and manners, new standards of business and social etiquette, new modes of living and thinking, new subjects of conversation, and new topics of discussion. On the most stupid, ignorant, and thoughtless, this change of life must have some effect which will appear on their return to their homes. It seems to me that this throwing together of the business men and society people of the North, East, South, and West, must tend to create a greater national feeling, and lead to a more thorough appreciation, and juster estimate of the power, capacity, and ability of each section of the country. It will serve to dissipate prejudices, overthrow foolish local traditions, lead to innovations in commercial habits and modes of living, and arouse a larger consciousness of the greatness of the United States, and the immense possibilities of its future.

Intercourse between the sections will enable men to gauge better the capacities of their own and their neighbor's locality, and to expend their resources so as to reach their highest value. It may be exaggerating the point to attempt to trace the industrial awakening of the South to a cause like this, yet it is not a wild assertion to declare that the visits of Southerners to Northern resorts in the summer, and of Northerners to Southern resorts in the winter, have hastened the day of the new birth in the South. They have brought to Northerners a fuller knowledge of the manufacturing advantages afforded by that section, and the influx of Northern capital needed to develop its resources has quickly followed. Every season the number of resorts seems to increase in response to a growing demand. The benefits of a period of rest and recuperation amid new scenes is at once admitted. The educational effects of the movement will, I believe, become more apparent as it gains in force.

Henry James Ten Eyck.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

So Wags the World.

JUNK-DEALER (to pin and needle vender).—There's that Jinny gone and married a jail-burrd, and her faythers that mad that he wont spake to aythers of thim. Sure whoy should he moind? says I. Thim paupers is nearly jail-burrds thimselves; it's little differ I can see betwane 'em.

FOOTMAN (to housemaid).—Now think of a junk-dealer h'objecting because his darter's been and married a pauper! It's h'all in the mud together they h'are, thinks I.

SHOP-GIRL (to clerk).—The airs the servants give themselves! Jane Bryan wont look at that fine junk-dealer, and he's a handsome fellow, too, and earns as much as she does. He owns his shop, at any rate, and she works for a mistress; he's plenty good enough for her, I'm sure.

PETTY TRADESMAN (reading his paper).—Tut, tut, what foolish pride is creeping in among the lower classes. Here is a case of a girl disowned by her family, because she married a coachman. And she was only a shop-girl, serving customers at Macy's. Well, well, what is the world coming to?

EMINENT LAWYER (to friend).—Now, really, the bigotry of some people is perfectly astonishing. Brown is in business for himself in a small way, after having been a clerk for twenty years. And now he actually refuses to give his daughter to young Smith, his book-keeper. Says his position unfits him to look at her. Ambition will be the ruin of this country.

YOUNG ENGLISH BARONET (to ditto).—Aw, yahs, I b'lieve pwofessional men do object to their daughters mawwying men in business. Cahnt see why m'self. If ye don't b'long to the nobility, y' know, ye b'long to the middle clahsses, and I sh'd fahncy it wouldn't make much diffewence who ye mahwied, pwovided it wasn't in the lower clahsses.

PRINCESS OF ROYAL BLOOD (to another Princess of Royal Blood).—I really do not see why Lady Hauteur should object to her son's marrying that pretty American girl. To be sure she is a commoner, but he is only a baronet; not even a lord. Now it was quite another thing when the Princess Louise married a subject. *That* shocked me, I will confess, and yet I am not so very conservative.

CHORUS OF ANGELS IN HEAVEN.—Lord, all men are equal in thy sight. How long, O Lord, how long before pride, ambition, and envy vanish from the earth? Poor sinners all, forgive them, Lord, and send us to minister to them, we beseech thee.

Raja.

A Kiss in the Rain.

ONE stormy morn I chanced to meet
A lassie in the town;
Her locks were like the ripened wheat,
Her laughing eyes were brown.
I watched her as she tripped along
Till madness filled my brain,
And then—and then—I know 'twas wrong—
I kissed her in the rain!

With rain-drops shining on her cheek,
Like dew-drops on a rose,
The little lassie strove to speak
My boldness to oppose;
She strove in vain, and quivering
Her finger stole in mine;
And then the birds began to sing,
The sun began to shine.

Oh, let the clouds grow dark above,
My heart is light below;
'Tis alway summer when we love,
However winds may blow;
And I'm as proud as any prince,
All honors I disdain:
She says I am her *rain beau* since
I kissed her in the rain.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

Private Theatricals.

BEFORE THE CURTAIN RISES.

THE guests assemble. Down the stairs I steal,
As if I'd dressed a century before,
And pause, a courtly beau from head to heel,
Close by the green-room door.

The fire-light glows within; the leaping blaze
Shines on an eager face. What happy spell
Summoned that sweetest glimpse of olden days,
That arch and radiant belle?

Ready to play her part in quaint disguise
Of powdered hair and old brocaded gown,
She warms a dainty foot, nor turns her eyes
Where, with an anxious frown,

Conning his book, our crafty Villain sits;
Tall, handsome, honest, he's a wealthy squire—
A trifle heavy—in our telling bits
He rather misses fire.

I push the door, and meet a smile from each:
My lady's eyes are lifted from the flame;
The Villain keeps his finger on a speech,
And greets me by my name.

I am the happy hero of the play,
With Love, and Luck, and Valor on my side;
I am to conquer everything to-day,
I am to win my bride.

And I will win her! Ah, they do not know—
Well may they praise me as I act my part!
This courtship of a hundred years ago
Is living in my heart.

Yet I can plead my cause without the aid
Of studied phrases—they are poor and weak;
Wait only till our comedy is played—
This is no time to speak.

The actors hurry in, and one and all
Appeal to me to listen or to look.
The footman's livery is a size too small,
The prompter wants his book.

My father comes to show his wrinkled face,
And loiters nervously behind the scenes;
I praise his baldness and his feeble pace,—
He's only in his teens!

There are so many duties to perform,
And at a moment's notice I must say
Who is to see about the thunder-storm,
And who takes in the tray.

Where is the fatal deed that must be signed?
I give them all their answers, and by chance,
Lounging beside the window, lift the blind
And cast a careless glance.

Nothing to see—how heavily it rains!—
Nothing but here and there a gliding spark,
Where carriages along the country lanes
Come rolling through the dark.

Beyond, there lies a world of gloom unknown;
Our little space of glitter, warmth, and light
Is but a many-colored bubble, blown
On a black sea of night.

Well, let the bubble break without a sigh,
And let to-morrow come, as come it will;
I am the happy hero till I die,
If she is with me still!

And when hereafter we recall this day
Of painted, powdered courtship from the past,
We'll laugh at stage and prompter, while I play
The lover to the last!

AFTER THE CURTAIN FALLS.

All's over now. It was a great success.
Our honest Villain did the best he could,
Took pains, and plodded through his wickedness,—
He's really very good;

And when he drove the lady to despair
With darkly scowling threats and feigned alarms,
I rushed upon the stage, defied him there,
And clasped her in my arms!

An explanation followed. I embraced
A few relations, quite unknown till then;
Virtue was lucky, Villainy disgraced—
We all were better men.

Then came my wrinkled sire—"Nay, I mistook—
You wont bear malice for a blunder—zounds!
Take your old father's gift—a pocket-book,"—
'Twas twenty thousand pounds.

"Bless you, my children! She's a pearl, my boy!"
The others gathered round for their farewell,
And stood in attitudes, and wished us joy,
And so the curtain fell.

They called us back. The laughing plaudits swelled
To welcome us. That moment was divine—
The token of my triumph! As I held
My darling's hand in mine,

I seemed to feel her happy pulses beat,
As mine were beating in my joy and pride;
I trod the whole world underneath my feet
Since she was by my side!

And then — why, as we passed, I overheard
A hurried whisper, caught a meaning smile:
Enough — it was the Villain she preferred —
The Villain all the while!

That was the end, and here I am alone,
Dismally laughing at my sorry plight;
I listen to the wind's unceasing moan,
I gaze into the night,

Only to see my pale reflection cast
Upon the gloom. A bitter lash of rain
Falls, with a sudden fury of the blast,
On the black window-pane.

She loves him — loves him! She will be his wife!
And strangely I recall, as here I stand,
How in another world, another life,
I bowed, and dropped her hand.

What did I think of as I bent my head?
The fire-light flashed upon my buckled shoes —
Poor hero! Well, there's nothing to be said —
Was she not free to choose?

She did not know! With my whole heart I played.
What then? She thought I acted well, no doubt;
If Love came stealing through the masquerade,
How should she find him out?

She did not know! God bless her in her choice!
(Ay, and the Villain too!) No thought of blame
Shall ever lend its hardness to my voice,
When I would speak her name.

There will be other plays in coming years
When this is half forgotten; there will be
New scenes, new dresses, and new hopes and fears —
But this old play for me!

One can't be always learning things by heart;
Variety is charming — yet it palls.
"Zounds!" — (as the father said) — I'll play my part
Until the curtain falls!

Margaret Veley.

Virtue its Own Reward.

THE King of Somewhere loved the Queen
Of Somewherelse most dearly,
And in his courtier Gobetween
Confided he sincerely.

The Courtier was a pleasant man,
Of readiest invention,
And always had some clever plan
To hold the King's attention.

The Queen was coy and hard to please,
As best beseemed her station;
The King upon his bended knees
She kept in supplication.

No favoring answer would she give,
No smile of kind consenting;
And while the King was fain to live,
Yet life was all lamenting.

At last he prayed his courtier wise
To aid in his proceeding;
The courtier's ready wits devise
Plans worthy of his breeding.

He hastened to the haughty Queen,
And praised his Royal Highness;
So wily was this Gobetween,
He chuckled o'er his slyness.

The Queen was softened by his art,
And when her suitor tendered
His royal kingdom (and his heart),
She graciously surrendered.

The King and Queen lived happily,
In hand and heart were wedded;
As for the Courtier — let me see —
Oh, yes — *he* was beheaded.

Stanley Wood.

Marry Me, Darlint, To-night.

ME darlint, it's axin' they are
That I goes to the wars to be kilt,
An' come back wid an iligant shkar,
An' a sabre hung on to a hilt.

They offers promotion to those
Who die in definse of the right.
I'll be off in the mornin' — suppose
Ye marry me, darlint, to-night?

There's nothin' so raises a man
In the eyes of the wurrld as to fall
Ferninst the ould flag, in the van,
Pierced through wid a bit of a ball.

An' whin I am kilt ye can wear
Some iligant crape on yir bonnet.
Jist think how the women will shtare
Wid invy whiniver ye don it!

Oh, fwat a proud widdy ye'll be
Whin they bring me carpse home, — not to mintion
The fact we can live (don't ye see?)
All the rest of our lives on me pinsion!

W. W. Fink.

Madrigal.*

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FRANCESCO DI LEMENE.

A MAIDEN, sorrowful and fair,
Jove heard one summer eve lamenting,
And to a birdling of the air
Transformed her: when, her woes still venting,
So sweet she sang in wood and vale,
He fondly named her *Nightingale!*

It chanced Love heard the bird one day
Upon a fair green hill-side trilling,
And stood entranced, her wondrous lay
His young and ardent bosom thrilling.
"Oh, great is Jove!" he cried — "but I
Can all his miracles outvie!"

Exclaiming thus, a soft, sweet spell
Love wrought with gentle power, transforming
The birdling of the grove and dell,
With all her trills and carols charming,
Into a lovely maid once more,
And *Lilla* was the name she bore!

Alice K. Sawyer.

* This little madrigal, written in the seventeenth century, was inscribed by the author to a singer named Lilla.

Equivocation.

We lingered, in the act to part,
The last word still unspoken,
By the quick beating of my heart
The silence faintly broken.

So beautiful she seemed and pure—
Ah me! how I should miss her.
Unable longer to endure
My wish, I asked to kiss her.

A blush of deepest rose o'erspread
Her face, as if to mask it,
As, with a woman's art, she said,
"Why, Frank, you should not *ask* it!

C. Sooysmith.

The Reason.

Upon Corinna's cheeke the rose
Doth make perpetuall holidaye;
Soe that it alwaies seemeth Maye
What place soe'er Corinna goes.
Yet, freshe and daintie though they be,
Her rosie cheekes are naught to me!

Corinna's eies are like the daye
That from the Orient comes afarre;
Surelie in alle the skies no starre
Is halfe soe radiant brighte as they!
Yet, shine they ne'er soe wondrouslie,
Her beaming eies are naught to me!

And, oh! her lockes, her lockes of golde,—
Well doe they know the subtle arte
To winde about a lover's hearte!
Yet me such fetters shall not holde!
Though they be faire, yet I am free:
Her lockes of golde are naught to me!

For why? They can the reason telle
Who know the features of her minde;
Wherein if love, and wishes kinde,
And truth and sweetnesse doe not dwelle,
I care not then how faire she be,
For these are alle in alle to me!

Robertson Trowbridge.

Not Long Ago.

Not long ago she passed me by,
A little girl, demure and shy,
With rumpled hair and dancing eyes,
Whose glances strayed like butterflies.
But "very, very plain," quoth I.

Again we met. How time will fly!
I can't describe her though I try;
It seemed she'd stepped from paradise
Not long ago.

And now I cease to magnify
Her sovereign grace, or glorify
Her perfect taste. 'Tis hardly wise
For me to try to criticise
Her now. I married her—that's why—
Not long ago.

Sydney Herbert Pierson.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

There is nothing so scarce as good nonsense. You may find a hundred owls who can sit on a dry limb, look wise, say nothing, and be respectable to one monkey who can play the fool and do justice to the subject and himself too.

Whenever you see a man who can tell you all about the weak spots in his neighbors, you will find one who needs as much watching as an east wind does.

All the original thoughts have been uttered in the simplest words. When I read an abstruse sentence, I say, this writer has been stealing, and is trying to hide.

Propriety is proper, and I have seen people who were so proper, that their propriety was all there was proper about them.

Don't watch the weather, young man; you can't tell whether it will rain or not, and the worst of it is, it unfits you for other kinds of business.

There are plenty of people in the world who think they are wise, because they can ask questions that no one but a fool can answer.

We are happy, not in what we possess, but in what we have that others can't get.

If I were a rooster, and wanted to fight something bad, I would invite the other rooster to my dunghill, and then I wouldn't fight with him, if he came,—not if I could make a decent compromise.

The most repulsive aristocrat we have among us is a democrat gone to seed.

Very stubborn people are stubborn, not because they are right, but because they are wrong. The man who is right can afford to let the other fellow have the whole of the road, and he generally does.

There are plenty of people in the world who are always expecting to have their modesty shocked; they are as badly off as the man who never would eat a boiled egg, for fear it might be a bad one.

Lawn tennis is an innocent game, so far as I know; but, to play it well, an able-bodied young man must part his hair exactly in the middle, and have nothing else on his mind for the time being.

All cliques are narrow, and those who compose them are the same width.

The curiosity of mankind is too much for its sympathies; when a man breaks his leg, the first thing we inquire is: "How did he come to do it?"

Philosophy would seem to be the science of making abstruse things plain, but many of our cultivated moderns have reversed the order, and are satisfied if they can make plain things abstruse.

Human energy must have work, and if there are no elephants to catch, you will see mankind trapping mice.

All snobs are toadies, and invariably they are toadies to some other snob.

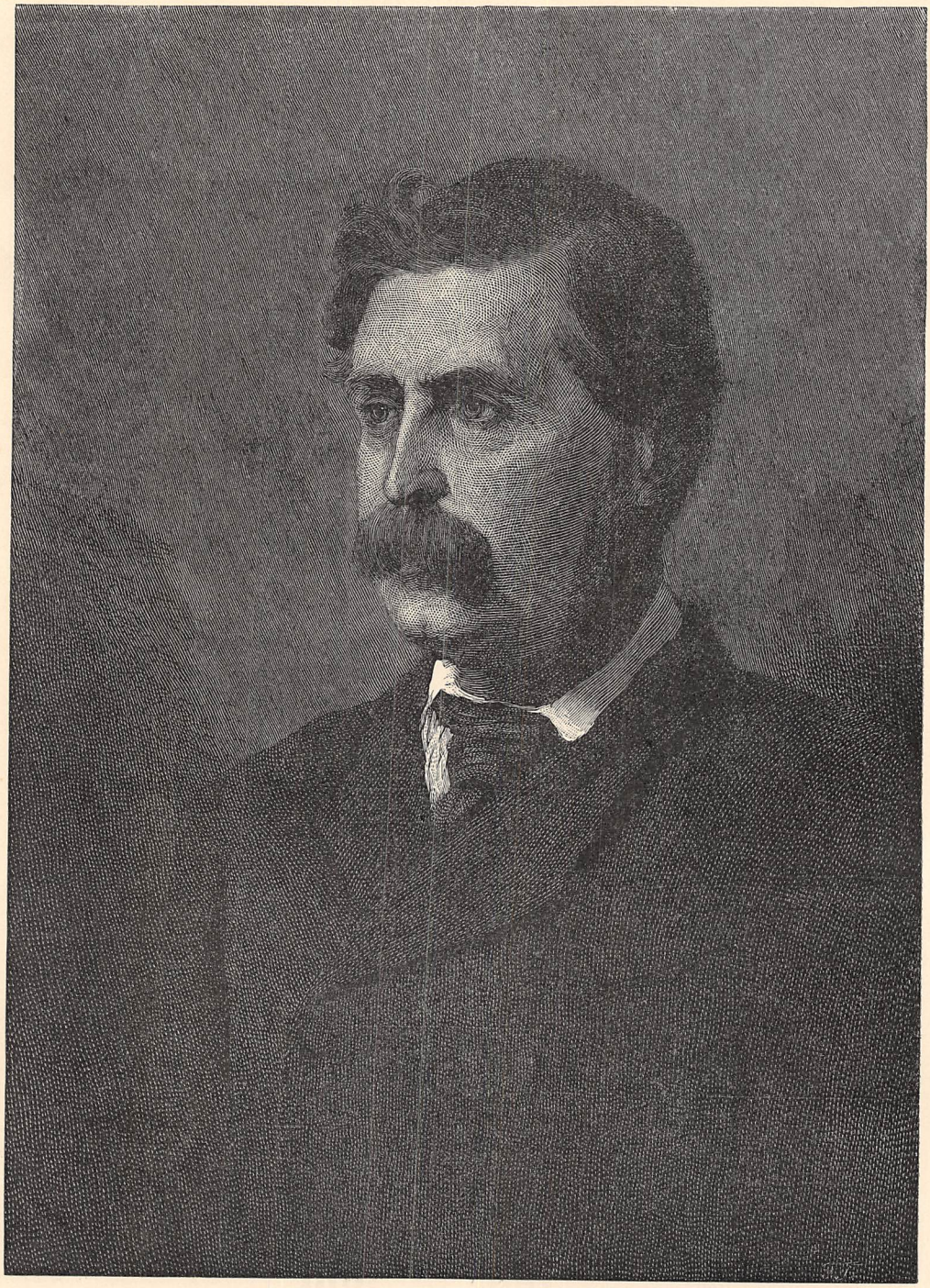
Wise men sit alone and look on, while fools hunt in couples and stir up the game.

My dear sir, old friends may be better than new ones; but if you don't make any new ones, as you jog along through life, pretty soon you are going to get left by the wayside.

The man with whom you can be familiar without losing your own or his respect is something more than human.

If you want to make friends, interest yourself in the affairs of others, don't try to interest them in yours.

The devil is not only a philosopher, but a great moralist, and, at times, even a penitent. No one can drop on his knees more artistically, none can weep more fluently and shed less tears.



Yours very sincerely,

Austin Dobson

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF ARMY LIFE.*

IT is a gratifying fact that the actors on both sides of the great American Civil War have been prolific in their contributions to our war literature, for the time will come when these personal recollections will be of priceless value. To those having no personal knowledge of the vicissitudes and fascinations of military service, its perils, privations, and pleasures, it may seem strange that the veterans who served in the Federal and Confederate armies should so fondly recall incidents in their campaigns; and this propensity is often made the subject of jest among those who never saw a charge or felt a wound. But when a man has spent a week in toilsome marches toward battle, and then faced the enemy when death was hovering in the air, it is not easy for him to forget the fatigue, the hunger and thirst, the blanket-bed by the roadside, the hot skirmish on the picket-line, the gallop of the battery into position, the steady advance in line of battle, or the fierce charge at a turning-point in the engagement. Though these scenes make but little impression on his mind at the moment, they all come back to him in after years, and he is surprised to find how clearly he can recall each little incident. It is this faculty that leads the veteran, whether he wore the blue or the gray, to talk lovingly of the days when he carried the musket or the sword. Only men who have served under Grant or Lee, Sherman or Hood, Hooker or Longstreet, Meade or Jackson, Sheridan or Stuart, Thomas or Johnston, can realize how deeply the memory of that tremendous struggle has been impressed on the minds of the participators.

When the reverberations of the guns in Charleston harbor roused the people of the two sections to a realizing sense of the situation, they knew so little about war that none anticipated that the struggle would occupy more than a few months. With this false idea of the tenacity and courage of their antagonists, both Federals and Confederates entered the field with an amount of impedimenta that was truly laughable. Regiments had more camp equipage in 1861 than sufficed for a brigade or a division in later years. Handsome tents, capable of accommodating a dozen men, made picturesque camps, with their fluttering pennons and painted tops. Mess chests, heavier than a caisson box, were considered essential to the proper comfort of a company's officers, though some of them lived to see the day when not even a colonel indulged in such a luxury. Young men, fresh from the domestic hearth, were furnished with more clothing and blankets than a mule could carry; consequently the wagon trains in the early days of the war presented formidable obstacles to successful prosecution of campaigns. Northern and Southern soldiers were alike in their fondness for hunting-knives and revolvers, while a pair of boots reaching to the knee was often provided for prospective marches. It is a well-known fact that many Confederate volunteers brought negro servants with them, though it was soon discovered that these sable attendants were only useful in

* Illustrated with etchings from "Studies of the Great Army," by Edwin Forbes, Pictorial War Correspondent, Member of the French Etching Club, and Honorary Member of the London Etching Club. The port-folio of etchings, from which by special arrangement we have been permitted to select scenes for reproduction, is one of the most authentic and valuable series of illustrations of the war. The etchings are well known to collectors and others, but we are glad of the opportunity of presenting some of the best of them to a wider audience, by means of the present faithful wood-engraving reproductions.

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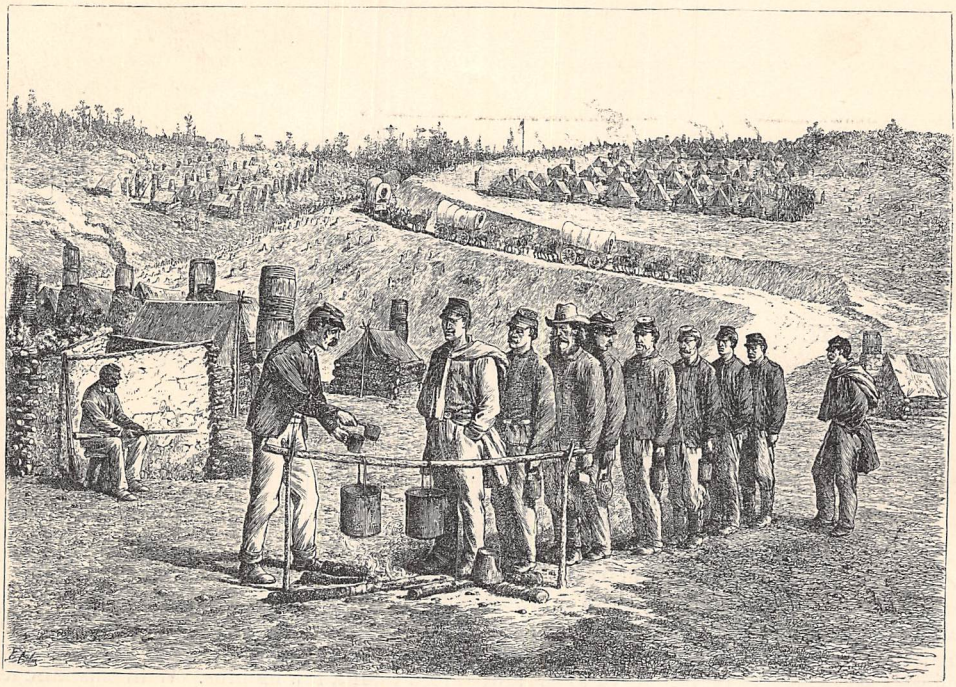


"FALL IN" FOR SOUP.

consuming provisions needed for the fighting-men in the ranks. On both sides a love of finery and picturesque uniforms was manifested, but when rain and mud had spoiled this finery, soldiers found greater comfort in clothing of a more sober and enduring description. On the Federal side some half dozen Zouave regiments retained their wide, flowing breeches and tasseled fez, but the various German, French, and Italian costumes disappeared after the first campaign, when the opposing armies settled down to the tremendous struggle before them. There were stern lessons to be learned by the soldiers on both sides of the sectional line, before they were ready to become trained veterans; but with experience came patience under fatigue and privation, and coolness when called to face danger and death.

One of the hardest lessons for the American soldier was the necessity for military discipline and etiquette. It seemed odd to the youth who carried a musket that he must not be on familiar terms with an old schoolmate because the latter wore gold lace on his shoulder or collar. Many a young man, fresh from college, found himself subject to the arbitrary orders of his father's clerk; and the stern, inflexible rule of military life was so foreign to republican customs, it was difficult at first to teach the rank and file how necessary was discipline and unquestioning obedience. When regiments were formed at the outbreak of the war, officers on both sides were selected by ballot, the consequence being that many incompetent men were given command, and it was not until the troops had been in the field for some months that this condition of affairs was changed.

Laughable incidents of the lack of respect shown to officers in those early days might be related. When General Magruder was marching down the Peninsula at the head of a Confederate column, he halted at a farmhouse and ordered dinner. Entering the room where it had been served, he was amazed and indignant at finding one of his soldiers seated at the well-spread table, devouring the viands intended for himself.

"Sir!" thundered the general, as he drew his handsome figure up to its full height, "sir, do you know whose dinner you are eating?"

"No, I don't," replied the intruder, carelessly, as he refilled his plate. "And what's more, I don't care, so long as the victuals are clean."

General Magruder saw the point and retreated in good order, leaving the soldier to enjoy himself to his full content.

A Federal colonel, noticing that the sentinel in front of his tent omitted the usual salute due to his rank, called him to account.

"See here, Colonel," replied the soldier, "what good does it do you to have me present arms every durned time you take a no-

tion to cross my beat? Aint you kinder putting on airs?"

It was often necessary to speak sharply to some laggard in the ranks while at drill, and, on one occasion, an officer had to pay special attention to one in his company with whom he had been on terms of social intimacy when there was no thought of war in the land. Finally, exasperated by what he deemed to be a deliberate attempt to mortify him, the soldier shouted out:

"Tom Wyncote, just you wait until we break ranks, and I'll give you one of the greatest lickings you ever got in your life."

A few months later, Captain Tom would have sent his friend to the guard-house. As it was, he laughed with the rest of the company, and explained that he had intended to exercise no special tyranny. The offender against military etiquette saw his error, and, being ashamed of himself, paid stricter attention to duty, and rose to high rank before the close of the war.

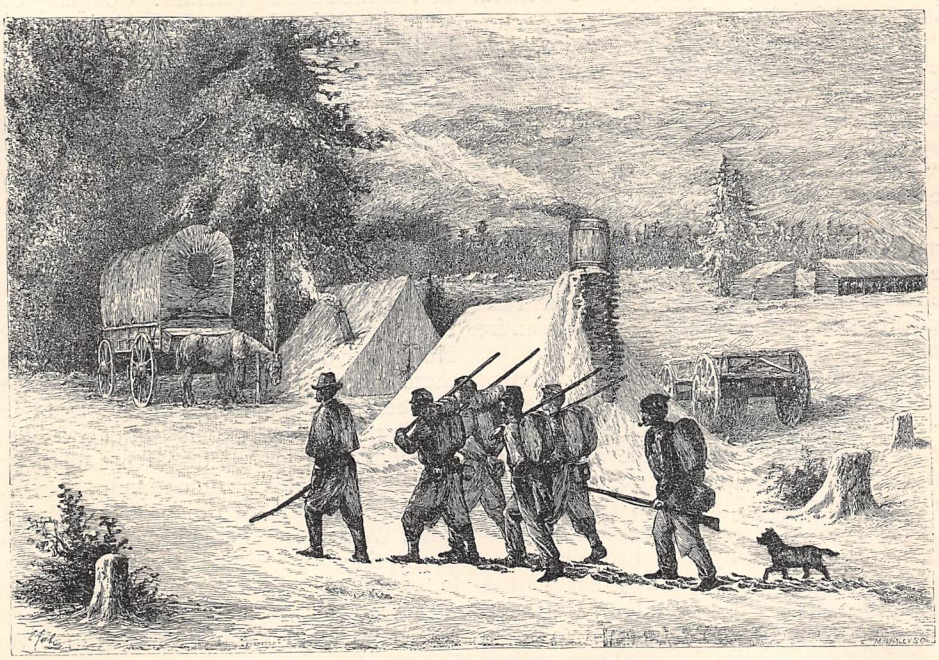
A Confederate private in the Louisiana Guards was sharply reprimanded by his superior officer, whose social rank he deemed beneath his own.

"It's all very well for you, George Weatherly, to talk to me that way now," he exclaimed, wrathfully; "you wouldn't dare to do it if we were in New Orleans without that lace on your cuff."

The officer was brave enough, for, forgetting his position, he pulled off his coat, saying: "There, Frank Peyton, I don't wear lace on my shirt-sleeves. Come on!"

The two men were just beginning to spar at each other, when their cooler comrades separated them and pointed out the folly of the proceeding.

The time soon came, however, when the men who carried the musket were as great sticklers for military etiquette as their officers, resenting any neglect on the part of the latter in returning salutes. In some regiments the discipline was so strict that men on post as sentinels were on the alert to discover any delinquency of their superiors. At Federal Hill, Baltimore, Colonel (afterward General) Warren gave orders to his Zouave guards that only officers in uniform were to be admitted into camp. One bright Sunday morning in August, 1861, General Dix, who commanded the troops guarding the city, walked over from Fort McHenry attired in an old linen duster, instead of the brass-buttoned and velvet-cuffed coat belonging to his rank. Attempting to pass the line of sentries, in company with an aide, the old general was amused at finding a musket barring his passage, while the aide, with his glittering shoulder-straps, was permitted to enter.



THE RETURN FROM PICKET DUTY.

"Why do you stop me, my man?" inquired the general, quietly.

"My orders are only to admit officers in uniform," was the reply.

NEWSPAPERS IN CAMP.

"But don't you see that this is General Dix?" exclaimed the aide, angrily.

"Well, between you and me, Major," said the Zouave, his eyes twinkling with amusement, "I see very well who it is, but if General Dix wants to get into this camp he had better go back and put on his uniform."

"You are quite right, sentry," remarked the general. "I'll go back and get my coat."

An hour afterward the general, in full uniform, approached the camp, and, allowing the guard reserve to be called out, accepted the salute due his rank and position, and the incident increased his admiration for the entire command.

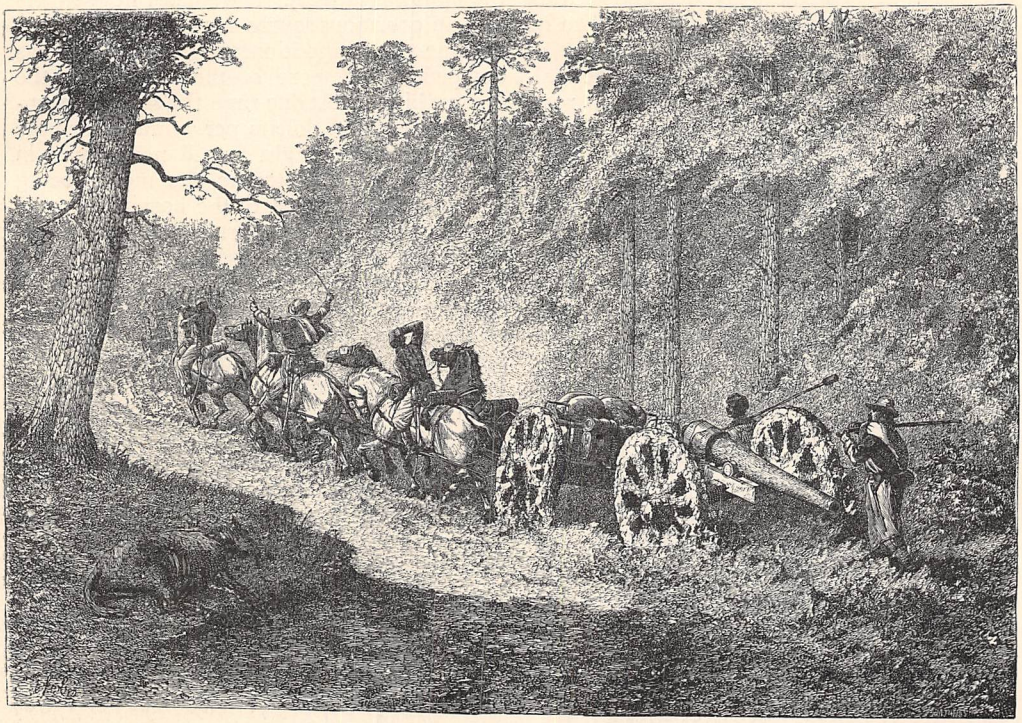
At Yorktown the same Zouave regiment performed guard duty at the head-quarters of the commanding general. One day, as a test, General McClellan, while bareheaded and without his uniform coat, passed and repassed the sentinel near his tent, only to find that the soldier paid no heed to his presence. Demanding why the customary salute was not given, he was informed that sentries in that regiment did not salute a general or any other officer who happened to be in his shirt-sleeves. The reply delighted General McClellan and gained promotion for the educated soldier.

Camp life afforded many pleasures. The mails being regular, news from loved ones at home delighted the hearts of the way-worn and battle-scarred veterans. Company cooks were in their glory among their pans and kettles, the cry "Fall in for soup" sounding merrily in the ears of men tired of munching dry hard-tack or frying soaked biscuits in melted pork fat. The coffee was more abundant in quantity and better in quality, so the soldier's stomach was satisfied. Camp amusements had but little variety, but they were thoroughly enjoyed. Reading was a passion with most men, and books went the rounds until they were worn out by constant use. Newspapers were always plentiful, the army newsboys being a decided feature at the front. No sooner did an army halt within reach of these enterprising fellows than they were to be seen galloping from brigade to brigade, distributing daily papers to eager buyers. Searching first for the dispatches relating the movements of his own command, the soldier turned next to learn tidings from other sections. With what delight the veterans read descriptions of actions they had taken part in, and woe to the unfortunate correspondent who chanced to make a blunder; he received no mercy from these stern and intelligent critics. Army newsboys were always ready to face danger while endeavoring to carry their bundles of papers into the lines. A bright young fellow started one morning from Harper's Ferry to join the troops assembling in the Shenandoah Valley under

Sheridan. He had scarcely descended from the heights at the back of the town, when he found himself closely pursued by a party of Mosby's guerillas. Mile after mile he galloped over the hard, macadamized road toward Charlestown, clinging to his bundles of papers and hearing a bullet whistle by his ears now and again as he proceeded. He finally escaped capture by the fleetness of his horse, but the soldiers were puzzled by finding their papers full of holes where the Confederate bullets had left their marks. Such adventures were, however, so common that neither soldier nor newsboy thought much about them. Newspapers formed a bond of fellowship between Eastern and Western armies, for from the daily journals they gleaned the news of each other's movements. The intelligence that Sherman's troops had reached the sea-coast came one evening to the Army of the Potomac in the columns of a Washington journal, and as the newsboys galloped along the lines of entrenchments before Petersburg they were followed by tumultuous cheers, until it seemed as if the whole army was uttering one mighty shout of gladness. The Confederate pickets, hearing the cheers, were anxious to ascertain the cause, and, when informed, a deep silence fell on Lee's lines. There was scarcely any musketry that night, and not a single piece of artillery disturbed the slumbers of the opposing armies. The sale of newspapers was an enormous source of profit, and so keen became the competition, the Government was compelled to dispose of the privilege to the highest bidder. At one time the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars per annum was paid for the exclusive right to sell newspapers in the Army of the Potomac, the money being devoted to the benefit of the hospitals.

Going into winter quarters was to the veteran what holiday time is to the school-boy. First of all there was the feeling that you were settled down for a time, the prospect of a long and much-needed rest, with an increase of personal comfort. The dreary boxes of hard bread were exchanged for broad sheets of fresh loaves from the Government bakeries. The sutler and the paymaster arrived, and every table groaned with simple but high-priced luxuries. Hut-building grew into an art. A few men of mechanical instincts would explore the woods in search of all sorts of odd-shaped roots and branches, creating out of these unpromising materials specimens of rustic work remarkable for neatness in design. Usually the huts were built of rough logs, split in half to give the interior walls a finish. Shelter tents were stretched over the rafters, the chinks between the logs were stopped with wet clay, and a chimney completed the edifice. Six men formed a mess, shelf-like bunks

TRAFFIC BETWEEN THE LINES DURING A TRUCE.



THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

affording sleeping space at either end. In the center stood a cracker-board table, with a few stools or a couple of chairs made out of flour barrels. The muskets and equipments hung on pegs on either side of the door, which was made of canvas on a frame, or the universal resource, a cracker-box. In these snug huts the men forgot their trials and privations, and enjoyed the simple pleasures at their command. Chess, checker, and backgammon boards were obtained from the sutler or manufactured, and it was a poor hut that could not boast of a pack of well-thumbed cards. These games served to relieve the tedium of winter life, for in stormy weather there was not much drilling and very little fatigue duty. A great deal of pipe-carving was done, the roots of laurel being abundant, while the ambitious devoted their leisure to inventing patent machines. One of the most valuable agricultural implements now in the market owes its origin to a soldier mechanic, who completed the details in a winter hut.

Musicians were a great feature of winter camp-life. It mattered little what the instrument was as long as it made music. Violins, flutes, banjos, and the sonorous accordeon were to be found in every regiment. Round the instrumentalist clustered the vocalists, *al fresco* concerts being frequently given in the presence of appreciative audiences and huge, roaring fires. And these performers were ambitious in their efforts. I once heard the Anvil Chorus sung in fair Italian to the accompaniment of an orchestra that only boasted one bit of brass, a battered cornet. There were plenty of drums, and a neighboring battery furnished the anvil and sledges. Sometimes a shade of sadness would be cast over the rough assemblage as some favorite song would recall a noted singer who during the previous summer had found a soldier's grave on the battlefield. When books were scarce, readers would be appointed to read a volume of Bulwer, or Scott, or Dickens, the hut being full on such occasions. The rule about extinguishing lights at taps was seldom enforced while in winter quarters, and many a pleasant hour was passed in listening to the voice of a good reader.

Outdoor sports were not overlooked, being encouraged by thoughtful officers for the healthful exercise they afforded. Snow-ball battles were frequent, and it sometimes happened that whole brigades had a merry fight with these missiles; the strategy displayed was often of a high order, showing how well the soldiers were studying their trade. As a rule gambling was forbidden; the vice, indeed, was seldom indulged in, for men preferred sending their slender and hard-earned pay to those at home, instead of wasting it at cards. Letter-writing was a daily occupation, and

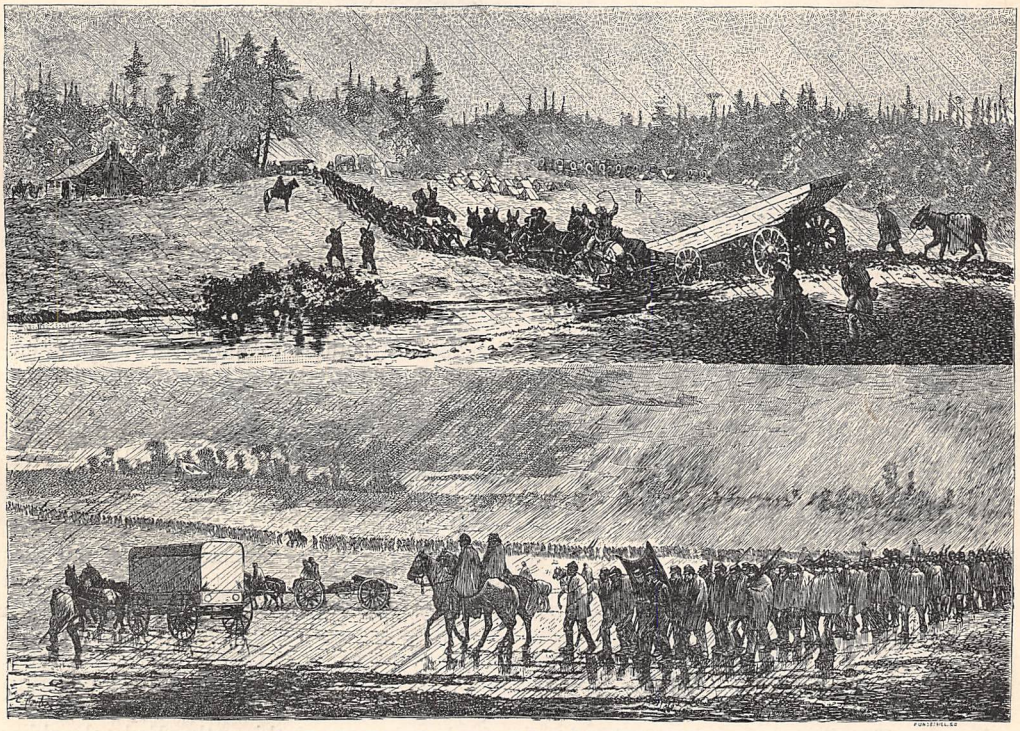
the outgoing mails were always heavy. Home was the central thought, the longing to return there unconquerable, a stern feeling of duty alone keeping the armies together.

Some men were constantly engaged in beautifying their temporary dwellings, inventing new conveniences each succeeding day. Others were noticeable for the care they took of their arms and equipments, constantly polishing buttons and belt-plates, or burnishing gun-barrel and bayonet. A few practiced the manual of arms, or diligently studied military tactics as laid down in the school of the battalion and brigade. It often happened that in a brigade movement an incorrect order would be given, the offending field-officer discovering his error by the murmurs of discontent among his men. Waggish colonels frequently pretended to make mistakes, but the soldiers were quick to detect them, and refused to obey the order. But there were men who could not appreciate the necessity for drill or the comfort of neatness. They were ready enough for battle or picket, and would fight with coolness when on the field; yet, while keeping their weapons in good working order and seeing that their ammunition was dry, they saw no need for further effort. This class was never content unless they were on active service, and gladly volunteered to take the place of some ailing comrade for picket, preferring the excitement of the outposts to the humdrum life in regimental camp, with its dull routine of drill and fatigue details.

Picket life was always enjoyable, especially in the early spring-time, when signs of an approaching campaign multiplied. The warm air, filled with fragrance by the budding trees and forest flowers, was an agreeable change, the sentinels along the exterior lines being alert and watchful. As the season advanced frequent exchanges of coffee and tobacco were made by the pickets. A stump midway between the opposing lines usually marked the place of meeting, and it was curious to watch Federals and Confederates gravely sitting round a rubber blanket amicably bartering their wares. A tea-cupful of ground coffee was the equivalent for a plug of tobacco, and when coffee failed hard-tack formed a convenient substitute. These soldiers seldom gave information about the armies, the subject being ignored; but the men eagerly compared notes about previous battles and campaigns, and were always delighted to meet Confederates belonging to commands they had fought against.

"What brigade do you belong to?" would be asked.

"Mahone's."



STUCK IN THE MUD. A FLANK MARCH ACROSS COUNTRY.

THE REAR OF THE COLUMN.

"Why, it was you fellows we charged on at Chancellorsville."

"Yes. And didn't we give it to you hot, though."

"Ah, that was because we could not use our artillery. You fellows fought well that day."

"So did you. It was a mighty hard fight while it lasted. How many cups of coffee have you got there?"

Thus did these American soldiers pay willing tribute to each other's prowess. Had the work of reconstruction been left to the fighting-men of the North and South, much of the bitterness of that period would have been avoided.

To the true soldier picket duty was a positive pleasure. The knowledge that in his hands rested the safety of the army made the most thoughtless grave. Slowly pacing his beat the sentinel listened to every sound, watched every movement. A scampering squirrel among the dead leaves, a twittering bird in the branches over his head, the robin hopping over the grass,—all were noticed in silence; but let a movement occur in the opposing line, and every musket was instantly cocked, while warning words ran rapidly along the chain of posts. A chance shot by some excited sentinel gaining an angry response, the whole line would soon be ablaze. Bullets whistled through the trees as the musketry grew in strength, and considerable ammunition would be wasted before orders came to stop firing. When the advance began, and the pickets received instructions to move forward and engage the enemy, every man ran to the line and work opened merrily. Night duty was naturally the most trying, for then there was the danger of surprise; but when the soldier was relieved he rolled himself in his blanket and slept calmly, knowing that his comrades were watching over him in their turn.

The long marches incident to campaigns were very trying, even to the artillery and cavalry, who had horses to assist in carrying their burdens. For the infantry a march meant an amount of fatigue only appreciated by those that have endured it. Compelled to rely upon himself for the transportation of food and extra clothing, the Federal soldier maintained the pace, though he frequently carried ten days' rations, a canteen of water, a twelve-pound musket, and eighty rounds of ball-cartridge. To this were added a piece of shelter tent and a change of under-clothing. Twenty miles was an ordinary day's work, but it often happened that a corps was compelled to cover twice that distance. The Antietam and Gettysburg campaigns were notable for the long and painful marches performed by both Federal and Confederate columns, though the latter found them less difficult, as they carried fewer supplies. Once on the move, an army never heeded the weather. Tramping over roads ankle-deep in dust, and under a burning sun, the men toiled uncom-

plainingly, their throats parched with thirst and their faces bathed in sweat. In rain that drenched them to the skin they splashed through mud in open country, clambered over mountain passes or trod the meadow-grass out of sight. Pushing through villages, fording streams, clattering over bridges, on they pressed, anxious and eager to meet the foe. Foot-sore and weary after a forced march, it only needed a sharp roll of musketry in front, or the boom of artillery on the flanks, to stiffen every muscle and gather up the laggards. In a moment the line was ready for battle. When the bugles sounded the halt, how gladly the veterans built fires, erected shelters, and prepared supper. The pickets told off, the main body slumbered as only tired soldiers can sleep. Most men took a pride in holding their places in the ranks, but a rapid movement naturally threw out the foot-sore and ailing, who limped painfully after their more fortunate comrades, in company with the incorrigible and persistent straggler. Men who in time of peace could not be induced to exert themselves when ill or in pain, would on a campaign persist in dragging their blistered and swollen feet over the rough ground in hopes of being able to get forward in time for the threatening engagement. This class of men entertained for the habitual straggler a detestation they were not slow to express, though it had very little effect upon the vagabonds who thus lingered at the heels of the army. A few of these confirmed stragglers were brave enough when a battle began, and usually managed to reach their command as it went into action; but the majority were simply skulkers, for whom very little mercy or consideration was shown by the untiring and remorseless provost-guards as they came up sweeping before them all the human débris behind the army. When a soldier became a confirmed straggler, the habit seemed incurable; and no sooner did a corps get fairly on the move than these idle fellows disappeared. They haunted farm-houses in search of food, and too often for useless plunder, rendering themselves a nuisance and a terror to the inhabitants. While endeavoring to escape from the irksome movement in column, the straggler frequently did twice as much tramping as the more orderly troops accomplished.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

"Coffee-coolers," as these stragglers were commonly called, from their habit of bivouacking in convenient fence corners and nooks among the trees, were possessed by that vagabondish instinct which impels so many men to become tramps in the present day. Lazy and impatient of control, the confirmed coffee-cooler was irreclaimable. In camp he performed his military duty in a perfunctory and unwilling manner, the fear of punishment alone keeping him from open rebellion. Too cowardly to desert in the field, he hung on the skirts of the army, while it was on the march, shirking the picket-line and the battle-field, thus leaving the better men the task of meeting the enemy. Coffee-cooling, as a habit, grew upon a man as does the love of intoxicating liquor, and once it fastened itself upon him, the coffee-cooler, like the drunkard, was beyond all hope. They were jolly fellows, however, in their way, these coffee-coolers, ever fond of a song or a good story with which to while away the time. One song had as many verses to it as there were regiments in the field. A single stanza will suffice to show the real object of coffee-cooling:

"Boil coffee on a rail
Over a fire in the gale—
Ain't I glad to get out of the regiment!"

This was the sole aspiration of the straggling, wandering, idle vagabond,—to get out of the regiment. That accomplished, he was in his

element, and lived a sort of gypsy life until driven by hunger or the provost-guard back to duty.

In the rear of a column were also to be found the head-quarter wagons and pack-mules. Loaded with officers' baggage, and supplies to their full strength, these mules plodded patiently beside their attendants, while occasionally a field-piece with disabled team labored painfully over the road, sadly out of place. In the distance ahead glistened the muskets of the troops in line, with frequent glimpses of silken banner or pennon, as they fluttered in the faint breeze. In front it was all martial pomp and glory, in the rear clusters of hobbling men or wearied animals, while beside them sauntered a score or two of idle scamps, loitering beyond the reach of military discipline. Hark! There booms a cannon, and the sharp rattle of musketry follows. In an instant the scene changes. The foot-sore forget their blisters, the sick their weakness, and all hurry forward. The mules begin bellowing as they are led into the fields, and the provost-guards drive up the stragglers. More cannon give tongue, the rolling musketry grows heavier and stronger, showing that warm work has already begun. The road is suddenly empty and silent, the army gains fresh strength, and the battle progresses furiously.

In the Western armies the bummer was a peculiar feature. Sherman skillfully used this class, for they foraged for the main body while it made its great march to the sea. Mounted on nondescript, hammer-headed horses, their muskets slung carelessly over their rude saddles, these bummers scoured the country for supplies, and it must be admitted that they did not disdain to search for hidden riches. These men seemed to discover buried property by instinct, and many a Southern housewife was agonized at seeing her silver spoons and tea-pot dug out of the garden beds before her door. Reckless of danger, these Western bummers carried terror and dismay wherever they appeared, though they sometimes paid dearly for their temerity, a short shrift and a rope over the nearest branch being their fate when captured.

The question has been often asked, "How do soldiers feel when in battle?" and it is one difficult to answer. A long experience among veterans in the ranks leads the writer to believe that the emotion experienced in going under fire is much the same with all men. To the raw recruit the crash of small arms and the roar of cannon were simply appalling; he felt that he was going forward to certain death. With pale cheeks and clenched teeth he held his place, determined to do his duty as best he might. If very much excited, he loaded his musket, and, forgetting to put on the necessary percussion-cap, went through the motion of firing, only to ram a fresh cartridge on top of the first one, when, for the first

BUMMERS.

GOING INTO ACTION.

time using a cap, he was incontinently knocked down by the tremendous recoil of his gun, and believed he was badly wounded. Instances are known where muskets have been found on battle-fields containing six or seven cartridges. Finally the green soldier discovers that he is not hurt, and that everybody does not get killed in an engagement, so he regains confidence and passes successfully through his baptism of fire.

To the veteran it is far different. He knows too well that every battle reduces the average chance of his escape, yet so habituated has he become to rattling fusillades and desperate charges, he scarcely heeds the danger surrounding him. The shriek of the shells over his head, the buzz of the bullets past his ear, are now familiar sounds; and trusting to the chances of war, the infantryman fires rapidly with his musket, or the artillery-man calmly rams home another charge of grape and canister as his battery opens at close range on an advancing body of the enemy. All men are naturally afraid of death, but the trained and experienced soldier learns to keep down that fear, and nonchalantly do whatever is required of him.

Many humorous incidents occurred on battle-fields. A Confederate colonel ran ahead of his regiment at Malvern Hill, and discovering that the men were not following him as closely as he wished, he uttered a fierce oath, and exclaimed:

"Come on! Do you want to live forever?"

The appeal was irresistible, and many a poor fellow who had laughed at the colonel's queer exhortation laid down his life soon after.

A shell struck the wheel of a Federal field-piece toward the close of the engagement at Fair Oaks, and, shivering the spokes, dismantled the cannon.

"Well, isn't it lucky that didn't happen before we used up all our ammunition," remarked one of the artillerists as he crawled from beneath the gun.

When General Pope was falling back before Lee's advance in the Virginia Valley, his own soldiers thought his bulletins and orders somewhat strained in their rhetoric. At one of the numerous running engagements that marked that disastrous campaign, a private in one of the Western regiments was mortally wounded by a shell. Seeing the man's condition, a chaplain knelt beside him, and opening his Bible at random read about Samson's slaughter of the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. He had not quite finished when, as the story runs, the poor fellow interrupted the reading by saying:

"Hold on, Chaplain. Don't deceive a

dying man. Isn't the name of John Pope signed to that?"

A column of troops was pushing forward over the long and winding road in Thoroughfare Gap to head off Lee after his retreat across the Potomac at the close of the Gettysburg campaign. Suddenly the signal-officer who accompanied the general in command discovered that some of his men, posted on a high hill in the rear, were reporting the presence of a considerable body of Confederate troops on top of the bluffs to the right. A halt was at once sounded, and the leading brigade ordered forward to uncover the enemy's position. The regiments were soon scrambling up the steep incline, officers and men gallantly racing to see who could reach the crest first. A young lieutenant and some half dozen men gained the advance, but at the end of what they deemed a perilous climb, they were thrown into convulsions of laughter at discovering that what the signal men took for Confederate troops were only a tolerably large flock of sheep. As the leaders in this forlorn hope rolled on the grass in a paroxysm of merriment, they laughed all the louder at seeing the pale but determined faces of their comrades, who, of course, came up fully expecting a desperate hand-to-hand struggle.

It is perhaps needless to add that the brigade supped on mutton that evening.

As the army was crossing South Mountain the day before the battle of Antietam, General McClellan rode along the side of the moving column. Overtaking a favorite Zouave regiment, he exclaimed with his natural *bonhomie:*

"Well, and how is the Old Fifth this evening?"

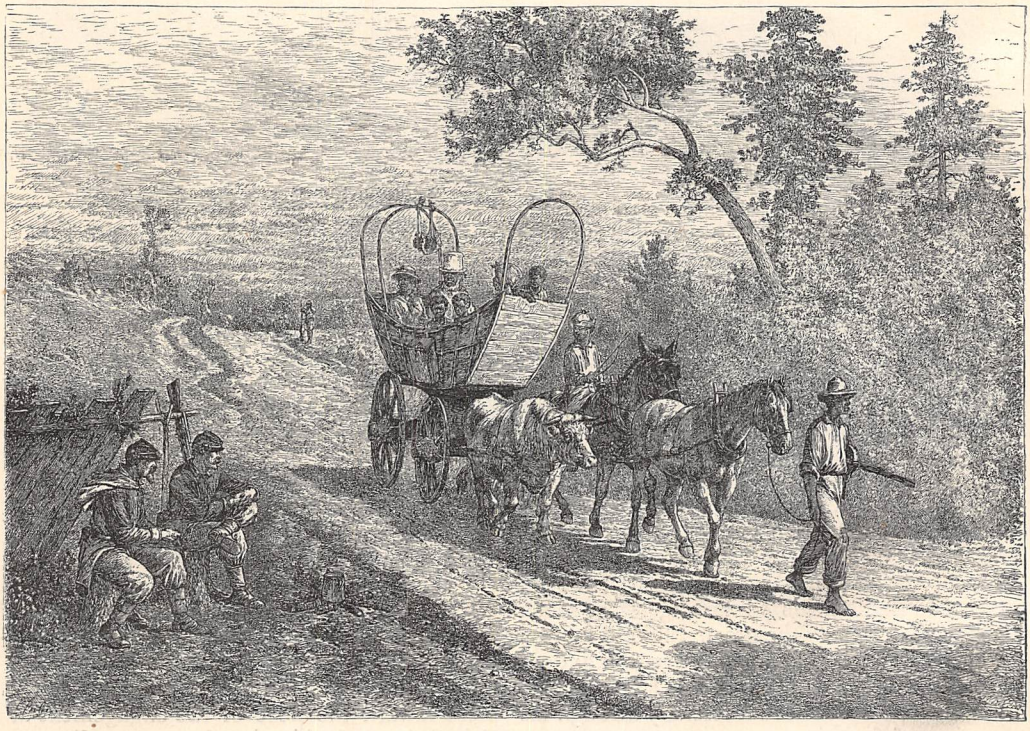
"First-rate, General," replied one of the Zouaves. "But we'd be better off if we weren't living so much on supposition."

"Supposition?" said the general in a puzzled tone. "What do you mean by that?"

"It's easily explained, sir. You see we expected to get our rations yesterday, but as we didn't, we're living on the supposition that we did."

"Ah, I understand; you shall have your rations, Zou Zous, to-night," replied the general, putting spurs to his horse to escape the cheers of the regiment. And he kept his promise.

It was after the Antietam campaign that President Lincoln visited the army and made a running sort of review, each regiment standing to arms at its own camp to receive him. This same Zouave regiment had suffered terribly, and the President spoke to General



CONTRABANDS COMING INTO THE LINES.

McClellan about the slender appearance of the battalion.

"Oh, the Zou Zous are all right," remarked the general. "They can whip the devil round a stump any time."

"It would be a very small stump, then," replied the President, "or the devil would soon get away from them."

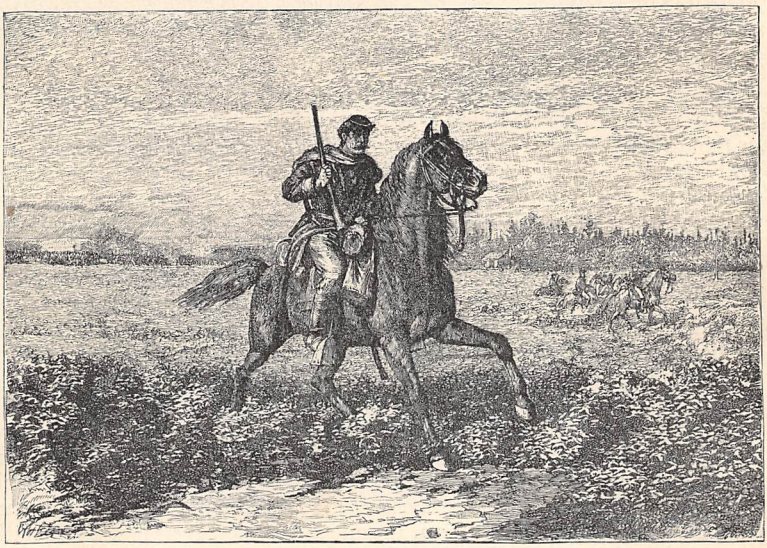
Toward the close of the siege of Petersburg a very large number of the men composing General Finnegan's Florida brigade deserted from Lee's lines. The fact became so noticeable that the Federal pickets took it up, and used to shout across the line:

"Say, Johnny, send General Finnegan over here. We want him badly."

"What for?" innocently inquired a Confederate soldier one day, on hearing the absurd request for the first time.

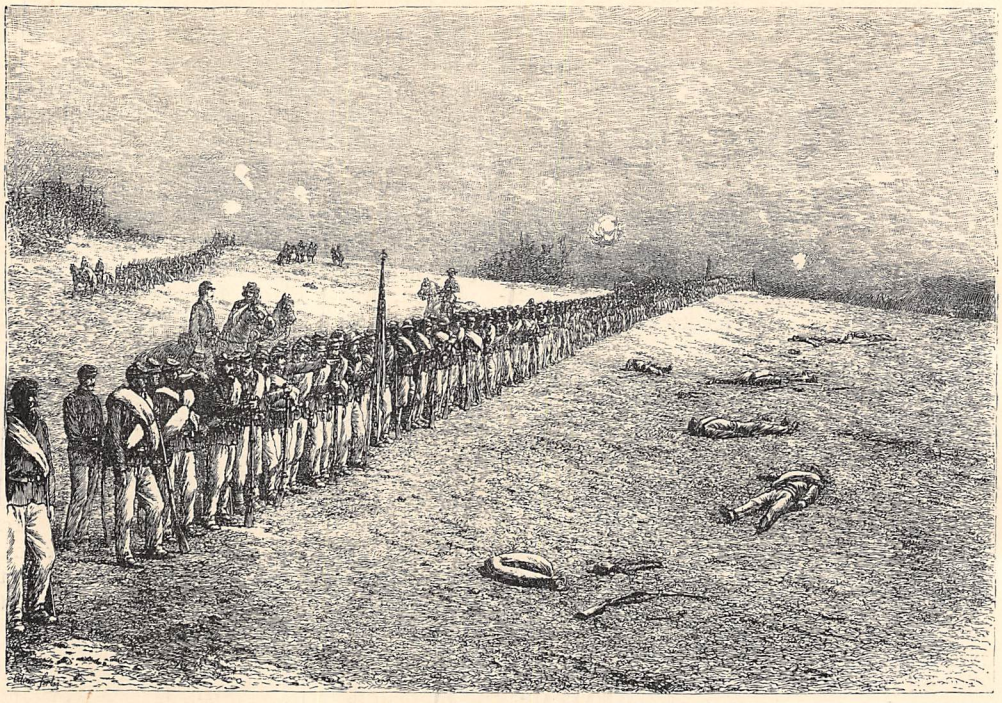
"What for! Why, to take command of his brigade, to be sure. It's nearly all over here now."

Every general of prominence had a nickname bestowed upon him by his troops. Some of these names were of a sarcastic nature, but usually they indicated the confidence of the men in their leaders or their admiration for them. General Grant was commonly known over the watch-fires in the Army of the Potomac as "Old United States," from the initials of his name, but sometimes he was called "Old Three Stars," that number indicating his rank as lieutenant-general. McClellan was endeared to his army as "Little Mac." Meade, who wore spectacles, was delighted to learn that the soldiers had named him "Four-eyed George," for he knew it was not intended as a reproach. Burnside, the colonel of the First Rhode Island regiment, rose to the dignity of "Rhody" when he became a general. Hooker never liked the sobriquet of "Fighting Joe," though he always lived up to it during his career in the field. Pope was saddled with the title of "Saddle-bag John," in memory of his famous order about head-quarters being on horseback. His men used to say that their head-quarters moved pretty rapidly at times. Sigel, the German general, was known in the other corps as "Dutchy." Hancock won the brevet of "Superb," from a remark made by General Meade at Gettysburg, when the Second Corps repulsed Longstreet's men. Humphrey, being a distinguished engineer, was invariably styled "Old Mathematics." The Pennsylvania Reserves used to call Crawford "Physics," he being a surgeon at the beginning of his military career. Logan, with his long black hair and dark complexion, was "Black Jack" with his men. Sheridan, the cavalry leader, was "Little Phil," and Sherman's troops spoke of him as "Old Tecumseh." The sterling nature and steadfast purpose of Thomas earned for him the significant and familiar name of "Old Reliable." Alexander McDowell McCook, like Hooker, was called "'Fighting' McCook." The New York City regiments in the Fifth Corps changed Sykes to "Syksey." Halleck was derisively nicknamed "Old Brains," and Rosecrans had his name shortened to "Rosey." Lew Wallace was "Louisa" to the soldiers under his command; he was a great favorite for his fighting qualities, and the soldiers adopted that inappropriate name for want of a better. Kearney, who had left an arm in Mexico, was invariably known in the ranks as "One-armed Phil." Butler was styled "Cockeye," for obvious reasons. Kilpatrick was nicknamed "Kill," while Custer was called "Ringlets," on account of his long, flowing curls; and so the catalogue might be prolonged indefinitely.



THE CAVALRY SKIRMISH LINE.

Among the Confederates familiar nicknames were not so common as with the Federals. The soldiers of the Army of Northern



THE HALT OF THE LINE OF BATTLE.

Virginia usually spoke of General Lee as "Bob Lee." Little Mahone was best known as "Skin and Bone." Early was called "Bad Old Man," and Jackson will live in history as "Stonewall."

With very few exceptions, the Federal generals commanding armies, corps, or divisions were favorites with their men. There were degrees, however, in the enthusiasm displayed by the soldiers for their leaders. McClellan was the idol of his troops so long as he remained in the field, and even to this day many a middle-aged man feels his heart grow warm when "Little Mac's" name is mentioned. General McClellan possessed that personal magnetism which distinguished Napoleon; and had his nature been as cold-blooded as that of the Corsican, there can be no question that McClellan would have been the most successful general on the Federal side. His face was a peculiarly engaging one, and when he galloped along the line of a corps, his cap lifted high in the air in acknowledgment of the salutes of his men, every soldier in the ranks seemed to feel that the general had recognized him individually. He was constantly looking after the comfort of his troops, and many anecdotes could be related of his checking his horse to secure attention for some wounded or foot-sore soldier. The objects of his pity never forgot the incident, and as they multiplied during a campaign the men's admiration and enthusiasm increased. The day he was finally relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac was a sorrowful one for the veterans of the Peninsular and Antietam campaigns, and he left the field regretted by every officer and man in the ranks.

Grant, silent and grave, seldom awoke enthusiasm among his soldiers, although they entertained for him a sincere regard and high respect; for they learned in time that this taciturn man, who rode over battle-grounds without a sword, chewing an unlighted cigar in his powerful jaws, was a true leader, and, indeed, a great soldier. Knowing Grant to be resolute and tenacious, the rank and file fought under his command with steadiness and courage, appreciating the fact that every blow they struck would be followed by others equally strong and efficacious. Though the hero of Vicksburg and Appomattox seldom noticed the salutes of his men, it was evident that he appreciated them, and in these days of peace no general is more fond of recalling the good feeling that existed between him and the war-worn veterans he led so often to victory.

Sherman was a good deal like McClellan in his anxiety for the welfare of the soldiers under him, and he was very happy in the manner of receiving their salutations. Nervous by nature, he was impetuous and easily an-

gered, but under his faded and threadbare uniform beat a warm and tender heart. Recognizing the pregnant fact that war is necessarily cruel, he never hesitated to push his men forward in the face of a withering fire, but he was always ready on occasion to accompany the advancing line, being then cool and collected, though his face would be all aglow with the excitement of the moment. The Western armies loved "Old Tecumseh," and no man is more heartily welcomed at the annual reunions nowadays than General Sherman.

Thomas resembled Grant in his intercourse with his men, being steady and sedate, but a most vigorous fighter. He hated scenes, but under his calm exterior the knowledge that the troopers liked and respected him made his heart glad. When he first heard that his men had given him the sobriquet of "Old Reliable," his features relaxed, and a pleasant, gratified smile showed that he appreciated the compliment at its true value.

Meade was a great favorite, whether at the head of a division, corps, or the Army of the Potomac. Soldierly in his attire, he always appeared to advantage when mounted, and his graceful way of acknowledging the greetings of his men sometimes rendered them tumultuous. No general on the Federal side equaled him in wording bulletins. McClellan had a dashing Napoleonic style that was very captivating, but Meade adopted a far different method, for he took the troops into his confidence; told them that he relied more on their bravery and steadiness than his own generalship; asked them to do their best, and victory was certain. There is no question that the field of Gettysburg was won because every man who carried a musket had been told by his general that it was the soldiers' battle. That Meade was a favorite is shown by the nickname he was given by the army.

Sheridan was a *beau sabreur*, and managed to win the confidence and love of his troops. Passionate to the extreme, this brilliant soldier was sometimes harsh and often rude to his officers, but to the men in the ranks, collectively, he was always indulgent, though a strict disciplinarian.

Burnside was beloved by the Old Ninth Corps, but the disastrous result of his single battle while commander of the Army of the Potomac was fatal, and he failed to win more than respect from the whole body.

Hancock was the darling of the Old Second Corps, and a great favorite with the entire army. Those who have seen only the recent portraits of Hancock can have no proper conception of his appearance in the field. Spare in frame, and looking tall in the saddle, his tanned face was set off by a heavy mustache and goatee. Since the war "Winfield" has grown handsomer with his gray hair and shaven face, but in many a humble home throughout the land the old war photograph of the Second Corps leader is cherished by the veteran of that famous corps. Courteous in manner, dignified in appearance, and prompt in action, he was always successful, being followed by his men with a devotion seldom paralleled in the annals of the war.

Sedgwick much resembled Thomas in his intercourse with the soldiers serving under him, and the love of his men was shown by their erecting, at West Point, a splendid statue to his memory. Warren — nervous and excitable — never so well satisfied as when moving up under fire — was, nevertheless, careful of his men, and was proud to know that they sometimes spoke of him as "Gouv." Logan, with his dark face and coal-black hair, could always move forward on the field, feeling sure that his men would follow with confidence and fight desperately. Kilpatrick and Custer were never so happy as when on a raid. Moving swiftly, they gloried in striking the enemy and carrying confusion into their ranks. Both were idolized by their men, and for the same reasons — a total disregard of personal safety. Charging at the head of the column, these gallant cavalry leaders exulted in the excitement of the hour and the desperate nature of the movement. Custer's heroic death at the battle of the Big Horn is a signal proof of his headlong courage and the willingness of his men to follow him to the bitter end, under the most discouraging circumstances.

The impudence of American soldiers was very noticeable. One day, as General McClellan was riding through the camps at Yorktown, he was greeted with the salutation of "How are you, Ge — orge?" The general laughed at the incident and probably soon forgot it. But imagine a German soldier addressing Von Moltke in such fashion.

Army teamsters were never appreciated at their true value by soldiers in the field, for it was the general opinion that "any fool could drive mules." Those who tried the experiment found that the teamster's office was not a sinecure. The successful handling of six stubborn, pugnacious brutes, as army mules invariably were, required a degree of patience and an amount of skill and will-power only to be developed by long experience. When the roads were dry and even, wagon-driving was a pastime, but when the trains reached mountain passes, or the roads became seas of mud after heavy rains, then the task was indeed no

joke. Mud, three feet deep, as tenacious as stiff clay could make it, rendered the movement of wagons and artillery a most difficult operation. The wheels were solid disks, the spokes and felloes being entirely hidden by the mass of mud they carried, and the labor for both men and animals was multiplied four-fold. Then the genius of the teamster was manifested. With a strange and inexhaustible vocabulary of oaths at his command, and armed with a formidable snake whip, the driver used both with startling and telling effect. The air, blue with shocking profanity, and the huge whip whistling cruelly as it descended on the backs of the quivering brutes, gave them new strength, and the mired vehicle soon emerged from its muddy bed. It was a leading article of faith among teamsters that mules could only be driven by constant cursing, and they lived up to that belief with rare constancy. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact, that whenever an attempt was made to drive a team of mules without indulgence in profanity it invariably proved a failure, because the animals had become so accustomed to that method of persuasion they would not move without it. Teamsters, as a class, were brave and untiring, rendering important service in their peculiar sphere of duty, but they got very little credit for it from the rank and file, being generally looked upon as men who were unwilling to fight. That they could fight, however, was often proved, for the teamsters frequently saved their trains from capture by their stubborn resistance when attacked. Every wagon carried a loaded musket and the weapons were often used with deadly effect.

Many a brave mule driver died like a hero in defending the property intrusted to his charge, though there was seldom any record of such bravery.

To see an ordnance train gallop up on the battle-field was an exhilarating sight, for then the teamsters were in their glory. Coming up on the trot the wagons would be wheeled into line as cleverly as if the men were moving field-pieces into position, and the mules appeared to enjoy the occasion as much as their drivers, for they strained every muscle and obeyed every command with remarkable docility.

Contrabands, as the negro refugees were called, were constantly coming into the Federal lines. Sometimes on foot, laden down with a miscellaneous collection of household goods of very little value to any one except the owner, the patient contraband would confidingly approach the pickets, taking it for granted that he would be welcome. Simple in nature, the negro would walk quietly up the road, and, seeing the sentinel, salute him respectfully with "Howdy, Massa?"

"What do you want?"

"Ise come in, sah; Ise wants to be contraban'."

"And what will you do after you come in?"

"I dunno, massa. Ise willin' to do 'most anyting."

That was it. He was willing to do anything so long as he gained that precious boon, his personal liberty.

Sometimes a whole family would apply for admission, the grandfather, the women, and children, seated in one of those nondescript vehicles to be seen only in the South. The wagon was frequently drawn by a miserable, half-starved mule and a cow, the ill-assorted animals pulling together in friendly but strange fashion. As soon as the word was given to pass on, the whole group invariably broke out with a joyful hymn celebrating their entrance into the promised land.

Cavalry duty was the most agreeable and exciting branch of the service, for the mounted soldier was always in the van of the army on a campaign, or hovering on the flanks when the enemy threatened an attack. Moving swiftly from point to point, these men passed through a dozen hard skirmishes in a single day. Now swooping down on a train and destroying it on the spot, now seizing the entrance to a mountain pass or fighting for its possession, now dashing across rivers and driving in the stubborn pickets to enable the engineers to lay a pontoon bridge, the cavalryman always found plenty of hot work cut out for him. And when the enemy was retreating, how tenaciously did the tireless cavalry hang on his rear, cutting off stragglers, capturing pieces of artillery, and sometimes charging on the rear guard. Picturesque in their movements, reckless in courage, and always ready for a brush, the cavalry was the admiration of the infantry and the envy of the artillery. The foot soldier wished he had a horse to carry him and his equipments, and the gunner wished he could move about more rapidly. The cavalry leaders were all dashing, impetuous men, and with old soldiers the names of Sheridan, Pleasanton, Kilpatrick, Averill, Dahlgren, Custer, Stoneman, Merritt, Wilson, Hampton, Stuart, Imboden, and Morgan were the synonyms for bravery and desperate gallantry.

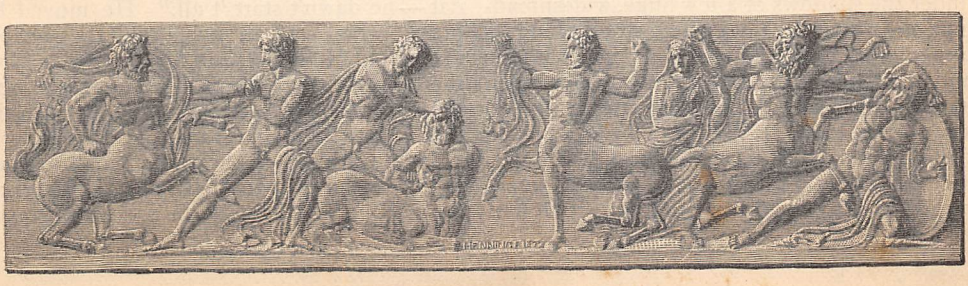
On the field of battle the American cavalry seldom made their appearance. At Gettysburg, Pleasanton and Kilpatrick made a swoop on Lee's right at the close of that desperate struggle, and the entire corps fought at Brandy Station at the beginning of that campaign. In the Shenandoah Valley the cavalry

did a wonderful amount of field service. Released by the siege of Petersburg, Sheridan carried his troopers to the Valley, and in every engagement used the cavalry at a critical point to swing round on Early's flanks and throw them into confusion. The cavalry charge at the battle of Winchester must be ranked as one of the most brilliant episodes of the war.

Mention has been made of the humorous incidents happening on battle-fields, but there was very little fun to be found in the ranks when the army was arrayed in line of battle. Then everybody was serious. Orders were given in a quiet tone and obeyed with celerity and in perfect silence. Here the private was of more importance than his officer, for on his courage and coolness rested the issue of the struggle. If the men in the ranks stood fast and used their weapons with proper effect, a victory would be won; if they failed to hold their ground, all was lost. The officers could only direct what should be done; the men were to execute it. Then there was the feeling among both officers and men that in the presence of the enemy they stood on one common plane as to danger. The bullets flying over their heads and the shells screaming and shrieking in mid-air paid no heed to rank. Brigadiers and colonels, captains and lieutenants, were no better here than the humblest private. One of the most trying positions for a soldier is the movement of a line during a battle. The men have probably been fighting hard all the morning, only to find the fire of the enemy gradually slackening and finally ceasing altogether. Skirmishers are thrown out and word comes that the opposing line has fallen back. Then orders are issued to move forward in line. Slowly, steadily, the several brigades step out, following their skirmish line over the fields, through woods, and across ravines and ditches, until at length the men catch a glimpse of the enemy's line where it has taken up advantageous ground. "Halt" comes ringing down the line, and as the men obey and drop the heels of their muskets on the soft earth, they peer curiously at their adversaries, knowing too well that the next minute will probably bring them into mortal combat. Silent and thoughtful, the soldiers lean on their rifles, their faces blackened with powder, or bleeding from some slight wound a veteran never heeds. They feel no great desire to go forward, but are perfectly ready and willing to do so if their general so decides. Each man in the long line knows that if an advance is made some of them will not see the sun set, and he cannot shake off the feeling that perhaps his turn has come to join the silent majority. Look down the line, and you will see many a face, which has been the life and soul of the camp, now serious enough, for, as the veteran gazes at the corpses scattered over the field, he realizes the awfulness of the occasion. Suddenly the bugles utter their shrill notes and the silent line moves forward. Batteries behind them open fire, and under cover of these shells the advance continues. Then, as they come within musket range, the enemy greets the advancing body with a blinding volley of musketry, and men fall dead and wounded in every direction, the survivors coolly closing up the ranks and leaving them behind, as the next moment they make a rush to seize the position. The musketry grows hotter and hotter, the cannonading fiercer and fiercer, until suddenly a ringing cheer rises above the roar and racket, telling that the movement has proved successful and the enemy are once more in retreat.

Instances of personal heroism were frequent in both Federal and Confederate armies. One of the commonest of these was the rescue of wounded comrades under fire, and it was a proof of the generosity of the combatants that, whenever such efforts were recognized, the musketry would slacken and both lines join in cheering the rescuers. Scarcely a battle occurred without a dozen or more of these attempts, most of them being successful, though it often happened that, instead of helping their comrades, the brave fellows ran to meet death, or like them to be stretched on the earth in an agony of pain. Such were some of the lights and shadows of army life on American battle-fields.

George F. Williams.



DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

LVI.

ALMOST IN SIGHT.

In St. Tammany Parish, on the northern border of Lake Pontchartrain, about thirty miles from New Orleans in a straight line across the waters of the lake, stood in time of the war, and may stand yet, an old house of the Creole colonial fashion, all of cypress from sills to shingles, standing on brick pillars ten feet from the ground, a wide veranda in front, and a double flight of front steps running up to it sidewise and meeting in a balustraded landing at its edge. Scarcely anything short of a steamer's roof or a light-house window could have offered a finer stand-point from which to sweep a glass round the southern semicircle of water and sky than did this stair-landing; and here, a long ship's-glass in her hands and the accustomed look of care on her face, faintly frowning against the glare of noonday, stood Mary Richling. She still had on the pine-straw hat, and the skirt, stirring softly in a breeze that had to come around from the north side of the house before it reached her, was the brown and olive homespun.

"No use," said an old, fat, and sun-tanned man from his willow chair on the veranda behind her. There was a slight palsied oscillation in his head. He leaned forward somewhat on a staff, and as he spoke his entire shapeless and nearly helpless form quaked with the effort. But Mary, for all his advice, raised the glass and swung it slowly from east to west.

The house was near the edge of a slightly rising ground close to the margin of a bayou that glided around toward the left from the woods at its back, and ran, deep and silent, under the shadows of a few huge, widespreading, moss-hung live-oaks that stood along its hither shore, laving their roots in its waters and throwing their vast green images upon its glassy surface. As the dark stream slipped away from these it flashed a little while in the bright open of a marsh, and, just entering the shade of a spectral cypress wood, turned as if to avoid it, swung more than half about, and shone sky-blue, silver, and green as it swept out into the unbroken sunshine of the prairie.

It was over this flowery savannah, broadening out on either hand and spreading far away until its bright green margin joined, with the perfection of a mosaic, the distant blue of the lake, that Mary, dallying a moment with hope, passed her long glass. She spoke with it still raised and her gaze bent through it:

"There's a big alligator crossing the bayou down in the bend."

"Yes," said the aged man, moving his flat, carpet-slippered feet a laborious inch, "alligator. Alligator not goin' take you 'cross lake. No use lookin'. 'Ow Peter goin' come when win' dead ahead? Can't do it."

Yet Mary lifted the glass a little higher, beyond the green, beyond the crimpling wavelets of the nearer distance that seemed drawn by the magical lens almost into her hand, out to the fine straight line that cut the cool blue below from the boundless blue above. Round swung the glass, slowly, waveringly, in her unpracticed hand, from the low cypress forests of Manchac on the west to the skies that glittered over the unseen marshes of the Rigolets on the farthest east.

"You see sail yondeh?" came the slow inquiry from behind.

"No," said Mary, letting the instrument down and resting it on the balustrade.

"Humph! No! Dawn't I tell you is no use look?"

"He was to have got here three days ago," said Mary, shutting the glass and gazing in anxious abstraction across the prairie.

The Spanish Creole grunted.

"When win' change — he goin' start. He dawn't start till win' change. Win' keep ligue dat — he dawn't start 't all." He moved his orange-wood staff an inch, to suit the previous movement of his feet, and Mary came and laid the glass on its brackets in the veranda, near the open door of a hall that ran through the dwelling to another veranda in the rear.

In the middle of the hall a small woman, as dry as the peppers that hung in strings on the wall behind her, sat in a rush-bottomed

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rocking-chair plaiting a palmetto hat, and with her elbow swinging a tattered manilla hammock in whose bulging middle lay Alice, taking her compulsory noonday nap. Mary came, expressed her thanks in sprightly whispers, lifted the child out, and carried her to a room. How had Mary got here?

The morning after that on which she had missed the cars at Canton she had taken a south-bound train for Camp Moore, the camp of the forces that had evacuated New Orleans, situated near the railway station of Tangipahoa, some eighty miles north of the captured city. Thence, after a day or two of unavoidable delay and of careful effort to know the wisest step, she had taken stage — a crazy ambulance — with some others, two women, three children, and an old man, and for two days had traveled through a beautiful country of red and yellow clays and sands below and murmuring pines above — vast colonnades of towering, branchless brown columns holding high their green, translucent roof, and opening up their wide, bright, sun-shot vistas of gentle, grassy hills that undulated far away under the balsamic forest and melted at length into luminous green unity and deer-haunted solitudes. Now she went down into richer bottom-lands, where the cotton and corn were growing tall and pretty to look upon, like suddenly grown girls, and the sun was beginning to shine hot. Now she passed over rustic bridges under posted warnings to drive slow or pay a fine, or through sandy fords across purling streams, hearing the monotone of some unseen mill-dam, or scaring the tall gray crane from his fishing or the otter from his pranks. Again she went up into leagues of clear pine forest with stems as straight as lances; meeting now a farmer and now a school-girl or two, and once a squad of scouts, ill-mounted, worse clad, and yet more sorrily armed; bivouacking with the jolly, tattered fellows, Mary and one of the other women singing for them, and the "boys" singing for Mary, and each applauding each about the pine-knot fire, and the women and children by and by lying down to slumber, in soldier fashion, with their feet to the brands, under the pines and the stars, while the gray-coats stood guard in the wavering fire-light; but Mary lying broad awake staring at the great constellation of the Scorpion, and thinking now of him she sought and now remorsefully of that other scout, that poor boy whom the spy had shot far away yonder to the north and eastward. Now she rose and journeyed again. Rare hours were those for Alice. They came at length into a low, barren land of dwarfed and scrawny pines, with here and there a marshy flat; thence through a narrow strip of hickories, oaks, cypresses, and dwarf palmetto, and so into beds of white sand and oyster-shells, and then into one of the villages on the north shore of Lake Pontchartrain.

Her many little adventures by the way, the sayings and doings and seeings of Alice, and all those little adroitnesses by which Mary from time to time succeeded in avoiding or turning aside the suspicions that hovered about her, and the hundred times in which Alice was her strongest and most perfect protection, we cannot pause to tell. But we give a few lines to one matter.

Mary had not yet descended from the ambulance at her journey's end; she and Alice only were in it; its tired mules were dragging it slowly through the sandy street of the village, and the driver was praising the milk, eggs, chickens, and genteel seclusion of Mrs. ——'s "hotel," at that end of the village toward which he was driving, when a man on horseback met them, and in passing raised his hat to Mary. The act was only the usual courtesy of the highway; yet Mary was startled, disconcerted, and had to ask the unobservant, loquacious driver to repeat what he had said. Two days afterward Mary was walking at the twilight hour in a narrow sandy road that ran from the village out into the country to the eastward. Alice walked beside her, plying her with questions. At a turn of the path, without warning, she confronted this horseman again. He reined up and lifted his hat. An elated look brightened his face.

"It's all fixed," he said. But Mary looked distressed, even alarmed.

"You shouldn't have done this," she replied.

The man waved his hand downward repressively, but with a countenance full of humor.

"Hold on. It's *still* my deal. This is the last time, and then I 'm done. Make a spoon or spoil a horn, you know. When you commence to do a thing, do it. Them's the words that's inscribed on my banner, as the felleh says; only I, Sam, aint got much banner. And if I sort o' use about this low country a little while for my health, as it were, and nibble around sort o' *pro bono pūblico*, takin' notes, why, you aint a-carin', is you? For wherefore shouldest thou?" He put on a yet more ludicrous look and spread his hand off at one side, working his outstretched fingers.

"Yes," responded Mary, with severe gravity; "I must care. You did finish at Holly Springs. I was to find the rest of the way as best I could. That was the understanding. Go away." She made a commanding gesture, though she wore a pleading look. He looked grave; but his habitual grimace stole through

his gravity and invited her smile. But she remained fixed. He gathered the rein and straightened up in the saddle.

"Yes," she insisted, answering his inquiring attitude; "go. I shall be grateful to you as long as I live. It wasn't because I mistrusted you that I refused your aid at Camp Moore or at —— that other place on this side. I don't mistrust you. But don't you see — you must see — it's your duty to see — that this staying and — and — foll — following — is — is — wrong." She stood, holding her skirt in one hand and Alice's hand in the other, not upright, but in a slightly shrinking attitude, and as she added once more, "Go; I implore you — go," her eyes filled.

"I will; I'll go," said the man, with a soft chuckle intended for self-abasement. "I go, thou goest, he goes. 'I'll skedaddle,' as the felleh says. And yit it do seem to me sorter like,—if my moral sense is worthy of any consideration, which is doubtful, may be,—seems to me like it's sort o' jumpin' the bounty for you to go and go back on an arrangement that's been all fixed up nice and tight, and when it's on'y jess to sort o' 'jump intoe the wagon' that's to call for you to-morrow sun-up, drove by a nigger boy, and ride a few mile' to a house on the bayou and wait there till a man comes with a nice little schooner and take you on bode and sail off, and 'good-bye, Sally,' and me never in sight from fust to last, 'and no questions axed.'"

"I don't reject the arrangement," replied Mary, with tearful pleasantness. "If you'll do as I say, I'll do as you say; and that will be final proof to you that I believe you're" — she fell back a step, laughingly — "'the clean sand!'" She thought the man would have perpetrated some small antic; but he did not. He did not even smile, but lifted the rein a little till the horse stepped forward, and, putting out his hand, said:

"Good-bye. You don't need no directions. Jess tell the lady where you' boardin' that you've sort o' consented to spend a day or two with old Adrien Sanchez, and get into the wagon when it comes for you." He let go her hand. "Good-bye, Alice." The child looked up in silence and pressed herself against her mother. "Good-bye," said he once more.

"Good-bye," replied Mary.

His eyes lingered as she dropped her own.

"Come, Alice," she said, resisting the little one's effort to stoop and pick a wild pea-blossom, and the mother and child started slowly back the way they had come. The spy turned his horse's head and moved still more slowly in the opposite direction. But before he had gone many rods he turned the animal's head again, rode as slowly back, and beside the spot where Mary had stood got down, and from the small imprint of her shoe in the damp sand took the pea-blossom, which, in turning to depart, she had unawares trodden under foot. He looked at the small crushed thing for a moment, and then thrust it into his bosom; but in a moment, as if by a counter impulse, drew it forth again, let it flutter to the ground, following it with his eyes, shook his head with an amused air, half of defiance and half of discomfiture, turned, drew himself into the saddle, and with one hand laid upon another on the saddle-bow and his eyes resting on them in meditation, passed finally out of sight.

HERE, then, in this lone old Creole cottage, Mary was tarrying, prisoner of hope, coming out at all hours of the day, and scanning the wide view, first with only her hand to shade her brow, and then with the old ship's-glass, Alice often standing by and looking up at this extraordinary toy with unspoken wonder. All that Mary could tell her of things seeable through it could never persuade the child to risk her own eye at either end of it. So Mary would look again and see, out in the prairie, in the morning, the reed birds, the marsh hen, the blackbirds, the sparrows, the starlings with their red and yellow epaulets, rising and fluttering and sinking again among the lilies and mallows, and the white crane, paler than a ghost, wading in the grassy shallows. She saw the ravening garfish leap from the bayou, and the mullet in shining hundreds spatter away to left and right; and the fisherman and the shrimp-catcher in their canoes come gliding up the glassy stream, riding down the water-lilies that rose again behind, and shook the drops from their crowns like water sprites. Here and there farther out she saw the little cat-boats of the neighboring village crawling along the edge of the lake, taking their timid morning cruises. And far away she saw the titanic clouds; but on the horizon, no sail.

In the evening she would see mocking-birds coming out of the savannah and flying into the live-oaks. A summer duck might dart from the cypresses, speed across the wide green level, and become a swerving, vanishing speck on the sky. The heron might come round the bayou's bend, and suddenly take fright and fly back again. The rattling king-fisher might come up the stream, and the blue crane sail silently through the purple haze that hung between the swamp and the bayou. She would see the gulls, gray and white, on the margin of the lake, the sun setting beyond its western end, and the sky and water turning all beautiful tints; and

every now and then, low down along the cool, wrinkling waters, passed across the round eye of the glass the broad, downward-curved wing of the pelican. But when she ventured to lift the glass to the horizon, she swept it from east to west in vain. No sail.

"Dawn't I tell you no use look? Peter dawn't comin' in day-time, nohow."

But on the fifth morning Mary had hardly made her appearance on the veranda, and had not ventured near the spy-glass yet, when the old man said:

"She rain back in swamp las' night; can smell."

"How do you feel, this morning?" asked Mary, facing around from her first glance across the waters. He did not heed.

"See dat win'?" he asked, lifting one hand a little from the top of his staff.

"Yes," responded Mary, eagerly; "why, it's—hasn't it—changed?"

"Yes, change' las' night 'fo' went to bed."

The old man's manner betrayed his contempt for one who could be interested in such a change, and yet not know when it took place.

"Why, then," began Mary, and started as if to take down the glass.

"What you doin'?" demanded its owner. "Better let glass 'lone; fool' wid him enough."

Mary flushed, and, with a smile of resentful apology, was about to reply when he continued:

"What you want glass for? Dare Peter' schooner—right dare in bayou. What want glass for? Can't see schooner hundred yard' off 'dout glass?" And he turned away his poor wabbling head in disgust.

Mary looked an instant at two bare, rakish yellow poles showing out against the clump of cypresses, and the trim little white hull and apple-green deck from which they sprung, then clasped her hands and ran into the house.

LVII.

A GOLDEN SUNSET.

Dr. Sevier came to Richling's room one afternoon, and handed him a sealed letter. The post-mark was blurred, but it was easy still to read the abbreviation of the State's name—Kentucky. It had come by way of New York and the sea. The sick man reached out for it with avidity from the large bed in which he sat bolstered up. He tore it open with unsteady fingers, and sought the signature.

"It's from a lawyer."

"An old acquaintance?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes," responded Richling, his eyes glancing eagerly along the lines. "Mary's in the Confederate lines!—Mary and Alice!" The hand that held the letter dropped to his lap. "It doesn't say a word about how she got through!"

"But *where* did she get through?" asked the physician. "Whereabouts is she now?"

"She got through away up to the eastward of Corinth, Mississippi. Doctor, she may be within fifty miles of us this very minute! Do you think they'll give her a pass to come in?"

"They may, Richling; I hope they will."

"I think I'd get well if she'd come," said the invalid. But his friend made no answer.

A day or two afterward—it was drawing to the close of a beautiful afternoon in early May—Dr. Sevier came into the room and stood at a window, looking out. Madame Zénobie sat by the bedside softly fanning the patient. Richling, with his eyes, motioned her to retire. She smiled and nodded approvingly, as if to say that that was just what she was about to propose, and went out, shutting the door with just sound enough to announce her departure to Dr. Sevier.

He came from the window to the bedside and sat down. The sick man looked at him with a feeble eye, and said, in little more than a whisper:

"Mary and Alice——"

"Yes?" said the Doctor.

"If they don't come to-night they'll be too late."

"God knows, my dear boy."

"Doctor——"

"What, Richling?"

"Did you ever try to guess——"

"Guess what, Richling?"

"*His* use of my life."

"Why, yes, my poor boy, I have tried. But I only make out its use to me."

The sick man's eye brightened.

"Has it been?"

The Doctor nodded. He reached out and took the wasted hand in his. It tried to answer his pressure. The invalid spoke.

"I'm glad you told me that before—before it was too late."

"Are you, my dear boy? Shall I tell you more?"

"Yes," the sick man huskily replied; "oh, yes."

"Well, Richling,—you know we're great cowards about saying such things; it's a part of our poor human weakness and distrust of each other, and the emptiness of words,—but—lately—only just here, very lately, I've learned to call the meekest, lovingest One that ever trod our earth, Master; and it's been your life, my dear fellow, that has taught me." He pressed the sick man's hand

slowly and tremulously, then let it go, but continued to caress it in a tender, absent way, looking on the floor as he spoke on.

"Richling, Nature herself appoints some men to poverty and some to riches. God throws the poor upon our charge — in mercy to *us*. Couldn't he take care of them without us if he wished? Are they not his? It's easy for the poor to feel, when they are helped by us, that the rich are a godsend to them; but they don't see, and many of their helpers don't see, that the poor are a godsend to the rich. They're set over against each other to keep pity and mercy and charity in the human heart. If every one were entirely able to take care of himself, we'd turn to stone." The speaker ceased.

"Go on," whispered the listener.

"That will never be," continued the Doctor. "God Almighty will never let us find a way to quite abolish poverty. Riches don't always bless the man they come to, but they bless the world. And so with poverty; and it's no contemptible commission, Richling, to be appointed by God to bear that blessing to mankind which keeps its brotherhood universal. See, now,"— he looked up with a gentle smile,—"from what a distance he brought our two hearts together. Why, Richling, the man that can make the rich and poor love each other will make the world happier than it has ever been since man fell."

"Go on," whispered Richling.

"No," said the Doctor.

"Well, now, Doctor — *I* want to say — something." The invalid spoke with a weak and broken utterance, with many breaks and starts that we may set aside.

"For a long time," he said, beginning as if half in soliloquy, "I couldn't believe I was coming to this early end, simply because I didn't see why I should. I know that was foolish. I thought my hardships ——" He ceased entirely, and, when his strength would allow, resumed:

"I thought they were sent in order that when I should come to fortune I might take part in correcting some evils that are strangely overlooked."

The Doctor nodded, and after a moment of rest Richling said again:

"But now I see — that is not my work. May be it is Mary's. May be it's my little girl's."

"Or mine," murmured the Doctor.

"Yes, Doctor, I've been lying here to-day thinking of something I never thought of before, though I dare say you have, often. There could be no art of healing till the earth was full of graves. It is by shipwreck that we learn to build ships. All our safety — all our betterment — is secured by our knowledge of others' disasters that need not have happened had they only *known*. Will you — finish my mission?" The sick man's hand softly grasped the hand that lay upon it. And the Doctor responded:

"How shall I do that, Richling?"

"Tell my story."

"But I don't know it all, Richling."

"I'll tell you all that's behind. You know I'm a native of Kentucky. My name is not Richling. I belong to one of the proudest, most distinguished families in that State or in all the land. Until I married I never knew an ungratified wish. I think my bringing-up, not to be wicked, was as bad as could be. It was based upon the idea that I was always to be master and never servant. I was to go through life with soft hands. I was educated to know, but not to do. When I left school my parents let me travel. They would have let me do anything except work. In the West—in Milwaukee—I met Mary. It was by mere chance. She was poor, but cultivated and refined; trained — you know — for knowing, not doing. I loved her and courted her, and she encouraged my suit, under the idea, you know, again,"— he smiled faintly and sadly,—"that it was nobody's business but ours. I offered my hand and was accepted. But when I came to announce our engagement to my family, they warned me that if I married her they would disinherit and disown me."

"What was their reason, Richling?"

"Nothing."

"But, Richling, they had a reason of some sort."

"Nothing in the world but that Mary was a Northern girl. Simple sectional prejudice. I didn't tell Mary. I didn't think they would do it, but I knew Mary would refuse to put me to the risk. We married, and they carried out their threat."

The Doctor uttered a low exclamation, and both were silent.

"Doctor," began the sick man once more.

"Yes, Richling."

"I suppose you never looked into the case of a man who needed help but you were sure to find that some one thing was the key to all his troubles; did you?"

The Doctor was silent still.

"I'll give you the key to mine, Doctor: I took up the gage thrown down by my family as though it were thrown down by society at large. I said I would match pride with pride. I said I would go among strangers, take a new name, and make it as honorable as the old. I saw Mary didn't think it wise; but she believed whatever I did was best, and"— he

smiled and whispered —" I thought so too. I suppose my troubles have more than one key, but that's the outside one. Let me rest a little.

" Doctor, I die nameless. I had a name, a good name, and only too proud a one. It's mine still. I've never tarnished it—not even in prison. I will not stain it now by disclosing it. I carry it with me to God's throne."

The whisperer ceased, exhausted. The Doctor rested an elbow on a knee and laid his face in his hand. Presently Richling moved, and he raised a look of sad inquiry.

" Bury me here in New Orleans, Doctor, will you ? "

" Why, Richling ? "

" Well, — this has been — my — battle-ground. I'd like to be buried on the field — like the other soldiers. Not that I've been a good one ; but — I want to lie where you can point to me as you tell my story. If it could be so, I should like to lie in sight — of that old prison."

The Doctor brushed his eyes with his handkerchief and wiped his brow.

" Doctor," said the invalid again, " will you read me just four verses in the Bible ? "

" Why, yes, my boy, as many as you wish to hear."

" No, only four." His free hand moved for the book that lay on the bed, and presently the Doctor read :

" ' My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations ;
" ' Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience.
" ' But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.
" ' If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not ; and it shall be given him.' "

" There," whispered the sick man, and rested with a peaceful look in all his face. " It — doesn't mean wisdom in general, Doctor, — such as Solomon asked for."

" Doesn't it ? " said the other meekly.

" No. It means the wisdom necessary to let — patience — have her perf——. I was a long time — getting anywhere near that.

" Doctor, — do you remember how fond — Mary was of singing — all kinds of — little old songs ? "

" Of course I do, my dear boy."

" Did you ever sing, — Doctor ? "

" Oh ! my dear fellow, I never did really sing, and I haven't uttered a note since — for twenty years."

" Can't you sing — ever so softly — just a verse — of — ' I'm a Pilgrim ' ? "

" I — I — it's impossible, Richling, old fellow. I don't know either the words or the tune. I never sing." He smiled at himself through his tears.

" Well, all right," whispered Richling. He lay with closed eyes for a moment, and then, as he opened them, breathed faintly through his parted lips the words, spoken, not sung, while his hand feebly beat the imagined cadence :

" ' The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home.
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay ;
The corn tops are ripe, and the meadows are in bloom,
And the birds make music all the day.' "

The Doctor hid his face in his hands, and all was still.

By and by there came a whisper again. The Doctor raised his head.

" Doctor, there's one thing —— "

" Yes, I know there is, Richling."

" Doctor, — I've been a poor stick of a husband."

" I never knew a good one, Richling."

" Doctor, you'll be a friend to Mary ? "

The Doctor nodded ; his eyes were full.

The sick man drew from his breast a small ambrotype, pressed it to his lips, and poised it in his trembling fingers. It was the likeness of the little Alice. He turned his eyes to his friend.

" I didn't need Mary's. But this is all I've ever seen of my little girl. To-morrow at daybreak, — it will be just at daybreak, — when you see that I've passed, I want you to lay this here on my breast. Then fold my hands upon it ——"

His speech was arrested. He seemed to hearken an instant.

" Doctor," he said, with excitement in his eye and sudden strength of voice, " what is that I hear ? "

" I don't know," replied his friend ; " one of the servants, probably, down in the hall." But he, too, seemed to have been startled. He lifted his head. There was a sound of some one coming up the stairs in haste.

" Doctor." The Doctor was rising from his chair.

" Lie still, Richling."

But the sick man suddenly sat erect.

" Doctor — it's — O Doctor, I —— "

The door flew open ; there was a low outcry from the threshold, a moan of joy from the sick man, a throwing wide of arms, and a rush to the bedside, and John and Mary Richling — and the little Alice, too ——

Come, Doctor Sevier ; come out and close the door.

" STRANGEST thing on earth ! " I once heard a physician say, — " the mysterious power that the dying so often have to fix the very hour

of their approaching end!" It was so in John Richling's case. It was as he said. Had Mary and Alice not come when they did, they would have been too late. He "tarried but a night"; and at the dawn Mary uttered the bitter cry of the widow, and Doctor Sevier closed the eyes of one who had committed no fault,— against this world, at least,— save that he had been by nature a pilgrim and a stranger in it.

LVIII.

AFTERGLOW.

MARY, with Alice holding one hand, flowers in the other, was walking one day down the central avenue of the old Girod cemetery, breaking the silence of the place only by the soft grinding of her footsteps on the shell walk, and was just entering a transverse alley, when she stopped.

Just at hand a large, broad woman, very plainly dressed, was drawing back a single step from the front of a tomb and dropping her hands from a coarse vase of flowers that she had that moment placed on the narrow stone shelf under the tablet. The blossoms touched, without hiding, the newly cut name. She had hung a little plaster crucifix against it from above. She must have heard the footfall so near by and marked its stoppage; but with the oblivion common to the practicers of her religion, she took no outward notice. She crossed herself, sank upon her knees, and with her eyes upon the shrine she had made remained thus. The tears ran down Mary's face. It was Madame Zénobie. They went and lived together.

The name of the street where their house stood has slipped me, as has that of the clean, unfrequented, round-stoned way up which one looked from the small cottage's veranda, and which, running down to their old arched gate, came there to an end, as if that were a pretty place to stop at in the shade until evening. Grass grows now, as it did then, between the round stones, and in the towering sycamores of the reddened brick sidewalk the long, quavering note of the cicada parts the wide summer noonday silence. The stillness yields to little else save now and then the tinkle of a mule-bell where in the distance the softly rumbling street-car invites one to the center of the town's activities, or the voice of some fowl that, having laid an egg, is asserting her right to the credit of it. Some forty feet back, within a mossy brick wall that stands waist-high, surmounted by a white, open fence, the green wooden balls on top of whose posts are full eight feet above the sidewalk, the cottage stands high up among a sweet confusion of pale purple and pink crape myrtles, oleanders white and red, and the bristling leaves and plumes of white bells of the Spanish bayonet, all in the shade of lofty magnolias and one great pecan.

"And this is my little Alice," said Doctor Sevier, with gentle gravity, as on his first visit to the place he shook hands with Mary at the top of the veranda stairs and laid his fingers upon the child's forehead. He smiled into her uplifted face as her eyes examined his, and stroked the little crown as she turned her glance silently upon her mother, as if to inquire if this were a trustworthy person. Mary led the way to chairs at the veranda's end where the south breeze fanned them, and Alice retreated to her mother's side until her silent question should be settled.

It was still May. They spoke the praises of the day whose sun was just setting. And Mary commended the house, the convenience of its construction, its salubrity; and also, and especially, the excellence and goodness of Madame Zénobie. What a complete and satisfactory arrangement! Was it not? Did not the Doctor think so?

But the Doctor's affirmative responses were unfrequent and quite without enthusiasm; and Mary's face, wearing more cheer than was felt within, betrayed, moreover, the feeling of one who, having done the best she knew, falls short of commendation.

She was once more in deep black. Her face was pale and some of its lines had yielded up a part of their excellence. The outward curves of the rose had given place to the inward curves of the lily—nay, hardly all that; for as she had never had the full red queenliness of the one, neither had she now the severe sanctitude of the other; that soft glow of inquiry, at once so blithe and so self-contained, so modest and so courageous, humble yet free, still played about her saddened eyes and in her tones. Through the glistening sadness of those eyes smiled resignation; and although the Doctor plainly read care about them and about the mouth, it was a care that was forbearing to feed upon itself or to take its seat on her brow. The brow was the old one; that is, the young. The joy of life's morning was gone from it forever, but a chastened hope was there, and one could see peace hovering just above it as though it might in time alight. Such were the things that divided her austere friend's attention as she sat before him, seeking, with timid smiles and interrogative argument, for this new beginning of life some heartiness of approval from him.

"Doctor," she plucked up the courage to

say at last, with a geniality that scantily hid the inner distress, "you don't seem pleased."

"I can't say I am, Mary. You've provided for things in sight; but I see no provision for unseen contingencies. They're sure to come, you know. How are you going to meet them?"

"Well," said Mary, with slow, smiling caution, "there's my two thousand dollars that you've put at interest for me."

"Why, no; you've already counted the interest on that as part of your necessary income."

"Doctor, 'the Lord will provide,' will he not?"

"No."

"Why, Doctor! ——"

"No, Mary; you've got to provide. He's not going to set aside the laws of Nature to cover our improvidence. That would be to break faith with all creation for the sake of one or two creatures."

"No; but still, Doctor, — without breaking the laws of Nature, — he will provide. It's in his word."

"Yes, and it ought to be in his word — not in ours. It's for him to say to us, not for us to say to him. But there's another thing, Mary."

"Yes, sir."

"It's this. But first I'll say plainly you've passed through the fires of poverty and they haven't hurt you. You have one of those imperishable natures that fire can't stain or warp."

"Oh! Doctor, how absurd!" said Mary, with bright genuineness and a tear in either eye. She drew Alice closer.

"Well, then, I do see two ill effects," replied the Doctor. "In the first place, as I've just tried to show you, you have caught a little of the *recklessness* of the poor."

"I was born with it," exclaimed Mary, with amusement.

"May be so," replied her friend; "at any rate you show it." He was silent.

"But what is the other?" asked Mary.

"Why, as to that, I may mistake; but — you seem inclined to settle down and be satisfied with poverty."

"Having food and raiment," said Mary, smiling with some archness, "to be therewith content."

"Yes, but" — the physician shook his head — "that doesn't mean to be satisfied. It's one thing to be content with God's providence, and it's another to be satisfied with poverty. There's not one in a thousand that I'd venture to say it to. He wouldn't understand the fine difference. But you will. I'm sure you do."

"Yes, I do."

"I know you do. You know poverty has its temptations, and warping influences, and debasing effects, just as truly as riches have. See how it narrows our usefulness. Not always, it is true. Sometimes our best usefulness keeps us poor. That's poverty with a good excuse. But that's not poverty satisfying, Mary ——"

"No, of course not," said Mary, exhibiting a degree of distress that the Doctor somehow overlooked.

"It's merely," said he, half extending his open palm — "it's merely poverty accepted, as a good soldier accepts the dust and smut that are a necessary part of the battle. Now, here's this little girl." — As his open white hand pointed toward Alice she shrank back; but the Doctor seemed blind this afternoon and drove on. — "In a few years — it will not seem like any time at all — she'll be half grown up; she'll have wants that ought to be supplied."

"Oh! don't," exclaimed Mary, and burst into a flood of tears; and the Doctor, while she hid them from her child, sat silently loathing his own stupidity.

"Please don't mind it," said Mary, stanching the flow. "You were not so badly mistaken. I wasn't satisfied, but I was about to surrender." She smiled at herself and her warlike figure of speech.

He looked away, passed his hand across his forehead, and must have muttered audibly his self-reproach; for Mary looked up again with a faint gleam of the old radiance in her face, saying:

"I'm glad you didn't let me do it. I'll not do it. I'll take up the struggle again. Indeed, I had already thought of one thing I could do, but I — I — in fact, Doctor, I thought you might not like it."

"What was it?"

"It was teaching in the public schools. They're in the hands of the military government, I am told. Are they not?"

"Yes."

"Still," said Mary, speaking rapidly, "I say I'll keep up the ——"

But the Doctor lifted his hand:

"No, no. There's to be no more struggle."

"No?" Mary tried to look pleasantly incredulous.

"No; and you're not going to be put upon anybody's bounty, either. No. What I was going to say about this little girl here was this: — her name is Alice, is it?"

"Yes."

The mother dropped an arm around the child, and both she and Alice looked timidly at the questioner.

"Well, by that name, Mary, I claim the care of her."

The color mounted to Mary's brows, but the Doctor raised a finger:

"I mean, of course, Mary, only in so far as such care can go without molesting your perfect motherhood, and all its offices and pleasures."

Her eyes filled again and her lips parted, but the Doctor was not going to let her reply.

"Don't try to debate it, Mary. You must see you have no case. Nobody's going to take her from you, nor do any other of the foolish things, I hope, that are so often done in such cases. But you've called her Alice, and Alice she must be. I don't propose to take care of her for you ——"

"Oh, no; of course not," interjected Mary.

"No," said the Doctor; "you'll take care of her for me. I intended it from the first. And that brings up another point. You mustn't teach school. No. I have something else—something better—to suggest. Mary, you and John have been a kind of blessing to me ——"

She would have interrupted with expressions of astonishment and dissent, but he would not hear them.

"I think I ought to know best about that," he said. "Your husband taught me a great deal, I think. I want to put some of it into practice. We had a—an understanding, you might say—one day toward the—end,—that I should do for him some of the things he had so longed and hoped to do—for the poor and the unfortunate."

"I know," said Mary, the tears dropping down her face.

"He told you?" asked the Doctor

She nodded.

"Well," resumed the Doctor, "those may not be his words precisely, but it's what they meant to me. And I said I'd do it. But I shall need assistance. I'm a medical practitioner. I attend the sick. But I see a great deal of other sorts of sufferers; and I can't stop for them."

"Certainly not," said Mary, softly.

"No," said he; "I can't make the inquiries and investigations about them and study them, and all that kind of thing, as one should if one's help is going to be help. I can't turn aside for all that. A man must have one direction, you know. But you could look after those things ——"

"I?"

"Certainly. You could do it just as I—just as—John—would wish to see it done. You're just the kind of person to do it right."

"Oh! Doctor, don't say so. I'm not fitted for it at all."

"I'm sure you are, Mary. You're fitted by character and outward disposition, and by experience. You're full of cheer ——"

She tearfully shook her head. But he insisted.

"You will be—for *his* sake, as you once said to me. Don't you remember?"

She remembered. She recalled all he wished her to: the prayer she had made that whenever death should part her husband and her, he might not be the one left behind. Yes, she remembered; and the Doctor spoke again:

"Now, I invite you to make this your principal business. I'll pay you for it, regularly and well, what I think it's worth; and it's worth no trifle. There's not one in a thousand that I'd trust to do it, woman or man; but I know you will do it all and do it well, without any nonsense. And if you want to look at it so, Mary, you can just consider that it's John doing it, all the time—for, in fact, that's just what it is. It beats sewing, Mary, or teaching school, or making preserves,—I think."

"Yes," said Mary, looking down on Alice and stroking her head.

"You can stay right here where you are, with Madame Zénobie, as you had planned; but you'll give yourself to this better work. I'll give you a *carte blanche*. Only one mistake I charge you not to make; don't go and come from day to day on the assumption that only the poor are poor and need counsel and attention."

"I know that would be a mistake," said Mary.

"But I mean more than that," continued the Doctor. "You must keep a hold on the rich and comfortable and happy. You want to be a medium between the two, identified with both as completely as possible. It's a hard task, Mary. It will take all your cunning."

"And more too," replied she, half musing.

"You know," said the Doctor, "I'm not to appear in the matter, of course; I'm not to be mentioned; that must be one of the conditions."

Mary smiled at him through her welling eyes.

"I'm not fit to do it," she said, folding the wet spots of her handkerchief under. "But still, I'd rather not refuse. If I might try it, I'd like to do so. If I could do it well, it would be a finer monument—to *him* ——"

"Than brass or marble," said Dr. Sevier. "Yes, more to his liking."

"Well," said Mary again, "if you think I can do it, I'll try it."

"Very well. There's one place you can go to, to begin with, to-morrow morning, if you

choose. I'll give you the number. It's just across here in Casa Calvo street."

"Narcisse's aunt?" asked Mary, with a soft gleam of amusement.

"Yes. Have you been there already?"

She had; but she only said:

"There's one thing that I'm afraid will go against me, Doctor, almost everywhere." She lifted a timid look.

The Doctor looked at her inquiringly, and in his private thought said that it was certainly not her face or voice.

"Ah!" he said, as he suddenly recollected. "Yes; I had forgotten. You mean your being a Union woman."

"Yes. It seems to me they'll be sure to find it out. Don't you think it will interfere?"

The Doctor mused.

"I forgot that," he repeated, and mused again. "You can't blame us, Mary; we're at white heat——"

"Indeed I don't!" said Mary, with eager earnestness.

He reflected yet again.

"But—I don't know, either. It may be not as great a drawback as you think. Here's Madame Zénobie, for instance——"

Madame Zénobie was just coming up the front steps from the garden, pulling herself up upon the veranda wearily by the balustrade. She came forward, and with graceful acknowledgment accepted the physician's outstretched hand and courtesied.

"Here's Madame Zénobie, I say; you seem to get along with her."

Mary smiled again, looked up at the standing quadroon, and replied in a low voice:

"Madame Zénobie is for the Union herself."

"Ah! no-o-o!" exclaimed the good woman, with an alarmed face. She lifted her shoulders and extended what Narcisse would have called the han' of rep-u-diation; then turned away her face, lifted up her underlip with disrelish, and asked the surrounding atmosphere: "What I got to do wid Union? Nuttin' do wid Union—nuttin' do wid confédéracie!" She moved away, addressing the garden and the house by turns. "Ah! no!" She went in by the front door, talking Creole French until she was beyond hearing.

Dr. Sevier reached out toward the child at Mary's knee. Here was one who was neither for nor against, nor yet a fear-constrained neutral. Mary pushed her persuasively toward the Doctor, and Alice let herself be lifted to his lap.

"I used to be for it myself," he said, little dreaming he would one day be for it again. As the child sank back into his arm, he noticed a miniature of her father hanging from her neck. He took it into his fingers, and all were silent while he looked long upon the face.

By and by he asked Mary for an account of her wanderings. She gave it. Many of the experiences that had been hard and dangerous enough when she was passing through them, were full of drollery when they came to be told, and there was much quiet amusement over them. The sunlight faded out, the cicadas hushed their long-drawn, ear-splitting strains, and the moon had begun to shine in the shadowy garden when Dr. Sevier at length let Alice down and rose to take his lonely homeward way, leaving Mary to Alice's prattle, and, when that was hushed in slumber, to gentle tears and whispered thanksgivings above the little head.

LIX.

"YET SHALL HE LIVE."

We need not follow Mary through her ministrations. Her office was no sinecure. It took not only much labor, but, as the Doctor had expected, it took all her cunning. True, nature and experience had equipped her for such work; but for all that there was an art to be learned, and time and again there were cases of mental and moral decrepitude or deformity that baffled all her skill until her skill grew up to them, which in some cases it never did. The greatest tax of all was to seem, and to be, unprofessional; to avoid regarding her work in quantity, and to be simply, merely, in every case, a personal friend; not to become known as a benevolent itinerary, but only a kind and thoughtful neighbor. Blessed word! not benefactor—neighbor!

She had no schemes for helping the unfortunate by multitude. Possibly on that account her usefulness was less than it might have been. But I am not sure; for they say her actual words and deeds were but the seed of ultimate harvests; and that others, moreover, seeing her light shine so brightly along this seemingly narrow path, and moved to imitate her, took that other and broader way, and so both fields were reaped.

But, I say, we need not follow her steps. They would lead deviously through ill-smelling military hospitals, and into buildings that had once been the counting-rooms of Carondelet-street cotton merchants, but were now become the prisons of soldiers in gray. One of these places, restored after the war as a cotton factor's counting-room again, had, until a few years ago, a queer, clumsy patch in the plastering of one wall, near the baseboard. Some one had made a rough inscription on it with a cotton sampler's marking

brush. It commemorates an incident. Mary by some means became aware beforehand that this incident was going to occur; and one of the most trying struggles of conscience she ever had in her life was that in which she debated with herself one whole night whether she ought to give her knowledge to others or keep it to herself. She kept it. In fact, she said nothing until the war was all over and done, and she never was quite sure whether her silence was right or wrong. And when she asked Dr. Sevier if he thought she had done wrong, he asked:

"You knew it was going to take place, and kept silence?"

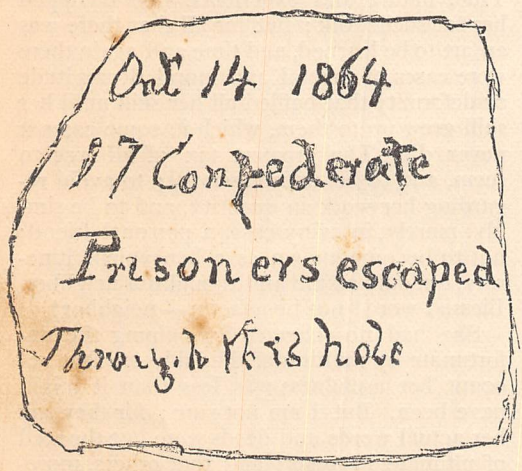
"Yes," said Mary.

"And you want to know whether you did right?"

"Yes. I'd like to know what you think."

He sat very straight and said not a word nor changed a line of his face. She got no answer at all.

The inscription was as follows—I used to see it every work-day of the week for years—it may be there yet—190 Common street, first flight, back office:



But we move too fast. Let us go back into the war for a moment longer. Mary pursued her calling. The most of it she succeeded in doing in a very sunshiny way. She carried with her, and left behind her, cheer, courage, hope. Yet she had a widow's heart, and whenever she took a widow's hand in hers, and oftentimes alone or against her sleeping child's bedside, she had a widow's tears. But this work—or these works—she made each particular ministration seem as if it were the only one—these works, that she might never have had the opportunity to perform had her nest-mate never been taken from her, seemed to keep John near. Almost, sometimes, he seemed to walk at her side in her errands of mercy, or to spread above her the arms of benediction. And so, even the bitter was sweet, and she came to believe that never before had widow such blessed commutation.

One day a short, slight Confederate prisoner, newly brought in and hobbling about the place where he was confined, with a vile bullet-hole in his foot, came up to her and said:

"Allow me, madam,—did that man call you by your right name, just now?"

Mary looked at him. She had never seen him before.

"Yes, sir," she said.

She could see the gentleman, under much rags and dirt.

"Are you Mrs. John Richling?"

A look of dismay came into his face as he asked the grave question.

"Yes, sir," replied Mary.

His voice dropped, and he asked, with subdued haste:

"Ith it pothible you're in mourning for him?"

She nodded.

It was the little rector. He had somehow got it into his head that preachers ought to fight, and this was one of the results. Mary went away quickly and told Dr. Sevier. The Doctor went to the commanding general. It was a great humiliation to do so, he thought. There was none worse, those days, in the eyes of the people. He craved and got the little man's release on parole. A fortnight later, as Dr. Sevier was sitting at the breakfast table, with the little rector at its opposite end, he all at once rose to his full attenuated height, with a frown and then a smile, and tumbling the chair backward behind him exclaimed:

"Why, Laura!" for it was that one of his two gay young nieces who stood in the doorway. The banker's wife followed in just behind, and was presently saying, with the prettiest heartiness, that Dr. Sevier looked no older than the day they met the Florida general at dinner years before. She had just come in from the Confederacy, smuggling her son of eighteen back to the city to save him from the conscript officers, and Laura had come with her. And when the clergyman got his crutches into his armpits and stood on one foot, and he and Laura both blushed as they shook hands, the Doctor knew that she had come to nurse her wounded lover. That she might do this without embarrassment, they got married, and were thereupon as vexed with themselves as they could be under the circumstances that they had not done it four or five years before. Of course there was no parade; but Dr. Sevier gave a neat little dinner. Mary and Laura were its designers;

Madame Zénobie was the master builder and made the gumbo. One word about the war whose smoke was over all the land would have spoiled the broth. But no such word was spoken.

It happened that the company was almost the same as that which had sat down in brighter days to that dinner which the banker's wife recalled with so much pleasure. She and her husband and son were guests; also that Sister Jane, of whom they had talked, a woman of real goodness and rather unrelieved sweetness; also her sister and bankrupted brother-in-law. The brother-in-law mentioned several persons who, he said, once used to be very cordial to him and his wife, but now did not remember them; and his wife chid him, with the air of a fellow-martyr; but they could not spoil the tender gladness of the occasion.

"Well, Doctor," said the banker's wife, looking quite the old lady now, "I suppose your lonely days are over now that Laura and her husband are to keep house for you."

"Yes," said the Doctor.

But the very thought of it made him more lonely than ever.

"It's a very pleasant and sensible arrangement," said the lady, looking very practical and confidential; "Laura has told me all about it. It's just the thing for them and for you."

"I think so, ma'am," replied Dr. Sevier, and tried to make his statement good.

"I'm sure of it," said the lady, very sweetly and gayly, and made a faint time-to-go beckon with her fan to her husband, to whom, in the farther drawing-room, Laura and Mary stood talking, each with an arm about the other's waist.

LX.

PEACE.

It came with tears. But ah! it lifted such an awful load from the hearts even of those who loved the lost cause. Husbands snatched their wives once more to their bosoms, and the dear, brave, swarthy, rough-bearded, gray-jacketed boys were caught again in the wild arms of mothers and sisters. Everywhere there was glad, tearful kissing. Everywhere? Alas! for the silent lips that remained unkissed, and the arms that remained empty. And alas! for those to whom peace came too suddenly and too soon. Poor Narcisse!

His salary still continues. So does his aunt.

The Ristofalos came back all together. How delighted Mrs. Colonel Ristofalo — I say Mrs. *Colonel* Ristofalo —was to see Mary! And how impossible it was, when they sat down together for a long talk, to avoid every moment coming back to the one subject of "him."

"Yes, ye see, there bees thim as is *called* col-o-nels, whin in fact they bees only *liftinant* col-o-nels. Yes. But it's not so wid him. And he's no different from the plain Raphael Ristofalah of eight year ago — the same perfict gintleman that he was when he sold b'iled eggs!" And the colonel's "lady" smiled a gay triumph that gave Mary a new affection for her.

Sister Jane bowed to the rod of an inscrutable Providence. She could not understand how the Confederacy could fail and justice still be justice; so, without understanding, she left it all to Heaven, and clung to her faith. Her brother-in-law never recovered his fortunes nor his sweetness. He could not bend his neck to the conqueror's yoke; he went in search of liberty to Brazil — or was it Honduras? Little matter which, now, for he died there, both he and his wife, just as their faces were turning again homeward, and it was dawning upon them once more that there is no land like Dixie in all the wide world over.

The little rector, thanks, he says, to the skill of Dr. Sevier, recovered perfectly the use of his mangled foot, so that he even loves long walks. I was out walking with him one sunset hour in the autumn of — if I remember aright — 1870, when whom should we spy but our good Kate Ristofalo, out driving in her family carriage. The cherubs were beside her,— strong, handsome boys. Mike held the reins; he was but thirteen, but he looked full three years better than that, and had evidently employed the best tailor in St. Charles street to fit his rather noticeable clothes. His mother had changed her mind about his being a bruiser, though there isn't a doubt he had a derringer in one or another of his pockets. No, she was proposing to make him a doctor — "a surgeon," she said; "and thin, if there bees another war ——" She was for making every edge cut.

She did us the honor to stop the carriage and drive up to the curbstone for a little chat. Her spirits were up, for Colonel Ristofalo had just been made a city councilman by a rousing majority.

We expressed our regret not to see Raphael himself in the family group enjoying the exquisite air.

"Ha, ha! He ride out fur pleasure?" — And then, with sudden gravity,— "Aw, naw, sur! He's too busy. Much use ut is to be married to a public man! Ah! surs, I'm mighty tired of ud, now I tell ye!" Yet she laughed again, without betraying much fatigue. "And how's Dr. Sevier?"

"He's well," said the clergyman.

"And Mrs. Richling?"

"She's well, too."

Kate looked at the little rector out of the corners of her roguish Irish eyes, a killing look, and said:

"Ye're sure the both o' thim bees well?"

"Yes, quite well," replied he, ignoring the inane effort at jest. She nodded a blithe good-day, and rolled on toward the Lake, happy as the harvest weather, and with a kind heart for all the world. We walked on, and after the walk I dined with him. Dr. Sevier's place was vacant, and we talked of him. The prettiest piece of furniture in the dining-room was an extremely handsome child's high chair that remained, unused, against the wall. It was Alice's, and Alice was an almost daily visitor. It had come in almost simultaneously with Laura's marriage, and more and more frequently, as time had passed, the waiter had set it up to the table at the Doctor's right hand, and lifted Goldenhair into it, until by and by she had totally outgrown it. But she had not grown out of the place of favor at the table. In these later days she had become quite a schoolgirl, and the Doctor in his place at the table would often sit with a faint, continuous smile on his face that no one could bring there but she, to hear her prattle about Madame Locquet, and the various girls at Madame Locquet's school.

"It's actually pathetic," said Laura, as we sat sipping our coffee after the meal, "to see how he idolizes that child." Alice had just left the room.

"Why don't he idolize the child's ——" began her husband, in undertone, and did not have to finish to make us understand.

"He does," murmured the smiling wife.

"Then why shouldn't he tell her so?"

"My dear!" objected the wife, very softly and prettily.

"I don't mean to speak lightly," responded the husband, "but—they love each other; they suit each other; they complete each other; they don't feel their disparity of years; they're both so linked to Alice that it would break either heart over again to be separated from her. I don't see why ——"

Laura shook her head, smiling in the gentle way that only the happy wives of good men have.

"It will never be."

WHAT changes!

"The years creep slowly by ——"

We seem to hear the old song yet. What changes! Laura has put two more leaves into her dining-table. Her children fill three seats. Alice has another. It is she, now, not her chair, that is tall—and fair. Mary, too, has a seat at the same board. This is their home now. Her hair is turning all to silver. So early? Yes; but she is—she never was—so beautiful! They all see it—feel it; Dr. Sevier—the gentle, kind, straight old Doctor—most of all. And oh! when they two, who have never joined hands on this earth, go to meet John and Alice,—which God grant may be at one and the same time,—what weeping there will be among God's poor!

THE END.

A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A BARREN waste of upland cold and gray,
Its rocky ground to weed and thistle grown,
As though the unwatched wind had reaped and sown
Along its slopes for many a year and day;
And in the midst, as if a grave should stray
And lose itself among the hills alone,
A child's small mound and pitiful headstone.
The only fair thing near, not far away
With hushéd murmur doth bewildered roam
A little brook, and round the landscape wind,
As its deserted mountain source it sought
To gain anew: it seemed like a lost mind,
That in some desolate tract, unmapped of thought,
Wanders, alone, and far from any home.

W. P. Foster.

ROSA BONHEUR.

ROSA BONHEUR.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AMBROSETTI.)

MARIE ROSA BONHEUR was born in Bordeaux in 1822. She was the eldest of four children. Her father, Raymond Bonheur, was a portrait and landscape painter, and the only instructor in art of his children, of whom Rosa has the widest reputation. Auguste, the eldest son, who died recently, painted some remarkable animal pictures, finely drawn and composed with mellow backgrounds, that are more pleasing than the backgrounds in his elder sister's paintings. In 1867 he received the cross of the Légion d'Honneur. Isidore Jules Bonheur, the sculptor of animals, is widely known by the reproductions of his

statuettes in bronze from the foundry of Monsieur Peyrol, who married the second daughter, Juliette Bonheur. Isidore Bonheur obtained medals at the Paris exhibitions of 1865 and 1869. Madame Juliette Peyrol, who signs herself, like all the other members of the family, *élève de son père*, has the family talent, and is also a painter of animals.

Madame Peyrol's studio is over her husband's bronze exhibiting-rooms. In this studio is a portrait of her sister painted by the brother, Auguste, which represents her as a tall, rather plain girl, with short hair, in a simple green costume, with a cape of the same over her shoulders. This picture was painted when Rosa lived with her father at 30 Faubourg du Roule (since changed to 157 Faubourg Saint-Honorê), before she had adopted male attire. This was not until she began her picture of the "Horse Fair" in 1861, when she found it necessary to work unmolested among the rough characters that collected about the horse market.

Germain Bonheur, the youngest child by a second wife, is a landscape painter, and two sons of Madame Peyrol are continuing the reputation of this artistic family into the third generation.

Raymond Bonheur, the father of Rosa, was at one time one of the most enthusiastic members of the Saint-Simonian group, and Enfantin considered him as a personal friend. He was at the same time a thorough republican, and personally acquainted with the leaders of that party.

A few young artists and writers who had formed a society to publish their own writings, under the title of "Ruche Populaire," counted Raymond among their number. In those days he is described as "of medium height, robust, his beard long, and what remained of his hair, a kind of monkish crown, was of a sandy color, which, with his kind blue eyes and sympathetic voice, made him particularly attractive." He used to declare that still for a long period the only means to manifest and propagate the new ideal would be science and art; that, no matter how great they were, such masters as Ingres, Paul Delaroche, and even Horace Vernet, were men of the past; that the new French school would be landscape, with such men as Decamps, Français, Cabat, Rousseau, Troyon, and Corot for masters and leaders. He worshiped light, which he considered not as a fluid without soul or intelligence, but a real being, that spreads over nature life and color.

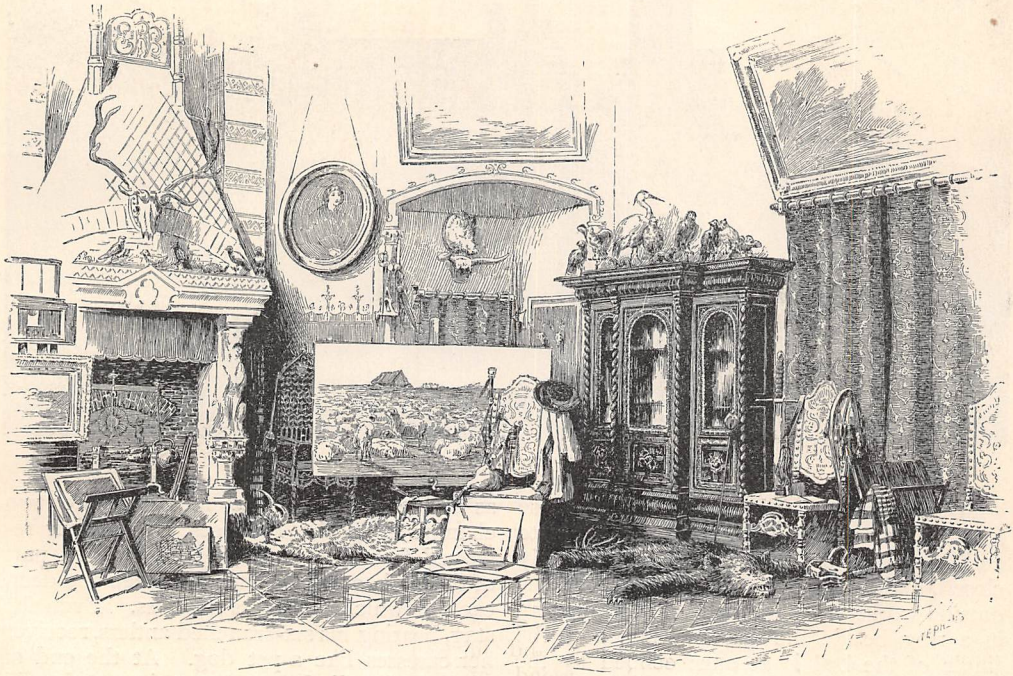
I was once examining a picture which now hangs in the daughter's studio, a landscape that reminds one of Ruysdael or Salvator Rosa, when Mademoiselle Rosa said, "That was painted by my father. He had grand ideas, and had he not been obliged to give lessons for our support, he would have been more known, and to-day acknowledged with other masters." Raymond Bonheur lost his wife in 1840, and two years afterward married a widow with two sons, Hippolyte and Alphonse Peyrol. Both families were poor, and formed a numerous clan, but with them union was strength. The second Mme. Bonheur was beloved by all, and was called by all the children "La Mamiche," the pleasant equivalent for mother in her native Auvergne dialect. She was really a mother to them, and a stranger would never have supposed that only two of the children were her own. In 1848 a child was born to this union who was called Germain. So the family, including the parents, counted nine, a heavy burden for a poor Parisian professor. But La Mamiche, by her indefatigable activity and intelligent management, was able not only to multiply "bread and fishes," but everything that was necessary to life and decency. Raymond also was industrious, giving lessons, painting portraits and landscapes, and making illustrations for books.

But the eldest daughter, Rosa, also lent a helping hand to assist the family. The year of her mother's death had been doubly eventful to her, as she at the same time became an orphan and began her artistic career. It was in 1840 that she exhibited her first painting, "Two Rabbits," which now hangs in Madame Peyrol-Bonheur's studio. Soon the picture merchants began to find their way to her studio, and to Rosa's talent and industry must the ultimate success of the family be attributed. This first exhibition picture was painted in an attic studio in the Rue Rumfort, which, with the street itself, has long since disappeared, making room for the new Boulevard Malesherbes.

The love of animals is general in the family, and with Rosa it is peculiarly strong. She does not talk of animals as a jockey or as a fancy-stock grower; it is always of their intelligence or their human resemblances, the brightness of their eyes, their glossy coats, and their picturesque qualities. Her place is the asylum for all stray dogs; if one is found in the neighborhood, it is instantly carried to the château, and is sure of admittance. When she paints in the open air, the dogs lie about her in a circle, and the stag in the park rubs his nose against her like a pet hound.

When Rosa was but seven years old, and living with her parents in the Rue Saint-Antoine, she used to steal away to a pork-butcher's shop near by to admire the sign, which had a great charm for her; it was a wild boar's

head in wood, coarsely carved and still more rudely painted. When she was missed from home they immediately sent to the pork-shop, where she was sure to be discovered wrapt in admiration. Curiosity led her some years ago to revisit this youthful shrine. She found it still extant, but the illusions of childhood had gone; there was nothing left to the educated eye but rude carving and glaring paint.

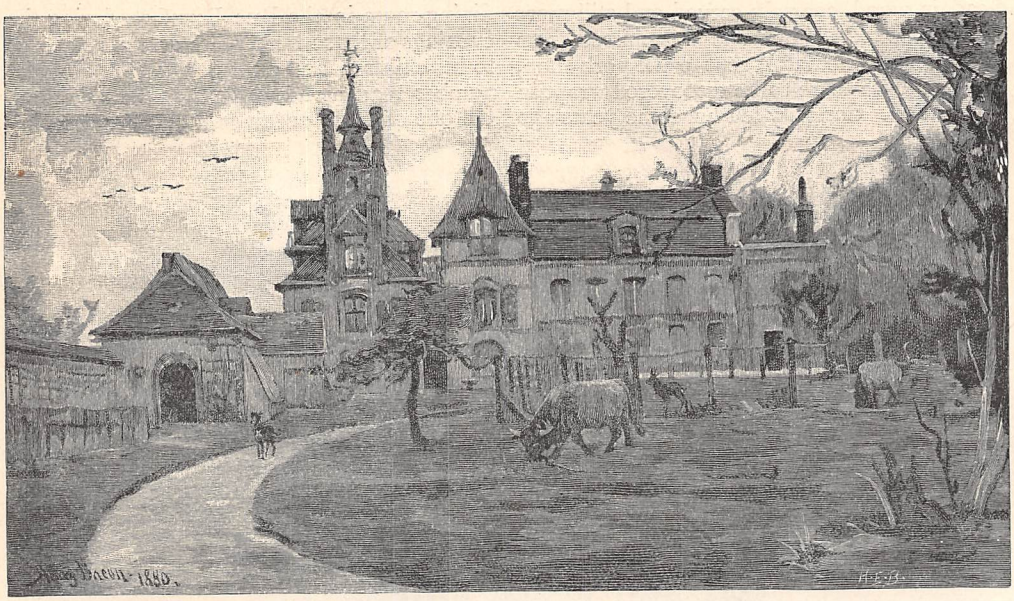


THE STUDIO OF ROSA BONHEUR.

She began, as I have said, by painting rabbits, and gradually ascended in the scale until at last she painted the horse, which Leonardo da Vinci considered the noblest model that an artist can copy, after man. As to this last progress of Rosa's talent, Auguste Desmoulins told me that when he was about leaving Paris for Algeria, after the *coup d'état* in 1851, he went to bid adieu to Rosa, and found in her studio many sketches in a larger, broader manner than her painting of years before. He expressed his delight, and without answering she moved her easel, and showed a study of horses, painted by Géricault, which had been the sensation of Paris at the annual exhibition some years before. The study had been lent her, and she was copying it for the purpose of better understanding the large manner of this master. Two years afterward her friend in exile rejoiced when the press extolled the merits of the "Horse Fair."

Raymond sat in his arm-chair in the little dining-room in the Rue Rumfort, during the evenings of those early years, and gave advice to his children and pupils. Often one of the number read aloud while the others worked. On one of these evenings they were listening to George Sand's rural novel, "La Mare au Diable," in which she describes a plowman young and robust, the ground rich, eight vigorous oxen, and a bright autumn sunlight lighting up the landscape. Says the author, "It would be a noble subject for a painter." "Yes," exclaimed Rosa, interrupting, "George Sand is right; she must be fond of animals to describe them in so masterly a manner." Mademoiselle Rosa in 1849 painted the subject, her most important canvas after the "Horse Fair," and called it "Le Labourage Nivernais."

Situated on the border of the Fontainebleau forest is the château of By, now the home of Rosa Bonheur; the château dates from the time of Louis XV., and the garden is still laid out in the style of Le Nôtre. Since it has been in the present proprietor's possession, a quaint, picturesque brick building, containing the carriage-house and coachman's lodge on the first floor and the studio on the second, has been added; the roof of the main building has been raised, and the chapel turned into an orangery; beside the main carriage entrance, which is closed by iron gates and wooden blinds, is a postern gate



CHÂTEAU OF BY — THE HOME OF ROSA BONHEUR.

with a small grated opening, like those found in convents. The blinds to the gate and the slide to the grating are generally closed, and the only communication with the outside world is by the bell-wire terminating in a ring beside the gate. Ring, and the jingle of the bell is at once echoed by the barking of numerous dogs, the hounds and bassets in chorus, the grand Saint Bernard in slow measure, like the bass drum in an orchestra. After the first excitement among the dogs has begun to abate, a remarkably small house-pet that has been somewhere in the interior arrives upon the scene, and with his sharp shrill voice again starts and leads the canine chorus. By this time the eagle in his cage has awakened, and the parrot, whose cage is built into the corner of the studio looking upon the street, adds to the racket.

To enter the grounds of Mademoiselle Bonheur one must have some well-defined claim upon her friendship or acquaintance, for she does not like the stare of the lion-hunter. She courts reputation and fame, but only through her productions. Her adoption of masculine attire was not to make herself more marked among the crowd, but to enable her to prosecute her studies unobserved; and she has never permitted a picture or photograph to be made of her in such attire.

Behind the house is a large park divided from the forest by a high wall; a lawn and flower-beds are laid out near the buildings, and on the lawn, in pleasant weather, graze a magnificent bull and cow, which are kept as models. In a wire inclosure are two chamois from the Pyrenees, and further removed from the house, in the wooded part of the park, are inclosures for sheep and deer, each of which knows its mistress. Even the stag, bearing his six-branched antlers, receives her caresses like a pet dog. At the end of one of the linden avenues is a splendid bronze, by Isidore Bonheur, of a Gaul attacking a lion; a plaque upon it tells the visitor that it was presented to Mademoiselle Rosa by "her friend and admirer, M. Gambart," who has been intimately connected with the painter's success in England, where at present she is perhaps better known than in her own country.

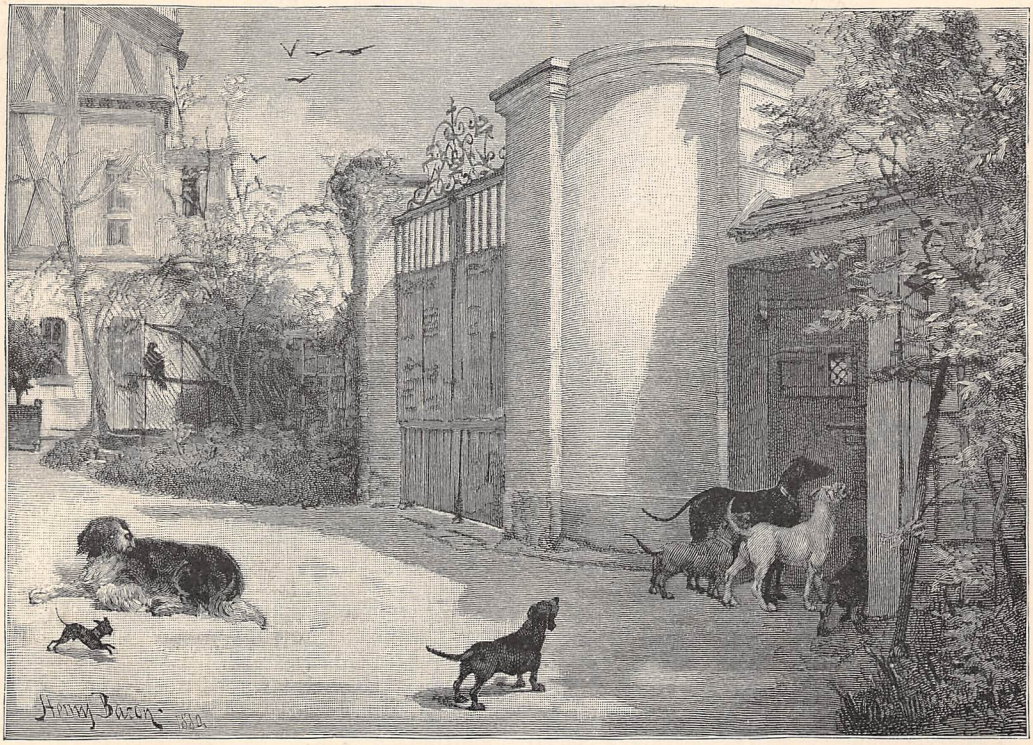
The studio is very large, with a huge chimney at one end, the supports of which are life-size dogs, modeled by Isidore Bonheur. Portraits of the father and mother in oval frames hang at each side, and a pair of gigantic horns ornaments the center. The room is decorated with stuffed heads of animals of various kinds — boars, bears, wolves, and oxen; and birds perch in every convenient place.

Her principal paintings, many of which are famous, number about forty. Between the production of these she told me she had painted small pictures, of which she has lost all trace, they having been sold to picture dealers, who have again resold them to foreign amateurs. Of late failing health has interfered with Mlle. Bonheur's artistic activity.

By is a small village only a few miles from the town of Fontainebleau, and situated on a

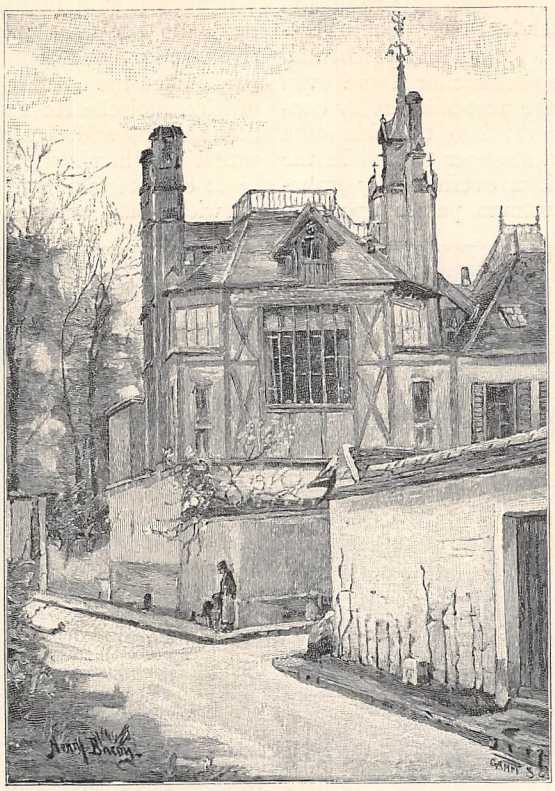
narrow strip of land between the forest and the Seine. It is dependent upon the town of Thomery, celebrated for its vineyards, and there are found the parish church and even the post-office; for the post-office at By consists only of a box set into the side of a house, difficult for a stranger to find in the summer season, as it is overhung by grape-vines. The rural postman passes upon his rounds twice a day, at the same time taking up and delivering the letters. Grape-vines grow everywhere on the outer wall of most of the houses; each side of the roads about the village are high walls, and the hill-side fields that slope to the river are checkered with these high walls for the training and protection of the vines. A walk through the village in winter is very dreary and in summer monotonous, as these walls imprison the view, and the vineyards here are more practical than poetical, like their cultivators. Before the time of railroads the vintage was conveyed to Paris by boats upon the river, and then the banks of the Seine must have presented quite a lively appearance; but now not a boat of any size is to be found, and the road that winds between the melancholy walls down to the water's edge is seldom marked by wagon-wheels; the washer-women monopolize the river-bank.

Tradition says that when the château was built the property extended down to the river's edge, but that was long ago. The lands when the château came into the hands of Mademoiselle Rosa were very small. Since then she has added to them, until again their extent is of handsome proportions. The only place of entertainment in By is a small tavern with a bush over the entrance, the emblem throughout France that announces to the unlettered where wine is to be obtained. This bush at Monsieur Chéron's is a small fir-tree, that is replaced each year during the annual, local *fête* by the youths of the village,—not entirely disinterested in their gift, as they expect after the ceremony that the tavern-keeper will generously "water the bush." Chéron's house is the exchange of the place, for he not only keeps a café, but groceries and dry-goods; here the gossips congregate. Traveling peddlers and artists sometimes stop here to dine, for Madame Chéron is celebrated for making an omelet that one does not require to have a ravenous appetite to enjoy.



THE CHÂTEAU COURT-YARD.—A RING AT THE GATE.

The first time I saw Mademoiselle Rosa was several years ago. With a friend of her childhood I had rung at the gate and been admitted by a black-haired maid, who barred the passage while we explained our errand. We were expected. As we followed her across the



THE STUDIO, FROM THE ROAD.

court-yard a young doe sprang out of our path, the dogs regarded us curiously, and the caged eagle awoke from his afternoon nap to gaze lazily at us. Between the eagle's cage and the orange-trees we entered a kind of work-room, where we found a party shearing a sheep which was laid out on a table; one of the women had a white covering over her head and shoulders, giving her the air of a *religieuse*, and I thought for a moment that she must be the one we had come to see; but I was immediately undeceived as another of the group under a large straw hat greeted my friend and apologized for not being prepared for our reception. Our entrance had interrupted the operation, and the animal, taking advantage of the situation, attempted to rise. Happening to be nearest to its hind legs, I held them down while Mademoiselle Rosa put her hand upon its head, and we were introduced by our friend. She wore a blue blouse embroidered on the shoulders in white,—a country teamster's blouse; a white collar with a single pearl button, without a cravat, encircled her neck; below the blouse were pantaloons, not picturesquely arranged with gaiters or loose inside her boots, but ending like any of the modern masculine affairs straight over the shoes, which were heavy and strong, but looked exceedingly small. "Now you have seen me," she said, "I need not change; but had I expected you so early, you would have found me *en dame*."

The same afternoon we walked through the vineyards together, and by the river-bank, where the Seine is quiet and beautiful as it skirts the forest and vanishes in the distance near the historic town of Meaux. The peasants all knew Mademoiselle, and doffed their caps as she approached; for all she had a pleasant word about their families and their crops. She always addressed the peasants familiarly, and they her with respect. The peasants look upon her with deference, as they are apt to do upon the inmates of "*le château*," for each small village has its château. Besides this, there is a mysterious supremacy in this woman, who has made herself world-renowned by the development of a talent born in her; and their greatest boast is that they have given her some small animal caught in the forest, that one of their children has posed in a picture painted by her, and of late years that they have seen her. For she seldom appears in the village, except to drive

CROSSING A LOCH IN THE HIGHLANDS. (FROM A PAINTING BY ROSA BONHEUR.)

through, only leaving her own grounds to go to the city or walk in the forest, which is reached by a gate at the end of the park. Madame Chéron, who had kept the grocery shop for many years within a few hundred yards of the château, and who regulates her day by the clock in its turret, declares she has never seen Mademoiselle Rosa but twice. The first time was in 1870, the day the Prussians arrived at Champagne, the village on the other side of the Seine. It was all excitement before her shop; her husband and several others had already got out their guns, and were hesitating what to do. There was no leader, when Mademoiselle Rosa appeared among them in her usual hunting costume,—for she is fond of the chase, and a good shot,—and, with her gun swung across her shoulders. "How many are there?" she asked, and, learning there were only a few advance guards, she said, "Oh! if there are only three or four, we can take care of them." She insisted upon going to the riverside, and walking up and down until night came on. But happily the bridge had been destroyed, and the Prussians did not attempt to cross.

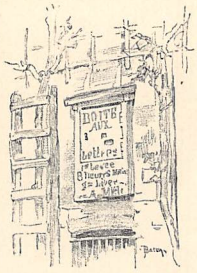
The next day they came *en masse*, and resistance was useless. The enemy respected the painter's property, and even allowed her servants to go unmolested when they knew whom they were serving. It is doubtful whether the advance guard were aware that the little man among the squad that they were watching through their glasses from the opposite banks was the celebrated Rosa Bonheur.

That day, the day of my first visit, after we had returned from our walk, Mlle. Rosa retired to dress for dinner, and I hoped to see her "*en dame*," but was disappointed. She had changed her blouse for a light, double-breasted linen coat, which she wore buttoned to the throat.

It was years afterward that I saw her in female attire. I was sketching in a corner of the park, when I heard a voice calling the gardener, and, looking in the direction from which it came, saw a woman wearing a large straw hat. It was surely Mlle. Rosa, but I hesitated for a moment before saluting her, for she now appeared much taller than when I had met her before. The dress was cut very plain, and over it she wore a jacket of the same material; her collar was held together by a double button, and the only ornament she wore was the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in her button-hole. Since then she has received the decoration of the Leopold Cross of Honor from the King of Belgium, said to be the first ever conferred upon a woman; also a decoration from the King of Spain. But it is this red ribbon, her first decoration, that she evidently prefers. It was given by the hand of the ex-Empress. The Emperor, it is said, had been advised to confer the cross of the Legion of Honor upon Rosa Bonheur, but, willing as he certainly was, he hesitated, fearing the popular judgment, which might condemn the giving of this honor to a woman. The Emperor, leaving Paris for a short summer excursion in 1865, left the Empress as Regent. From the imperial residence at Fontainebleau it was only a short drive to By. The

countersign at the gate was forced, and unannounced the Empress entered the studio, where Mlle. Rosa was at work. She rose to receive the visitor, who threw her arms about her neck and kissed her. It was only a short interview. The imperial vision had departed, the rumble of the carriage and the crack of the outriders' whips were lost in the distance. Then, and not till then, did the artist discover that as the Empress had given the kiss she had pinned upon her blouse the cross of the Legion of Honor.

Henry Bacon.



THE POST-OFFICE AT BY.

GROWING OLD.

I AM not old, O Friend! though treacherous time,
Which promised ever fairer days to come,
Has robbed the cheek of bloom, the eye of fire,
And feathered silver frost amid the brown
Of locks you laid your hand in blessing on
When I was but a child. I am not old,
Though all the flowers of spring-time withered be,—
Though summer has swept on to harvest days,—
E'en though bright autumn's gold has changed to brown;
Not old, nor can be, Love, while thou art near.
For thou, dear heart, to all my years hast been
A chalice into which life's best has flowed;
And thou in love hast hoarded my life's best;
Not as 'twere ashes for a funeral urn,
Gathered from embers of a soul's dead fires;
But by some subtle spiritual charm,
All thine and thine alone, the bloom of spring,
Fragrance of summer, and the autumn's glow
Of flaming gold and ruby, stay with thee,
And thou canst bring them back at will to me;
The same, yet not the same, more fragrant, fair,
And tender, for long hiding in thy heart.

If thou but treasure still my long-lost youth,
Counting my late fruits sweet,—finding fresh green
'Neath faded leaves of autumn,—I am young,
Nor can lose youth except through loss of thee.

Mary Lowe Dickinson.

THE CŒUR D'ALÈNE STAMPEDE.

In the phraseology of the mining regions a "stampede" is a wild rush for some newly discovered diggings. It is a mania that spreads throughout the older mining districts with astonishing rapidity. People do not wait for definite information about the character of the new "find," or the geography of the country where it exists, but hasten to be first on the ground, either to take up claims or to furnish whisky or provisions to the miners. The mines must be of gold, and not of silver. The cheaper metal has no great fascination about it; besides, it is always locked up in the rocks, and can only be extracted by costly crushers and smelters. Furthermore, they must be placer mines and not quartz; for only placers can be worked with picks and shovels, and such rude appliances of ditches and sluice-boxes as every miner knows how to make. The news of the discovery of "pay dirt" causes a thrill of excitement to traverse the whole vast region between the British possessions on the north and Mexico on the south, and between the great plains on the east and the Pacific coast. Everybody who has ever seen a placer mine feels as if he would like to take a risk in the fascinating lottery of searching in the mud and gravel for the glittering yellow nuggets. There is a stir in the camps of Arizona and New Mexico, of Colorado and Utah, and the "old timers" of California, recalling the days of '49, feel young once more and long for the rude, vigorous life and the splendid hopes they once enjoyed in the Sierras.

Stampedes have been very rare in late years. So thoroughly have the gold-fields been prospected that the chances of paying placers having been overlooked are very remote. The prospecting goes on every summer, however. In the loneliest valleys of the Rocky Mountains you are likely to come upon unkempt men digging a hole in a bank or washing a pan of dirt in a stream. These men always hunt in couples, and address each other affectionately as "partner" or "old pard." They are inveterate prospectors, who during the inclement seasons manage to pick up a living somehow in towns or on ranches, and in summer take to the woods and the gulches. Here and there they find a little "color" to encourage them, but the rich diggings, where nuggets as big as an egg can be picked out of the gravel, are always a little farther on.

Of all the stampedes in old times or in recent years, the great Cœur d'Alène stampede of the winter and spring of 1884 was probably the most remarkable. The country it invaded was less known than any other part of the Rocky Mountain chain. No roads traversed it; there was not even a bridle trail. To make matters worse, the entire region was covered with a forest growth of cedar, pine, and fir, so dense as to resemble a Hindostan jungle. "Begorra, ye'll find the trees growin' as thick as a bunch of matches," said an old Irish miner, whom I encountered on my way to the region, and he did not greatly exaggerate. To make matters still worse, the snowfalls are phenomenal, and the stampede began in the dead of winter, when the snow was from twelve to twenty feet deep in the mountain passes. Yet, in spite of these obstacles, over five thousand men made their way into the heart of the Cœur d'Alène Mountains during the months of January, February, and March. With them went scores of women of a certain class, dressed in men's clothes and hauling their feminine wardrobes on sleds.

It would be an error to suppose that the motive which led all these people to plunge into a trackless wilderness in the rigors of a Northern winter was alone the hope of large and sudden gain. It was the adventure and the daring and excitement of the affair which appealed to their imaginations, as well as the prospect of making money. To be "a stampeder" is to be something of a hero, and the wild life of a new mining camp is full of charms—to those who like it. Even men of education and of some fineness of intellectual fiber discover a fascination in sleeping on pine boughs in a log cabin, living on bacon, beans, and dried apples, pawing around in the dirt, and listening to the grotesque tales, the boasting and blarney, and the fantastic oaths of a mining camp.

The Cœur d'Alène Mountains are the northernmost part of the great Bitter Root chain, which, swinging off to the westward of the Rocky Mountain ranges in Southern Montana, leaves one principal valley and numerous lateral valleys between it and the main divide, and ends at Lake Pend d'Oreille, in northern Idaho, in a confusion of separate ranges and groups. The name Cœur d'Alène means heart of an awl, or awl-hearted, and was bestowed by the early French trappers

upon the tribe of Indians inhabiting the shores of the lake on the western side of the mountains. The tradition is, that the trappers found these Indians so inhospitable and so close in their fur-bartering operations that they declared that their hearts were no bigger than the point of a shoe-maker's awl. So the name stuck, first to the tribe, then to the lake, then to the river, which is the lake's principal affluent, and to the mountains it drains, and lately it has been applied to everything connected with the new mining camp. Placer gold is found on both sides of the mountains, but chiefly on the western slope, in the deep and narrow ravines drained by the little streams that form the Cœur d'Alène River.

As long ago as 1867 a party of prospectors, headed by a man named Wilson, penetrated the Cœur d'Alène Mountains, and reported that gold existed there; but the region was at that time much too remote to attract miners from the prosperous gulches of Montana and Southern Idaho, and the memory of the Wilson expedition had almost faded out, when, in the fall of 1882, a man named Pritchard made his way from the old Jesuit Mission, on the Cœur d'Alène River, up that stream to its head-waters, and came back asserting that he had found gold in paying quantities. His reports were generally doubted, but some restless ex-miners in Deer Lodge and Bozeman, Montana, organized a party in the spring of 1883 and started into the mountains. This expedition is known in the history of the present camp as the Bozeman stampede. The party found the snow about twelve feet deep in the gulches, and returned disgusted. While traversing central Montana, in May of that year, I met some of these stampeders on their way home. They declared that there was no gold in the Cœur d'Alènes, and that they had left Pritchard hanging to a tree. They were wrong in both statements. Gold there is, as subsequent events have shown, and Pritchard is alive and still digging for the yellow nuggets. In the fall of 1883 he discovered what is known as the "Widow's Claim," so named by him in honor of a friendly widow who had "grub-staked" him,—that is, furnished him with money to live on while prospecting. Stories of the gold found on "the Widow" got abroad on both sides of the mountains, and a few people made their way into the new diggings before the snows fell.

The great rush did not occur, however, until February, when the toboggan period began. A toboggan is the long, low sled used in Canada, and until the snows melted in April last it was the only mode of transportation to the mines. The toboggan men, wearing snow-shoes, and hauling from one to two hundred pounds on their rude sleds, could make from ten to twenty miles a day over the mountains, following the "blazing" on the trees that indicated the trail. When they camped at night they cut green saplings and laid them on the snow to support their fire. In the morning the smouldering embers would be down at the bottom of a well in the snow twelve or fifteen feet deep. Twenty-five cents a pound was the price for hauling freight from the railroad forty miles to the camp established in the fall at the forks of Eagle Creek, and called Eagle City. Sometimes the toboggan men sold the goods and pocketed the proceeds, and even if they were tolerably honest there was sure to be a serious shortage in the whisky and tobacco invoices.

A glance at a map of the region will show that the Northern Pacific Railroad makes a long loop to get around the Cœur d'Alène Mountains, going northward down Clark's Fork as far as Lake Pend d'Oreille, and then turning to the south-west. The first explorers went in from the western slope of the mountains, following up the Cœur d'Alène River and fording its icy waters thirty-six times up to their saddle-girths. The stampeders mainly went in from the east, penetrating the dense forests and climbing over the mountains. Trails were opened from two stations in the woods on the Clark's Fork,—Belknap and Thompson's Falls,—and both developed into mushroom cities of shanties and tents as outfitting points. It was at one or the other of these places that the adventurers from the East bought their toboggans, their blankets, and their grub-stakes. Those from Oregon and Washington Territory, together with the "old timers" from California, opened a trail from the old Mullan Road, near the Cœur d'Alène Mission, over two or three ranges to the camp on Eagle Creek. To the snow-shoe and toboggan mode of transportation succeeded the pack-mule trail, and in the spring a wagon-road was cut through the forest, from Thompson's Falls up to the foot of the mountains. On the western side of the mountains the Mullan Road, built by the Government before the Civil War as a military and emigrant route from Fort Benton, on the Upper Missouri, to Walla Walla, near the Columbia, afforded, in connection with a steam-boat on Lake Cœur d'Alène and the river, access to a point called Jackass Prairie, about twenty miles from the mines. There was still another route opened. Bateaux were built, and by dint of much pluck and muscle, goods and machinery were poled up the swift river thirty-five miles above the head of steam-boat navigation. Thus the camp got its communications

opened, such as they were, with the outside world.

It was a wild, strange settlement that grew up on the snow, in the lonely mountain gorge, at the junction of Eagle and Pritchard Creeks. Everybody was gay and hopeful. There was no lack of amusement of the sort most popular in mining towns. Song and dance halls, half tent, half shanty, were opened. Gamblers arrived by the dozen from Leadville, which has grown quiet and respectable of late. Of ten buildings or tents, nine were sure to be drinking-saloons. A glass of whisky cost half a dollar. The Jew trader followed close upon the heels of the saloon-keeper, with his stock of goods. Wherever gold is discovered the whisky-seller is just behind the prospector, and the enterprising Hebrew merchant is never far in the rear. Hundreds of adventurers who had followed the construction camps on the Northern Pacific Railroad, and had been left stranded when that highway was completed, drifted into the new diggings. There was enough good material in the population to keep a fair degree of order, however, among the steady element being a considerable sprinkling of farmers from the Palouse Country in western Idaho, and eastern Washington, who staked out claims on the snow with the rest.

Society organizes itself with great rapidity under such circumstances. Lawyers and doctors pitch their tents and put up signs, split out of cedar stumps and inscribed with the red end of a hot poker. All the necessary articles for miners' use are brought in. Carpenters, blacksmiths, shoe-makers, and bakers who have come to dig for gold find they can do better by plying their respective trades. A weekly newspaper chronicles the events of the camp. Almost all callings are represented except those of teaching and preaching. There are no children, and Sunday is abolished. In a rude sort of way the ordinary appliances of living are obtained. Knives and frying-pans must be brought in, but wash-bowls, or troughs, are hewn out of pine logs; stools and benches take the place of chairs, and "Idaho feathers," as pine boughs are called, do not make a bad mattress when covered with blankets. Tin cups and plates serve for queen's-ware. The bill of fare is alike for breakfast, dinner, and supper, but appetites are enormous when men have been tramping over the mountains prospecting, or wielding the pick and shovel all day.

When the snow went off the stampeders got to work. A few paying placers were opened, but in most cases the bed-rock was found to be from twelve to twenty feet below the surface, and covered with deposits of gravel and bowlders. It took an enormous amount of labor to get down to it. The "pay streak," in most diggings, is found just on top of the first stratum of rock below the soil, the particles of gold having, in the course of ages, worked down through the earth until stopped by the rock. In the Cœur d'Alène region the miners had to work through an enormous amount of surface deposit. Those who got down, however, found free gold in flakes and chunks. The largest nugget discovered was worth three hundred and twenty dollars. That was found in Dream Gulch. To this gulch attaches a romantic story. One night in August, 1883, a man named Davis, who lived in Farmington, in the Palouse Country, and had been thinking of going to the Cœur d'Alène region, had a dream. In his dream he traveled up a heavily timbered gulch in search of gold, and turning to the left entered a side ravine. A little stream ran down the ravine. He came to a place where the stream forked, and there he found a ledge, from which he chipped pure gold with a hammer and chisel. The dense forest was unlike anything he had ever seen before. Next night the same dream came again. He chipped off more gold until he was tired, and awoke. The third night he was once more in the ravine, loading four mules with gold. The treble dream made such an impression on his mind that he persuaded two friends to go with him to the Cœur d'Alènes. After prospecting for several days he found a ravine that corresponded to the one seen in his dream. Passing up it he found it all familiar ground. He recognized the trees, the underbrush, the pools of water. The ravine forked just where he expected it would, but there was no ledge to be seen. Davis and his companions washed a pan of dirt, and found color. A second pan yielded three dollars. They dug down in the hill-side and found a quartz lode. Not long afterward a nugget, worth ninety-seven dollars, was unearthed. Davis named the place Dream Gulch. He has not yet loaded the four mules with gold, but up to the first of July, when the water gave out, he and his companions had taken forty-two thousand dollars out of that ravine. Many prospectors have tried to dream out a fortune since then, but none have had Davis's luck.

"The bloom was off the boom," as they say in Dakota, when I went to the Cœur d'Alènes in July last. Numbers of people had learned that locating a quartz claim on a mountain-side, or sitting down in the cedar woods of a gulch and imagining how much gold there may be under twenty feet of gravel, is not a short cut to wealth. It costs a great deal of money to open a placer, and a great deal

more to get gold out of quartz, and most of the stampeders had only enough to keep them in provisions for a few weeks. They hoped to sell their claims, but no one came with capital to buy. Very few were able to dig ditches, build sluices, and begin cleaning the bed-rock. An exodus from the mines began in June, and continued in a straggling way all summer. "It was not a poor man's country," said the returning adventurers, as they footed it over the mountains to the railroad. "What could a fellow do with only a shovel, a pick, and a plug of tobacco, when it took a thousand dollars' worth of labor to get down to the pay dirt?" All the trails were filled with processions of melancholy men, sweating and swearing under their loads of dirty blankets. Among them were merchants who had sold out their stocks at a loss, and gamblers looking for more promising fields. The camps were by no means deserted, however. Only the drift-wood went out on the ebb of the tide.

The best way to visit the mines is to go in on the trail from Thompson's Falls, over the mountains, and come out by way of the river, floating down the swift current in a canoe. As a mode of travel the canoe is much more comfortable than what is commonly called the hurricane deck of a Cayuse pony, but, on the other hand, it is much more risky. The tourist can avoid the canoe, but the only alternative to the pony is going afoot. My companion and I set out from Thompson's Falls one morning, mounted on sorry nags, and dragging a pack animal along, Indian fashion, by a rope attached to his neck and twisted about his lower jaw. We turned to take a last look at the broad, green river, slipping along to the foaming, roaring rapids, at the raw little shanty town beyond, which has three hundred inhabitants and thirty saloons, and at the near horizon of mountain summits, and then entered the forest. "You can't get off the trail, unless you cut your way out with an axe," was the parting salutation of the owner of the ponies. He was right. Nothing less nimble than a deer could well get through the jungle of fallen trunks and underbrush that covered the ground between the tall pines, tamaracks, and cedars. This superb forest of the Pend d'Oreille is a vast lumber preserve for future generations The pineries of Michigan and Minnesota look like open parks compared with it. Nowhere else in the United States, save on the western slopes of the western mountains, in Washington Territory, can be found such a prodigious amount of timber to the acre. It stretches along both sides of the Pend d'Oreille, or Clark's Fork River, for a hundred and fifty miles, and laps over the Cœur d'Alène and Bitter Root Mountains, embracing Lake Cœur d'Alène and its tributary rivers, and having a width of at least a hundred miles. The bull pine is the predominant tree; but there is considerable white pine, tamarack, and fir, and in places the cedar excludes all other trees, and attains a surprising girth and height.

Following a trail through the gloomy solitudes of this wilderness is not a cheerful proceeding. The sky is rarely visible, and there are no sounds to break the stillness, save the roar of a torrent, or a crashing in the underbrush and a whiffling grunt that tell of the retreat of a bear. The incidents are the fording of streams, scrambling over rocks, and plunging through mire. In our case there was the adventure of running the gauntlet through a forest fire. The flames were on both sides of the trail. There was no way of getting around them with the horses, and it was a question of turning back or dashing through; so the little caravan was put to a gallop, and after an exciting minute in the smoke, came out with no damage, save some singeing of hair. If a traveler be tough and well-mounted he can go in a day's hard ride from Thompson's Falls to Murray, the chief mining camp; but one unused to the saddle gets all the journey he wants for one day when he reaches a half-way station called Mountain House, where there is a clearing big enough to see the sky through. A log hotel, a store in a tent, two canvas lodging-houses, and three saloons give the place quite an urban look. The hotel has two rooms—the front room being bar, sleeping apartment, and sitting-room, and the rear division the kitchen and dining-room. The sleeping accommodations consist of two tiers of berths, in which tamarack poles serve as springs, and pine boughs as mattresses. Half a dollar seemed a reasonable price to the tired wayfarers for the privilege of spreading their blankets on the boughs and enjoying the sense of shelter and the pleasant warmth of a fire burning without stove or chimney in the middle of the room, and sending its column of smoke up through a big square hole in the roof. Of the fare served in the other apartment by the dignified, military-looking gentleman who acted as cook, it can truthfully be said that, if not choice, it was abundant, and that the flapjacks were beyond criticism. In the days of the stampeders and the toboggan trains, this was the only house on the trail, and a blessed haven of rest it seemed to many a poor fellow struggling through the snow.

"How do you hook up?" was the landlord's greeting in the morning, a teamster's salutation much in use in Montana. The old

miner usually asks, "How do you pan out?" or "How are you striking it?" The truth is, we hooked up badly after a night on the tamarack poles, but the mountain air and the flapjacks were good restoratives. Sundry specimens of silver ore from ledges near by were examined, a look taken at a ditch down ten feet on its way to bed-rock and an uncertainty, and then the horses were mounted and the trail was resumed. The forest grew denser. The day before it seemed as if trees could not grow closer together than they did along that part of the trail, but higher up they stood in such serried array that a pack-mule could not squeeze through between them. Away up in the air some two hundred feet was a little slit through which the sky could be seen. It was like looking out of a deep crevice. The trail grew more and more abrupt, and the divide was reached after three hours' travel.

The line between Montana and Idaho follows the crest of the range. Probably the summit of the pass is five thousand feet above the sea level. The mountains on either side rise probably two thousand feet higher. They are not rugged and precipitous like some of the ranges of the Rockies, but carry timber almost to their rounded, green summits, and in midsummer show only patches of snow. The trail was enlivened by meeting numerous pack-trains going out for return loads, parties of prospectors, and numerous pedestrians of a class indicated on the register of the hotel at Thompson's Falls by the letters "D. B." opposite their names, meaning "dead broke." It is the kind custom of the country not to refuse a meal to these unfortunate reformed stampeders.

On the western side of the mountains the trail plunges down into a narrow, dark ravine, where Pritchard's Creek rises. Every few rods there are written notices stuck on the trees announcing that the undersigned claims "five hundred feet of the gulch from rim-rock to rim-rock," but no mining is seen until one gets down to Raven, the most advanced settlement toward the pass. Here are a dozen cabins and a mine on a mountain-side, where the dirt is thrown into a wooden slide, and so got down to the creek for washing. The clean-up averages about ten dollars a day per man, and the owner said that as he could hire men for four dollars a day he had a fairly good thing. He emptied a buckskin bag of small nuggets and dust, and thrust his fingers through the yellow stuff in an affectionate way. Three miles farther down the creek is Butte, a new camp of log huts in the thick woods. Here some sluicing was in progress. This place bears no resemblance to its namesake in Montana, save in the hopes of its founders. Near Butte is the "Mother Lode," whose discovery last May was the talk of all the camps. Miners suppose that all gold placers were caused by the breaking up of some rich lode in the mountains by convulsions of the ground in old geologic times. To find this "Mother Lode" is the object of much zealous prospecting. Three old farmers from Washington Territory had the luck to find in the mountain-side, close to the creek, a vein that is accepted as the mother of the Cœur d'Alène placers. They uncovered a bowlder about four feet in diameter, thickly splashed on its surface with gold, and containing several rich veins. The lead to which it belonged they opened for a few yards from the bank to the creek. Then they sat down to look at their wonderful find, and to enjoy the congratulations of visitors — the happiest trio to be found in all the camps of the Cœur d'Alène country. When I saw them and their gold-streaked bowlder, they were waiting for some one to come and offer them forty thousand dollars for their claim.

A little farther down the stream, wedged in a narrow crease between precipitous mountains, is Murray, now the chief town of the Cœur d'Alène country. It is composed of a hideous half-mile-long street of huts, shanties, and tents, with three or four cross-streets that run against the steep slopes after a few rods progress. The discovery of Dream Gulch, of the Mother Lode, and of several other promising leads and placers near by, created Murray last spring, and almost depopulated Eagle, the other center of the region, five miles below. A more unattractive place than Murray I have seldom seen. The trees have been cleared away, leaving a bare gulch into which the sun pours for sixteen hours a day with a fervor which seems to be designed by nature to make up for the coolness of the short July nights, when fires are needed. Stumps and half-charred logs encumber the streets, and serve as seats for the inhabitants. Chairs can only be found in the principal gambling establishments. Every second building is a drinking-saloon. Newspapers sell for "two-bits" (twenty-five cents) apiece. Descending the hill into the town, we encountered a procession of perhaps three hundred men, marching after a long board box. It was the funeral of a printer who had been shot by his employer, the editor of the local journal, for demanding his pay. The propriety of lynching the editor was discussed after the funeral, but as the judge of the district was expected next day to hold court, it was decided to let the law take its course. The town was full of men out of employment and out of money, who hung about the saloons and cursed the

camp in all styles of profanity known to miners' vocabulary. Nevertheless, gold was being shipped out every day by Wells, Fargo & Co's express, and new discoveries were constantly reported. All the facts pointed to a rich auriferous region. The men who were making money kept quiet, worked early and late on their claims, and let the talking of the town be done by those who had neither the means to open claims, nor to live on while holding them. The placers are probably the most difficult to work that have ever been discovered. First, there is the enormous timber growth, then a thick alluvial soil, and farther down comes from five to twenty-five feet of gravel and bowlders, before the bedrock is reached. Besides, the water of the streams soaks down through the ground, and must be taken out of the ditches and shafts by pumping. A reasonable estimate of the region is that it is rich in placer gold, and contains many valuable quartz veins of both gold and silver, and that, when time has tested its merits and made them known, capital will be attracted and mining enterprises undertaken on a great scale. Probably a year or two will elapse before an active, systematic development of the placers and lodes is fairly begun. Meantime, placer mining will be carried on in a rather small way by men working their own claims under difficulties. The camp is very poor. Many of the prospectors were farmers from the plains of eastern Washington, who went home in the summer to gather their crops; many others were penniless adventurers, or old miners who had wasted their gains in other camps. The number of old men is remarkable. They are mostly veterans of former California and Colorado days, who came to have another taste of the rude life of the mines and the fascinating occupation of seeking for the yellow dust. One pities these grizzly ancients, who at their time of life should be sitting by their own firesides, with children and grandchildren around them.

Five miles below Murray is Eagle, where the stampeders harbored last winter. Its rise and fall covered a period of only six months. Lots, with log buildings, which sold last February for one thousand five hundred dollars, can now be bought for fifty dollars. Yet the place occupies the only natural town-site in the whole region, having an open flat of a hundred acres, where one can see a horizon of mountain-tops up at the head of Eagle Creek, and where the vision is not limited to moss-hung trees and a hand-breadth of sky. When the quartz leads on Eagle and Pritchard Creeks are worked, Eagle will have a new growth. Just now its disconsolate inhabitants are eager to dispose of their huts, tents, and town lots, and their goods and whisky, at any price, and are only staying because they cannot get away. From Murray to Eagle, and on five miles farther to the Cœur d'Alène River, there is a pretense of a wagon-road. Vehicles are got over it, but the traveler finds it much more fatiguing to ride them than to go afoot. Pedestrianism in this somber twilight realm of dense foliage and trailing tree-moss has an especial charm when it leads out toward light and civilization. Then it is but an easy walk to the river, and at the river you are done with sore-backed horses, dead-axle wagons, and tramping over tree-roots and through quagmires; for there you find the canoe, and can slide out of the wilderness on pea-green waters at the rate of ten miles an hour. I can recall nothing more delightful in travel in either hemisphere than the canoe voyage of forty miles from Eagle Landing down to the old Jesuit Mission. There were five of us travelers, who embarked in a dug-out made from the trunk of a pine-tree. Two lithe, muscular boatmen navigated the craft, one standing at the bow and one at the stern, and each equipped with a paddle for use in still waters, and a long, iron-pointed pole to keep the canoe "head on" and off the rocks in running the swift rapids. There is a spice of danger in the trip, which makes it exhilarating. The dug-out rolls like a log, and the captain in the stern lays down to the passengers the one rule, which they must obey, namely, that there must be "no monkeying around," which means that everybody is to sit still in his seat. About once in every mile there is a rapid. If it takes a straight shoot in the middle of the stream and hides no big rocks, there is no trouble; but if the current sheers off to the shore on one side, and makes a sharp turn after striking full against the face of a precipice, it requires all the strength and skill of the boatmen to keep the canoe from being hurled against the rocky wall and upset. Then there are jams, where the river is blockaded by enormous masses of fallen timber, and along the narrow channels that suck through the wedged-in trunks and branches the canoe must be coaxed or forced; and shallows occur, where the boat grounds, and the crew leap overboard into the seething, icy current and "rock her off," tilting her by stem and stern until she floats again. Once we lost our steersman in a comical way, that made everybody laugh and overlook the imminent peril of the situation. The canoe had plunged down a curving rapid with great velocity, and, to keep it from striking, the steersman thrust his paddle against the bank. There was a crevice in the rock in which the

blade struck. Before he could pull it out the boat had swept on, leaving him hanging to the paddle and a root, with twenty feet of water under him. One of the passengers seized the pole, which luckily remained in the boat; the craft was steadied, stopped, and pushed back, and the steersman rescued.

In shallow places the river is as transparent as cut-glass, and the stones upon its bed form a beautiful mosaic of many colors; in deeper places it has a lovely pellucid green color, and in the pools that lie at the feet of enormous craggy precipices it becomes an indigo-blue. Everywhere the wilderness is unbroken; everywhere the forest-covered mountains hug the shore. We saw many deer. They would stand still on the river's brink and look curiously at the canoe until it was quite near, but they seemed to have knowledge enough of gunpowder to throw their white tails up and scamper into the bushes the moment anybody showed a revolver. It was great fun to run races with the wild ducks, which would keep ahead of the boat for a mile or two, with their half-grown broods, clamoring and splashing along, before they would retreat to the shore. We saw no signs of human life, save a party of boatmen poling two laden bateaux upstream, until we had run thirty-five miles, and come to Kingston, a village in the woods, developed by the mining excitement. In high stages of water a steam-boat comes up to the place, and the transfer of goods and travelers to pack-mules and horses makes business for a few stores, saloons, and restaurants. Ordinarily the boat lands five miles farther down at the Old Mission, which we reached in the edge of the evening. This locality is called Mission City on the maps. The city consists of one store, a hotel of rough boards, where there are twenty cot-beds in the attic, the Mission church and buildings, and a score of Indian tepees.

The Mission is in charge of a single priest, old Father Joseph Joset, who established it in 1853. A new mission has been built recently east of the lake, and has become the center of life on the Cœur d'Alène reservation. As our party of travelers approached the door of the old church they found the venerable priest barring the way and forbidding entrance. "You Americans set a bad example to the Indians," he explained. "You have no reverence. You keep your hats on and act as if you were in a tavern. I cannot let you go in. This is the house of God, and if the Indians see that you do not respect it, the influence on them will be bad." It took some time to mollify the old man. I managed to win his good opinion by telling him that I had lately visited old Father Ravalli, at the St. Mary's Mission in the Bitter Root Valley, and had staid a week with the fathers at St. Ignatius's Mission, in the Flathead country. Finally he ordered the group of squaws that stood about the door to go away and allowed us to enter. There was really nothing to see except the dingy old altar and a few cheap, tawdry pictures. The curious Italian façade of the church was the only interesting thing about it.

Below the mission the river changes its character, and, instead of a swift mountain stream, becomes a placid canal. The mountains recede and leave great tracts of rich meadow-land, that would make excellent farms if released from the Indian reservation, but which are now vacant and solitary. A little steamer runs down the river thirty miles, and from the river's mouth twenty miles farther on the lake, to Cœur d'Alène City, another mushroom product of the mining "boom." Lake Cœur d'Alène is about thirty miles long by two or three wide. Its waters are clear, cold, and of a bright-green color, and the mountain landscapes around it are fine; but its uninhabited, forest-covered shores are lonely and monotonous. Only at its northern end is it exempted from Indian title. There the town stands close to Fort Cœur d'Alène, established by General Sherman, some years ago, as a permanent post, and regarded by army officers one of the most desirable stations in the West. It is only ten miles from the post to Rathdrum, a small town on the Northern Pacific Railroad, and a good stage-road leads through pine openings and across the great Spokane Prairie. The feelings of travelers who have extricated themselves from the Cœur d'Alène Mountains and mines, and find themselves approaching the railroad, are best expressed by a line from a song that used to be sung by the soldiers during the Civil War:

"Aint I glad to get out of the wilderness!"

Eugene V. Smalley.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN THE COLONIES.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

SEAL OF THE LORDS PROPRIETORS OF CAROLINA — REVERSE. (FROM AN IMPRESSION IN THE ENGLISH STATE-PAPER OFFICE.)

I.

CUSTOMS RELATING TO LAND.

THE transplanted Englishman of the seventeenth century, for the most part, clung with tenacity to his heritage of ancient customs and prejudices. As the original current of a great river holds the peculiar tint derived from its banks, after the banks are left behind and the stream has pushed far out to sea, so English life in the New World was slow to lose its characteristics in novel conditions; only by degrees did the powerful reaction of new circumstances bring about differences between the English planted in America and those who remained in the old nursery.

The mode of holding, transferring, and inheriting land always exerts a marked influence on society. English settlers brought with them notions and customs respecting landed estate that had grown up in the long ages of tribal and national development before and after the coming of the English clans from the continent. These they applied to land-holdings in America, without thought of their unfitness. To take a minor example: Among the first colonists land was often transferred by the ancient ceremony known as *livery of seisin*. The seller stood upon the tract that had been sold, and, plucking a twig from a bush or tree, passed it into the hand of the purchaser, or gave a bit of turf with a twig stuck in it, and in some cases a splinter, also. If there was a house, the seller took hold of the ring of the house-door and formally gave it to the new owner. The ground, with its products and appurtenances, was thus symbolically delivered in a manner very suitable to illiterate times and restricted territories.

* The limit of a magazine article does not allow of the discussion of other social conditions than the two capital ones, land-holding and labor. The engravings of colonial houses supplement rather than illustrate the text, by giving pictorially another phase of the subject.

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But in the colonies land soon came to be, as it is with us now, an article of merchandise and speculation, passing frequently from owner to owner. Remote and unsurveyed tracts of wilderness could not well be handed over "by twig and turf." In Maryland the bare certificate entitling the holder to take up land came presently to be passed about as current money. In some places laws were made, after a while, to cover the omission of livery of seisin, and it gradually passed out of use, lingering latest in Virginia, the oldest and most conservative of the colonies.

Other antique customs relating to land found lodgment for a while in America. Once in four years, between Easter and Whitsunday, the Virginians were required to make formal processions about the bounds of their several tracts, renewing the marks in the line trees. When a division line had been thus traced three times, it might never afterward be disputed. In Massachusetts, Connecticut, and on Long Island, the townships, as corporate land-holders, were to "go the rounds" at regular intervals, and each individual owner of plow-land, mow-land, and forest within a "town" must trace his boundary every winter, if his next neighbor exacted it. The colonists were thus following a custom whose origin is lost in the obscurity of the ages before written records.

Not only the ancient methods of transferring and bounding real property, but the ancient notions of land tenure, crossed the sea with the English. At first America seemed destined to be a country of great lords and their liegemen. All the territory embraced in the thirteen colonies was at one time or another covered by grants made to proprietaries. In some regions royal grants overlaid and overlapped one another in bewildering confusion. Most of these grants were without result; yet, at the close of the reign of Charles II., the greater part of the coast was in process of settlement in subjection to feudal or semi-feudal proprietors. Land-holding almost everywhere in the colonial period retained some features of feudalism. In Virginia a quit-rent of a shilling for every fifty acres was paid to the crown or to some grantee of the crown; the people of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Carolina paid a similar tax to proprietary lords. In New York, also, the Crown exacted quit-rents, and the tenants of Dutch patroons brought an annual acknowledgment of feudal service, it might be of five pounds of butter, two loads of wood, or a pair of chickens. In Maryland the traditional pair of capons was sometimes added to a rental of Indian corn. Land was rarely conveyed by a proprietary without at least a nominal rental to save the dignity of the lordship. The commonest of fictitious rents

SEAL OF THE LORDS PROPRIETORS OF CAROLINA — OBVERSE.

was the pepper-corn; for instance, the land given in 1693 to Trinity Church, New York, was subject to a payment of one pepper-corn annually. In South Carolina, in one case, a single ear of maize was to be paid yearly for three thousand acres. Lord Baltimore sometimes exacted a bushel of corn, a capon, a pair of pullets, an Indian arrow, or a buck's foot. Such great proprietors as Baltimore held their territories as under-lords to the Crown. Lord Baltimore was obliged to render to the sovereign two Indian arrows every year in Easter week in token of fealty. Penn, perhaps because he was a Quaker, paid two beaver-skins instead of the weapons of war, which were a customary recognition of title by petit-serjeanty. The lords proprietors naturally sought to complete in their provinces the aristocratic hierarchy of which they were part; but the "manors" in Pennsylvania and the "baronies" and "manors" in Carolina appear to have been such in name only. In Maryland some manors for a while held courts-leet and courts-baron, after the ancient fashion of such lordships in England. In New York, where the English feudal system was grafted on the Dutch patroonships, the manors had local courts and a representation that made the owners of these estates hereditary legislators with immense influence.

There was a mode of land-holding in some parts of England older than the Norman conquest, far older even than the migration of the English tribes from the continent, whose origin, indeed, antedates the remotest history and the most ancient traditions of our race. The people of a township anciently held their land under the manor-lord, allotting a portion of each of their fields every year to each family according to its rank or wealth. The advancement of civilization relaxed this severe communism; the little acre or half-acre bits of arable land scattered here and there over the fields of the town were given in perpetuity to the several members of the community. But the division of the land retained marks of the older order; each man had many little patches widely scattered, and the meadow, the pasture, and the woodland were sometimes still held in common. The fences and gates of the common fields were kept up by the proportionate labor of each man in the town, and the rents of the lord were paid by the community. This system was still in full vigor in parts of England until the present century, nor is it yet quite extinct.

It was this township plan that obtained generally in New England and in parts of New York and New Jersey. From the beginning of these colonies the Puritans fenced their fields together, and shared upland, meadow, and woodland between the families in proportion to their investment, their social importance, and some other qualifications not now easily made out. The phraseology and methods of the English communities were retained; the "furlongs," that is, "furrow-longs," held by each family were fenced in common fields, and sometimes for a few years after settlement were cultivated without a permanent division of property — a method very ancient, and for the most part disused at that time in England. Each New England family in a town held land in several widely separated pieces. In some towns these were all sold together as appertaining to the "house-lot." Each individual had his proportionate "house-lot right" and "acre right" in the undivided meadow, forest, and other estate of the "town." The times of planting and of turning in cattle were regulated in "field-meetings," after the immemorial usage of the English township.

The town communities were, in some places, intermingled with large "independent farms." The communities existed without a manor-lord in Massachusetts, while the East Jersey towns paid "the lord's half-penny," as they called it, on every acre, and the New York towns paid a quit-rent to the Crown. If, now, we inquire why these common holdings did not thrive to the southward of New Jersey, we have asked a question not to be readily answered in the present state of our knowledge. The problem is older than the settlement of America. William Marshall, the first to describe such communities in England, found, in 1786, all the people on one side of a range of hills holding common lands, while those beyond held their ground independently, and he suggested that the two regions had been settled by immigrations from diverse portions of the continent. It would be an interesting subject for inquiry whether the first comers of the Puritans, or their leaders, emigrated from a region of common holdings.

But common lands were not unknown in the middle and southern colonies. In Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware the earliest unit of association was the "hundred," — a name derived from a very ancient division of the English shire. We find in the meager accounts that have come to us that land was early granted to the Virginia hundreds in large bodies, and the hundreds appear to have made dividends to individuals somewhat as did the "towns" in New England. The hundreds of Virginia also sequestered, or at least retained, land for "commons"; two of them had assignments of "commons" of fifteen hundred acres apiece, and there

were also public lands given at first to "each particular borough." All the way down the coast the projected towns for trade had "commons" attached. Efforts were made to found in Carolina "townships with privileges," that is, perhaps, townships with local autonomy like those of New England; and at a later period, under the lead of Governor Robert Johnson, new settlers were located in townships of twenty thousand acres each.

But in the north-eastern colonies there were strong selective reasons in favor of the ancient village system with its localized government. The Puritan minister gathered his people into a compact brotherhood; no man might live far away from the meeting-house. So intimate was the relation between church and township, that the people of Guilford in the New Haven colony vested the fee of their undivided lands in the church. The church was a powerful force, from within, holding the town compacted, and the almost unflagging hostility of the savages for nearly a hundred years gave a pressure from without, making it convenient to live, not upon farms, but upon home-lots; and thus the old English land community acquired a new vigor in crossing the sea.

There was that which made all plans for towns of no avail in the South,— a centrifugal force that broke down representation by boroughs or townships in Virginia, and made the parish a vast region with little corporate unity, on account of the rarefaction of the population, and rendered the "commons" of the early hundreds of no benefit. This was the lighting upon a staple. If tobacco, rice, or indigo had been profitable at the North, all the power of habit, tradition, and religion, with Indian hostility superadded, could not have kept the towns-people to their home-lots about the church, their patches of plow-land and meadow, and their "acre rights" in woodland and pasture. The desire for profit would have made men, there as elsewhere, spread abroad to cut and burn fertile patches in the forests, seeking new fields for the staple. But fishing, trading, and manufacturing for trade became the favorite callings; and nothing could have been better suited to these forms of life in that day than the belt of half-agricultural, half-seafaring villages that skirted the coast and dotted the river banks from Long Island north-eastward, all of them formed on the township model derived from the *ham*, or ancient Saxon manor, with the lord and his rentals left out.

II.

MODIFICATIONS OF THE LAND SYSTEM.

EVERY English notion about land, and every method of English land tenure, found place in America for a while; but a process of natural selection, after a little time, began to eliminate those features of each system that were unfit to survive in the new conditions. The common field of the town community could no more remain than the manor with its tenants owing fealty to a lord. The common-field system was distinctly recognized in some places as a temporary make-shift, and individual shares began to be separately inclosed at an early day. The system was becoming antiquated even in England, and the wide-spread movement there during the last hundred years for an improvement in husbandry has almost done away with it. The agitation for division began earlier still in America. By the time the seventeenth century had run its course and the theocracy had lost its grip, inhabitants of town communities in many parts of New England and New York were moving actively to disentangle their interests from those of their neighbors, and this was accomplished after many hot debates. It is only in out-of-the-way places, where human life lies stranded, that one can now find lands held in common by the town.

The first Virginia tenants were little better than villeins; they were bound to remain seven years on the land, and to pay one-half of the whole produce for rent. In a new country such a system quickly broke down. The owner of thousands of acres in Maryland long continued to call his plantation a manor; but tenants soon ceased to swear fealty to the lord, holding one end of a rod in the court-leet, while the lord's steward held the other. Land was abundant. Servants and slaves might be purchased cheap. Why should not a tenant become a lord and keep his capons himself? Tobacco, rice, and slavery undermined the feudal system at the South. The aristocracy, old and new, continued to hold many notions derived from feudalism; servants and slaves took the place of tenants, and the great gentleman was still distinguished by the breadth of his acres and the multitude of his retainers.

The greatness of the tracts of land in royal colonies engrossed by favorites of the governors, and especially by members of the council, was a monstrous evil. Secretary Claiborne received in Virginia forty-six thousand acres. At a later period Spotswood had forty-five thousand acres in one tract; and the second William Byrd, besides princely territories in Virginia, got a slice of North Carolina eighteen miles in length. Colonel Robert Carter was known as "King Carter," from his vast estates; and the Virginia territory which paid quit-rent to Lord Fairfax was truly royal in

extent, covering an area that now embraces more than twenty counties. Baronies of twelve thousand acres were granted in South Carolina — sometimes four of them in a lump. In Maryland, Charles Carroll had twenty thousand acres in one tract.

In New York, the grants were "almost as large as provinces," in the words of Lewis Morris. The Courtlandts had two tracts, each twenty miles square; Livingston had one, sixteen by twenty-four miles; the Rensselaer manor extended twenty-four miles each way. At a later period three proprietors held more than a million acres apiece. While the land held out, royal governors had a sure means of political influence and an unfailing source of wealth. One governor of New York is said to have exacted a secret share of one-third in every grant that he made. Lord Cornbury paid Lady Cornbury's funeral expenses by a grant of land at Newtown. Meantime the province of New York languished, immigrants avoided it, and for half a century the young people born upon its soil moved away in a steady stream to New Jersey and Pennsylvania to escape the exactions of the great proprietors, who at first construed their feudal privileges most strictly, claiming even the right to re-assume the land of tenants, as though it were merely "folk-land" and the tenant without any right whatever. The injustice of land monopoly and rent-tax was very apparent in a country where the ground lay for the most part unoccupied; violent discontents arose in New York fifty years before the close of the colonial period. As soon as the first tremblings of the revolutionary upheaval were felt, agrarian riots broke out; but, by espousing the cause of the colonists against the king, the greater number of the New York landlords held their own throughout the revolutionary struggle, and the manors survived to contend with later riots of the tenantry, and to go down at last under the democratic legislation of the post-revolutionary time.

Quit-rents were avoided and evaded in the colonies wherever this was possible, and they seem to have been generally in arrears. In New Hampshire, in New Jersey, and in North Carolina, as in New York, violent resistance was sometimes offered to the claim of the landlord. In Virginia the monopolies of the great land-owners in Spotswood's time led to a powerful democratic movement which filled the Assembly with men of low birth. In Pennsylvania the quit-rents were a perpetual source of dissatisfaction. Everywhere there appeared the tendency, more or less strong, to a simple and direct ownership of the soil by the occupant — the system that has finally prevailed in this country.

The primitive land systems lasted long enough to exert a considerable influence upon the people. If we consider extreme examples this becomes evident. The inhabitant of the town community was trained to association with his fellows. Measures were taken to promote village life; laws were made in Connecticut, in 1650, against consolidating house-lots, and the dwellers in Andover were forbidden to live upon their plow-land, lest their hogs and cattle should injure the common meadows. Artisans were secured by the community. Newark, for example, reserved a lot for the miller, another for the town's tailor, another for the boatman, and so on. A town in one case kept a flock of sheep for the public benefit. The habit of coöperation promoted voluntary associations. We find one New England mill owned by seven shareholders, another by thirteen, and a third by fourteen. The towns in New England and New York made by-laws, and regulated their internal concerns in field and town meetings. The system was productive of no end of petty wrangling and neighborhood feuds, but it cultivated a democratic feeling and taught each man to maintain his right.

On the other hand, the Southern planter lived in some isolation, but his public interests were as extensive as his county or his province. This state of society begot self-reliance, and produced more leading statesmen than the other; but the people lacked the New England cohesion and susceptibility to organization, without which the statesmanship of the Revolution would have been vain. The Southerner, from his isolation and from other causes, became hospitable, eager for society, and in general spontaneously friendly and generous; the New England people became close-fisted and shrewd in trade; it is a trait of village life. But the benevolence of New England was more effective than that of the South, because it was organized and systematic. The village life of the extreme North trained the people to trade, and led to commercial development; and it made popular education possible. The sons of the great planters at the South were averse to commerce; they were also the most liberally educated and polished in manners of all the colonists; but the scattered common people could have no schools, and were generally rude and ignorant, even when compared with the lower class of New Englanders, who stood a chance of getting some rough schooling, besides a certain education from the meeting-house and the ever-recurring town debates.

III.

INHERITANCE.

THE leadership of the great families was sustained in New York and in the colonies south of Pennsylvania by primogeniture—the prerogative of the eldest son to inherit the landed estate in case the father left no will. Custom followed the law, and fathers who willed their property usually left the most or all of the land to the oldest son, as belonging to him by prescriptive right. This inequitable practice had its use in the warlike ages of feudalism, when the first son to grow up must take the father's place at the head of his troop of dependents; but in the American colonies it was only the result of that remarkable and often stupid bondage to tradition in which the Anglo-Saxon peoples contrive to exist and advance. To primogeniture the aristocratic colonies added the dead hand of entail, by which the land was sent down for generations in the line of the oldest male. Even a clumsy fiction, called in law "common recovery," by which the entail might be broken in England, was forbidden by statute in Virginia, and was not accounted applicable to the other colonies.

The pilgrims at Plymouth and the Massachusetts Puritans had belonged to that politico-religious party in England which sought the abolition of certain old abuses. As early as 1636 Plymouth enacted that land should be held after "the laudable custom, tenure, and hold of the manor of East Greenwich," that is, in an ancient Saxon way preserved at the coming of William the Conqueror by the county of Kent. One characteristic of this tenure was that it divided the lands equally among the sons in case there was no will. Massachusetts, which expressly abolished many of the worst features of feudal tenure, by name, gave to the oldest son a double portion according to the Mosaic code, but divided the rest among daughters as well as sons. This system prevailed throughout New England. Primogeniture had come to be esteemed a natural right, and the Massachusetts leaders felt obliged more than once to defend themselves from the charge of having "denied the right of the oldest son." Pennsylvania took the same middle course of sheltering innovation under the law of Moses by giving the oldest son a double portion. The laws of some of the colonies made the land liable, to a greater or less extent, with personal estate for the debts of the deceased—which robbed the oldest of a part of his "insolent prerogative"; but it was not until the shock of the Revolution that primogeniture and entail were swept away, under the leadership of Jefferson and others. The oldest son's double portion in New England survived the Revolution for some years. A very ancient mode of inheritance prevailed in some English boroughs, called among lawyers "borough English." By this custom the lands descended to the youngest son. It found no lodgment in the laws of the colonies, so far as I know; but in New Hampshire it was a wide-spread custom to leave the homestead to the youngest, who remained at home and cared for the old age of his parents. This reasonable form of the custom of "ultimogeniture" lingers yet in certain parts of the country, as, for example, in some of the northern counties of New York.

IV.

THE TRADE IN WHITE BOND-SERVANTS.

THE ancient English tribes emerge from prehistoric obscurity holding slaves and serfs, probably the descendants of captives. In England serfdom was slowly worn out, partly by a political tendency to assert broadly the rights of Englishmen, and partly by a religious conviction, dating from the preaching of the Wyckliffites, that it was sinful to hold fellow-Christians in bondage. Queen Elizabeth appears to have yielded to this opinion, which prevailed widely in her reign; but with characteristic thrift she contrived to sell the privileges of freedom to those upon her manors whose blood was tainted by hereditary slavery, and James I. confirmed these or other copyhold tenures on the royal manors in consideration of another payment of money. Relics of the ancient villeinage, or bondage to the soil, lingered in a few places until after the Restoration.

The abolition of villeinage gave but a shadowy liberty to the lower classes. Long terms of service with wages fixed by authority took the place of the ancient serfdom. Any shrinking from his condition on the part of the poor man was repressed by rigorous laws. By a statute of the reign of Elizabeth, no tradesman might be hired for less than a year, and any artisan under thirty years of age, not at work, might be arbitrarily "retained" by any master-workman in his calling, nor could he depart until "the end of his term." Any unemployed man without rank or property might be similarly "retained" by any husbandman. No apprenticeship to a trade might expire until the apprentice was twenty-four years of age. It is probable that the labor of the servant was assignable during his "covenanted term of service," and during that term he was perhaps sold, bought, and beaten, as though

he were a slave. Certain it is that at the outset of American colonization in Virginia, and again in New England, one finds servants bound for long terms before leaving England, and treated as a recognized species of property.

The settlement of America quickened the stagnant labor market. The wilderness was hungry for men to till it, and a new trade in human beings sprang up. Indentured servants, poor children, vagrants, and other gutter sweepings of London were sent to America with men hard pressed by debt or other dire necessity. So insatiable was the colonial market for men that the trade was very lucrative from the start, and monstrous abuses sprung up. English writers in the middle of the seventeenth century express shame at finding their nation reproached by foreigners for this traffic in its own people. "These English," says a Dutch traveler, "are a villainous people, and would sell their own fathers for servants in the islands." Men of other nations were sometimes entrapped by English seamen and sold into the English West India islands, and prisoners captured by privateers in lawful war were run into lonesome places on the American coast and sold into bondage to increase the profit of the captors. The servants transported before 1650 were bound for long terms, some of them for ten years or more, many for seven or eight. After the restoration of the Stuarts, the opening of New York, the Carolinas, New Jersey, and then Pennsylvania, increased the demand for men, and the term of service was permanently reduced to four years.

English laborers bound themselves to serve a term of years, fairly hoping to better their condition in America; and men in domestic or other trouble would sell themselves for a term of service in the plantations, plunging into the abyss and trusting to luck to come up in better plight in a new world. Husbands forsaking their wives lost their identity in the transport ship, and wives fleeing from unbearable husbands were swallowed up in the same flood. Runaway children and apprentices were greedily welcomed by the crimps; felons and prison-breakers pursued by hue and cry were quickly safe on board. In those days of slow communication, renegades of every sort were as utterly lost to their old lives in America as they could have been had they migrated to the moon.

But this was not the worst feature of the trade. Men who were significantly called "spirits," and whose common trade had been that of "supplying soldiers to divers parts," turned their attention to the new trade in human flesh; and as the supply of the plantations with labor was considered a matter of the utmost importance, the nefarious business of these knaves was long carried on with small interference from authority. Little lads were "inveigled and by lewd subtleties" enticed aboard and carried to the colonies to be heard of no more. Distressed parents followed the ships down the Thames sometimes, and paid a ransom to recover their children. So frightful was the evil that it excited dangerous tumults in London, which moved the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to address the Privy Council on the subject.

The boldness of the "spirits" is remarkable. The ship that kidnapped Peter Williamson, eight years old, lay fearlessly in port at Aberdeen a month after stowing him and other lads between decks. All of these were sold in Philadelphia at sixteen pounds the head. The Scotch Highlanders were carried off by a regular system of kidnapping. One hundred were captured in a single raid in 1739, but escaped on the coast of Ireland. Some gentlemen of Boston walked down to the Long Wharf one morning in 1730 to examine a company of Irish transports then offered for sale. Among the lads who were made to run up and down to show off their muscle and condition was one who had gone to sea with his uncle, a captain. The uncle dying, the mate and crew sold the boy to a passing transport ship, perhaps in order to secure the captain's property. The boy served out his time, and afterward became an officer in the later Indian wars. There were some cases as romantic as the story of Joseph and his brethren. James Annesley, son and heir of Lord Altham, when thirteen years old was decoyed on board a ship at Dublin, at the instigation of his uncle, and served out twelve years of rough bondage in Pennsylvania. Returning to Europe, he secured a verdict giving him his father's titles and estates, but he died before the case was finally decided on appeal in the House of Lords. There were other instances hardly less curious, and American servitude became a godsend to some of the romance-writers of the time.

Even when downright kidnapping — which was also a trait of the French colonial trade at the same period — had been pretty well done away with, the crimps were none the less active in seducing people into servitude by all sorts of devices. In the "Vicar of Wakefield" Goldsmith has left us a picture of one of these seductive villains whose business it was to persuade people into bondage. So vividly drawn is this account of "Mr. Crispe," the crimp, that one is tempted to believe that the unthrifty Goldsmith had been himself, when in some desperate strait, on the point of going to the plantations under indenture, perhaps with assurances, such as his hero

receives, that he might be employed as secretary to the embassy which the Synod of Pennsylvania was about to send to the Chickasaw Indians!

Bristol was the chief center of the colonial trade; here even the small traders and sometimes the peddlers had ventures in the colonies. Bristol, therefore, naturally took the lead in the servant trade, and most of the great officers of the city became involved in kidnapping. When, in Bristol, a man was on trial for some small crime, the petty officers of the court would persuade him to beg for transportation in order to avoid being hanged. These transports were then assigned to the mayor and each of the aldermen in turn, who sold them into the plantations and grew rich from the spoils of the poor and the desperate. In the most paradoxical scene in judicial history, the worst of judges, George Jeffreys, himself reeking with corruptions and cruelties incredible, is found arraigning the aldermen of this opulent city for their share in this trade. Ordering the scarlet-robed mayor from his seat on the bench to a place in the prisoner's dock, he cried, with brutal exultation: "See how the kidnapping rogue looks!" He ranted at the aldermen in words too vile to be reprinted. Yet the selling of condemned men and the condemning of men that they might be sold were practiced openly in the court of James II. at this very time. The ladies of the queen's bedchamber and the queen herself eagerly snatched at the profits from the sale of the rebels of Monmouth's rebellion, whom Jeffreys had just then condemned; even William Penn begged for twenty of them for the Philadelphia market.

Such being the spirit of the court, it is not surprising that the crimps resorted to means the most shameful. A man made drunk by design would awake to find himself at sea sailing to one of the plantations to be sold for four years to pay his passage-money, according to custom. This was called trapanning. In vain were acts of Parliament passed for the registration of servants. Driven from one practice, the crimps resorted to new methods of entrapping the unwary, and the abuse lasted throughout the colonial period. The bellman of Cork advertised in a Philadelphia newspaper that he had authority from the mayor of his city to procure servants for America; the Irish mayor had perhaps learned from former mayors of Bristol the trick of turning a penny by selling small offenders out of the country. One shipmaster at Annapolis tried to pass a cargo of Irish vagrants and criminals for honest servants by the flimsy trick of showing sixty-six indentures, all signed by the mayor of Dublin, and by fitting out twenty of them with new wigs, thus giving an air of gentility to his rogues.

To Philadelphia, in the later period, were brought great numbers of Germans, inveigled by artful agents to sell themselves through brokers at the Dutch ports. The agents managed to suppress such letters to Germany as would have exposed their misrepresentations, — a matter not difficult of accomplishment when the captains interested in the traffic were the irresponsible carriers of the correspondence. Many hardy Germans, having money enough to pay their fare, preferred to sell themselves for a term of years in order to learn the language and the ways of the country. Others paid half the fare and were sold for the remainder, and some paid the passage of the family by selling one or two of their surplus children into bondage during minority.

One reads in the Philadelphia papers, in 1729, of "choice maid-servants fit for town and country," to be had of a certain wine-cooper, and of "a parcel of likely servant-men and boys" for sale about the same time. The development of the back country produced the "soul-drivers," as they were contemptuously called — men who peddled servants in droves of fifty or more. It is said that a little Irishman in one of these gangs contrived to be the last on hand, and, by rising early one morning and representing himself as the master, sold the soul-driver and escaped.

To the voluntary transports or "free-willers," and the "kids" who had been "trapanned" by "spirits" or seduced by the fair promises of crimps, were added convicts transported for crime. Like almost every other abuse of the colonial system, that of sending over the dissolute and criminal had begun in the reign of James I. The severity of English penal laws, by which sometimes "twenty were hanged up at a clap," occasioned evasions of all kinds; for Anglo-Saxon people prefer to reform an abuse by avoidance rather than by direct abolition. The old provision for "benefit of clergy" was stretched to an absurd comprehensiveness. The need for men in the colonies offered a new opportunity for merciful evasions of the death penalty in cases of minor felony. It became common to pardon thieves on condition of their accepting a seven years' term of service in the colonies, and the English State-Paper Office has many curious petitions for this commutation. As early as 1622 a horse-thief indicates that he much prefers service in Virginia to hanging. At a later period a husband is found petitioning on behalf of his wife, condemned

to death for stealing three-and-sixpence, that she might be transported to any plantation. After the Restoration it was enacted that justices, at their discretion, might send "loose and disorderly persons" to the colonies, and at intervals a hundred or so of "Newgate birds" were taken in a close lighter from Blackfriars to Woolwich, where they were put aboard ship for America. This stream of convicts brought no end of defilement to the infant plantations, which were poorly equipped to cope with rogues so sturdy and numerous as England was able to furnish. Laws made by colonial assemblies to obstruct such importations were repealed at home, but some of the colonies succeeded in turning the tide from their doors. The hardest words said against the mother country in colonial prints, a quarter of a century before the Revolution, sprang from the bitter resentment excited by this practice of forcing criminals on the plantations in spite of their utmost endeavor to keep them out. One of the most pungent newspaper writers of the time compared England to a father seeking to spread the plague among his children, or emptying filth upon their table; and Franklin proposed to send a present of rattlesnakes for the King's garden, as a fit return for the convicts out of English jails.

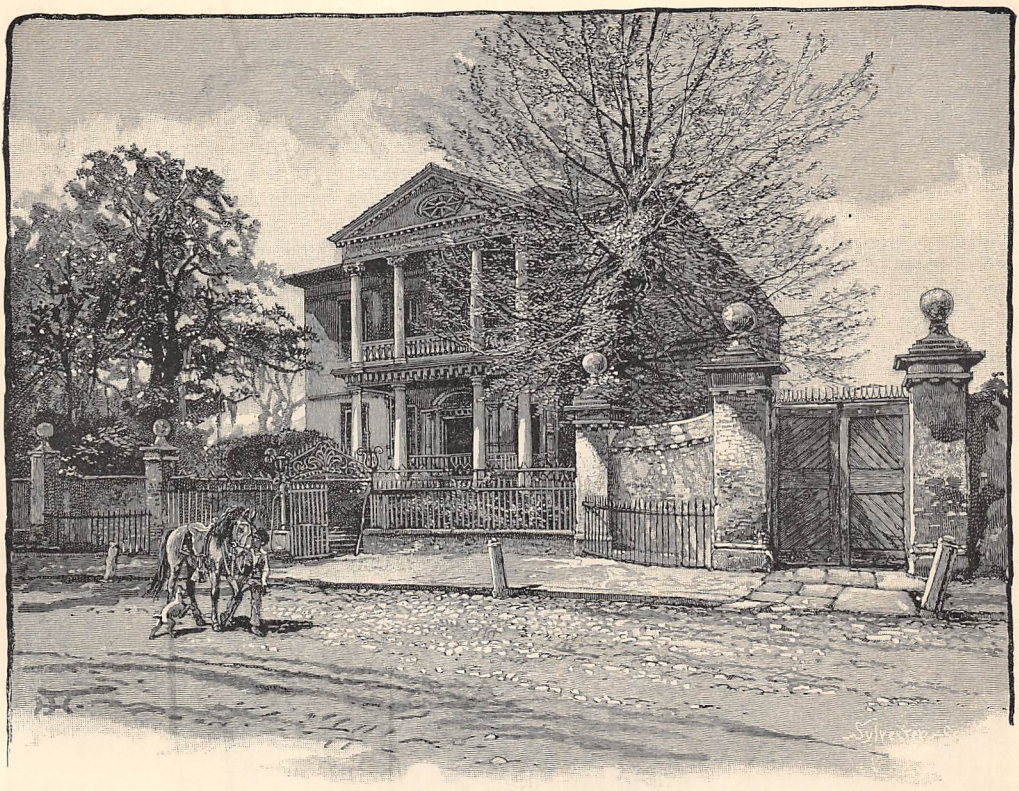
V.

THE TREATMENT OF BOND-SERVANTS.

THE number of bond-servants, even in New England, seems to have been large, and the supply was much greater in the wheat and tobacco countries. Every kind of business in Pennsylvania depended upon the labor of indentured servants, and there were great commotions when, in 1740, the reluctance of the Quaker Government to raise or pay troops was met by the enlistment of bond-servants. In 1670 Virginia had six thousand English servants, while there were yet but two thousand negroes. As the servants were freed in four years, this number represented a very large importation. In 1683 it was impossible to buy a large tobacco crop unless the merchant had servants to exchange.

The treatment of servants was as various as the character of the masters. At first, while the country was new and the population sparse, there was a sort of good-fellowship between the faithful servant and his master's family, and there were not wanting those who granted many indulgences to their bondmen. But even in 1629 De Vries, the Dutch traveler, saw English men and women staked and lost at cards, and he bluntly told the Virginians that he had "never seen such work in Turk or Barbarian." And when there had been brought over a multitude of "kids," as they were called, the decline in the average character of the servants and the incoming of negro slaves rendered the bondman's lot less tolerable, especially when the cultivation of a staple brought into requisition large gangs of convicts and other transports of desperate fortunes and reckless temper. It was an age of flogging; criminals, soldiers, sailors, pupils, children, and now and then even wives, were thought the better for scourging. One ought hardly to be surprised, therefore, at the numerous and cruel whippings of English servants, women as well as men, who were scourged naked with hickory rods and washed with brine; the punishment continuing sometimes at intervals for hours, or being renewed day after day. There were also in use, by masters and overseers, thumb-screws, sweatings, and other such devil's devices. The food allowed was sometimes a scant diet of Indian meal. The sick servant was neglected lest the doctor's charge should exceed the value of his remaining service; and one thrifty master required a servant, sick of a mortal disease, to dig his own grave in advance, in order to save the other men's time. In 1705 Virginia prohibited the secret burial of servants, and the whipping of "Christian white servants" naked, without the consent of a justice; and in 1715 Maryland made several protective provisions, one forbidding the giving of more than ten lashes for one offense, unless with approval of a magistrate. In New England, where servants were often regarded as Christian brethren and where settlements were more dense, care could be and was exercised to prevent injustice and cruelty; but there were instances of brutal hardship, notwithstanding, and even of a servant's dying from a master's cruelty. It was said that in Maryland the African slave sometimes fared better than the white servant — the slave being absolute property, while, as regarded the white servant, it was often only a question of how much profit an unfeeling master might wring out of him before the expiration of his term. On the other hand, there were not wanting many instances of fairness and even generosity. In one curious case a magnanimous Maryland master was rewarded by presents from the servant, who rose to great wealth on his return to England, but whose name and identity remained undiscovered to those who had befriended him as a bondman.

Great numbers fled away from the sharpness of bondage, taking the risk of cruel punishments and an extension of their terms if taken. During the existence of New Netherland, Dutch servants broke away to New Eng-



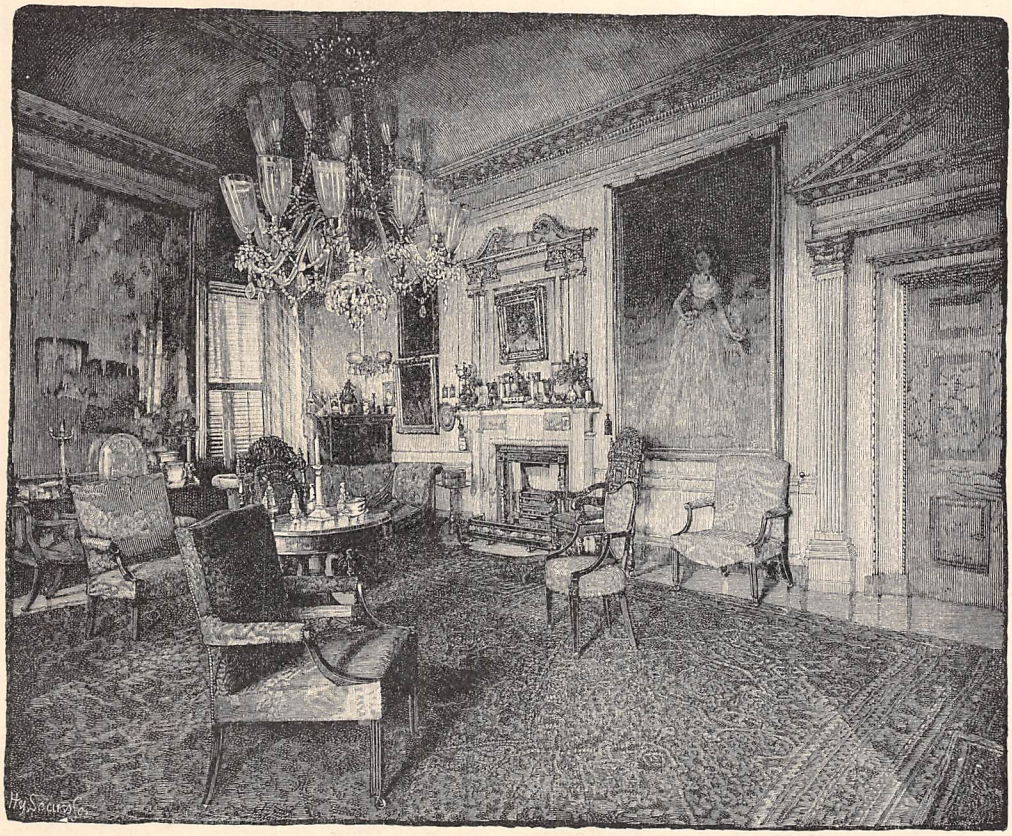
COLONIAL MANSION. RESIDENCE OF THE LATE WILLIAM BULL PRINGLE, ESQ., CHARLESTON, S. C.

land or Maryland, while English servants from both directions made their way to the Dutch territory. With New England the Dutch had at one time a treaty for the return of those "who carried their passports under their feet." To get away on shipboard, to seize a shallop and make off to a neighboring colony, and represent themselves as shipwrecked mariners, and to fly to the Indians, were favorite devices of runaways. So great was the number of fugitives that "inferior persons" were always liable to arrest on suspicion. The newspapers after 1725 have many descriptions of runaways, with offers of reward for their arrest. In 1663 a dangerous conspiracy of indentured servants was discovered in Virginia, and a general fear of the class, among whom were many desperate characters, probably prompted much of the severe treatment inflicted on bondmen.

It was perceived from the beginning that the criminal and semi-criminal elements in the servile class were a source of moral corruption. The pilgrims found that servants led astray "the unstaid and young." The Massachusetts colonists before starting essayed at considerable cost to sift their servants, excluding a corrupt element; they even sent back two boys who had shown vicious propensities on shipboard. But the large proportion of penalties meted out to servants during the first years of the colonies shows how slight was the effect of the sifting process. Even in the colonies where the convict element was shut out, many of the servants were obtained from dangerous classes, such as "sturdy beggars, gypsies, and other incorrigible rogues, idle and debauched persons." They could "eat till they sweat and work till they freeze," in the quaint words of a traveler in New England. It was probably from those who had been servants that the sea-rovers fitting out in the colonies found recruits. The pirate James, when short of hands, lay off the Virginia coast and captured transport ships, many of the convicts and servants in them preferring to risk a halter in cruising "on the grand account" to pining in colonial bondage. In some instances the criminal transports rose and slaughtered the crew, taking the ship into some out-of-the-way harbor and escaping. The degradation of the women-servants was a continual source of evil; laws were made to correct their immoralities, and other laws to

prevent these "Christians" from intermarrying with the heathen Africans.

Many indentured servants were of excellent character, and some of them had a fortunate destiny. Kirkbride, bond-servant to William Penn, became a preacher in the Society of Friends, a magistrate, and a member of the Assembly. Zenger, the famous New York printer, was one of the "poor Palatines" brought over at royal expense and indentured. Women are proportionately scarce in a new country, and many bondmaids were married to those who had purchased them from the ships or dealers. A niece of Daniel Defoe, who came to Maryland as a "redemptioner," married the son of her master. Many servants became overseers, and these were probably ancestors of the well-defined overseer class in the South. In all the colonies there were those brought as servants who rose to wealth through industry and frugality, two virtues on which a new land pays high premium. Some servants founded families that attained to honor and influence. The larger part of those sold into the colonies, no doubt, fell into the class of free laborers and small farmers, or into that migrant caste which has formed a sort of selvage to civilization, pushing its rude cabins further and further over the dangerous frontier in order to avoid contact with the more orderly and less congenial life that presses upon it from behind. There was besides a quite insoluble residuum, the irretrievable dregs of the servile class, whose descendants are to be found, no doubt, among the "crackers" and "poor white trash" in the South, and among the hereditarily criminal and pauper families of certain regions in the Northern States.



COLONIAL DRAWING-ROOM AND FURNITURE, IN THE BULL PRINGLE MANSION.

VI.

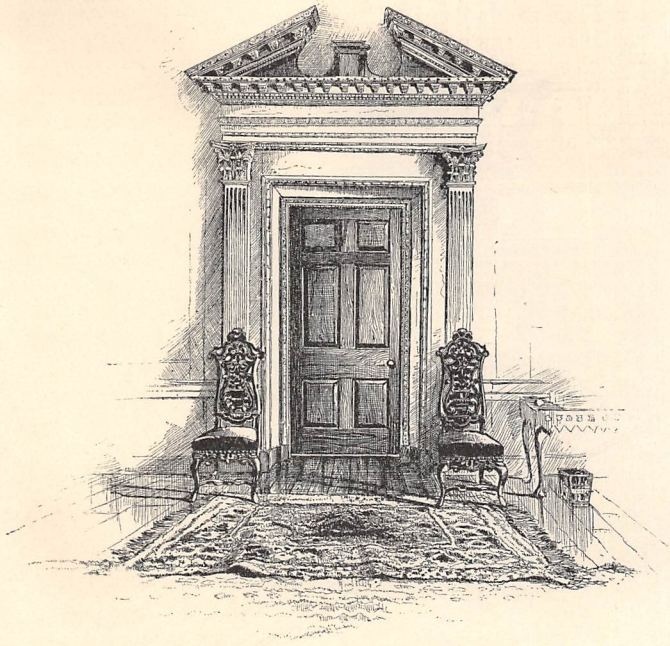
AFRICAN SLAVERY.

In 1619 a "Holland man-of-war," short of water and food, put into the James River and cast anchor before the only English settlement on this side of the globe. The captain was forbidden to land, but as he threatened to throw overboard some slaves captured in the West Indies, Captain Ken-

dall, commanding at Jamestown, exchanged some "presents" for them. These fourteen "negars" were the first slaves in English America. The opening of new settlements and the lighting upon new staple products produced a demand for unskilled labor which the English "spirits" and crimps could not adequately supply. Negroes were therefore brought from the West Indies, and afterward direct from Africa or Madagascar. The labor of slaves increased the ability of the colonies to "take off" English goods, and the products of slave labor swelled the customs revenue and the profits of the merchant. Colonies were accounted of no other use than to enrich their metropolis, and it is therefore not surprising that a Committee on Foreign Plantations, soon after the Restoration, declared that "black slaves were the most useful appurtenances of a plantation."

The English serfs had received their freedom chiefly on theological grounds as fellow-Christians, with some additional weight thrown into the scale by their being fellow-Englishmen. But free-born Englishmen were by custom sold into severe bondage for long terms, and even sent beyond seas in large numbers; there could, therefore, be no repugnance in the minds of the colonists to the enslavement of blacks, who were not only pagans, but so different in appearance as to seem to be another species, not entitled to human consideration. At least, if they came from Adam, they were by some theological experts identified with the cursed descendants of Cain; for Ham was thought to have found a wife in the land of Nod.

A COLONIAL STAIRCASE IN THE BULL PRINGLE MANSION.

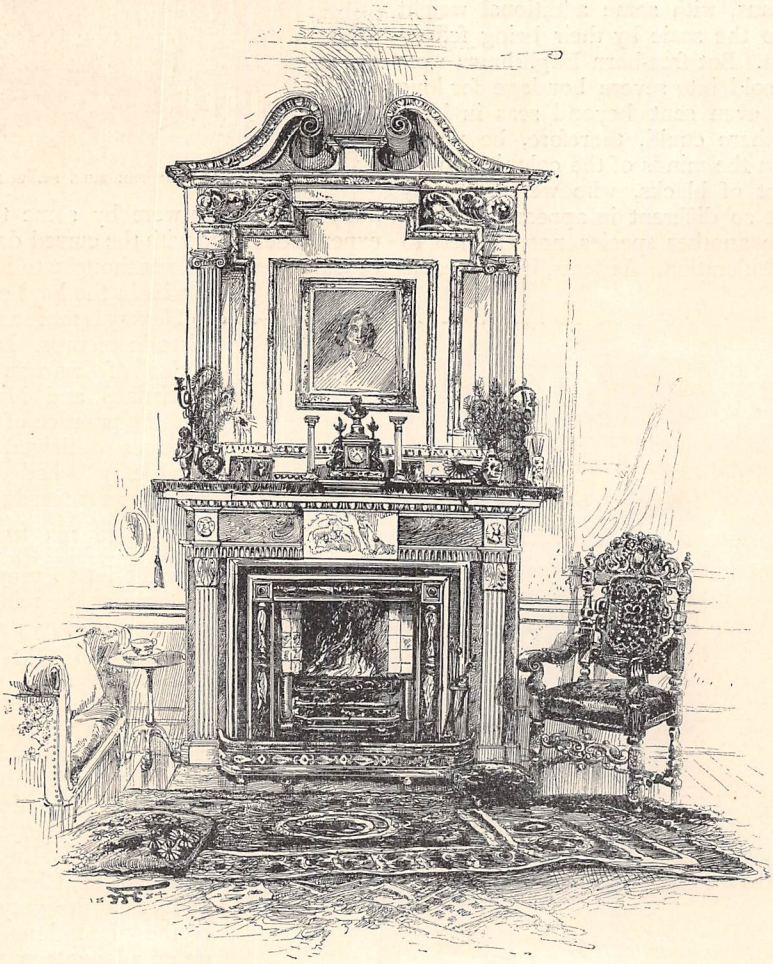


CARVED DOORWAY, DRAWING-ROOM OF BULL PRINGLE MANSION.

Slavery is more ancient than historic records. In the centuries of warfare between Christians and Mohammedans, the practice of enslaving captives outlawed by their "infidelity" had prevailed. Negroes were easily confounded with the Moors, and thousands of blacks were annually brought into Europe for sale as early as the middle of the fifteenth century; and a century later, in 1553, one finds four-and-twenty of them brought as far as England. From Spain first, and then directly from Africa, black slaves had been carried to the Spanish colonies to develop the mines. The Royal African Company of England announced to Charles II., in 1663, that the very existence of the plantations depended on an adequate supply of negro servants; and though their

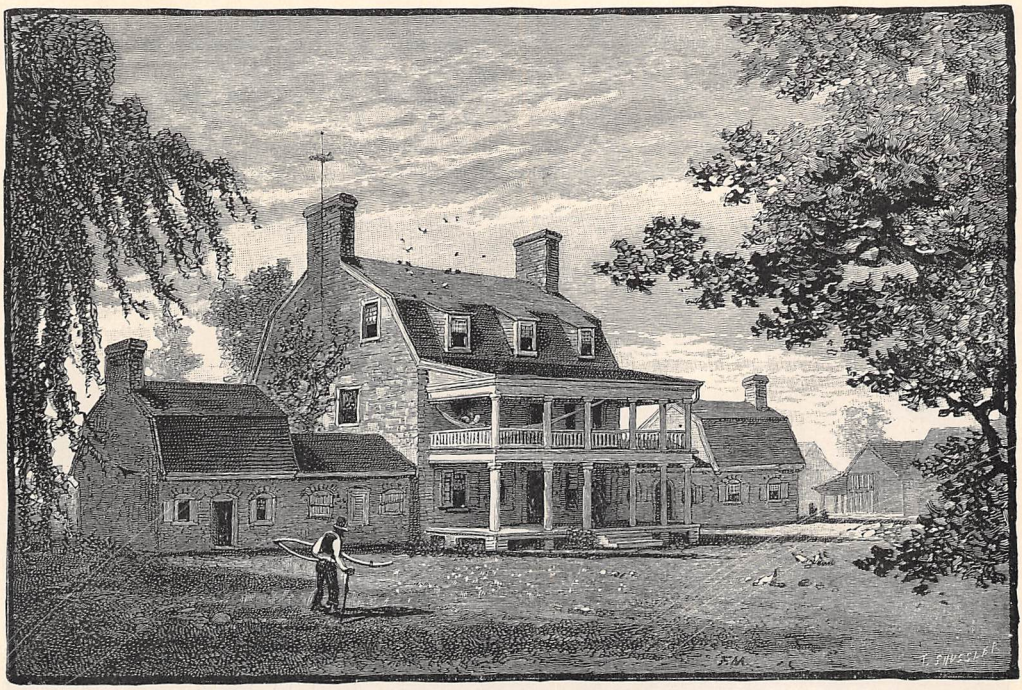
declaration was due to cupidity, it was at least true that all rich and successful American colonies up to that time had possessed slaves. So late as 1735 the Lords Commissioners of Trade declared that the colonies "could not possibly subsist" without an adequate supply of slaves. Indeed, the first effect of the introduction of slaves was a rapid advancement in subduing forests and opening sources of wealth.

Negro slavery, therefore, entered the colonies without any law in its favor except the common consent and practice of Christian nations. For sixty years after its beginning here, there seems to have been no scruple or question about it. The life-long bondage of negroes was tacitly justified by their heathen condition. When, in 1677, the question was first raised in an English court, Africans were held to be slaves by the custom of merchants and "as being infidels." This notion was so general that very many planters resisted efforts to instruct their slaves in the Christian religion, lest baptism should emancipate them. To remove this obstacle the Virginia Assembly enacted, in 1667, that the conversion of a slave should not invalidate the owner's claim to his services, and similar laws were afterward passed in most of the other provinces. But these laws were merely of colonial authority, and were not sufficient to overcome the scruple of covetousness. A proposal from England to encourage the conversion of the negroes "would not go down" with the New York Assembly in 1699. Solemn assurances that one Christian might lawfully retain another in slavery were given in an address issued *ex cathedra* by Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, in 1727; and the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General found it prudent to announce in 1729 that neither taking a slave to Europe nor baptizing him anywhere could make him free.



FIRE-PLACE AND CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE BULL PRINGLE MANSION.

After the beginning of the eighteenth century the colonists began to feel keenly two of the evils of slavery: it stimulated overproduction, and it kept the white people in constant danger from insurrection. They therefore sought to check the importation of negroes, but found that they had begun too late. The companies which from time to time engrossed a great part of the profit of the slave-trade exerted an immense and, it is said, a corrupt influence over the home government. Bristol merchants were very importunate against the South Carolina duty on slaves. Laws enacted in America to obstruct the slave-trade were usually disallowed by the Crown, and royal governors were informed that the colonists could not be permitted to "discourage a traffic so beneficial to the nation." This refusal to allow the colonists to repel slave-ships was one of those impolitic exercises of imperial authority which tended to estrange the plantations; it was, in fact, made one of the minor counts in the bitter quarrel which brought about the final separation.



AN OLD MARYLAND MANOR-HOUSE.

VII.

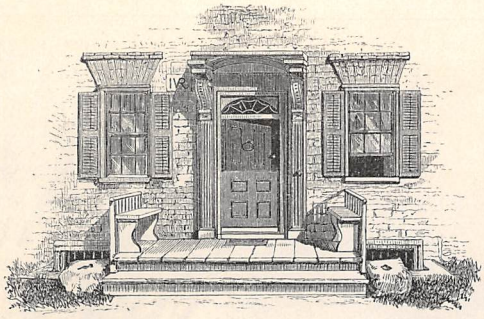
SLAVE-LIFE IN THE COLONIES.

For a long time after the introduction of slaves they were almost all foreign-born and savage-born, so that those attachments between a kindly master and a faithful slave, which did much to ameliorate the system at last, were rendered quite impossible while the negroes were untamed barbarians, representing in their features and speech the various tribes of the African mainland and Madagascar. The relation between the two races was, for the most part, one of hardly suppressed hostility. Many who came of slave lineage in Africa were submissive—their backs were bent to the burden of their inheritance; others, who had been kidnapped or captured in recent wars, and especially those who had been of consequence in their tribes, were difficult and defiant, scorning a tame obedience, and proudly contemning toil. For a long time but few women were brought, and the slaves lived together in gangs, with no softening influence of family ties, but in brutal irregularity and vice. Their holiday amusements were savage dances accompanied by beating of drums and blowing of horns; and their funeral ceremonies were, in the eyes of their masters, grotesque mummeries. They were believed to possess many secret poisons,—potent, but tardy in their operations,—and to produce by them long-lingering and mysterious sicknesses, which resulted at last in the death of master or mistress or of some fellow-slave who had incurred the animosity of the poisoners. To this terror of poison was added a dread of the sorceries of the pagans, who were

naturally supposed to have familiar relations with the powers of evil. Such fears of assassination, sorcery, and insurrection aggravated the harshness with which the colonists treated the horde of black servants, whose speech and character were alike incomprehensible. That they were of a savage and ungovernable nature and without any sense of shame was the excuse assigned for the sternness, not to say ferocity, of some of the colonial laws. That they had no fear of punishment in a future life was also urged in the preamble of many acts whose rigor was calculated to make perdition conceivable to the imagination of the darkest pagan. But a part of the severity of the statutes against slaves must be attributed to the general harshness of English legislation in that day, especially such legislation as had to do with the lower classes. Partly also it was due to that almost universal default of humane feeling which makes the first half of the eighteenth century seem so remote from our time. It is rare that the colonial laws propose anything less than death for a slave's offense. Even petty larceny, the tendency to which is a characteristic of the plantation negro as permanent as the color of his skin, by the South Carolina law was visited with death for the fourth offense. The simple death penalty was not accounted terrible enough for serious offenses. Travelers by night through the forest were sometimes startled by the swinging to and fro of the body of a negro who had been hanged alive in chains for killing his master. Such an offense in Maryland was treated as treason and punished with good old English elaboration of details. The right hand was amputated, then the criminal was hanged, then the head was cut off, the body quartered, and the quarters suspended in the most public places. In some of the provinces a special court of one or two magistrates, with two or more freeholders, was authorized to inflict death for certain offenses by slaves "in such a manner and with such circumstances as the aggravation and enormity of their crimes shall merit." The pen shrinks from recording the penalties inflicted by these courts; burning alive and a lingering death by hanging in chains were not the most cruel of them. The people were better than these laws begotten of terror; and in South Carolina many constables and other officers flatly refused to execute the punishments, so that to penal laws against the slaves it was needful to add penalties for the humanity of the officers.

AN OLD NEW YORK MANSION. ANCIENT VAN RENSSELAER MANOR-HOUSE AT GREENBUSH, NEW YORK.

There were some offenses not accounted



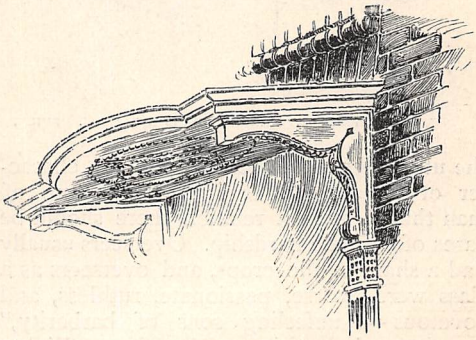
DOORWAY IN THE VAN RENSSELAER HOUSE AT GREENBUSH, N. Y.

death-worthy. For any resistance to a white person, without regard to extenuating circumstances, Virginia punished the slave with thirty lashes; Maryland cropped one of his ears; while in South Carolina he might suffer more severely. Hamstringing, branding in the face, and slitting the nose were among the methods in use for the subjugation of a heathen. In more than one colony slaves running about at night or "lying out" might suffer a more cruel and degrading mutilation.

That the law did not, in execution, lose much of the severity of its letter is shown by the complaint in 1714, that the treasury of South Carolina "had been very much exhausted" by extraordinary sums paid to compensate masters for slaves that had been executed. And yet society in this province was more urbane than in any other. In colonies where the statutes did not warrant extraordinary penalties on slaves, the administration of law went to the limit of severity. In Massachusetts hanging was the worst penalty for murder, but the obsolete common-law punishment specially assigned to women who were guilty of petty treason was revived in 1755, in order to burn alive a slave-woman who had killed her master in Cambridge; earlier still the old *lex talionis* had been put in force, that a negro woman might die by fire in Boston for arson causing death. In New Jersey, even in that part of the province in which Quakerism should have softened the spirit of the people, negroes were burned in many instances. New York, without the excuse of serious danger,— for her negroes were not more than a sixth of the population,— had a code barely less fierce than that of South Carolina, where the multitude of the slaves was a perpetual danger to the whites. Some of the revolting penalties inflicted on slaves in New York with the sanction of law-courts are striking proofs of the small advance the men of that time had made from positive barbarism.

ONE OF THE LOOP-HOLES, VAN RENSSELAER HOUSE.

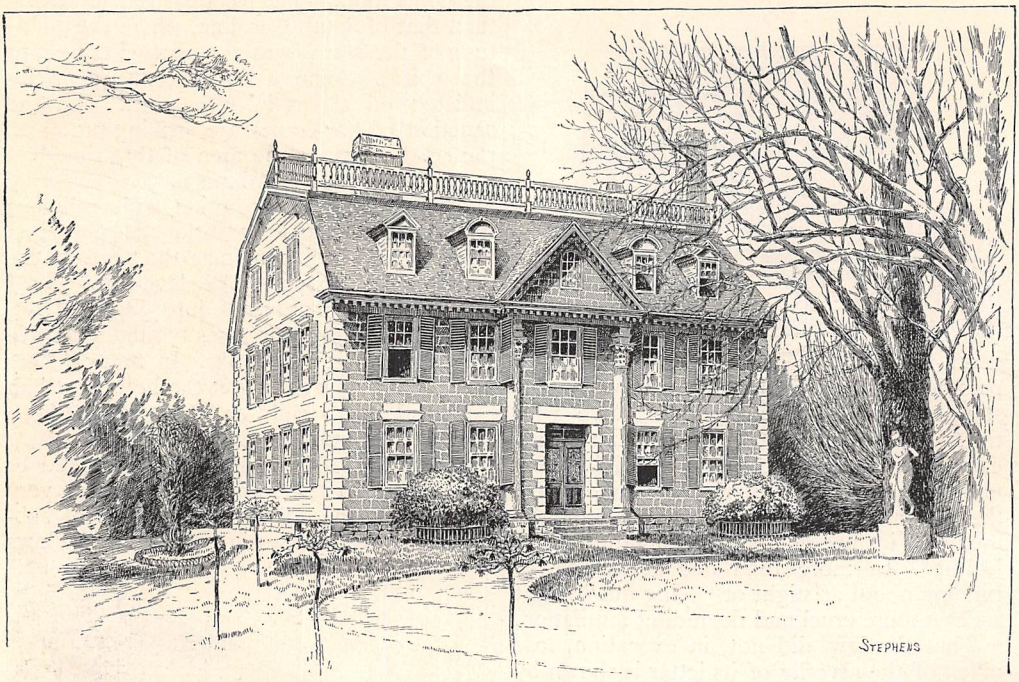
The tendency of race-pride, wide religious difference, and the condition of perpetual bondage was to dehumanize the negro in the white man's thought. The slave-ships tossed dead negroes like brutes into James River, and their floating carcasses became offensive to dwellers on the banks. In many places black servants went about the house but half clad, and negro children of twelve or fifteen were seen waiting at table "without even a fig-leaf." Slaves were sometimes marked or branded like cattle; and a theory was very current that the African was a sort of sub-human species, possessing no soul. The laws



OVER THE DOORWAY, VAN RENSSELAER HOUSE.

sought to strip him of human attributes: the slave might not, even with the master's consent, own boats, canoes, or cattle; he might not learn to write; he could not be freed without license; and one colonial law forbade a master to dress a servant in fine clothes. In South Carolina manslaughter of a slave was not punishable; in Virginia "death under correction," if not proven to be willful killing, did not entail punishment. In South Carolina, after 1712, the cold-blooded murderer who, "of wantonness or only of bloody-mindedness or cruel intention," slew a negro was obliged to pay a fine of fifty pounds. Such was the law, but public policy generally prevented any punishment of a master for the death of a slave; even in Pennsylvania, where the slaves were hardly a fortieth of the entire population, a master who had murdered his negro was allowed to escape from the province by the connivance of the magistrates.

The treatment which slaves received ranged all the way from the utmost indulgence to

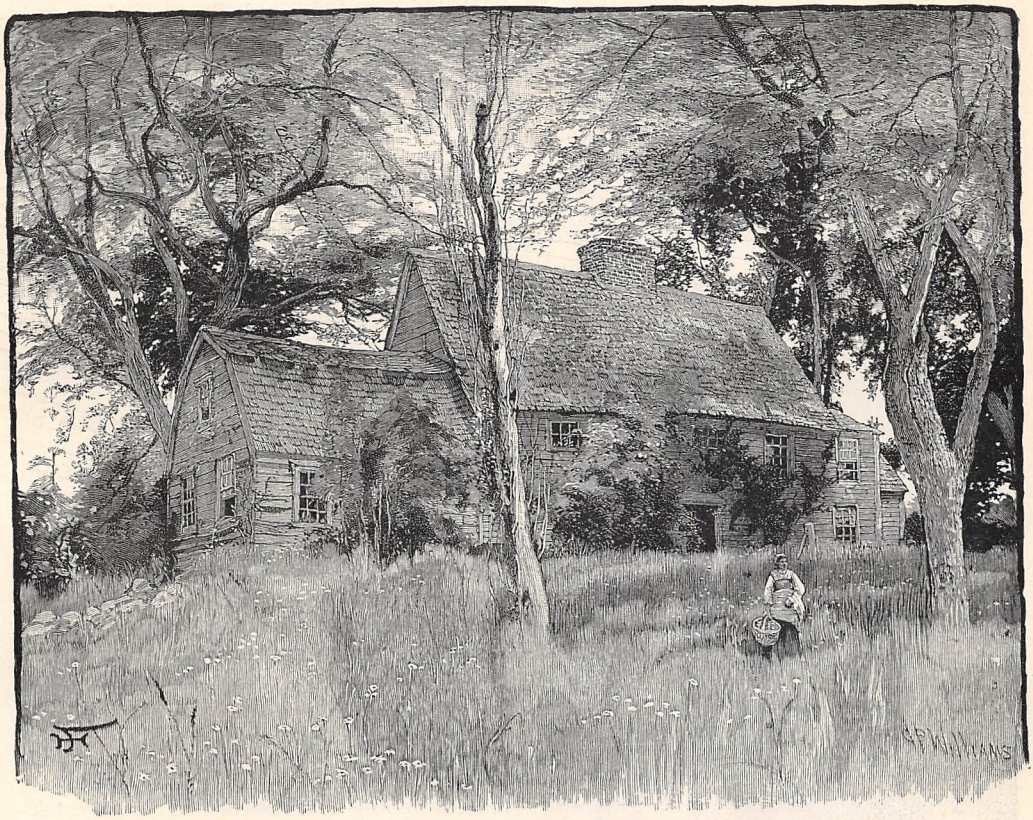


THE PEABODY MANSION, DANVERS, MASS. BUILT, ABOUT 1754, BY "KING" HOOPER, OF MARBLEHEAD.

the utmost cruelty, according to the character of the master. It is in the nature of man that in such a relation there should be cases of extreme hardship. Overseers usually had a share in the crops, and overseers as a class were coarse, passionate, ruthless, and covetous —"unfeeling sons of barbarity," a writer of that time styles them. Eighty of Spotswood's negroes perished from cruelty and neglect during his absence in England. It is probable that under the utmost pressure a negro could rarely be brought to do as much work as an energetic white man. But the hours of slave labor covered the whole period of daylight; corn-husking and rice-beating were often before daylight and after dark. There were laws forbidding masters to exact more than fourteen or fifteen hours in winter, and more than fifteen or sixteen in summer. A peck of corn-meal a week, often ground by their own hands after the day's task was done, was the usual allowance. Humane masters, and those with fewer slaves, added sometimes a little meat, and sometimes skimmed milk. Their beds were benches or boards. It would be wrong, however, to insist on their fare or their lodging as peculiar hardships; slave fare and lodging were better and more regular than the food and dwellings of the poorer classes in Europe. Whitefield avers that for trifling offenses slaves were sometimes cut with knives or had forks thrust into them, and the restraining statutes of the later colonial time tell the same story. Scalding and cruelly mutilating were forbidden in South Carolina, and the laws recognized the half-starved condition of some slaves as an extenuation of the crime of breaking into granaries for food. Georgia specifically forbids the cutting out of the tongue, the putting out of an eye, and other mutilation of slaves. But these punishments represented the extreme of cruelty exercised only by the brutally depraved. Compared with the condition of slaves in the sugar islands, the negroes in the continental colonies were in a state that might almost be called comfortable, and there were plantation owners, even in that time, who showed no little humanity.

All other doors of hope for betterment of condition having been closed, many negroes ran away. Sturdy fugitives, lying out in secret places, carried on a bold system of plunder, subsisting sometimes for years on the crops and hogs of the planters. One "Billy" was the terror of three Virginia counties in 1701, and is immortalized by a special statute of outlawry. In New England, as well as at the South, the Indians were the most effective restraint upon fugitive slaves. Finding himself pursued by Indians, the runaway negro would turn about in despair and deliver himself to the tender mercies of the overseer, knowing how exquisite were the tortures

which the Indians liked to inflict on a black, — "being allowed so to do by the Christians," says one traveler. It was deemed impolitic to drive off the Carolina Indians, lest the woods should be filled with fugitive negroes, who, from their relations with the slaves, would prove a far more dangerous foe. In spite of white men and Indians, there were adventurous negroes who got away into the "backwoods" of Maryland, into the Great Dismal Swamp of Virginia, and the "Great Alligator Dismal Swamp" of North Carolina. In the somber recesses of these swamps, usually accounted impenetrable by white people, they lived on corn, hogs, and fowls, which they raised on spots not covered by water. During the Revolution two travelers through North Carolina found their way barred by fourteen naked negroes, armed with poles, and intent on robbery. In some instances runaways from Virginia were kept in a sort of peonage by North Carolina borderers, who settled them on secluded parts of their land, and exacted from them a heavy tribute as the price of this shadow of liberty. Others got clean across the mountains; in 1721 the Indians were besought to send these last back to Virginia. New York slaves ran away to the French in Canada, and South Carolina negroes, abetted by the Spaniards, got into Florida in such numbers that they were formed into a regiment. Slaves found north of Saratoga were to suffer death; those seen south of the Altamaha were likewise to be taken, dead or alive.



THE FAIRBANKS HOUSE, DEDHAM, MASS. BUILT BY JONATHAN FAIRBANKS, IN 1636.

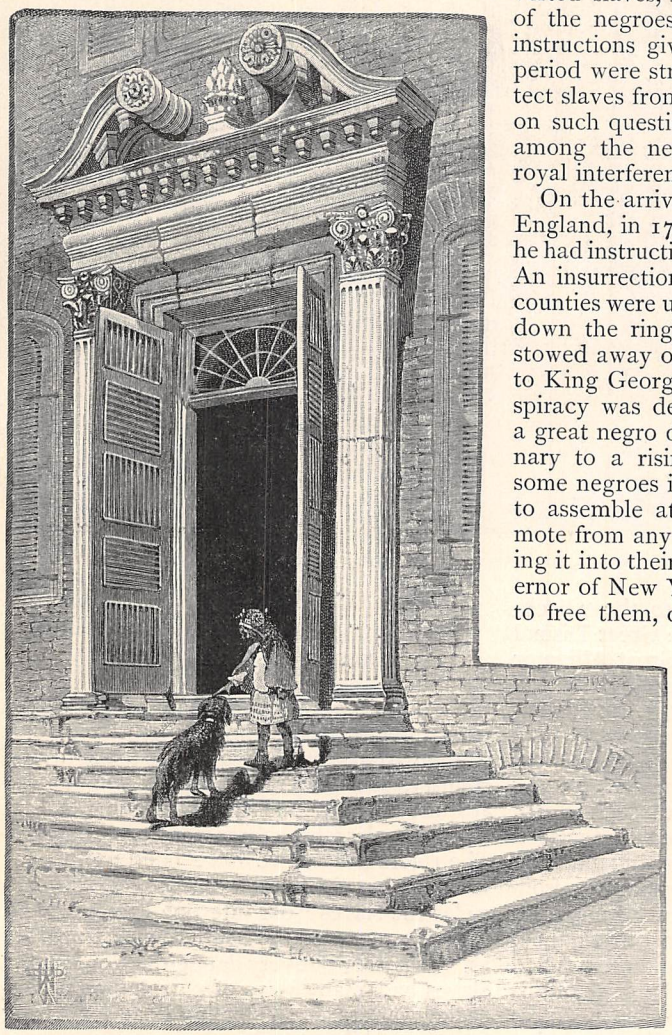
VIII.

NEGRO INSURRECTIONS.

SO LONG as the greater part of the slaves were foreign, and some of them free-born, strange to the speech and customs of the country, and under the ban of religion, the attitude of perpetual siege was inevitable in those colonies where there were many negroes. The rigorous laws we have cited are not for servants, but for foes. Fontaine, of Virginia, styles the slaves "our intestine enemies," and Milligan regarded the South Carolina negroes as "necessary but very dangerous domestics." Slaves had many ways of carrying on a concealed warfare, as by stealing boats, or setting fire to tar-kilns, stacks of rice or corn, and

other valuable products of labor. Some warlike slaves, remembering perhaps the arts of Africa, made weapons that appear on the statute-books as "wooden swords."

An account of all the insurrections of negroes would be a dreary accumulation of horrors. Of some of them, indeed, but the slightest mention has come down to us; and there were, no doubt, others that have left no trace on the records. The one in New York City, in 1712, is perhaps a typical one. Some slaves of the Carmantee and Pappa tribes, having suffered ill-usage, took a blind and savage vengeance by setting fire to a building in the middle of the night, and then attacking with guns and knives the crowd that gathered about the conflagration. At the approach of soldiers from the fort they fled to the woods; the next day the whole island was "driven," in order to hunt them out. Six of them killed themselves, and eighteen or more were executed. Some of these were hanged, some were burned at the stake, one was broken on the wheel, and one was hanged alive in chains and left to die a lingering death of torment in the very streets of the town. The people of the little capital were long in recovering from the terror excited by these scenes. It, no doubt, contributed to the wild panic of 1741.



DOORWAY OF COL. WILLIAM BYRD'S HOUSE AT WESTOVER, VA.

The years between 1730 and 1740, and a little later, constitute a period in which insurrections and fears of insurrections were rife in widely separated English colonies. Perhaps the new interest in the religious condition of the blacks, and the discussions awakened by the letters of the Bishop of London; and the deliverances of the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General on the legal status of converted slaves, had filled the befogged minds of the negroes with groundless hopes. The instructions given to royal governors at this period were strongly in favor of laws to protect slaves from inhumanity, and the debates on such questions could not but set a-going among the negroes exaggerated rumors of royal interference in their behalf.

On the arrival of Colonel Spotswood from England, in 1730, a report got a-going that he had instructions to free all baptized negroes. An insurrection took place in July, and five counties were under arms at one time hunting down the ringleaders. One slave was found stowed away on a ship going as ambassador to King George. In the next month a conspiracy was detected in South Carolina, and a great negro dance near Charleston, preliminary to a rising, was broken up. In 1734 some negroes in New Jersey, who were wont to assemble at night at a negro quarter remote from any dwellings of white people, taking it into their heads to believe that the Governor of New York had the King's command to free them, conspired to rise at night, kill the white men, seize horses, and get away to the Indians. Two years later an insurrection in the English island of Antigua was suppressed with the execution of sixty negroes by the most barbarous methods known to civilized ingenuity. In September, 1739, occurred an insurrection in South Carolina, the memory of which still lingers in local tradition as the "Gullah War," so called from the tribal name of the negroes engaged in it. Breaking open a ware-

house and seizing arms, the Gullahs marched southward, putting to death in barbarous ways twenty-three white people and burning all the houses in their way. They perhaps intended to push through to Florida, but a congregation of white people attending the Wiltown church received warning of the outbreak. The men, who had all brought their arms to the place of worship, as required by law, left the terrified women huddled in the church, and marched against the negroes. These had stopped to dance in half-drunken triumph in an open field, so little were they fitted to conduct any military movement. An encounter took place on a plantation still known as "The Battlefield." All but two or three of the negroes were killed in the fight or executed afterward.

The very incapacity of the blacks to appreciate military considerations — to distinguish the possible from the impossible — added to the danger and to the fears of the whites. The military superiority of the masters afforded small protection to isolated families, who were never quite safe from a rising of some small party of infatuated and perhaps fanatical slaves.

This will in part explain the New York panic of 1741. It chanced in this year that the buildings inside the fort, at the southernmost cape of New York island, were burned. The fire was traced to the carelessness of a plumber. Other fires occurred soon after: two of them visibly caught from burning chimneys; one was caused by the carelessness of a smoker; others were probably of incendiary origin. The quick succession of these fires alarmed susceptible people. One militia officer got the nickname of "Major Drum," by beating an alarm on the occasion of a fire. But when yet other fires occurred, Major Drum's terror became contagious; the people probably recalled the massacre in their own streets in 1712, and the recent insurrections in Virginia, Antigua, New Jersey, and South Carolina, with the fresh disasters of Jamaica in the war with the Maroons or runaway negroes. The public sensitiveness was increased by a fear of the Spaniards, who were at war with the English, and by the old unreasoning religious belief in impossible papist plots, cherished by all good Englishmen after the revolution of 1688. The incoherent mutterings of a negro named Quack, who, when he saw a building afire, said, "Burn, burn, scorch, scorch," with other words as much to the point, kindled a flame of suspicion. It was believed that certain "Spanish negroes," who claimed to have been freemen until taken prisoners and sold as slaves in New York, were in secret league with the enemy, and that many of the slaves were in the plot. The jail-rooms were soon crowded with suspected negroes, and citizens were fleeing from the doomed town in such numbers that carts could not be found to remove their household goods. When a reward of a hundred pounds had been offered for information, an ignorant girl, a bought servant of a keeper of a drinking-house that was a resort for disreputable people and a place of deposit for stolen goods, swore to a plot of negroes and low white people to burn the town. Certain of the accused negroes were forthwith condemned to be burned. Some of these protested their innocence to the last; some, stimulated by promises of pardon, made confessions implicating others. In the white heat of fright and rage to which public feeling had now been wrought, no tale seemed too incredible for belief; even the judges were not staggered by any improbability or contradiction. All the lawyers in the town joined the prosecution, leaving the execrated blacks without counsel. A whole summer was spent in one-sided trials, in burnings, and in hangings. Thirteen blacks perished at the stake, eighteen were hanged, and seventy were transported. Three disreputable white people were executed. One Ury, a school-master, who was also a non-juring clergyman, was transformed by the excited imaginations of the people into a Jesuit and a Spanish emissary, and was condemned and hanged upon the self-contradictory testimony of a girl ignorant and vile. But the death of Ury awakened sympathy, and people were by this time found who were cool enough and bold enough to stem the tide. The reprobate witnesses had begun to fly at higher game, and now included people of good standing in their ever-expanding tale of conspiracy. The tide ran out as fast as it had come in, and as the town regained its wits the very existence of any plot was doubted. The fanatic judge, Horsemanden, whose narrow and credulous intellect had been the source of much of the mischief, published a stout volume containing much of the evidence, the arguments, and the judicial rant of the trials,—a perpetual monument to his memory.

IX.

AMELIORATIONS OF SLAVERY.

THOSE European travelers in the colonies who were most averse to slavery express astonishment at the cheerfulness of the "poor but unhappy wretches" who, with but eight hours or less for supper and sleep, would yet drag their tired bodies six or seven miles across

AN OLD VIRGINIA MANSION. INTERIOR OF THE CARY HOUSE, NEAR RICHMOND.

country to spend the night in dancing to the thrumming of a banjo or the beating of a quaqua. Whitefield, complaining of the cruelties inflicted on slaves, gives, unconsciously, another view of the matter, by lamenting in the same breath that the negroes spend their Sundays in "piping and dancing." Now and then a high-spirited African was found to whom bondage was worse than death; such was Cato, the slave of the noted minister, Dr. Stephen Williams, of Longmeadow in Massachusetts, who bore many severe scourgings for his repeated disobediences, and finally drowned himself in a well. But a happy insensibility, a forgetfulness of yesterday and a recklessness of to-morrow, with a temper inclined to jollity, often enabled the negro to get more merriment out of life than his master.

When the number of slave-women came to hold some proportion to the number of the men, the negro became domesticated. Negro children born in America spoke English, and, with the quick imitativeness of their race, affected the manners of those above them. There came to be a semblance of marriage and something like family life; the old savage concourses, with drum-beatings and horn-blowings, and the pagan rites over the dead, were presently forgotten. Many of the new race had been playmates in childhood with their owners, and there were black nurses who were looked upon with filial affection, and venerable "uncles" among the old men whose native wisdom was respected by white and black. Thus the relations between the races by degrees took on a more human character.

In communities with English traditions the wide gap between a higher and a lower race was not likely to be bridged, as it has been in other lands, by a legitimate intermixture of blood. In Maryland there was an early tendency of lower-class whites to intermarry with the negroes, and Peter Fontaine expresses dislike of actual marriages with quadroons in Virginia; but English race-pride caused such unions to be detested and forbidden by law. Of hybrids there were enough, but since they were under the ban of a double illegitimacy, and without recognition by the white father, they fell into the slave class of the mother, and did not in any way serve, as half-caste people elsewhere have done, to modify the antagonism of the races.

Philanthropic exertion for the negro was at first wholly religious, seeking his conversion not so much for the good of the negro as for the glory of Christianity. The attention of James II. having been called to the pagan condition of the negroes, he resolved at the council board, in 1685, that all the slaves in the plantations should be christened; the thought of baptizing them in a mass, by royal order, whether they would or no, was no doubt doubly pleasing to

him as a zealot and as a lover of arbitrary methods. Efforts to convert the slaves in the seventeenth century were few and languid, the most notable being those of the superannuated Eliot, in Massachusetts. There were a few individuals who, like William Penn in 1700, had "a concern for the souls of the blacks"; but many held them to be quite without souls, and hence not proper objects of concern. In 1704 Elias Neau, a French Protestant, began to act as catechist for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, his work lying among the fourteen hundred negroes in New York city. In this field he labored eighteen years, under all sorts of discouragement, and even with peril to his life during the excitement which followed the massacre of 1712. About 1728 and afterward there seems to have been a movement, widely diffused, but rather feeble, for teaching the slaves the rudiments of Christian doctrine. This agitation had its main impulse from England. Ten thousand copies of an address of the Bishop of London on the subject were circulated. Certain South Carolina ladies and some South Carolina clergymen made diligent, and to some degree successful, efforts to Christianize their slaves. About 1743 a school for negroes was founded in Charleston under the auspices of Commissary Gardon; while in Maryland the negroes appear to have been sometimes taught in company with white children in the parish charity schools. As early as 1728 there was a negro school for teaching "reading, catechising, and writing" in Boston, and at the same period the ministers sometimes preached special sermons to the blacks.

But more than a repetition of creed and catechism, or an exposition of doctrine, was needed to interest the tropical nature of the African. In the general quickening of the conscience and religious affections that came from the revival led by Whitefield and Edwards toward the middle of the century, the zeal of religious people extended to the pagan Indians and negroes, and many of the Africans in turn were touched by a form of religion that appealed to their mercurial affections. Davies, the Presbyterian apostle of the "New Light" revival in Virginia, exults, in 1756, that he "had the pleasure of seeing the table of the Lord adorned with forty-four black faces." He taught negroes to read in Sunday-schools a quarter of a century before the experiment of Robert Raikes in England. But it was left for the more democratic and enthusiastic sects which had their rise as the colonial period drew to a close, especially for the Baptists and Methodists, to bring the plantation negroes to such religion as they were capable of—a religion of ecstasies and plaintive songs, of visions and childlike anticipations.

Compassion for any object cannot well be exercised piecemeal. Efforts for the conversion of the slaves brought them at length within the radius of the white man's sympathies. The religious movement, the growth of home-bred slaves, and the increase of humanity and refinement among the colonists, combined to ameliorate the treatment of the negroes. The statute-books began to look less grim. As early as 1722, soon after a conspiracy of the negroes, the South Carolina code was softened a very little. And it is to the credit of that province that, in the excitement which followed the insurrection of 1739, the legislation was not, as was to be expected in a time of passion, wholly adverse to the negroes. Wise law-makers set themselves to correct abuses that tended to provoke such outbreaks. The New York laws, which refused a slave trial by an ordinary court, were in the later age often allowed to lie dormant; the Georgia acts of 1755 contain many humane restrictions upon the master.

But the revolutionary movement did most to better the legal standing of the negro. In Virginia, at this period, the more barbarous punishments of slaves were abolished, and the extraordinary discriminations of the law against free negroes and Indians were removed; while in Massachusetts, where the money interest at stake in slavery was comparatively small, the system began to break down in the new enthusiasm for liberty.

X.

ANTISLAVERY MOVEMENTS.

DIRECT movements against slavery before the Revolution were found only in the Society of Friends and among the New England Puritans. The first voice in America to speak against the perpetual bondage of man to man was heard in a memorial of some Friends of Germantown in Pennsylvania. This protest, in vigorous broken English, was addressed to the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in 1688, and it opened an agitation which resulted, seventy years later, in bringing the Philadelphia Quakers to a conclusion opposed to slave-holding. During all this period the richer Friends held slaves, and several obscure and now almost forgotten preachers were censured or disowned for their "testimony" on this subject. There came one, however, who was no more to be silenced than a Hebrew prophet. Benjamin Lay was born a Quaker, but was disowned for his eccentricities. He had been compelled to leave Barbadoes for his protest

TO BE SOLD *by* **William** Yeomans, (*in Charles Town Merchant,*) *a parcel of good Plantation Slaves. Encouragement will be given by taking Rice in Payment, or any Time Credit, Security to be given if required There's likewise to be sold, very good Troopling saddles and Furniture, choice* Barbados *and* Boston *Rum, also Cordial Waters and Limejuice, as well as a parcel of extraordinary Indian trading Goods, and many of other sorts suitable for the Season.*

ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENT, FROM THE "CHARLESTON GAZETTE," 1744.

against negro-keeping; whereupon he came to Pennsylvania to be a thorn in the side of respectable Quakerdom. Hating luxury and ostentation, eating no food that had cost animal life, and using nothing that was in any way the result of slave labor, Lay was the forerunner of the radical come-outers who lent grotesqueness to later antislavery agitations. His short, hunchbacked figure, long nose, and "milk-white" uncut beard hanging on his breast, with his white overcoat, made him a startling apparition when he sought interviews with men in authority to complain of the sin of slave-holding, or attended — a most unwelcome intruder — now one and now another Quaker meeting to taunt the very elders and high-professing Friends with the sin of keeping slaves. He resorted to sensational and dramatic tricks to excite the imaginations of his reluctant hearers; and once, when thrust neck and heels out of meeting, he lay still where he had fallen until the meeting dispersed, "not feeling free" to get up himself, but waiting for those to take him up who had cast him there.

Of a very different type were two reformers who followed Lay. John Woolman, a rising merchant at Mount Holly in New Jersey, feeling "a stop in his mind," gave up a prosperous business and worked at the trade of tailor, without journeyman or apprentice, that he might be free from distraction, and have leisure for good works. He lived austerely. His clothes were undyed, the woolen white, the linen the natural color of the flax, while his hat was obviously of the natural beaver fur. He held that dyes concealed dirt, and were opposed to the spirit of cleanliness and purity. He could not be called eloquent, but he possessed what others have purchased with a great price of pains and application, namely, the gift of expressing his thoughts with lucidity and precision; and his style has long been a matter of admiration with men of letters. In the beauty of his visions and meditations, and in enthusiastic self-sacrifice, he was a Quaker St. Francis. His conciliatory temper, perfect freedom from vanity and cupidity, joined to a rare practical wisdom, or rather tact, made him one of the leading agents in eradicating slave-holding from the Society of Friends, a work to which he devoted years of energetic and persistent toil. But he was without bitterness; if any one spoke severely against slave-holding Friends, he forthwith "felt a tenderness" for those entangled in a system so hard to rid one's self of.

Of a more restless and diffused activity, and with a more liberal culture, but of the same exquisitely gentle spirit, was Anthony Benezet. Brought from France in infancy, by parents who were Huguenot refugees, he became a Quaker school-master in Philadelphia, a reformer of school methods, a writer of reformed text-books, a pamphleteer against war, a teacher of negroes in night-schools, a promoter of hospitals, a benefactor of the poor, a disseminator of methods for resuscitating the drowned, a chief friend and protector of the Acadian exiles, and a correspondent of philanthropists and philosophers in Europe; — all these, besides being an ardent opposer of negro slavery. This indefatigable little man, who had freed his slaves and given away the most of his substance in charity, had also his oddities; he wore plush clothes, because the material lasted so long that it proved economical and left him more to give away; moreover, when worn threadbare the plush garments were still strong enough to cover some poor man. Both Woolman and Benezet enjoyed the highest reputation for sanctity and purity of motive; and their influence did most to bring the Pennsylvania Quakers to the critical decision of 1758, that all Friends must cease to hold slaves, or be disowned.

RUN away, on the 3d Day of *May* last, a young Negro Boy, named *Joe*, this Country born, formerly belonged to Capt. *Hugh Hext*. Whoever brings the said Boy to the Subscriber at *Edisto*, or to the Work House in *Charles Town*, shall have 3 *l* reward. On the contrary whoever harbours the said Boy, may depend upon being severely prosecuted, by

Thomas Chisham.

NOTICE OF RUNAWAY SLAVE. "CHARLESTON GAZETTE," 1744.

So great was the admiration excited by Benezet's disinterested character, that a Revolutionary officer is reported to have said, when he was buried: "I would rather be Benezet in that coffin than Washington in his glory."

The early New England Puritans were strongly committed to the liberty of the poor, as it was understood in the seventeenth century. In the fundamental law of Massachusetts and Connecticut, villeinage and other feudal servitudes were prohibited, and in 1646 the Massachusetts General Court actually undertook to send back to Africa negroes who had been kidnapped by a slaver, and to send with them a letter of apology and explanation. But the Calvinist reverence for the law of Moses was a less elastic standard than the "inward light" of the followers of Fox. If the early Puritan, bound to the letter of Scripture, was less likely to run into aberrant fanaticism than the Friend, he was also less quick to gain new and modern views of duty. Refusing to participate with "man-stealers," the textual conscience of the Massachusetts forefathers did not shrink from selling Indians captured in war into chattel slavery, or from buying slaves who appeared to have come into bondage otherwise than by downright kidnapping.

These nice distinctions could not be kept up, and thousands of negro slaves were sold into New England without any question for conscience' sake. Some merchants of Boston engaged in the Guinea trade, of which however, Newport was the great center. Before the antislavery writings of the Quakers, Burling, Lay, and Sandiford, had appeared, an influential but rather timid voice, that of Judge Sewall, was heard opposing the importation of slaves to Massachusetts. He had been led by the narrow theological spirit in which he was bred into grievous mistakes in the witchcraft trials, but he was an honest and even a scrupulous man. Fond of popular favor and shrinking from censure, it cost him a struggle to give to the press, in 1700, his little tract against the slave-trade, entitled "The Selling of Joseph." It shows a moral insight ahead of the time, but its influence was probably not great.

With the rising of the strong tide of liberal and democratic feeling which preceded the revolutionary struggle, there set in a vigorous movement against New England slavery. Writers in Boston took the part of the negroes, and the pamphlets of Woolman and Benezet were circulated there by the Quakers. Some Massachusetts slaves brought suit for freedom in 1669, and this was granted in every case; the verdicts were given more out of deference to the drift of public sentiment than from the soundness of the argument drawn from the fact that no positive law of the colony expressly established slavery. Thus, while the Quaker agitation against negro slavery was a religious movement, whose direct results were confined to the liberation of slaves held by members of the Society, the New England agitation was political in its origin and effect.

BRAXTON'S NEW ART.

THE lively "Bob" and "Gus" were skylarking in the wide, comfortable hall. It was the hour following the afternoon Washington dinner, a repast which has something of a place of its own, unlike the general run of dinners elsewhere. Its time is fixed by the exigencies of the public business of the United States of America.

The scene of the sports was a Washington boarding-house, somewhat different from ordinary boarding-houses. It had once been a private mansion of dignity and state. Its hall was provided with old-fashioned, hair-cloth sofa and chairs, and a square platform staircase mounted at the back. Without, its front, in a bulged or curved pattern, was of old red brick, upon which the sun shone genially. A clustering wistaria vine climbed nearly to its cornice, and above the cornice peeped the tops of some slated dormer windows. The whole was of a certain warm and friendly air, well borne out by the condition of things within.

There were few transient comers among the inmates. The tone was fixed by a pleasant set of people of Southern affinities and sufficient means who had been there time out of mind, and talked in a drowsy way about the superiority of the past and the degeneracy of the present day. Retired Mr. Boltwood, that gentleman and lawyer of the old school, once of Alexandria, boasted of having been the intimate of Henry Clay. The Dunsmore family, of the Eastern Shore, Maryland, had had daughters married, and Mr. Greenway, of Prince George's County, buried his wife from there.

The habits of the house were set by that part of its occupants engaged in the official business, and its life ticked, as it were, with the clocks in government offices. This part comprised Congressmen who came down from the Capitol to rehearse at table — sometimes imprudently, perhaps — the run of the doings of national moment at the day's session. There were upper private secretaries and

clerks of committees, and there were important functionaries from the War, State, and Interior departments.

And tucked into a modest nook among these more worshipful personages was one gentle and pleasing young woman, a pretty Treasury girl, who counted fractional currency in the Bureau of Redemption.

Then there were "the boys," a group of irrepressible fellows, sons of the house, all as yet under twenty-one, but a part already in the government employ, and the rest prepared to enter it, after the usual destiny of Washington youth.

Bob and Gus, skylarking as aforesaid, were now joined by one Aleck, displaying an open note of invitation.

"Oh, hush!" said Aleck, in accent and phrase certainly never acquired above Mason and Dixon's line. "Are you all going to the Postmaster-General's blow-out on the tenth?"

"You shouldn't say 'blow-out'; it's bad French," returned Bob severely, producing a similar note of invitation.

Gus produced a third in turn, and began to execute a double-shuffle of pleased anticipation.

"Terrapin!" he exclaimed; "oh, no. Champagne! oh, no; not any."

"I'll dance you for the cup," said Aleck, joining him in this athletic exercise.

But Bob, by pushing smartly against them, managed to overthrow them both from their balance and send them sprawling upon the hair-cloth sofa. They were rising to wreak a proper vengeance for this, when there entered brusquely a fourth member of the clique, in the person of Morris Howe, son of the quiet Mr. Howe of the Light-house Board.

"Stop raising Cain! I shall have to disinherit all you boys," he began. "Why weren't you on the Avenue this afternoon? Every pretty girl in town was out."

The others now paused to listen with interest to what he might have to report.

"By the way," he went on, "I saw old man Braxton ambling along in the crowd and looking at the people. First time I've ever seen him outside the house since he's been here."

"Oh, you'd see him if you traveled around the outskirts of town, as I used to do when I had my horse," said Aleck. "I used to ride across the Long Bridge over Georgetown way, and out to old Rock Creek Church and the Soldiers' Home. I've met him mooning about at all those places. Seemed to be examining the rocks and brooks, sampling the leaves, and so on. I passed him once leaning on the fence at the cross-road out there by Mount Pleasant, and looking across at the city as fixed as if he never meant to stir again."

"What does he do?" asked Morris. "He certainly is not in any of the departments, since he is never at breakfast before nine, and I always hear him in his room when I get back at three. I hear him nights too. I believe eating and sleeping are no great objects with him, anyway."

"He's prospecting for a gold-mine," suggested one.

"Or inventing a patent medicine," said another.

"I wouldn't wonder if it *was* a patent medicine," said Gus. "He used to bring in all sorts of curious-looking traps, thingumbob bottles with crooked spouts and handles to them sticking out of his pockets. Don't you all remember?"

"I thought it was a drug-store he must be keeping somewhere, one while," said Morris. "I've smelled drug-store odors from his room sometimes, when the door was ajar a crack, strong enough to knock you into the middle of next week."

"But then he has drawing and painting traps in there too. I caught sight of those one day," added Gus.

"Say we ask Miss Mary Dale," suggested Aleck. "She can get it out of him if anybody can. She's probably the only soul in the house he has ever spoken to. I saw him give her some sort of a curious plant he brought in one day. Oh, she's a sly one, with that sweet, winning way of hers."

"If he's getting up a patent medicine," said Bob, "Miss Mary Dale had better go for him. There's big money in it. It's about time she stopped wasting herself on that Treasury Department; it's too hard lines for a girl."

"Who is taking my name in vain?" asked a pleasant feminine voice.

Kindly Mrs. Commander Glenham — for whose relief a bill was now pending in Congress, the commander having imprudently laid out his private funds for government account before his death of a sudden fever in the China seas — appeared at the head of the dining-room stairs, having under her wing, as it were, a younger companion, Miss Mary Dale. It was the latter who spoke.

She was quite a charming person, of perhaps three and twenty, with brown eyes of the kind which an Oriental poet has described as like the sparkle of fountains in autumn. She was dressed in modest black; seemed to pant a little from the exertion of mounting the stairs, — though she was a slender figure enough,— and carried in her hand a plate on which were an orange and some cakes.

The two ladies came forward together on their way toward the drawing-rooms, and Miss Mary Dale, taking courage apparently

from her companionship, demanded further of the boys, with a sweet assumption of authority added to a natural manner of prepossessing refinement, to know what had been said of her. They were all evidently on excellent terms.

"'Deed it was not I. 'Deed I said nothing," responded the disingenuous Bob.

Gus, by way of a diversion, upon this, seized the orange from her plate, balanced it on one finger, and tossed it to Aleck, saying:

"Presto! change! All done by sleight of hand, ladies and gentlemen, and perfectly simple when you understand the process."

Miss Dale appealed against her despoilers, to her protecting matron. "It is of a peculiar kind," she said, "and Mrs. Glenham has just given it to me."

"My time, my purse, my honor, my life itself, are at your disposal, Miss Mary," said Bob, into whose possession the fruit had now come, "but not this luscious product of the tropic climes. I want it for myself."

"Ah, I know the boys of old," sighed Mrs. Commander Glenham, in a smiling despair.

They were passing on hopelessly, to leave the romping coterie to its own devices, when the front door once more opened, and he who had been the recent subject of conversation entered.

"Ah! here is Mr. Braxton," said Miss Dale, addressing herself under the inspiration of the moment, with a kind of shy or demure bravado, to this recluse individual. "Perhaps *he* will help us. Please make the boys give me back my orange, Mr. Braxton? They are so bad."

The latter were tantalizingly playing at ball with it just out of range above her head. "Old man" Braxton — extraordinary thing that it was for him, who had scarcely seemed to remark even the existence of most of his fellow-occupants — suddenly entered into the spirit of the occasion. He caught the coveted object with a kind of awkward dexterity, as it passed near him, and with a bow returned it to its owner.

"Thank you so much!" said the young woman. "You are an admirable champion. I shall appeal to you again when I have wrongs to be redressed."

"I shall always be at your service," replied the austere Mr. Braxton, with another bow, most courteous and urbane in intention, but still very stiff and constrained.

The ladies proceeded on their way, and after a moment Mrs. Glenham went to her room above stairs. In the parlor Miss Mary Dale encountered the severe glances of Mrs. Chisholm of Montgomery, a somewhat snappish, eccentric matron, who did not approve of her. She bore these as meekly as possible, and, going to the piano in a corner, sat down at it and began to finger softly the Bluebeard Lancers.

Mrs. Chisholm did not approve of her, partly because she seemed to have no cousins of superior note, even in the third or fourth degree, and partly because of her peculiar situation in the house. The young Treasury girl clerk was under a general ægis there rather than of any one in particular. A kind patroness who had brought her and been her chaperon, in the first instance, had been obliged to depart long before, and had left her to her own resources. Even the influential senator through whom she had procured her place (at sixty dollars a month) in the Redemption Bureau was dead. Should superior interest now be made, the situation might, no doubt, at any time be taken from her and conferred upon another applicant. This last was a reflection, in fact, by which Miss Mary Dale herself was not a little troubled.

Mrs. Chisholm sometimes chose to speak of her, confidentially, as even a *dangerous* person. Mrs. Chisholm's theory of her was that neither her father (who was united to an exceedingly amiable second wife) nor relatives, who would otherwise have offered her a home, could endure her bad temper, and had, on the contrary, been obliged to send her away.

But Mrs. Chisholm's opinions, after all, carried no great weight in the house. The pretty Treasury girl was, in fact, the daughter of a refined family of Pennsylvania, thrown upon her own exertions for support by some of those calamities into which it is not necessary to go in detail, but which happen in the most excellent families. She had chosen the present form of livelihood — the opportunity offering — in preference to the alternative of school-teaching. She was elastic and hopeful of nature, turning instinctively to the brighter side; blithe and gently gay of disposition; frank, conscientious, and industrious in a score of little feminine ways. She was a ray of genuine sunshine in the house. She had conciliated to herself friends there, after the loss of her own backing. Mrs. Commander Glenham stood by her. Mrs. Stone, the landlady, cherished her, and they two had not a few confidences together. Stylish Miss Wheelright, daughter of the Congressman of that name, when she was there, hung about her admiringly on the most equal of terms. Even Mrs. Chisholm's own niece sought the company of the disapproved-of one, and had many a frown of discontent at the injunctions which would have debarred her from it. Miss Mary Dale, by prescriptive right, had come to enjoy a position somewhat like that of the boys (between whom and herself was a sort of half-sisterly sentiment), as a child of the house; and

she might much less easily have been spared than some of the more important inmates.

The incident above described has no special significance, further than that it served to break the ice and pave the way to a better acquaintance with "old man" Braxton.

That gentleman, now about to ascend the stairs, was politely invited by the boys to stop and "take a smoke." The request was seconded by Colonel Brand, the chief disbursing officer of the Bureau of Ethereal Claims, a veteran smoker, who at the same time took his customary chair in a corner, and proffered a cigar.

Mr. Braxton, following a first impulse, declined, but then hesitated, turned back, accepted, and sat down at one end of the hair-cloth sofa.

He did everything uneasily, and sometimes with a constraint painful to witness. It seemed bound up with some brooding melancholy, however, rather than with any suspicion of a purpose to conceal actions that might not be honorably known. He was a man under thirty, and yet perhaps appeared older. His sad expression, somewhat rounded shoulders, heavy gait, and a certain carelessness in dress, though it was scrupulously neat, and his total lack of ardor in small concerns like their own had moved the boys to confer upon him their sobriquet.

They were no respecters of persons nor things. From the hall they often carried the milder forms of romping into the parlor, and talked to the younger ladies there, in their own parlance, "like a father" and "like a Dutch uncle." They had seen "old man" Braxton passing mysteriously in and out among them for some months, carrying curious utensils and acting in a way like nobody else. They were gentlemanly, and a prying curiosity was tabooed from their simple code of morals. Nevertheless it was but natural they should like to know what manner of man he was, and what was going on. The subject grew in interest as they turned their attention to it. With the brisk confidence of their years, they set to work to make his acquaintance and find him out.

It transpired incidentally in this interview that Scott Braxton was a graduate, many years back, of the University of Virginia; that he had once crossed the Plains with a surveying party; that he had come to Washington because he liked the climate. He was also of a Virginia family which Mrs. Chisholm, the genealogist, commented on with favor.

"Saw you on the Avenue this afternoon," said Morris, passing a light.

"Yes, I was there. I went to see the landscapes at Radfield's picture-store. It is too seldom we see good pictures here."

Ah, pictures were a principal interest with him, then? It was this that had drawn him out of his shell to-day? the boys reflected.—But then the bottles?

"Wish *I* could paint," said Bob, artfully. "I've seen you at it, you know."

"I would hardly advise anybody to," said Mr. Scott Braxton. "There are so many of great merit even in this country, to say nothing of the excellence of the Europeans, that the prospect for anybody without talent of the highest order is far from encouraging." He sighed. "Not that I mean to reflect upon the kind of talent you would no doubt possess," he added pleasantly.

Colonel Brand, who had sedate opinions, between his puffs of smoke, on almost all subjects, threw in a hopeful remark from his corner about the future of American art.

"The only hope of—of some people," returned Braxton, "is in some startling new invention, some inspiring discovery, to change the whole face of things. What if new theories of color were demonstrated?" he said, moving about excitedly in his chair. "That is—what if some person of our own country, of this—of these times should do it?"

Miss Dale was heard singing in the parlor at this moment a ballad to a slow, plaintive waltz measure,

> "When the leaves begin to turn,
> And the summer days are done;
> When the roses fade and die——"

Whether it was this that recalled Scott Braxton to something he had forgotten, or only that he had caught himself being run away with, he finished his speech lamely, blushed, and said he thought he had better go upstairs and look after his fire.

The boys exchanged glances and whistled shrewdly to themselves. His fire—at the beginning of June?

II.

When "old man" Braxton reached his room, he applied the key to an intricate private lock he had caused to be placed upon the door, entered, sat down upon a rather quaint, chintz-covered chair, and gazed at his own troubled face in a mirror by the window, before which he chanced to find himself.

He had chosen this apartment in the attic, illumined by a large dormer window, for the better light and the privacy. He admitted to it none but himself, and was here carrying on a singular labor.

"To work!" he said,—"to work! I was losing time in unprofitable gossip. What has come over me to-day?"

But again his despondent face in the glass arrested him.

"I certainly need success in this," he said. "What else is left to me? I must, I *will* succeed, or there is no justice in heaven. It is a beautiful world; am I to have no part in it? Have I my aspirations for fame, for love, for happiness, like the rest, only to be forever balked in them? I have been honest, I have worked, I have injured no man knowingly. ——Bah, Pharisee! thou art not as other men," he broke off, mockingly, and went to inspect a decoction simmering on the fire in a copper pot.

There was, in fact, a small stove or furnace, with a steady fire, in the room, even on this hot summer day.

The apartment was of some size, not uncomfortable in aspect, but decidedly *bizarre* for the place. The occupant had an appreciation of color, if the flowered chintz coverings, including a canopy to the old "four-poster" bed, and the rich barred table-spread were of his providing. There were a couple of tall blue vases, a piece of armor, a carved oak chest, a lay figure, easels, and a pair of Indian clubs, for which his hollowing chest would have been the better had they not been allowed to disappear under an increasing cover of dust.

In one corner were canvases, and charcoal and crayon drawings in large variety, tacked upon the walls. In another were an air-pump, microscope, electric batteries, crucibles, spirit-lamps, blow-pipes, and the small furnace. In one corner he would have been certainly pronounced artist; in the other chemist, or even alchemist.

What is his singular occupation? He pulls out an old memorandum-book from a mass of papers among which he is searching, and drops down to inspect it. Let us look on as he reads from one of its pages in a soliloquizing way.

MEM.—LANDSCAPES WITH CHANGEABLE COLORS.

To examine why the vegetation of nature changes from pale and tender greens in spring to full deep greens in summer, and red, yellow, purple, and russet in autumn?

Is it the action of the atmosphere on a delicate coloring matter contained in the sap?

Might not this coloring matter, if so, be extracted without destroying its properties?

Might it be possible to combine it with a very sensitive medium or varnish, to paint landscapes still so susceptible to the action of the atmosphere as to change with the seasons, as actual landscapes in nature change?

"Here it is!" he says. "How little I thought when I put down this entry, as a passing fancy, in university days, that I should ever be actually engaged in trying to carry it into effect! What would the university men think of me now? Ah, well! they have all gone their way, and left me astern. Each to his own method for fame and fortune! If I could but cease thinking of the rewards of success. It paralyzes me. Ah, well, this is not work either." And again he resumed his occupations.

And this was the drug-store that Mr. Scott Braxton kept; this the gold-mine, the patent medicine of which he was most keenly in search.

It was many years since he had left college. He had established for himself even there the reputation of a person with some curious kinks in his brain. He had since tried business and a learned profession, and failed. He had been left to himself, traveled, and dissipated in his trials a good share of a moderate property that had fallen to him. He was long confident that he should find the right thing at last, but later on was not so confident. He had always had a certain taste for the fine arts, and beautiful shapes and colors gave him intense pleasure. Something turned his attention especially that way at last, and he asked himself: "Why not be an artist? It will give me license at least to be different from others, and who knows but it is my true vocation."

He went at art thereupon, but was not content with the usual slow and patient steps. The crotchet took him of some highly original stroke. He must regain the distance, rapidly lengthening, between him and the companions of his former life, by some brilliant, new achievement which should lift him far above and beyond the ranks of ordinary men.

Some may recollect, but probably very few, his effort to create a distinctive "American art." This was to be done by idealizing modern industrial progress. He endeavored to glorify and give a sort of personality to machinery. He had in his pictures locomotives, trip-hammers, steam-dredgers, and steam-harvesters; he had pale girls among a tangle of spinning-jennies, and grimy mechanics in dusky boiler-shops. These works were not often admitted to the exhibitions. There were touches of good in them, in a figure or an effect of light, but they were mainly very crude and callow. The public resolutely refused to associate its interest in the subjects. They were pronounced "barbaric yawps" after the inexpressible.

This ambition o'erleaped itself. Its author retired into seclusion, growing more and more morose, but eating his heart out with a fiercer determination than ever.

At length came up again this last idea of his, original indeed. He had revived an early whim, and now persuaded himself that it was actually capable of realization. He had made himself chemist and botanist for its sake, had withdrawn from all other pursuits of his life, left his home, and labored at it indefatigably for months.

Shall I describe here his processes? Shall I enter upon his confused heaps of memoranda, often written upon random scraps, and little intelligible? Shall I open his large volumes of record, showing the composition of colors, the effect of chemicals upon one another, and of various forces upon them? It would not be an easy task. He was himself far from a methodical person. He murmurs even now as he looks round at the bulk of his labored accumulations:

"What disorder here! Perhaps I should have somebody to help me."—"The young Treasury girl is very pleasant," he adds presently, but perhaps with no very close connection of the two in his own thoughts.

He picks up a volume of the writings of an ancient alchemist,—not that he has faith in those gentry; he would scorn it in these days of exact scientific research. It is a volume of his bric-à-brac, which he bought when not able to contain a certain feeling of likeness once between them and him, in his peculiar pursuit. He falls upon a passage which insists on the necessity of a preliminary ingredient only of the second rank, and absolutely necessary to be found before the great secret itself, the elixir of life, or philosopher's stone, as the case may be, could be discovered. This was called, in mystic parlance, sometimes "*the ferment of Luna for the red*," and sometimes "*the ferment of Luna for the white—having found which you will rejoice.*"

The one preliminary which had sometimes of late seemed to Scott Braxton important before all others was some sympathetic mind to freely confer with, somebody to help him keep his traps in order.

"The money might be measured out, I suppose, to last for two," he mutters again, and then dismisses these unprofitable ideas for good.

He set to work to brew, ferment, distill, and extract essences, as of old. He was utilizing in his labors plants growing in his windows and a dried collection like a house-wife's herbarium. He brought back every day fresh leaves and barks gathered in his walks. He produced vacuums and electric and magnetic currents, generated, combined, and decomposed vapors. He kept his vigil far into the night; then threw himself exhausted on the bed, and dreamed an interminable chemical dream till morning.

III.

THE acquaintance of Scott Braxton had to be made all over again by the boys next day, so completely had he once more retired into his shell.

Still, by degrees, after the step accomplished, his moroseness was dissipated, his character mellowed to a certain extent; he began to join the after-dinner smokers in the hall, and yield himself to society. The toilsome effort in which he was engaged, to tell the truth, was passing the limits of human endurance, and he felt driven almost in spite of himself to the relief of companionship.

The careless rattle of the boys diverted him, drew him out of himself. No greater contrast in type than he and they could be imagined. He even recalled some quaint, humorous stories of his own, which he told in a shy way. His interest in such matters seemed to have to come back from a very long way off. Finding that Colonel Brand had a fancy for collecting things about the alchemists, he gave him the volume of his own.

"The alchemists," maintained Colonel Brand stoutly, "were in search of wisdom, and not a tangible philosopher's stone."

"Then the other was mere child's play," said Scott Braxton.

The boys asked him to walk with one, then another, and explained to him common things about Washington, where he seemed to have lived in a kind of daze. They took, in their way, a fancy to him, and were somehow sorry for him. Once they even had a rowing expedition together on the Potomac, above the Chain Bridge.

All this threw him much in contact too with Miss Mary Dale, and the boys seconded the association as much as possible. They seemed to make up their minds that it was a benevolent enterprise to bring the two together.

Still it was not known what Braxton did for a living.

"It's patent medicine, as sure as a gun," cried Morris again, one day, when an intenser aromatic odor than usual pervaded the upper regions. This was a day when the erratic neighbor alongside had let fall and broken a bottle of his most costly chemicals.

They asked Miss Mary Dale.

"How should *I* know?" she replied, coloring. "You should not be so inquisitive. He is not very well. He is interested in scientific things. It would be better for you boys if you had more to occupy yourselves with too."

Did she yet know? Perhaps. It is certain that she had seen the interior of his room. That came out from information of the landlady, who accompanied her on a certain occasion.

One day there had been a great clattering in the upper hall. The scuttle was thrown open and a flood of white light let into the obscurities below. Workmen were there who

had repairs to make on the roof. Mrs. Stone directed them, and Miss Dale had chanced to accompany her in friendly companionship. All at once the closed door of Braxton's room, jarred by the trampling, swung back, as is sometimes the way of doors in old houses, of its own accord, and disclosed the recluse at his work. Miss Dale was at the moment at its very threshold.

"Will you not come in?" he asked politely, rising and responding to her look of evident interest.

Mrs. Stone, an imperturbable person who saw little and wondered at less, provided only her dues were paid, joined her, and was included in the invitation. The two entered, and the girl, thus freed from timidity, indulged in some of those sprightly ways, quick-darting, and discovering traits characteristic of the feminine sex in the bachelor apartment.

"What an extremely odd room!" she exclaimed. "And how attractive!" in a complimentary tone. "I like all these things."

She was shown by the host some of his sketches, bric-à-brac, and miscellaneous properties.

"What are you doing here?" sprang involuntarily from her lips. That very instant she repented and would have choked the words back, but it was too late.

"Growing plants, for one thing," he answered semi-evasively.

He led the way to the window and showed two small rose-trees in pots.

"This," he said, indicating a creamy white rose, "is nourished exclusively upon milk. And upon this," showing one of a rich dark crimson, "I pour red wine every day."

He was going to detach for her the principal blossoms from each, but she opposed the gift vivaciously.

"Why not?" he asked. "I attach no importance to them. It is a mere whim. I wanted to see what they would do. It is not my principal work, I assure you. Once I tried an ink-flower also, but that was a very short-lived experiment. The ink killed it."

"What *could* they do?" she asked, sticking to the point. "What were you expecting of them?"

"As to that, I can hardly say. If I had developed some peculiarly rare and choice flower, in my milk-white rose, I should have considered it suitable, say for brides and occasions of the purest and most innocent gayety. You see there is little effect as yet—it is city milk," he added, with a ray of humor. "My wine-rose, on the other hand, I should have recommended for the heated brows of the wildest bacchantes at balls."

"But plants do not flourish on the same sustenance that is good for men," urged his visitor. "On the contrary, it is carbonic acid, the very poison that we throw off, which furnishes their life, while they, in turn, set free the oxygen so necessary to us."

"Are you a botanist?" asked Braxton with interest.

"To a very slight extent. I would *like* to be.—But now your ink-flower?" she went on.

"Oh, that, if it had succeeded, would have been worn in the button-holes of tired workers with the brain. Perhaps its aroma would have contained a refreshment, the subtile germ of ideas, or given rise to occult inspirations."

The young woman looked at his small array of books, all of a peculiar sort—De Candolle on the Color of Plants, Böhm, Frémy, Lawson on Chlorophyl, Corti on the Movement of Sap. Some were in the original foreign tongues, for he had become a linguist, too, in the pursuit of his aim.

"But you should have your table here, the book-case on this side, the cabinet here, it seems to me," said Miss Mary Dale; "it would be all more convenient."

With two or three of the changes so deftly indicated carried out, there was improvement, a vast improvement, and economy of space. The recipient of these services looked gratefully after his visitor when she went, and took an air of deep reflection.

Not long subsequent to this his real scheme was disclosed to her. She had asked him, referring to what has just been described:

"Have you any *more* singular ideas?"

"A few," he replied; and he outlined to her a project for a universal language, and another for a system of musical notation with exquisite forms and colors, so that the pleasures from the three sources were to be united in one.

"I fear you are too much alone; you are morbid," she said, studying him with a glance of a certain peculiar concern.

Then, to defend himself, and as by way of showing that he was not a mere unpractical visionary, and because he was longing for sympathy, as we have seen, he took her fully into his confidence.

Thereafter they had this secret in common between them.

The session of the legislative branch of the Government now came to an end, and the Congressmen and other important people went away, leaving the house quieter. The boys remained, it is true, but their interest in "old man" Braxton had by this time subsided. They voted him a good fellow enough, and took him as a matter of course.

Miss Dale and the inventor were observed to be much together, of evenings, in the parlors. They withdrew to remote corners and conversed in low tones, or sometimes read

to each other. Once Braxton drew her portrait, a fairly good one. Most sprightly young women were not very considerate to him; he was "not their style." But this one was highly appreciative, seemed to ignore entirely whatever there was of awkwardness and constraint in his ways, and extended the interest of a mind, itself active, and fond of the curious, new, and thoughtful, to his ideas. Mrs. Chisholm pronounced her more dangerous than ever.

It was not that Miss Dale became on the instant a convert to Mr. Scott Braxton's project. On the contrary, they argued it at length.

"Would such pictures be anything more than a mere trick and plaything," she asked bravely, "even if they succeeded?"

He showed almost a touch of offense at this. He had idealized his conception. He described to her the delicious pictures he fancied under his system.

"I conceive them — thus changing and full of a subtile mystery — as bringing in something like the genuine breath of nature upon our walls. Contrast them with the ordinary fixed, immovable scenes that we now have, at which, after a sufficient familiarity with them, we almost cease to look, however much we may have liked them in the beginning. On the other hand, these new ones, likely to differ every time they are approached, would retain the charm of perpetual freshness and novelty."

"They would have to be landscapes, of course? You could not have figures, buildings, and the like?"

"Landscapes, of course."

"You have your young and tender greens in the spring, your dark greens in the summer, and your russets in the autumn. What do you do for the winter? You can hardly make your leaves fall and a mantle of snow appear upon the ground."

"I have thought of that. They would be arrested by the winter. Perhaps they will have to be put away during the winter, their period having run down, like that of a clock. Or, again, they might stand during that time as ordinary landscapes, in their late autumn aspect. Only on some rare days of a mild temperature they might stir again with a slight new premonition of spring."

"And you might paint in enough evergreens, among the other foliage, in the ordinary way, to keep always an agreeable contrast," said his auditor, contributing a point to the scheme.

He thanked her with a grateful glance.

"But in the succeeding spring itself," she continued, "would they not have totally run down, like the clock, so that they could not renew their rounds again? You could not expect to make them last forever?"

"I should hope to make the medium sensitive enough, so that they would go on a long time. Very few things do last forever."

"But there is difference in the texture as well as in the colors of foliage at different seasons. Leaves are coarser in summer than in spring," she objected.

"Ah, Miss Doubting Thomas!" answered the inventor, "I can give only a suggestion of nature, not nature itself; no painting can do that. I shall convince you yet."

He often tapped his forehead sagely at the mention of obstacles, saying: "I shall meet that — I shall meet that."

"It is my passion to be known, to do something out of the common," he told her. "I cannot understand those who are content to go on in the ordinary humdrum way."

By degrees the fair young Treasury clerk was impressed. She was not a profound mind, and she had never known the sanguine class of inventors. By little and little all this scientific talk and array of experiment produced its effect. Money, and the assiduous effort of a man otherwise intelligent and worthy, were being put into the scheme. That could not be for nothing. She gave him a large measure of her faith, and to his scheme a dim admiration.

They investigated matters of detail together. Braxton made her see how chlorophyl, the minute green granules in the fiber of plants, is at the basis of all. He dissolved it from leaves, in alcohol or ether, obtaining a residuum partly wax and partly a peculiar substance allied to indigo.

It was found, he said, with dextrine, gum, and sugar in the original cellulose or germ-cell of the plant, and its color was not always green. It occurred in but small quantity, yet was the active agent in decomposing the carbonic acid, and converting the other gases into organic matter for vegetable life. He hoped much for his purpose from its intense energy.

Under his microscope he showed how the dark green of the upper layer of a leaf is due to the closer crowding together there than below of chlorophyl cells. He exhibited in the leaf the multitude of openings through which it breathes and acts upon the crude sap, which it draws up from below instead of drinking the rain from above, as is believed in the popular error.

They followed the course of the sap in the green layer of the bark; the laws of growth; the mathematical adaptation to light and air of the system of leaves in every plant, haphazard though it seem. The occupation, so far, was surely an ennobling one in itself.

A few times Scott Braxton had joined Mary Dale after her official tasks, and had walked home with her down the long wide stretch of Pennsylvania Avenue. At one end the vista

was closed by the white-colonnaded pile of the Capitol; at the other by the vast granite Treasury. The street, with all its awnings out, was sultry, almost Oriental, in the hot midsummer afternoons.

He ventured now, finally, into the Treasury itself, where the feminine employees are to be seen strolling with blue and green veils over their heads in the long, dim corridors at lunch time. He met with his friend, made some appointment with her, and returned, agitated, after office hours; when they strolled first through the grounds of the White House, close at hand, and then to small Lafayette Park, across the way, where they sat down upon a bench.

Braxton had in his hands a section of young maple showing the successive rings of its development.

"The tree grows from within outward," said he. "After a time the heart ceases to grow, solidifies, and is dead. I have looked up to the sky through the heart of a great tree entirely hollow, from the outer sap-wood of which, nevertheless, sprung leaves and branches. So it may be with a man, if he give his attention too exclusively to exterior things."

Upon this preamble, he made her an ardent proposal. He had a certain far-off, absent look even in the midst of his devotion. His work was the main thing, after all. It was chiefly an aid in his work that he wanted. He had strongly felt that with a little wife and house of his own, the probability of an early success in his project would be greatly enhanced. He said to himself, "I will measure out the money for two. It will carry us through; and there is no one I would rather share it with than her."

As to the recipient of this offer of marriage, she had been browbeaten that day by the chief of her bureau. It was often so, and it was but a wearisome, dragging life at best. She liked Braxton, respected his persistent industry, and even his self-absorption at her expense, and they had got on wonderfully well in their friendly companionship. She was surprised at his offer, and she — accepted it.

The young alchemist had secured his principal ingredient. He had secured, he might have assured himself,— from the charming, confused play of colors in her complexion,— "the ferment of Luna," both for the "red" and the "white."

"He is so odd, dear," was her landlady's smiling comment on the news. Mrs. Chisholm thought Miss Dale — for having ensnared this scion of a highly respected family! — now at last utterly abandoned.

There was a regular wedding very soon at an adjoining church. The boys, among the rest, voted to attend the ceremony in a body. They placed themselves in a pew adjoining one full of boarding-school girls — whose attention had been casually attracted in passing by the genial bustle.

The principals being rather long in making their appearance, Bob conducted a dumb-show of being the groom, solemn, nervous, in broadcloth and high collar; then of being the bride, modest, drooping, yet coquettish, in her long veil and wreath of orange blossoms. Whereat the boarding-school girls were convulsed, and people looked inquiringly. Aleck gave his blessing, as ostensible clergyman, to the rest. Gus announced his intention of going out to play on the organ himself, but feeling sure that the G string was broken, abandoned the project.

But just then the organist struck up Mendelssohn's Grand March, the bridal party entered, and the boys, to do them justice, behaved most commendably throughout all the rest of the proceedings.

IV.

THE young couple spent some time in a honeymoon which included visits to some relatives on both sides. Then they returned, and took a vacant cottage in Mount Pleasant, a pretty suburb, inhabited chiefly by politic government clerks who had succeeded in making themselves fixtures under successive Administrations. When it was intimated to McJames, for instance, one of the more important among them, that the Administration was about to change, and he had better look out, he said:

"I should like to see any Administration change quicker than I can; that's all."

Nothing could be more charming than the new bride in her quiet, fresh, economic toilets, her native gayety a little subdued by the novelty of the situation. The groom abated somewhat the tremendous energy by which he had been distinguished. The cottage had a pretty garden, in the renovation of which he assisted with his own hands, setting out there, however, many plants which he needed in his labors. He interested himself in the matter of tastefully furnishing the house, cultivated for his wife's sake some acquaintance with the neighbors, and became in all ways more like the ordinary human being.

This was but a lull. Scott Braxton was gathering strength. His energy broke out with a greater zest than before. He prepared a painting-room of a peculiar sort. He concocted a prodigious number of sap-greens and varnishes. He refined and refined again upon the delicacy of his medium. By October he was ready to begin a picture, which was to herald forth his invention to the world.

The painting-room was prepared in accordance with the peculiar conditions of the case. It was fitted with a very perfect heating apparatus, and made as air-tight as possible. The painting was to be kept while in progress at a uniform, spring-like temperature, and then, when complete, exposed — for the greater beauty and completeness of the display — in the presence of a company of friends and critics, to the influx of a late autumn or winter atmosphere.

Such was the programme for this early experimental canvas, though others, of course, would be allowed to develop more slowly. He admitted to his wife that his process was not yet perfect at all points, but he wished to wait no longer. He would launch it in its great main features — like the imperfect phonograph, for instance — and, while enjoying the consequent fame and fortune, complete the details at leisure.

The most excellent of heating arrangements has its faults, and there were annoyances too from other sources. Strive as he would, the artist was driven to many an unsatisfactory makeshift, and forced to supplement his curious new colors, here and there, with chemicals and pigments of a much less ethereal sort. Pure chromium, for instance, gives a rich, brilliant green, but, under certain conditions, is spontaneously inflammable, and care is to be taken how it is handled.

As the work progressed he began to withdraw from the confidences of his wife. A time came when he would no longer admit her to his painting-room.

"No," he said, playfully, "I am going to have my surprise for you also."

None but himself knew the drama that began to take place there, the intolerable strain upon every fiber, mental and physical, the desperate appeals for help, as he agonized over his strange, unheard-of project. Sometimes, relaxed to the point of utter feebleness, he essayed, as it were, like a child, to coax providence and fate to his aim.

"Ah, dear Heaven," he cried, well-nigh beside himself, "pray let it be! You cannot let me fail."

It was all becoming vague and wild to the young wife, and passing beyond her ken. Once she asked him, nervously:

"Are you really sure, dear, that we shall succeed?"

"We *must* succeed," he answered. "The money is measured out to last only till then. 'After that, the deluge.'"

He endeavored to turn this off as humor the next moment, but she had her misgivings. She wept bitterly at the new and tragic aspect of the case. She saw her husband grow pale and haggard in these days. She implored him to pause, to take even the most trifling precautions for his health. But he repulsed her, and cried fiercely:

"I would give the last drops of my heart's blood to mingle with it if I might make it succeed."

Finally, however, he had less absorbed manners; then all at once announced: "It is over. It is done."

On the tenth of December the village of Mount Pleasant showed an unwonted bustle. This was the occasion fixed for the launching of Scott Braxton's strange invention. Although it had long been spoken of as about to occur, the precise date was only determined upon the evening before. All indications then went to show that the morrow would be clear and cold, as was desirable.

The day was cold, but in its earlier hours cloudy. The hour fixed for the unveiling of the picture was two o'clock. Guests were invited for a luncheon at one. A considerable company had assembled. A number of the neighbors, the official employees, had withdrawn their valuable services from government business for the time being to be present. Congressman Wheelright and his family, in town for the new session, were here. The boys — or most of them — supplied a gayer element. They took a sort of personal pride in the affair. They had known "old man" Braxton when he was pegging away at his invention in its early stages, and considered themselves in a measure co-discoverers with him. The important thing, however, was the force of critics. There was a professor from the art museum, and one from the Smithsonian Institution, and the art critics of the morning papers. Greatest of all, influence had been made to bring the Washington correspondent of a great New York daily. He could flash the whole through the Associated Press, and could make you famous from Dan to Beersheba.

When luncheon was over the guests moved to the studio. All put on or kept on their wraps, for the doors and windows were to be thrown open to the chilly out-of-door atmosphere. The critical force was favorably posted and the signal given.

The requisite openings were made to admit the raw December air, and the covering withdrawn from the phenomenal picture.

A buzz went around the room, now rapidly lowering in temperature. A cry of admiration broke from the lips of the young wife. Her husband sent her a sharp glance of reproach, as if this were not in the best of taste.

For the first few moments nothing peculiar happened. The sun meantime came out,

and Scott Braxton accepted it as a happy omen, and beamed accordingly.

Surely — yes, it was indeed so — the colors of a group of pale-green trees in the lower left-hand corner of the painting began to shimmer and deepen strangely. The reflection of these in a pool of water followed. The movement communicated itself to the general mass of foliage. It had been but now April — it was now midsummer.

The audience held their breath in a kind of awe. The heart of Scott Braxton was nigh bursting with suppressed rapture.

Red and yellowish appearances ensued. Autumn hues of varying strengths slid and shifted over the face of the work, the scarlet of maple, the crimson of oak and sumach, the pale and deeper gold of birch and chestnut. But the clouds, too, the parts that should have remained fixed, began to act strangely, gave highly unexpected effects. Soon everything in the picture moved in a universal wavering and flicker. One would have said that it was burning up.

It *was* burning.

The picture was going off *by spontaneous combustion.*

Its author rushed wildly out-of-doors with his hands in his hair. His wife, after a first impulse of solicitude toward the poor painting, which was now all aflame and hopelessly doomed to destruction, followed him. She kept up somehow with his strides, hurried as they were, and finally drew her arm through his, though he at first repulsed her. They walked on a long way in silence. They walked away into the lonesome parts of the village, and out upon the open roads, leaving their stupefied or mocking guests behind them. She induced him to stop at an outlying house while she negotiated for a hat for him, making some plausible excuse to account for his need of it. She began to let fall some soothing monosyllables, and then fuller words of comfort.

"You must go away for a while," she said.

"Of what use?" he returned, moodily. "I have no further ideas, and the money is spent."

"Your picture was *lovely*, even apart from the strange contrivance," she continued. "Did you not hear me cry out in admiration?"

"I heard, but thought you fancied that the change had commenced, and was annoyed that you should be premature."

"I could not help it. It was a fine and beautiful picture, if I have ever seen one in my life. My heart ached to see it destroyed. You do not know how good it was?"

"I scarcely thought of it, I was so intent upon the process."

"You can do others as good and noble, I am sure. Come! that is our future. Let us dismiss these juggleries! I never more than half liked them, though I was afraid to tell you so. You must study simpler, more legitimate things, and I know that they will succeed. And I—I meantime can get back my place in the Treasury."

The erratic limner bent down and kissed her, with a new birth of affection in his heart. And she, in his despondency and failure, had never felt so great a tenderness for any human being.

They walked on as the day waned, and did not return till long after the red twilight had ceased to burn behind the wintry copses.

The affair naturally made a great stir at Mount Pleasant, and not a little elsewhere. The critics of the local papers could not forbear to write humorously of the exceeding "warmth," and the like, of the new coloring; while the correspondent of the great New York daily gave its history at length in his dispatches as that of a freakish inventor with an unusually absurd bee in his bonnet.

Nevertheless, others too, besides the young wife, had noted the unusual excellence of the picture in itself. The intense preoccupation under which it was made had resulted in a *naïveté* and unconsciousness of resource, a directness and power, and an original charm of effect which could not be denied. Its author seemed a born artist, and had struck in true landscape his proper field.

Threatened with a violent brain fever, this was waved back, as it were, by the sympathetic hand of the sweet ex-Treasury girl, who never for a moment relaxed her vigilance over him. He passed through his metamorphosis, and entered upon a new period of existence, devoting himself to the simple forms and hues of nature as ardently as he had once tried to divine her chemic mysteries.

He is to-day younger, gayer, and his pictures sell for those prices that place them beyond the reach of all without Crœsus-like bank accounts.

And, as everything comes to him that already hath, it seems probable that a rich bachelor uncle, who has taken a fancy to his wife, will make him his sole legatee.

"I was beside myself," Braxton is fond of saying to this amiable, charming helpmeet, "with loneliness, disappointment, and brooding over unhealthy problems. You brought me back to simple, natural, human existence. You gave me my career. You are the essence of chlorophyl, the resultant of all my obscure labors, my strange, incredible discovery."

William Henry Bishop.

THE "ODYSSEY" AND ITS EPOCH.

ON THE TRACK OF ULYSSES. III.

THE mythical world which had for its center Ithaca, and for its chief people Penelope and Ulysses, was, out of all proportion, larger than the Europe of to-day; for it comprised the whole known world, from the shadows of Cimmeria to the clouds that gave birth to the Nile. Its geography, however, has a value to archæology and prehistory which has not been fully recognized. The date and place of origin of the "Odyssey" will never be determined with any high degree of certainty, but in dealing with epochs that comprise unmeasured centuries we need not fear a variation of two or three. And the collation of traditions from the same mythical world will help us to this approximation to the probable date of Homer's life, if not that of Ulysses.

Gladstone, in the "Juventus Mundi," has made use of an argument which, even if not sound as to the Trojan war, I believe to be good for the "Odyssey." The earliest authentic records in Greek history reveal Greece as under the control of two races, the Ionians and the Dorians, elements whose antagonisms have been the chief cause of the disasters and ruin of Greece.

But neither Dorians nor Ionians were the dominant race when the "Odyssey" was written, as neither Ionians nor Dorians appear in the record. The Greeks of the Trojan war are always called Achaioi, and the Dorians were evidently, as a race, unknown to the author of the Homeric poems. Now, as they came into Greece about 1000 B. C., and as our researches show the island of Ithaca, with which Homer was well acquainted, to have become Dorian with the rest of the western Greek lands, the original germ of the "Odyssey" must have been earlier than 1000 B. C., and possibly not much later than the Trojan war. Nor does any possible modification of the Homeric poems in the recitals continued over centuries affect this argument in the least, as, being common property of all the bards and all the tribes, they were liable to be modified in the various versions according to the localities and local knowledge of the singers; and, one "rhapsody" being preserved by one tribe and another by another of this hardly homogeneous people, the traces of the modifications received in their migrations could not be by the philology of the date of their collation so effaced as to leave no marks of their incomplete restoration.

In pointing out the deductions to be permitted from the Ithacan inscription, I ventured the hypothesis that the "Odyssey" might prove much older than the usually assigned date, 850 B. C. Is there not justification for carrying it back to 1000 or 1100 B. C.? It is impossible that any idea of archæological consistency had led to the exclusion of the Dorians from the "Odyssey." If the Dorians had been ruling in Greece when it was composed, it seems to the last degree improbable that they could have been so completely ignored, if it were but for the deference to be paid the rulers of half the Greek world; and whether we look at the invariable practice of all early poets to adapt their work to their own times and surroundings, or to the entire consistency of the work in this respect,— too complete to be due to the study of utterly unscientific or illiterate times,— I think it is to be admitted as probable that the "Odyssey" was composed before the great ethnical revolution in Greece.

The purely local evidence supports this hypothesis to a certain extent, and in this topography and geography I propose to wander as far as Homer's indications lead us. Corfu was inhabited by a race alien to the Greek, and which recognized its descent from the Siculi displaced by the Pelasgi from Sicily. Opposite Ithaca lies the more important island of Cephalonia, to which Ithaca is now completely subordinate, but which then was less important apparently than Ithaca, in all probability only because it was only partly, if at all, Hellenic. Now, the earliest classical name of this Island, *Kephallenia*, was derived from Cephalus, a mythical hero who appears to have been contemporary with Minos. But this name is never applied to it in the "Odyssey." Of the island very little is said, but of the chief city, Samos (a colony from which gave its name to the Asiatic island now known under that appellation), Homer has much to say. It lies clearly in sight from Ithaca, from which it is separated only by a narrow strait, and is one of the prominent objects in the view from Ithaca. It was originally one of that line of prehistoric cities whose only record is in the stones of their walls, and from these we learn that it was a very ancient coast settlement, which, unlike the city on Aëtos, survived through successive civilizations until history got hold of it. In Ulysses' day it must have been a rich place, for it furnished twenty-four pretendants to the hand of Penelope. "There are first fifty-two young men, the

chosen of Dulichios—six servants accompany them; twenty-four have come from Samos; twenty from Zakynthos [Zante]; and from Ithaca were twelve, the bravest." But the author of the "Odyssey" seems to have had no personal knowledge of its topography, and mentions no other locality in the island. Tradition tells us that the island was peopled by Teleboeans, a people driven from the continent by Achilles,—before the siege of Troy, therefore, but subsequent to Cephalus; but this is one of the confusions of mythology, as Cephalus found the Teleboeans in the island. The usual condensation of history into myth leaves very little clear in these early traditions. Races become personified in individuals, and the work of centuries is attributed to a life-time and an individual. Whether Cephalus was in reality a race or a man it is impossible to do more than conjecture, but the poems mention the *Kephallenes*, though the "Odyssey" never mentions Kephallenia [Cephalonia], and this entire ignoring of its topography and traditions, even of the visit of the Argonauts to it, makes it difficult to believe that it was inhabited by a race kindred to that of Ithaca when Homer knew it.

Cephalus having, according to the legend, killed his wife Procris, mistaking her for a wild animal as she, excited to jealousy by his devotion to the chase which she attributed to another love, hid herself in the thickets to watch him, was banished from Athens, and, wandering in exile, came to Thebes, just then under excitement owing to the Teleboeans of Cephalonia having killed the brothers of Alcmena, wife of the Theban Amphytrion, and he was requested to take charge of the expedition to avenge the murder. He succeeded in conquering the island and gave it his name. His descendants reigned there two generations, after which, the latest rulers of his blood being recalled to Attica by the oracle, a federative republic succeeded, formed by the four principal cities, or perhaps by the four which had survived the changes of race, for there are more than four antique sites. Those which history has preserved as having submitted to the Romans in the year of Rome 563 were Samé, Nesia, Crané, and Palé.

The city of Samé alone presents in the annals of historical times any interest, and this is sad and glorious. Livy says that at the end of the Ætolian war the Romans sent to Cephalonia to know whether they would submit or try the fortune of war, as they seem to have joined in the war with the Ætolians, though he gives no record of the part they took. He gives the account, brief and tragic, of the fate of the city, which I will neither dilute nor abbreviate:

"An unhoped-for peace had now shone on Cephalonia when one state, the Sameans, suddenly revolted, from some motive not yet ascertained. They said that as their city was commodiously situated they were afraid the Romans would compel them to remove from it. But whether they conceived this in their own minds and under the impulse of a groundless fear disturbed the general quiet, or whether such a project had been mentioned in conversation among the Romans and reported to them, nothing is ascertained except that, having given hostages, they suddenly shut their gates, and would not relinquish their design even for the prayers of their friends whom the consul sent to the walls to try how far they might be influenced by compassion for their parents and countrymen. When no pacific answer was given, the city began to be besieged.

"The consul had all the apparatus, engines, and machines which had been brought from Ambracia, and the soldiers executed with great diligence the works necessary to be made. The rams were therefore brought forward in two places, and began to batter the walls.

"The townsmen omitted nothing by which the works or the motions of the besiegers could be obstructed. But they resisted in two ways in particular, one of which was to raise constantly opposite the part of the wall attacked a new wall of equal strength on the inside; and the other was to make sudden sallies at one time against the enemy's works, at another against his advanced guards, and in those attacks they generally got the better. The only plan that was invented to confine them within the walls, though ineffectual, deserves to be recorded. One hundred slingers were brought from Ægium, Patræ, and Dymæ [Peloponnesus]. These men, according to the customary practice of that nation, were exercised from their childhood in throwing with a sling, into the open sea, the round pebbles with which, mixed with sand, the shores were generally strewn; therefore they cast weapons of that sort to a greater distance, with surer aim and more powerful effect, than even the Balearian slingers. Besides, their sling does not consist merely of a single strap like the Balearic and that of other nations, but the thong of the sling is threefold and made firm by several seams, that the missile may not, by the yielding of the strap in the act of throwing, be let fly at random; but, after sticking fast while whirled about, it may be discharged as if sent from the string of a bow. Being accustomed to drive their missiles through circular marks of small circumference placed at a great distance, they not only hit the enemy's heads, but any part of their faces that they aimed at. These slings checked the Sameans from sallying either so frequently or so boldly; insomuch that they would sometimes from the walls beseech the Achæans to retire for a while and be quiet spectators of their fight with the Roman guards. Same supported a siege of four months. When some of their small number were daily killed or wounded, and the survivors were, through continual fatigues, greatly reduced both in strength and spirits, the Romans, one night, scaling the wall of the citadel which they call Cyatides (for the city, sloping toward the sea, verges toward the west), made their way into the forum. The Sameans, on discovering that a part of the city was taken, fled with their wives and children into the greater citadel; but, submitting next day, they were all sold as slaves, their city being plundered." (Bohn's translation.)

It is only by conjecture we can distinguish between the two hills which are covered with the ruins; and the walls are so broken in their circuit, and so complex as well as various in their epoch of construction, that no plan of

the siege could be made, but the above indicates the westernmost as first captured.

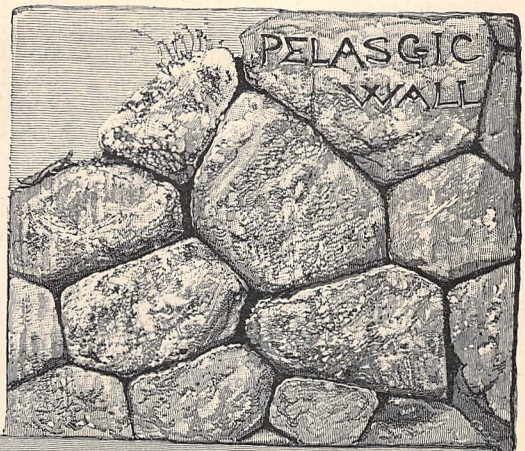
The city must have been very wealthy, if we may judge from that generally excellent indication, the tombs, which line the roads and the sea-shore beyond the city (looking from the point where the general view is taken), and by the enumeration of the booty taken by the Romans, which is given as follows: Two hundred golden crowns of ten Roman pounds each, eighty-three thousand pounds of silver, two hundred and forty-three pounds of gold, one hundred and eighteen pieces of Athenian money, two thousand four hundred and twenty-two of Macedonian, two hundred and eighty-three statues of bronze, two hundred and thirty of marble, besides the money distributed to the army.

I know of no place where the ruins of all epochs are so well indicated as at Samé. The large fragment of wall of the best Hellenic time which runs down the slope of the eastern hill is one of the finest, if not *the* finest, I have ever seen. Its stones are perfectly hewn, and some of them are twelve to fourteen feet long, and the highest portion still standing is not less than twenty feet high. At other points are various examples of the Pelasgic, similar to that of "Ulysses' Castle," but of later work. There are magnificent subterranean passages, one of which leads to the citadel on the easternmost hill, the more remote in the distant view, but the higher and probably the site of the greater citadel as marked by the most imposing ruins and remains of works, and without doubt the locality of the original settlement. On the lowest hill stand some interesting remains — a tower and remains of city wall of mixed Hellenic and Pelasgic, the tower being of the very latest Hellenic, showing the beginning of "rustication." It was built upon in the middle ages, and the whole mass of buildings transformed into a fortress and afterward into a convent. Samé must very early have been a large and important city, as the whole of the space, including the two hills and the land between them, shows traces of Pelasgic construction, and one fragment on the brow of the hill near the tower is one of the most perfect examples of the best Pelasgic work one can find away from Mykenæ and Argos. The stones in the illustration range about five feet in length, and are faced with exquisite exactness. A wild fig-tree has taken root in the interstices of the stones, and the roots have pushed the masses of rock apart, but in several places it is difficult to see the junction when the light is flat against them. Of Roman work there is nothing; but some thermæ walls on the plains by the sea and some tombs show a Roman occupation. Livy says that Marcus Tullius, the conqueror of Samé, went over to the Peloponnesus "after having placed a garrison in Samé." This negatives the notion that the walls were razed to the foundations, as is asserted by La Croix; and it is also rendered improbable by the existing ruins, though it is not impossible that so much of the wall was destroyed as made the defense of it temporarily impracticable. There are, however, some slight traces of rubble-wall on the old ruins, which show a Roman (or possibly middle-age, though I incline to the former) construction, which negative any supposition that the *enceinte* was rendered useless for defense; for no one would repair a wall which was not tolerably complete in its circuit. The remains of the Roman time, however, are insignificant compared with those of the Pelasgic, either as to preservation or quality.

At present Samé is an insignificant village, consisting of twenty or thirty small houses stretched along the beach, with a tiny port formed by a breakwater constructed from the stones of the city wall, the fairest and best cut that could be found. The people are a thievish clan, who set on any chance comer, like mosquitoes on a solitary and bewildered fisherman in a swampy land. They have coins and antiquities to sell, for which, as everywhere else in Greece, they demand the most absurd prices; and they beset one with offers of service as guides, etc., etc., till they weary out all human patience. This may be said of the Ionians in general, but less of the people of Cerigo, perhaps, than the others. We found, however, a grateful exception. We had wandered along the beach to the furthermost houses of the line, and on passing a very respectable-looking house, the owner, sitting in the coolness of the twilight at his gates, seeing two strangers, rose to salute us and invited us to enter; an invitation so amiable and earnest that we accepted, and were ushered into the guest-chamber, clean and furnished with divans in eastern fashion, where we were entertained with the usual sweetmeats and coffee, while the daughter of the house went into the garden and collected for each of us a bouquet of roses, the most fragrant I ever remember to have seen. Our host narrated many incidents of the English rule in Cephalonia, and when we rose to go urged us to take up our quarters in his house; and finally, as we stood before the gates, as a last favor, offered me two beautiful Greek stelæ, memorials of the ancient dead possibly of the period of the heroic defense of Samé. He had found them in digging his house cellar, and they were the ornaments of his court-yard; but learning that

we were in search of antiquities, he offered them freely as his contribution. I shall not soon forget him or his fragrant roses and the dark-eyed Samean girl who offered them to us.

Of Crané scarcely a trace remains, even of the Pelasgic walls. It stood originally on the Lake of Argostoli, to which place we drove from Samé across the island, but at a point now far from the water's edge. The lake is a singular geological phenomenon, formed by a number of springs bursting out from under the hills on which Crané lay, with a force sufficing to drive mills and form a strong current over the whole extent of the lake, which is a mile or more



VIEW OF SAMÉ FROM THE WEST,—WITH PARTS OF PELASGIC AND HELLENIC WALLS.

in diameter, though the surface of land to be drained by these subterranean outpours is, one would say, utterly inadequate to the quantity of water delivered.

I took a guide at Argostoli, a man of the usual type of Greek guide, who assured me that he knew the ancient city, and had often guided strangers there. On arriving at the head of the lake I found him taking useless détours to bring me to the mills, which were driven by the springs; and on asking him what he went there for, he replied that he supposed I wanted to see the mills—since that was what other people had come for. I gave him an energetic sample of modern Greek, and ordered him to show me the way to the ancient city—Palaiokastron. "Palaiokastron!" he ejaculated with surprise and bewilderment in his eyes, and turned to ask some shepherd boys or other vagabonds, who were sauntering near by and watching us, where the Palaiokastron was. They declined to give any information, probably regarding him as a poacher on their preserves. I had, therefore, to depend on my antiquarian instincts, and, taking the lead, climbed over the heights above until, guided by the nature of the ground, I found the traces of the old wall.

The position of the city was entirely characteristic of the sites of the Pelasgic epoch: a bold, double peak, almost inaccessible on the sea-side, and on the two flanks still very precipitous, but connected with higher land

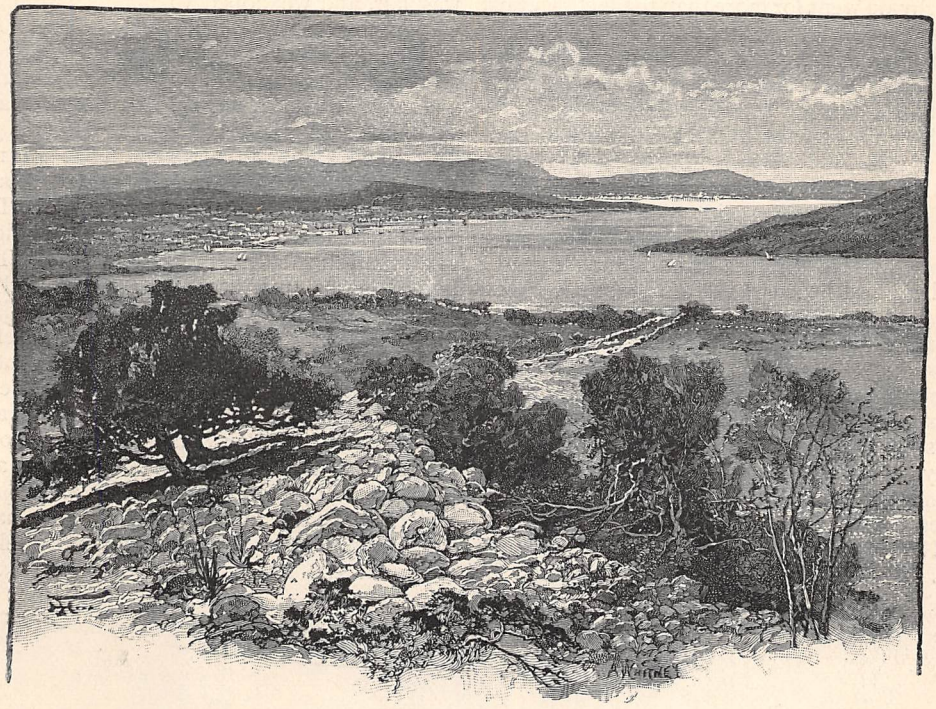
on the side opposite the water. On the side from which the view is taken none of the ancient walls remain. The movement of earthquakes, the gradual fall of the rock at the precipitous edge, or the leveling labor of man has carried away all the blocks that made this side of the *enceinte;* but many of the stones may be recognized at the foot of the slope, some worked into modern walls, and some in the débris of the hill. On the opposite side the traces are more distinct, and the wall may be traced a long way, and the site of the citadel determined, with a gate and the angles of some of the towers. From near the citadel a view is obtained which shows a long line of the débris with a distant view of the town of Argostoli and the lake, and far beyond the lines that form the western shore of the superb harbor of Argostoli, almost without a rival in the Adriatic. The mass of wall is hardly to be distinguished from mere decomposed rock; so much have time and frost, the great demolishers, split and crumbled the flinty, massive limestone, the preferred material of the Pelasgi. On the further shore shown in the view may be seen, when the air is clear, the houses which form a modern village on the site of the ancient Palé. Here were Jason and his fellow adventurers entertained on their search after the golden fleece,—an expedition which perhaps we may translate from myth into probability, as an expedition to obtain an improved breed of sheep, a finer-wooled stock, from one of the northern and inland countries.

CRANÉ FROM THE SEA-SHORE.

At Argostoli I inquired about the ruins of Palé, but was told that they are mainly built over, and what is visible is only of the Roman period. I attempted, however, on our return to Samé, to run around in the *Kestrel*, as the voyage across the bay from Argostoli is not pleasant in the small boats that make the service. We got up anchor as the land breeze began to blow at midnight, and I went to bed, having given orders to anchor in a little bay about half-way to the southern extremity of the island near which some ruins are indicated on the map. Awaking in the morning and finding a most suspicious tranquillity prevailing, I took a look at the outside surroundings, and found the yacht quietly moored on the same spot she had occupied the day before. A furious sirocco had sprung up and met us half-way to our destined anchorage, and after beating for an hour in vain, our little boat nearly buried in the seas, we were compelled to retreat and run back to our former place of refuge. There is no getting ahead in such small craft against the sharp, violent seas of the Mediterranean.

Three days the sirocco blew, and we tried in vain to pass the time fishing. The Ionians have adopted dynamite so universally to catch their fish that they are as scarce as honest people on shore. One does find them sometimes, and we caught a shark about four feet long and a half dozen red mullet where, before dynamite was discovered, we could have caught in the same time a hundred-weight.

The third night we got under way again, and, with a heavy swell still on, ran down to our harbor, reaching it as a flaming, splendid thunder-storm was coming up, the finale of our southern blow. We moored with cables out in three directions, and when the storm had all gone by I went ashore to hunt my ruins. A vagabond Cephalonian offered his services to carry my camera and guide me; but his crafty and evasive face, coupled with the assurance with which he clung to me, so



DISTANT VIEW OF PALÉ FROM THE CITADEL OF CRANÉ.

irritated me that I plunged into the pathless thicket. Traveling by compass, and, searching long and closely, I found at last the remains of an early Pelasgic wall on a magnificent site, with a breezy outlook to sea north and west and overlooking a fertile valley inland, not especially pictorial, for it was too regular and too thoroughly cultivated, but through it ran a bright crystal brook overhung by huge pollard sycamores and fringed with oleanders just bursting into blossom and making the valley like a rose-garden. Beyond the hill on which the city stood is a wild ravine through which runs the brook, which in Greek would naturally be dignified by the name of a river. Only a narrow neck, as usual, gave access to the site. It is impossible to ascertain with any kind of assurance what the name of the city was. It could not have been Nesia, the only one of the four principal ones we have not visited, for no ruins are visible approaching so late an epoch as the Roman, and it was probably Heraclea. Its position was magnificent for defense and on account of the fertility of the country behind it, but the site was probably abandoned very early for one further inland, where I was assured there were ruins of an ancient city. But my time had been so invaded by the loss of three days through the storm, and I was already so behind my programme, that I was not able to give the time necessary to the search and examination, or, indeed, to follow my plan of visiting Palé.

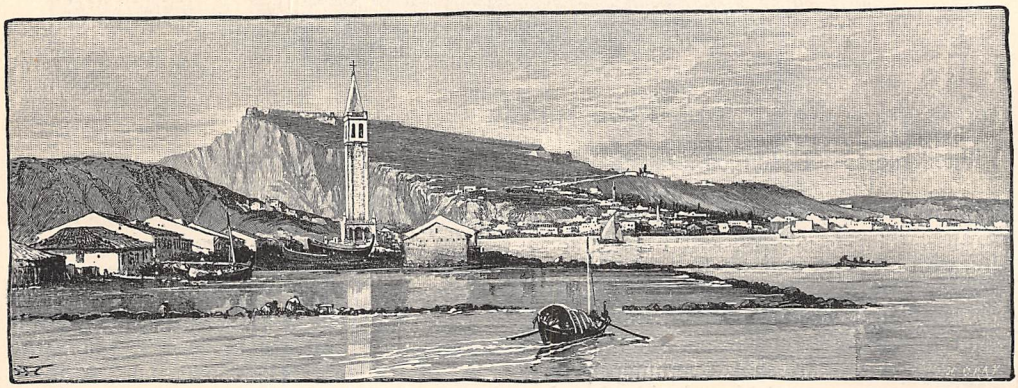
We climbed down to the brook, and I enjoyed the pastime of wading in the gurgling water as if I were a boy—it was so long since I had had that pleasure! We followed it into a close and gloomy gorge, where the crag of the ancient site overhung us like a huge, rough wall, almost a sheer precipice, and down at the foot ran the brook, which we followed to the sea. The sun was setting as we reached the yacht, and before we waked from sleep next morning we were bounding toward Zante.

In Zante (Zakynthos) there is, so far as I could find, no ancient ruin whatever. The character of the rock explains this; for, except at the extreme southern end of the island, there is no stone which would resist even the weather-wear since the Roman epoch. The island seems to be a bed of sand raised from the sea and slightly hardened, so that, though the citadel hill is imposing enough as a mass, the material of it is being continually dissolved, and looks at a distance more like a bank of clay than like rock.

Zante is rhymingly called the "fior di Levante" (flower of the Levant), but it is difficult to see wherein it surpasses Corfu in any flowery attribute. I guess that, as in many other cases,

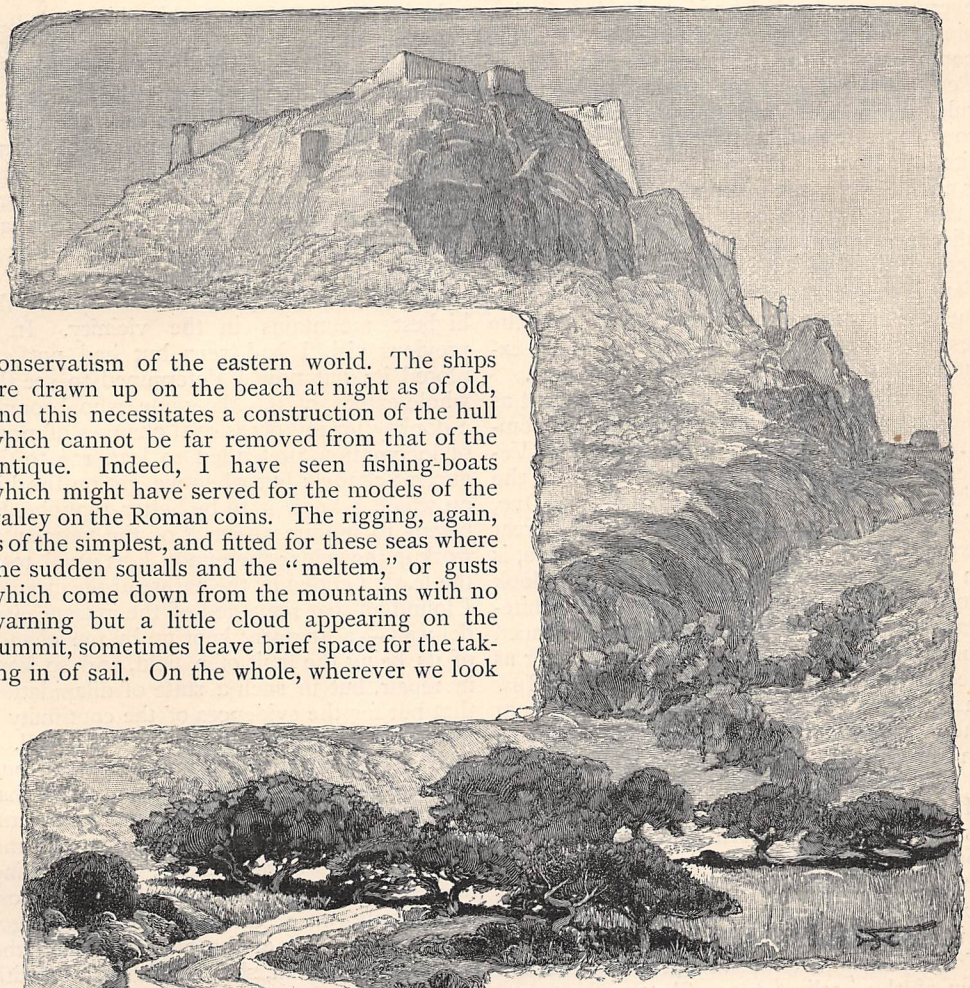
the rhyme went for more than the fact, poetical or otherwise. It is fertile, and the land extends in an immense unpicturesque plain covered with olive-orchards and vineyards for miles from the port. Its history is unimportant and its mythology not interesting. It was said to have been colonized by Zakynthos, son of Dardanus of Troy, about 1500 years before Christ; but, as I have before said, all Greek dates earlier than 1000 B. C. are purely conjectural. Zante suffered with the other islands from the endless and furious feuds of the Greek states; ravaged by turns by Athenian and Lacedæmonian, it came down to the Romans an unruly subject province, conquered and reconquered, and finally lay still in the tranquillity of slavery until Geneseric, king of the Vandals, began an epoch of devastation, which only concluded with the purchase, by the Venetians from the Sultan, of its soil depopulated by the sword and slavery.

He who goes about in the Mediterranean has a chance of seeing some bad weather, for it is the reverse of a pacific sea, and in a scrap of a boat like the *Kestrel* the phenomena are sometimes interesting. Our course from Zante to Cerigo (ancient Cythera) leads by Cape Mátapan, opposite Cape Maleá, the two southern points of Greece, which enjoy a reputation of the kind that the American proverb gives to Hatteras and Lookout. The *Kestrel* was again baffled, and, after beating for hours to get past the point, we had to put up the helm and run back to Navarino, the nearest shelter, before a gathering southerly blow. We lay in our old anchorage another day, and as the wind fell at night we beat out again and ran through the little archipelago of barren and desolate islands which lie off this part of the Morea. The weather still looked ugly, and thunder-clouds were gathering on the hills of Lacedæmon, and we could see the storm creeping down toward the sea · but the wind was fair, and we hoped to make Kapsali, in Cerigo, before the squall came down. Already the heights of Cerigo loomed before us, and we had begun to look for the landmarks, when the wind struck us. All hands made what haste was possible to get in sail and get up a small storm jib to lie to under, and not too quickly, for no common canvas would have stood that blast when it struck us. The sun was setting, and soon we were out of sight of all land in the driving spray and rain. The lightning was such as only they who sail in semi-tropical seas can have known, blinding and incessant; it seemed to have gathered around the mountains of Cerigo as a center, for it went and came and still hung there as the rain swept down the coast and up again. As the wind fell off with the down-pouring of the torrents we got off again and pointed our bowsprit for Kapsali; and as the waters above and those below seemed to have formed an alliance against us, we went below and shut the hatch. Fortunately the wind was off shore and we had little sea, and managed to creep along nearly as much as we had drifted to the leeward; so that when the storm broke and the rain held up we were able to see the rocks off the coast, and finally to grope our way into the little port of Kapsali, which is secure against everything but a southerly blow. The wind, always contrary, fell off as we drew near the light-house, and we had to get in with our sweeps in the small hours of the morning, wet, cold, hungry, and jaded from the excitement of the night; for, though it is simple and safe in the telling, a large Greek brig was lost only two miles from us in the squall, and we had experienced the worst weather we had yet felt, and since the storm began no one had been able to eat or even get a cup of coffee.



ZANTE.

At Kapsali one begins to see the antique sailor ways and the evidence of the intense



CITADEL OF CERIGO.

conservatism of the eastern world. The ships are drawn up on the beach at night as of old, and this necessitates a construction of the hull which cannot be far removed from that of the antique. Indeed, I have seen fishing-boats which might have served for the models of the galley on the Roman coins. The rigging, again, is of the simplest, and fitted for these seas where the sudden squalls and the "meltem," or gusts which come down from the mountains with no warning but a little cloud appearing on the summit, sometimes leave brief space for the taking in of sail. On the whole, wherever we look we see ample evidence that in the whole Levant, where the original population exists in a considerable proportion, the ways of life and thought are the same as those of Homer's day. Nature has changed more than man. Where the Venetians came they brought new habits of military life and construction, and demolished all the old ruins to make fortresses; but on the domestic life and on the character of the Greek they had little or no influence.

Whether Kapsali, a mere village, the port of Cerigo, had any ancient existence, we do not know. Cerigo lies on the high rock above it, and is a Venetian fortress; and, as is generally the case with Venetian fortresses, has used up all ancient masonry, if any existed, in its construction.

The road from Kapsali to the town of Cerigo is of Venetian construction, kept in repair by those fitting successors of Venice, the English, who certainly left the Ionian Islands in a state of prosperity higher than that of to-day. Good roads were almost

everywhere provided, and good ways of other kinds, now lost entirely, if I might believe the complaints of the people. The position of Cerigo is very strong for the days of Venetian rule, and it overhangs the port and country round on every side, except one, like a Pelasgic site, but I could find no stone of that date. It is not likely that there was any very ancient city there, as no tombs or evidences of a necropolis have been found. The formidable character of the position in the times of the Venetians is shown by the view from the road above the ravine which severs the mountain from the lesser hill over the port — a ravine whose existence is quite unsuspected from the port.

The city itself is without interest except as the first really Eastern city one will see coming from the West, and as an example of Venetian fortress-building. The view from the citadel is fine and breezy, the islands of Ovo, Cerigotto, and Crete being visible, and a great expanse of that sea which, on sunny days, is in itself so beautiful from its color. You look down on the houses, white as continual white-washing will make them, whose flat, terraced roofs serve in the hot and rainless summer as sleeping-places for the whole family. How many nights I have dragged my mattress from the bedroom out on this delightful substitute and let the night breeze fan me to sleep!

Of history the island has next to none. Mythology puts the landing of Aphrodite here, as she came, foam-born and sea-borne, to found her religion in the Greek worlds. The first who are traditionally reported to have colonized the island are the Phœnicians; but it is impossible to ignore the previous coming of the Pelasgi, who have left a well-marked ruin of the earliest type. To see the traces of the antique settlements, one had better go to Port San Nicolo if provided as we were; but secure an intelligent guide previously from Cerigo, as the country people, as in other islands, while pretending to know all about the antiquities, really know absolutely nothing. They know the tombs because they serve as sheep-folds, and they have sometimes a curious knowledge of the relative antiquity of the ruins; but they have heard modern myths, and apply them with the least possible regard to archæological facts, and invariably assure you that they know everything.

So it happened that I was again, for want of choice, out on a search with an ignorant guide. There had been some excavations commenced on the site of what is now known as Palaiopolis (the old city), which evidently was Phœnician, and was occupied down to Roman times. There were some columns of Roman or Byzantine work unearthed, and from mere curiosity to know *his* notions, I asked a shepherd boy watching his sheep near by what they were. "This," he said, "was the palace of the king." "Of what king?" I asked. "Don't you know?" he said, opening his eyes at me as if this were the very a b c of history. "Why, the palace of Menelaus." There is an old tradition that it was the place of residence of Menelaus and Helen, and all the objects to be seen are attributed to them. The Phœnician city is close to the sea; the real ancient site is several miles back, and looms up on the highest mountains in the vicinity. In a previous visit I had seen but had not explored it; but now I determined to see the whole extent of it. My guide, who brought a donkey for my occasional changes of mode of locomotion, pretended to lead me to the ancient citadel; but when we got on the hill on which I knew it to be better than he, he began to inquire about it of the women at work in the fields; thereupon I, as usual, took the lead. Guided by the nature of the ground, I found all that remained of the ancient citadel wall — a fragment kept up by the chance of its being the limit of a field, and so kept in repair, but in such a state of dilapidation that but for the evidences of the continuity I would not have been sure that it was a wall. I followed the main wall a mile or more along the edge of the precipitous slope, and saw that it bore testimony to the importance of the ancient city, for it was wide in its compass and massive, with towers, gates, and flanking towers of the true Pelasgic style, but in most places only two or three stones high. I got an imposing view of the hill from below the lowest trace of wall, showing its position with reference to the valley below, through which ran once a river of some volume, if we may judge by the alluvial plains at its mouth, but which, at the time of my visit in midsummer, was dry as desert dust. A strip of white pebbles shows where it still runs in winter-time. On the hills close to the sea-side, and on both sides of the mouth of this ancient river, used to lie the old Phœnician, Greek, and Roman city, whatever it was originally called, — probably Cythera, like the island. As I have said, it is now called Palaiopolis. The temple of Aphrodite, the people pretend, was on the hill near the citadel where now is an insignificant chapel, but with no evidence of antiquity except that there are in the construction of the chapel some large stones which are evidently of Hellenic cutting; but as the Greeks had the habit in all ages of keeping up the temples of their gods, there is nothing to show that it was a temple of Aphrodite rather than a Pelasgic god, which Aphrodite-Astarte was not, and her temple must have been near the sea.

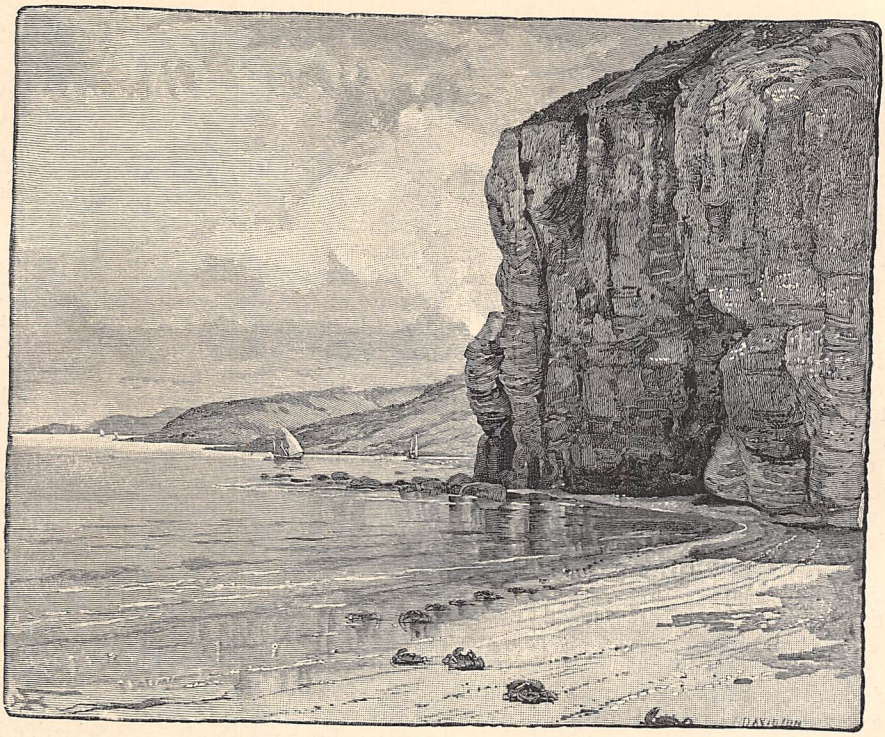
The site of Palaiopolis is marked by a quantity of tombs, most, if not all, of Hellenic date. There are now no temple remains there; but Spon, who visited the spot two hundred years ago, says that he saw the statue of Aphrodite, which was very ugly and of coarse brown stone, which reminds us of the statues of Cyprus. The rock is a soft conglomerate which the sea cuts away very rapidly, and apparently there has been a subsidence of the soil, since they say that when the sea is tranquil there may be seen beneath the water, some distance out from the actual shore, the ruins of a city. This may have been the port of Cythera —scarcely a fortified city, as the site must have been too low. Right and left of the rivulet which now represents the ancient river are bluffs of the conglomerate, that on the left honeycombed by tombs, some of which have fallen with the rock, but of which others are still visible, opened to the elements but showing within the rock-cut graves. Many valuable articles of gold work have been found in past times, but the treasure seems to have been exhausted. These two bluffs are the lineal representatives and successors by right of position of what Aphrodite must have seen as she came ashore on the foam, otherwise they have no interest.

The two low hills on which lay the city of Cythera are covered with fragments of building and traces of tombs, but, so far as I could find, no wall. This is all that is left of Aphrodite, Helen, and Menelaus in their land of fabled existence. The coming ashore of Aphrodite undoubtedly indicates, like that of Europa at Gortyna in Crete, the landing of a colony from Phœnicia, bearing the worship of Astarte, who became later assimilated to Aphrodite, one of the earliest of the Greek divinities, though never greatly worshiped in the best times of Greek history or art, who in her original attributes was very widely separated from Astarte. Of the presence here of Helen and Menelaus there is no evidence in any trustworthy tradition. The subjection of Cythera to Sparta is of historic date. My conclusion as to the island is that in Homeric times it was Phœnician in its relations, as Melos was at one time, as well as Santorin and other eastern islands, and that, like Corfu, it did not come into the Greek system.

Opposite Cerigo, and with its snowy peaks glistening under the noonday sun, lies Crete. The strangest omission of the "Odyssey" would have been that of the island of Minos from its reminiscences, if the author had ever visited it; but, as we have seen in his interviews with Athene, Ulysses did not fail to include it in his geography. Of Egypt we had learned through the visit of Helen and Menelaus. Of the great Greek-African colony, Cyrene, we have no hint, yet the inhabitants of Greece, especially of the Peloponnesus, knew of Libya earlier than the Dorian invasion—as early, in fact, as 1500 B. C., as we know by the Karnac inscriptions. The story of Eumæus shows knowledge of the ways of that race of merchants and pirates, the Phœnicians, but nothing of their country.

The questions of the personality and date of Homer and of the reality of the Trojan war are utterly diverse, and not, in fact, interdependent. As to the latter we have thus far no direct evidence whatever, beyond poetic traditions, in which the supernatural is so strongly and inextricably involved with the pretense or actuality of history that no inferences can be drawn from any part of the narrative, though from its *ensemble* we are assured that in its ancient form it was accepted as history by the entire Greek world as early as we know anything of that world with historical certainty. But that is no criterion. Even at this day myths grow and crystallize in the Oriental mind with a rapidity which leaves the ancients without any advantage. The universal belief from the sixth to the eighth century B. C. that the "Iliad" was history need not weigh with us. Scientific investigators differ so widely that we have no general inference to draw from their arguments. The most recent excavations leave a grave doubt whether any of the ruins excavated in the Troad can by any reasoning be admitted to be as old as the "Iliad." Professor Jebb, one of the most acute of the literary investigators of the question, is convinced that the topography of the "Iliad" is eclectic, some of its indications suiting only Hissarlik and others only Bunarbashi; Max Müller maintains that the whole story is a solar myth; while Nicolaïdes, a patient and thorough Greek student of the "Iliad," believes that he can follow the whole strategy of the poem on the plain of Troy.

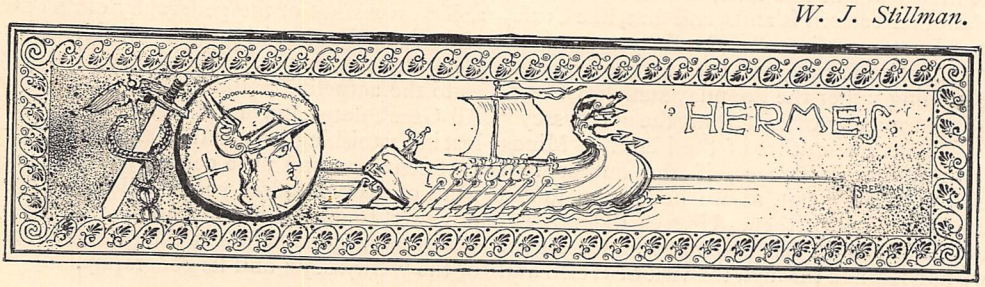
The existence of an individual author of the "Iliad" has been hotly contested, but the "Odyssey" raises no question as to a personal authorship recognized as "Homer." The value of the poem, beyond the perennial glory of its art, is that it contains, in all probability, a *résumé* of the geography of its date, and this ought to be approximately determinable, without, however, prejudicing any question as to the actuality or date of the Trojan war. All Greek dates beyond about 1100 B. C. are lost in a vanishing perspective, and the century between 1000 and 1100 certainly includes the work of many hundred years. All that I have proposed to discuss in this and the two papers which have gone before is the probable date of the "Odyssey" and its geography.



LANDING-PLACE OF THE CYPRIAN APHRODITE OR ASTARTE.

The general knowledge shown in the "Odyssey" divides itself into two kinds: that which was part of the general geography of the day, and this included the coasts shown on our route map; and that of which the poet had personal cognizance, which is limited to Corfu, Ithaca, Nericus, and possibly Pylos; and this exclusiveness suggests to us that Homer, a stranger in the West, had come, as I did, simply to follow and study the traces of Ulysses' wanderings, and that he did so in obedience to a clearly preserved tradition as to his great exemplar, which was almost impossible without the still remembered personal presence. What he describes is admirably told, even to the "sandy shore" of Pylos, in a world whose sandy shores are rare; but Homer does not seem to have any mental vision of the lands and islands of which Ulysses only speaks in his story—the lands of the Cimmerians, of the Læstrygonians, the Cyclops, the Lotophagi, the homes of Circe and Calypso, are only heard of. Cythera, close by, is not named, and Crete is only named. This kind of fulfillment, as well as this kind of omission, gives a tone of personality to the poem, as the composition of one person, and that one familiar with the scene of its major events, and it strengthens my belief in the hypothesis of the presence of Homer in Ithaca, and of the early date of the "Odyssey," and by a certain implication argues for a logical relation between the hero and the Trojan war, implying the actuality of both. It is generally maintained that the "Iliad" shows more evidences of change and reconstruction, as well as of dubious authorship, than the "Odyssey." This contrast opens a theme too much and too hotly contested to be touched on here by me.

W. J. Stillman.



A PROBLEMATIC CHARACTER.*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN,

Author of "Gunnar," "Tales from Two Hemispheres," "Ilka on the Hill-top," etc.

XII.

Two days after Madame de Salincourt's dinner, which had been duly noticed in the society journals, Hannibal sold one of his pictures in the Salon for three thousand dollars. He was jubilant at his success, and marched across the Pont Royal toward the left bank of the Seine to the air of "The Star-spangled Banner," which he mentally hummed as he went. He saw in spirit his name floating proudly down to posterity, and viewed himself already as an historic character. The sorrows of the world seemed to have no existence except in hysterical romances and in the brains of discontented reformers. He rang the bell of the Salincourt mansion with a vehemence which startled the dozing functionary at the door, and learned in response to his inquiries that "Mademoiselle Beach" was not at home, but that the Countess would undoubtedly be happy to see him. He accordingly permitted himself to be conducted to the drawing-room, on the second floor, where the Countess, arrayed in a ravishing morning toilet, received him with cordiality.

"I am so sorry to inform you," she said, seating herself with her back to the closely curtained window, "that we are about to break up for the summer. Paris is charming only so long as you are yourself charming. The moment you lose your temper or feel slightly out of sorts, Paris, with its bright, unfeeling gayety, becomes unendurable. I want to find some place where I can bathe myself in the primeval stillness ——"

"In other words, you want to go to a summer watering-place," suggested Hannibal, who had acquired an exasperating habit of viewing Madame and her moods humorously.

"That is the very thing I do not want," she replied, with emphasis. "I want to do something out of the way. I want to rend my Parisian garments, and dress in cool and unostentatious flannels; and I would strew ashes on my face, too, instead of rice powder, if they were not ruinous to the complexion. Then, again, I should like to show Alice Italy, as it would be a pity to have her return home without a glimpse of that Garden of Eden. I mean strictly to exclude serpents, however, yourself included. I mean to be severe and merciless; and within three months I shall return her to the old gentleman in Kingsbridge, without any taint from serpentine acquaintances. By the way, what did you say was the name of the man who bought your picture?"

"That is what I wish to know," said Hannibal energetically; "but for some reason or other the agent refused to tell me."

"And have you no clew by which to trace him?"

"Not a shadow of a clew, unless it be the fact that the check is drawn on Munroe & Co. It is probably some rich American, who has (what Americans rarely have) a taste for obscurity. I have got it into my head that he is a cranky old man with a Western beard, who has a gallery at the back of his house, which he keeps under lock and key all the year round for his own private delectation. He takes, I imagine, a malicious delight in letting little bits of tantalizing intelligence leak out occasionally through the newspapers, in order to arouse a curiosity which he never intends to satisfy. I have speculated on his personality a good deal since seeing his agent; and the fact that he made me sign a legal oath never to duplicate the picture furnished food for endless conjecture."

At the mention of the Western beard, Madame rose a little abruptly to her feet and began to busy herself with one of the curtains at the window. Two or three minutes passed before she had arranged the light to her satisfaction, and even then it was only the dim light in the room and the joyous self-absorption of her interlocutor which prevented him from suspecting that possibly she was not unacquainted with his anonymous benefactor. It would have been extremely inconvenient to Madame if he had hit upon any such conjecture; and she had invented the little ruse with the oath and the draft on the American bankers on purpose to mislead him. Her motive in buying his picture had been to furnish him with funds for an Italian trip, and the surest way to make him follow her was to protest that she did not want him. She had begun to

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suspect dimly that he was anxious to make amends for his faithlessness to Alice, and she had very definite reasons for wishing to make such amends impossible. She heartily regretted her own rash generosity and puzzled her brain for devices wherewith to frustrate the intrigue which she herself had spun. If on some pretext or other she sent Alice home again, he would be very certain to start in pursuit, and, after a proper delay, to receive the parental blessing. The situation was truly delicate, and only a delicately constructed counterplot could accomplish the desired result. But Madame prided herself on her delicacy, and she did not fail in this instance to take all considerations, even the most odious, into account. She came to the conclusion that it was all-important to remove Hannibal from Paris. Paris was a cynical place, and its atmosphere was deadly to romantic hallucinations. In Paris Hannibal would be sure to have constantly in mind the unpleasant fact that Madame was thirty-two years old, while Alice was only twenty-one. He would reflect morbidly upon the absurdity of his situation as the lover of a woman who was by six years his senior. In Italy such fancies would never occur to a sane and normal mind. There, man found himself face to face with the strong primeval motors of life: love and ambition. But lest Hannibal should find himself face to face with a love for the wrong woman, Madame took provision to make assurance doubly sure. She procured for Alice an invitation from her friend, Madame de Calas, the mother of the unsuccessful dramatist, who was to spend the summer months with her two daughters at the Baths of Lucca, and it was implied, though not stipulated, that M. Alphonse de Calas should find sufficient leisure from his dramatic labors to pay a visit to his mother and sisters. M. de Calas had the good taste unwittingly to favor Madame de Salincourt's projects; he professed to be madly in love with *Mademoiselle la Puritaine*, and he had of late been assiduous in his attentions. His passion, which had at first been a purely æsthetic one, had assumed a new and more serious phase, after he had gained some important intelligence from Madame regarding Alice's financial prospects. Thus the summer campaign had been satisfactorily arranged for all parties concerned; and although Hannibal and Alice had not been directly consulted, it could not be reasonably supposed that they would in the end object to being surprised by an unpremeditated happiness. Madame acted upon Herbert Spencer's principle of the greatest happiness to the greatest number; she only insisted upon being herself in the happy majority. She intended to play providence in a small way by supplying the environment favorable for the development of a grand passion.

Hannibal spent a full hour in the Countess's presence trying to ascertain the details of her programme. But beyond the fact that she had hired a certain grand historic villa at Frascati, he could learn nothing definite. Everything else was in a charming state of uncertainty. Even the day of her departure was dependent upon a dozen contingencies. She wished, for once, to give free sway to chance and surprise, she said; nothing was so destructive of pleasure as an inexorable programme staring one in the face at every turn of the road. A Cook excursion would constitute a constant appeal to her perversity, and, by making this exceptional state of mind permanent, would in the end land her in an insane asylum. She talked on in this strain with delightful *abandon*. There was something luxurious and oriental about her in the dim warm light, and the unembarrassed naturalness of her motions gave no hint of coquettish intention. She seemed all the while the soul of careless sincerity, while she was clearly entangling him in her meshes. Æsthetically at least, Hannibal was at this moment keenly alive to her charm. But having convinced himself that he could not obtain any satisfactory information from her, he took his leave hastily, and determined to wait outside in the street and to intercept Alice before she entered the house. Agreeably to this resolution, he spent three hours sauntering up and down in the shade of the close-shuttered houses, until it suddenly occurred to him that Alice might have returned home during the hour he had spent with Madame. Being reluctant, however, to intrude once more, he concluded to repeat his call the next morning. At noon, however, which was the earliest hour which etiquette placed at his disposal, he found the Hotel de Salincourt empty, and the porter who was left in charge of the premises informed him that the Countess and her American friend had started at nine for Italy.

XIII.

HANNIBAL, as we have seen, had a large deposit in the bank, and it naturally caused him considerable uneasiness. There could be no good reason why he should not spend it in going to Italy rather than waste it in the cafés on the boulevards, and in suppers to men, which always dragged a long trail of bills after them for weeks to come. Italy was always a good investment for an artist, while Paris was at least a doubtful one. It required no pressure from without to induce him to convert his deposit into a letter of credit, and to buy a ticket

by way of Turin and Genoa to Rome. He passed within an hour's journey of the Baths of Lucca without suspecting that the object of his search was, at that moment, promenading on the esplanade, talking conscientious French with Madame de Calas and her good-looking son. He paused in Rome just long enough to take a bath and a luncheon, and arrived at Madame's villa at Frascati while the evening was yet in its glory. He had taken a donkey at the railroad station, and had induced it to climb in his stead the steep slope of the road which leads toward ancient Tusculum. The villa which Madame inhabited was situated half-way up the hill and was sufficiently imposing to bear without embarrassment its illustrious name. The great stone pines on the terrace above the *casino* lifted their green pavilions into the still, cloudless air, and exuded a resinous incense which seemed, somehow, to lessen the burden of the heat. Still more refreshing was the artificial cataract which played down the slope in a series of small cascades and vanished in an unaccountable manner at the base of the terrace, re-appearing again in the lower garden in clusters of superb fountains of a wonderfully complicated movement. Half hidden among the grave cypresses, which grew in long, stately avenues, were frolicsome satyrs and fauns, whose petrified mirth glimmered pathetically through a semi-visible coating of moss. The living scions of the noble family to whom this cumbrous inheritance has descended make no longer any pretense of keeping it in order, although they interpose now and then a feeble protest to the ravages of time. Once a year they sweep out the immense apartments and patch the roof with tin sheeting where the wind and rain have made a leak. Then they rent it at a moderate price to anybody who can afford to pay the whole rent for the four summer months in advance.

It seemed a hopeless task to Hannibal, when he had dismissed his donkey, to find Madame in this enormous domain. He wielded for some time a huge brass knocker in vain, and was himself surprised when, at the end of half an hour, a shabby little girl appeared and asked him what he wanted. She informed him that the Signora Contessa was somewhere on the lower terrace, and that if he went there he would undoubtedly find her. Taking it for granted that Alice was where the Countess was, he strolled around the house (which was in itself a considerable walk), and hit by a lucky accident upon a long, humid tunnel, whose orifice proved to be somewhere far down in a cypress and ilex grove. There, in a spacious arbor, made of the intertwisted boughs of four ilex trees, Madame was reclining, while her maid stood sentinel outside. The floor was paved with broken tiles, and the tangled leaves and branches overhead formed so dense a screen that hardly a ray of the fierce sun filtered through.

"Good-evening, Countess," said Hannibal, suddenly obscuring the entrance with his tall form.

The Countess, half raising herself among her cushions, gave a faint scream, and let the novel she was reading drop on the floor.

"Mr. Tarleton," she exclaimed, with well-feigned surprise, "how in heaven's name did you get here?"

"By rail," he answered laconically.

"By rail?" she repeated wonderingly; "but didn't I tell you that I should not expect you to follow me?"

"Undoubtedly. But you gave me your address, which was equivalent to an invitation."

"You are a terrible man, Mr. Tarleton," she said, with a smile which was far from being unfriendly. "Where in the wide world may an unprotected woman be free from your persecutions?"

"You had better apply to a less prejudiced authority," he replied, laughing. "If I knew such a place, I should not be likely to tell you of it."

"Well, well," she went on, after a pause, during which she had been scanning his face with evident pleasure. "Since you are here, I know of nothing better to do than to make you welcome."

"You might tell me where Alice is," he ventured to suggest.

"Ah, to be sure; I had forgotten that you did not know. She is traveling in the north of Italy with some friends of mine."

"That resolution must have been taken very suddenly," he remarked ruefully.

"So it was. We met Madame de Calas and her two daughters on the train, and they suggested taking Alice to Verona, Venice, and everywhere. I was sorry to part with her, but I could not bring it over my heart to deny her such a pleasure. She will be here within a week or two, and in the meanwhile, I am glad you have come, as I should die of *ennui* if I were left alone in this blooming wilderness."

Hannibal could think of no appropriate answer to this, and I am afraid his face came very near betraying his disappointment. He seated himself on the edge of a grass bench, propping his elbows on his knees and twirling his hat on the point of his cane.

"Do you know why I am so fond of Italy?" resumed Madame, leaning backward and gazing contentedly toward the leafy roof from which small spiders every now and then

let themselves down, and hung in mid-air by a single shining thread.

"I could imagine a hundred reasons," replied Hannibal, "but I am not in a mood for guessing."

"It is because Italy is fond of me."

"In that case, Madame, you ought, in justice to the universe, to distribute your favor. France, too, is fond of you; and Japan, I doubt not, would go mad over you, if she had the opportunity."

"But America did not like me," protested Madame smilingly. "Kingsbridge, I am well aware, detested me. Uncle Jabez, 'the soap man,' looked upon me as a problematic character, and old Mr. Beach had some suspicion that I might be the Antichrist, concerning whom it was prophesied in the Apocalypse."

"Very likely. The people in Kingsbridge are accustomed to characters in plain, legible, and uniform type. They are not skilled in deciphering the hyperbolical flourishes and charming arabesques with which nature saw fit to adorn yours. They suspect at once an interpolation by the devil when they hit upon ornamentally illuminated initials or other complexities which make the text a little hard to read."

"Hail Columbia, happy land!" said Madame, hiding her face in a cushion with a soft, low, and irrepressible laughter. "Do you know I think it is the heat," she cried, raising herself again and gazing at him with a strange, languid smile. "I feel so irrational and irresponsible. Come, let us take a walk, and you will give me your opinion of the artistic curiosities of the place. Hortense," she added, turning to the servant, "you may go to the butler and order another cover for dinner."

XIV.

It would give me sincere pleasure to assert that during the week that followed Hannibal Tarleton opposed an adamantine heart and a stanch Anglo-Saxon fidelity to the ingenious wiles of the Countess de Salincourt. If Madame had been five years older, and had abandoned all pretense of being a young woman, and her consciousness of being a pretty one, Hannibal's Anglo-Saxon characteristics would undoubtedly have asserted themselves more brilliantly. As it was, he had to remind himself about ten times a day that he was really in love with another woman. The days flew along with a strangely accelerated motion, and as love is the most natural attitude of the soul, in such an atmosphere, their minds dwelt persistently upon this fascinating topic. They discussed it in all its possible phases, and arrived at the most novel and interesting conclusions. They said everything beautiful and ingenious that could be said on the subject, until, at last, there seemed no possible escape from saying: "I love you," which was the only thing that neither of them said. They roamed together in the cool dusk of the cypress grove, they rowed and caught chub and gold-fish in the large artificial pond from which the fountains were supplied, they scraped the moss from the rococo nymphs and goddesses and criticized them like true connoisseurs. They dug for coins and visited a surreptitious dealer in antiquities in the town. They quarreled amicably about contested points of archæology, Madame, from sheer perversity, maintaining that Livy was a safer authority than stray coins and inscriptions; and finally, they sat together at night on the superb balcony, listening to the whisper of the *tramontane* in the tree-tops, and gazing out over the green, rolling campagna, with the Eternal City in the misty distance. Hannibal, who slept and took his breakfast at an inn in Frascati, vowed every morning that to-day he would devote himself to work, and not see Madame until evening; but, somehow or other, there was no atmosphere of work about the place, while the air, the sun, the birds, and in fact all nature, seemed to join in a gentle but persistent summons to "loaf and invite one's soul." It was gloriously cool, too, even during the hottest hours of the day, in those vast stone halls at the villa, while his little room at the inn was only endurable when the *tramontane* was blowing. Paradoxical as it may seem, the sight of Madame, too, was cooling. She was always fresh. Never was a feather of her precious plumage even momentarily ruffled. There was something æsthetically satisfying about those airy tropical toilets, the very sight of which lowered the temperature by several degrees. Hannibal found the edge of his critical judgment growing perceptibly blunter in the presence of so much taste and beauty and intelligence; and Madame, who, in spite of her honest infatuation with the young man, still kept her observing eyes unclouded, concluded that it was merely a question of time when he should cut loose from his old allegiance and ask the decisive question for which she was waiting. She fully realized that she had much at stake; Providence had granted her this late Indian summer of love as a compensation for her many sufferings, and if she failed to improve this opportunity her youth would be irretrievably closed, and a long expanse of fading autumn was all that was in store for her. A woman could not afford at her time

of life to squander her precious emotion. I am not prepared to say that she was not right; it might all have reduced itself to a question of time. But, in this instance, Father Time, who was old enough to know better, took it into his head to play a prank on the Countess. Alice, who, according to a special arrangement with Madame de Calas, was to have sojourned at the Baths of Lucca for at least a month, arrived one evening unheralded and unexpected, upon a donkey, and shocked her friend's nerves so seriously that she would have remained in bed the following day if her prudence had not triumphed over her vexation. M. Alphonse de Calas, it appeared, being unfamiliar with the American style of courtship, had allowed his dramatic nature to run away with him. He had seized the first opportunity to propound the fatal question, and had thereby precipitated a premature *dénouement*, which was equally inconvenient to himself and Madame de Salincourt. After such an occurrence Alice naturally did not desire to accept his mother's hospitality, and, like the headstrong little New Englander that she was, had packed her trunk and started unattended, by rail, for Frascati.

The Countess, it must be admitted, bore her disappointment with diplomatic tact and coolness. Instead of going into hysterics, she embraced her rival affectionately, and began on the spot to make arrangements for a picnic to Tusculum. Her delightful trust in a benevolent Providence was at an end; and she was not foolish enough to ruin her chances by over-confidence. She was forced to strike while the iron was hot; and her stroke, after a brief reflection, assumed the shape of an expedition to the ancient villa of Cicero. She had half hoped that Alice would be too exhausted from her long journey to consent to being jostled on the back of a donkey for several miles on the following day; but, even after this hope had been disappointed, she kept up her courage and plotted with untiring zeal.

The sun rose large and radiant over the mists of the Campagna, and the vast sky was flooded with light. The world looked small and drowsy under the immeasurable vault of the heavens, and even the dome of St. Peter's melted into indistinctness on the dim horizon. The Sabine Mountains, unsubstantial as a vision in a dream, traced themselves softly against the upper sky and shone faintly in the airiest tints of blue and pearly gray. The horizon round about was of a misty white, which shaded by degrees into the intense, unfathomable blue of the zenith. It was nearly ten o'clock when Madame, after having kept Hannibal and the donkeys waiting for two hours, appeared at the door, with a gold-mounted whip in her hand and in a toilet which was as appropriate as it was pretty. Hannibal had never suspected that simplicity could be made so stylish. Her clothes seemed to have been born, not made; only nature contrives to produce such an absolute fit. Alice, in her unpretentious white flannel, looked, in spite of her youth, a trifle clumsy at Madame's side; it was impossible to avoid observing that the latter was the product of an older and riper civilization. They both permitted themselves to be swung into the saddle without further ado, and the donkeys scrambled up the steep slope, zigzagging to the right and to the left in search of every patch of shade which the tall chestnut and the broad-crowned olive-trees flung across the road. Alice, who had hardly had time to realize as yet that she was on Italian soil, was in an eager and solemn frame of mind and absorbed impressions with wonderful avidity. The great stone pines, those green islands in the air, as Hawthorne called them, delighted her, and the dense, black-green cypresses, with their stiff and compact outline, growing in solemn companies along the hill-side, set her mind vibrating with a delicious poetic tremor.

"Doesn't it appear as if they were talking together?" she said to Hannibal, whose donkey, having small respect for authority, frisked about in a manner which made conversation difficult.

"Yes," answered he cheerfully. "They are probably at this moment exchanging lugubrious reminiscences of my distinguished predecessor and namesake whom Livy has blackguarded so shamefully. I believe he used to encamp somewhere in this region."

"Isn't it very odd," observed Alice soberly, "that no historian is ever just except to his own countrymen?"

"I don't find that so very odd; justice is a very rare article in this world. It implies an absence of mental bias to which only the loftiest minds can attain. I never flattered myself that I was or could be just to anybody. I am constantly vacillating from one extreme predilection to the opposite one. And toward women I find it much harder to exercise justice than toward men. I think, when the time comes for me to marry, I shall appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, which, I believe, has a reputation for judicial acumen and impartiality, and request it to decide between the various aspirants for the vacant throne of my heart. And if the one who is unsuccessful refuses to quit the premises, I shall have to procure a writ of ejectment."

He had uttered, in his thoughtless, bantering way, whatever happened to pop into his head,

and it did not occur to him, until the capricious donkey had afforded him a front view, that she might give his words a personal application. She looked serious and reproachful, but not offended.

"What are you children quarreling about?" cried Madame, who had been talking Italian with the guide and heard some interesting gossip about the grandees of the region.

"We were wondering what the cypresses are whispering in the long summer nights," said Hannibal. "I maintained that they were recalling the times of the Punic Wars."

"You were very foolish to maintain anything of the kind. Don't you know they are whispering about the loves of Montagues and Capulets, of the passionate intrigues of Borgias, Borgheses, and Barberinis, and of the nephews and nieces of the popes who grew to manhood and womanhood in these stately villas?"

"I admit that your supposition is the more probable," assented the young man, bringing his animal alongside that of Madame while the guide fell behind and joined Alice. Reaching the wide, wind-swept heights around the ancient villa of Cicero, they dismounted to inspect the scanty remains of its ancient grandeur. The small amphitheater, the *piscina*, a large reservoir or aquarium in four compartments, and, above all, the superb view of the Campagna, the Sabine Mountains, and the distant glimpses of the Mediterranean, successively arrested their attention. In the shelter of a rude stuccoed hut, near by, they tied their donkeys and sat down to lunch. The fragments of ancient marbles found in the neighborhood, which had been thought unworthy of a place in a museum, have been built into the walls of this anomalous edifice and firmly imbedded in the mortar. There was something absurd and yet pathetic in the sight of this anatomical collection of broken marble limbs and maimed goddesses, who looked dignified even in their decay. Learning from the guide that a neighboring villa was inhabited for the summer by a French family which she knew well, Madame resolved to abandon her antiquarian researches at Tusculum and to make her presence known to her friends. It was in vain that Hannibal and Alice protested; Madame was seized with a sudden irresistible longing for the occupants of the villa. The distance being short and the view constantly more magnificent, they soon forgot their reluctance to bear her company, and the welcome they received at the villa was so cordial that they readily consented to being detained until after moonrise. They then took a light supper, and again summoning their donkeys, were jostled up and down the steep hill-sides toward Tusculum. It was at a caprice of the Countess that they took this route instead of the more direct one to Frascati; but again they had occasion to congratulate themselves on having taken her advice, for the æsthetic profits of a moonlight excursion through this venerable landscape were rich beyond expression. They talked in an enthusiastic strain, and even Madame seemed serious. A throbbing undercurrent of excitement gave a strange fervor to her speech. She made observations which for simple, unaffected beauty could hardly be surpassed. She seemed to be in profound harmony with the scene and the night. There was something rich and tender in her which vibrated lightly at every breath of emotion. Hannibal, for fear of betraying his admiration, felt called upon to make an occasional irreverent remark simply because he felt uncertain of himself and suspected that if he should give free rein to his sentiment he would do or say something which to-morrow he would be likely to regret.

"He was a very swell fellow, that Cicero," he said, as they dismounted once more at the ruin, and stood gazing out over the mist-flooded Campagna, from which the broken aqueducts rose in ethereal lightness; "if I had known in my school-days that he kept a private aquarium and a theater, I should have had greater respect for his opinions on 'Old Age' and 'Friendship.' To think that the old fellow may have sat on this very spot dictating to his slave those drowsy compositions—it makes my blood run cold. I have, however, a sufficiently high opinion of Cicero to believe that, if he had foreseen that some nineteen hundred years after his death an innocent little boy in the United States, named Hannibal Tarleton, would be shut up in solitary confinement, and forced to commit to memory five pages, beginning with, '*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina*,' etc., and all for having given a friend a black eye,—if Cicero, I say, had foreseen such dire consequences from his activity, he would have let Catiline and his conspiracy alone, or, at all events, withheld his eloquence from publication."

The Countess, who was leaning upon his arm while he spoke, stood listening in reproachful silence. Alice and the guide had climbed to a hill near by, from which they had a wider view of the moon-lighted, mist-flooded landscape.

"You Americans are a queer people," said Madame thoughtfully; "there is nothing under the sun which you respect. It may be because you are unhampered by traditions of any kind, that you are destined, for a couple of centuries to come, to lead the world. For we on this side of the water are engaged in getting rid of our traditions. You who have none to get rid of will advance the faster."

"That is a clever way of rebuking me for my disrespect to Cicero," remarked Hannibal, laughing. "Confess that it jarred upon you; and yet you have kindly arrived at the conclusion that my offense was chargeable to my progressive American spirit. You are a better friend than I once gave you credit for being."

"There can exist no mere relation of friendship between you and me," she said, in an ecstatic whisper, and gazing out into the moonlight with large, radiant eyes. "It must be something more or something less."

Her words seemed addressed to the heavens or to nature in general, and in spite of their intensity seemed to have no personal bearing. He looked sideways at her upturned face with the gentle light upon it, and pressed her arm more closely to his side; in the next moment the suspicion awoke whether she might not be acting. But he brushed the thought away with scorn. She was adorable, she was sublime.

They were standing at the upper tier of seats of the Ciceronian theater, the interior of which slopes below the level of the surrounding land. With a common impulse they descended step by step until they were only a few tiers above the stage. The evening wind sang softly in the tops of the solitary plane-trees and ilexes which cut the line of the horizon, and the moon drifted behind their dense crowns, tracing them in black silhouettes against the light.

"Do you know," said Hannibal, looking up into the nocturnal sky and sweeping with a glance the wide horizon, "I feel as if I had been led to the pinnacle of a mountain to be shown all the kingdoms of the world spread out before me."

"And do you mean to extend the comparison to your companion?" asked Madame earnestly. "You know who it was who led Christ to the pinnacle of a lofty mountain, saying: 'All these things will I give you, if,' etc."

He was silent for a while, but did not release his hold of her arm.

"I expressed myself maladroitly," he said at length. "I meant to say that I felt as if I were standing on a pinnacle of history, seeing all the civilizations of the past passing in a grand panorama before me. It gives me a kind of shuddering veneration for the very stones upon which I am treading, when I think of what storms of historic action have passed over them, what turbulent tides of ever-changing life. Pardon me if I appear to be spouting; but it is the first time in my life that my sensations, on a remarkable spot, have come up to my expectations."

"I like to hear you 'spouting,' as you call it," said the Countess eagerly, "and I sympathize profoundly with your feeling, and in your sober reflections I recognize your better self."

"How you and I have changed rôles!" Hannibal was about to say; but feeling a vague tenderness for his companion in her solemn mood, he forbore.

"Isn't it glorious to think," she went on, in her rich voice, in which there was a note of exalted enthusiasm, "that on this stage may have been declaimed, in their native Greek, the Antigone, the Œdipus, the Iphigenia in Tauris, and all the master-pieces of the ancient world? I can imagine the grand lament of Electra, the dark prophecies of Cassandra, and the sublime defiance of Prometheus, resounding even now among these ruined stones. I feel a strong impulse to unburden all the tragic intensity within me. Don't be afraid! You know I am sometimes half mad. I am going to recite Shakspere to the moon. You and the shade of Cicero will listen."

With three stately steps she reached the stage, spread her hands against the sky, and, in a voice of intense emotion, began:

"Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me say to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my behavior light:
But, trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those who have more cunning to be strange."

She paused for a moment and stood gazing, as if in mute supplication, toward the star-besprinkled sky. Then, with uplifted countenance and in a voice of exquisite sweetness and fervor, she continued:

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.
. . . . . .
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle. . . .
Come, night! — Come, Romeo! Come, thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun."

Her voice, rising in such impassioned accents through the still night, thrilled him — he knew not why. He felt remotely that it was all addressed to him, and a wild impulse rose within him to spring forward and clasp her to his breast, as he had done once before, now, as it seemed, ages ago. But something — a whisper of conscience, a dim suspicion, an undefined dread — held him back; and he clung to the stone upon which he was sitting as if by the physical clutch he could master the eager longing. He had no censure for her — no accusing thoughts. His joy in her physical grandeur and the beauty of her declamation warmed his heart toward her and dimmed his reproach into a confused pity and admiring regret.

"I think it is time we should see what has become of Alice," he said, rising and looking up toward the eastern hills.

"Oh, don't speak to me of Alice!" cried Madame, hastening to his side. "What have you and I to do with Alice?"

"We are responsible to her father that she does not come to harm," said Hannibal gently. He felt her tremulous grasp upon his arm and the quick beat of her heart against his breast.

"You mean to tell me, then," she whispered, gazing beseechingly into his face, "that you still belong to her; that you have played with me these many years, and seen, with superior pity, my love for you growing from hour to hour. Oh, yes, I know what you are going to say! I know it all! It was I who first made you untrue, and

'Why should I think you can be mine and true,
. . . . . .
Who have been false to "Alice?"'

Well, you are proud now, I hope, that you have accomplished what you set out to do, and gained an unhappy woman's love that you may scornfully fling it back into her face. You wished to humiliate me in the dust in return, perhaps, for what you thought I had done to Alice, and you have had your wish."

There was something touchingly humble and mournful in her words; as pure declamation nothing could have been more admirably effective. But Hannibal, upon whom her beauty always heightened the effect of whatever she said, was too profoundly moved to judge her cynically; and who knows but in that moment of sympathetic emotion he judged her more truly than he did after his worldly wisdom had had time to assert itself? As he reflected swiftly on all that had happened, he began to see his own conduct in a different and less favorable light. Having followed Madame to Frascati, contrary to her wish, and daily shown his delight in her company, why was she not warranted in believing that all this had been the usual preliminary to a declaration of love? She was certainly yet beautiful and accomplished enough to have a right to expect to be loved for her own sake. While he was standing with averted face wrestling with these thoughts, all seemed darkness before him. Wherever he turned, whatever he did, he would bring misfortune upon some one. And yet his heart clung to the brave and pure Alice, but whether in pity or in love it was hard just then to determine. While thus thinking, he made an instinctive movement to release the Countess's hold of his arm. But she clutched it only the more desperately, and flinging her other hand across his shoulder, continued to plead with suppressed ardor: "I know you will not leave me, Hannibal. You could not if you would. You were born to live with me upon the heights of existence, not to grovel with some meanly honest soul in the sordid depths. What do *we* care for that small, and chill, and miserable life, for which, merely to torment me, you feign such tenderness? That was what you said to me years ago, was it not, when we first found each other? Have you forgotten that, Hannibal? No, surely, you have not. You were glorious then in your strong and fearless youth, when you pressed me to your heart like a young god, without pausing to ask my consent. It was that stormy fervor of yours which won me. Thus, I thought, no puny mortal woos; and, though I hardly knew it, I have loved you from that moment, Hannibal. I have regretted a thousand times that I thrust you away when you came to me, and I have been ready to brave all to win you back. In comparison with a love like that, what has your shy, pale-blooded Alice to offer you? A few honest tears, no doubt, a decent, coy reluctance, as custom and modesty demand, and then a meek surrender. And after that, a long stretch of unrelieved humdrum. If that is all you ask of life, then go and forget me, if you can."

She flung his arm away with a dramatic gesture and raised herself up to her full height, gazing upon him with an air of outraged majesty. But as, without venturing to speak, he made a motion to take her advice, she sprang forward and, bursting into tears, flung herself upon his neck.

"Oh, do not leave me," she cried in despair. "I cannot live without you! Have pity on me, Hannibal, and do not fling me away! I have so much to give you. If you only knew me as I know you! You think I am worldly,

do you not? Would a worldly woman who has wealth and position and a noble name exchange all these things to be the wife of a poor artist whom she loves? No, no, Hannibal, you know she would not. Why are you so silent? Why don't you speak and tell me that you love me? It is not fair that you should humble me in my own eyes by your unresponsive coldness. You are only trying to cheat yourself, but you cannot do it long."

The last words were uttered in a tenderly coaxing voice, while she brushed away her tears and strove to look him playfully in the eyes. But when she found no response to her tenderness in his rigid features, her expression suddenly changed, she took a step backward, let her hands drop to her sides, and measured him slowly with her eyes. There was just a touch of histrionic art both in the pause and in the gesture, and a load was lifted from his heart as he perceived it. If, a moment ago, he had been too lenient in his judgment, he was now too merciless.

"Oh, I understand," she burst out angrily; "it was that snake of a girl who stole you away from me. She came very opportunely and her story seemed quite plausible. If it had not been for her — oh, if it had not been for her! It takes those coy and saintly looking girls to invent the shrewdest lies. But wait, only wait, and I shall be even with her yet! I am not such a lamb as you think, Monsieur Hannibal. I have teeth and I have claws" (she flung forward a hand, showing five carefully polished and rose-tinted nails), "and I might scratch the tender skin of your *fiancée*, if she isn't careful. They have told you, perhaps, in Paris, that I am not as harmless as I look. Perhaps they are right. I am not threatening you, but I warn you for your own good."

"Well, I will take your hint, Madame," he said sternly. "You have been improvising a fine tragedy for me here upon the antique stage, and I understand well that you had no intention of being interpreted literally. Nevertheless, it happens to suit my convenience to take my leave of you now, and even if we do not meet again, I shall not be apt to forget the debt of gratitude which I owe you. You have been very kind to me, Madame, and whatever you may have recited to the moon, the moon may remember, though I should forget it. Farewell."

He turned sharply away from her and walked rapidly up the slope. When he was about a hundred feet distant, he glanced back over his shoulder, and saw the Countess seated where he had left her with her face buried in her hands. He even thought that he heard his name called, but the wind was blowing away from him, and the long, despairing sound was so incorporeally light as to seem unreal. The distance, the moonlight, or possibly the weird antiquity of the spot, had deprived it of all human quality. It was as if a spirit had called from the upper air. He hastened his steps up the rugged hill-side in a strangely desperate mood; he paused to call Alice's name, but the sound died away between his lips into a confused whisper. He saw something white shimmering on the gnarled trunk of an olive-tree, and thought it was a veil or handkerchief fluttering in the wind; but as he approached it, it melted away and vanished. There was an unceasing noise in his ears like the rush of many waters, but whether it was the wind or a purely imaginary sound he could not determine. The shadows of the plane-trees and ilexes lay like black silhouettes on the brown turf, and the lighter cloud-shadows scudded along with a fierce speed, climbed the barren slope, and vanished. The landscape wore an air of deep solemnity; and the solitude, mingling in the wind with the gray, historic memories, imparted to it a shuddering picturesqueness, impalpably heightened by the barrenness of the soil, the moon, and the shade of Cicero. And below, at the edge of the Campagna, the Eternal City reared its domes and towers lightly in a fairy-like mist against the sky, and far away beyond Ostia the sea glimmered like a long, silvery stripe along the western horizon.

Hannibal had walked more than fifteen minutes, and was beginning to feel apprehensive, when he found the guide sitting on a stone smoking, and two donkeys tugging at their halters in their efforts to extort some nourishment from the brown turf.

"Where is the signorina?" he cried in alarm.

"She is not far away, signor," answered the guide, pointing with his whip up the hill-side.

"You need not wait for us, Giacomo," said Hannibal, when, after a moment's search, he discovered the girl's slim form outlined against the sky. "The Countess will need you; she is waiting for you at the ruins."

With rapid steps he hurried up to the spot where Alice was standing, and was breathless when he reached her side.

"Something has happened," he said gravely, "which will make it impossible for you to return to the Countess de Salincourt. I want you to accompany me to the villa where we spent the afternoon, and I know they will give you shelter for the night."

She looked at him without surprise, but in a strangely searching manner.

"You must tell me what has happened," she said at last, "and I shall judge for myself."

"I cannot tell you now, but if you have

any faith in me, take my word this time, and do what I ask of you."

"The Countess has always been kind to me, and I cannot leave her so unceremoniously because, possibly, she has been unkind to you."

"Oh, she has not been unkind to me," he groaned, seizing her hand. "On the contrary, since you compel me to speak, she has been too kind to me. She hates you, Alice, because I love you, and she has threatened to do you harm if you return to her again."

"She will do me no harm," said the girl placidly; "she has a good heart, and if she is in trouble, I will try to console her."

Heedless of his pleading, she started down the hill-side, Hannibal following close behind her. At the Ciceronian villa they found their donkeys tied, but both Madame and the guide were gone. Silently they rode down the long, winding path toward Frascati, and it was not yet midnight when they reached Madame's villa. They saw lights moving rapidly before the windows, and heard ponderous doors slamming and hurried footsteps resounding through the long stone corridors. The Countess had been taken ill, they were told, and a servant had been sent for the English doctor at the Villa Falconieri. The house was in a terrible commotion, and Hannibal, racked with remorse, hovered about the garden, and ventured neither to enter nor to return to his lodgings. Finally he summoned courage to lift the huge brass knocker, and was fairly frightened at the terrible resonance it awakened through the vast and empty halls. The door was promptly opened, and he made his way to the great *sala*, where he found Alice pacing up and down the floor in distress. She had seen the Countess, she said, but what else had occurred he could not extort from her. In the immense room with the whole Olympic hierarchy careering, in fresco, over the walls, they felt themselves so small and powerless; and the mere chill and terror of the night drew them together and opened their souls in confidence. In the corners of a tapestried sofa, which seemed to have been designed for the use of Titans, they sat holding each other's hands through the long hours of the night, and when the morning dawned they had agreed to seek forthwith the Episcopal clergyman in Rome, and to telegraph their union across the Atlantic, in advance of their arrival. They had just settled the details of this arrangement, and had taken a light breakfast, preparatory to their departure, when a messenger arrived from Madame, requesting their presence at her bedside. They looked at each other with a puzzled air, but when, after a moment's hesitation, Alice took the lead, Hannibal could not very well refuse to follow.

Madame was lying in a gorgeous bed, curtained and canopied in a style that was truly regal. She was propped up with pillows, and was dressed to the waist in a pale pink sacque with cascades of the finest lace. It was not to be denied that it was very becoming. Her face was interestingly pale and languid (with a suspicion of rice powder), and she leaned backward among the satin pillows with the air of a suffering queen. The room was pervaded with a strong odor of medicine. She beckoned feebly to the young couple, and they stepped wonderingly up to her bedside.

"Kneel down," she whispered, "so that I can reach you."

With increased wonder they knelt.

"God bless you," said the Countess solemnly, raising herself with difficulty, and laying her hands upon their heads; and as they arose, she drew Alice down to her, kissed her cheek, and with her eyes wandering toward the ceiling, whispered: "That happiness was not for me, darling; and it was wrong in me to desire that which was yours."

As they retreated through the door she waved them a feeble adieu.

"She is inexhaustible in surprises," ejaculated Hannibal, when they stood once more under the open sky; "but that last act was certainly impressive."

"O Hannibal," said Alice reproachfully, "you don't mean that."

"Of course not. Not at all," he murmured, with a skeptical smile.

At noon they made the acquaintance of the American clergyman who represents the Episcopal Church in Rome; and in the beautiful church in the Via Nazionale, whose empty vault gave a solemn resonance to the minister's voice, the ceremony was performed. The following day, as they were about to take the steamer from Ostia to Marseilles, a congratulatory dispatch arrived from Uncle Joel, while Mr. Beach, who was never overburdened with sentiment, telegraphed a more qualified approval, in the shape of a draft on his Parisian bankers.

Hjalmar H. Boyesen.

THE END.

CHRISTIANITY AND WEALTH.

THE Christian economists of America are confronting a great problem. The wealth of the country is increasing at a prodigious rate. Every census shows the population multiplying, and wealth multiplying much faster than the population. In 1860 the estimated valuation of all the property, real and personal, in the United States was a little over $16,000,000,000; in 1870 it was a little more than $24,000,000,000; and between these dates came a wasting war, with the destruction of a million of producers, and the extinguishment of property in slaves reckoned at $1,500,000,000. The census estimates for 1880 put the wealth of the nation at $43,642,000,000, and make the United States the richest nation in the world, exceeding Great Britain by several hundred millions. Signs of this increase of wealth appear on every hand: railroads, factories, farm buildings and machinery, warehouses and docks, long lines of wholesale stores and retail shops, great financial institutions, banks, insurance companies, trust companies for the storage and use of capital; houses going up in the cities and the towns by the hundred thousand, many of them palaces; equipages, furniture, rich costumes, costly works of art. The one impression made upon the mind of the philosophical observer who makes a tour of the watering-places, and notes the scale on which multitudes of his fellow-citizens are living, is that this is a rich country. He may doubt whether these people can all afford to spend so much; but the money is here, else they could not be spending it. It may not all rightly belong to them, but it is in their hands, and no one can see the floods of it that are poured out without feeling sure that there must be oceans of it.

In 1860 the census told us that if all the property of this country were equally divided, there would be for every man, woman, and child about $514. In 1870 the share of each would have been $624. In 1880 the valuation per capita is $814. The population increased during these twenty years a little more than 59 per cent., the wealth a little more than 151 per cent. These figures are reduced to a gold basis, and do not take into account the fluctuations of an inflated paper currency.

This increase of wealth appears, in a somewhat less marked degree, in the mother country. The national wealth of England in 1860 was estimated at $26,000,000,000; in 1870 at $34,000,000,000; in 1880 at $43,000,000,000.

It is easy to discover a part, at least, of the sources of this swelling flood of wealth. Vast areas of fertile land in this and other countries have been brought under cultivation; better methods of agriculture have added to the productiveness of the lands cultivated (the production of cereals in this country in 1879 was considerably more than twice that of 1869); mines have been developed on an enormous scale, yielding untold stores of the precious and the useful minerals; the discovery of petroleum has added another to the great staples of commerce; railroads, pushed in every direction, unlock the resources of new countries and bring their wealth to waiting markets; steam-ships sail from every shore with the contributions of all the continents to the world's trade; above all, machinery, driven by steam, or falling water, or imprisoned air, or electricity, is multiplying the power of man to turn the crude products of the earth into forms that shall serve his needs or gratify his desires.

The world is fast growing richer; of this there can be no doubt. And what has the Christian moralist to say about it? Does the ethical system of which he is the expounder authorize him to say anything, and if so, what? Should he teach that this increase of wealth is a good thing or an evil thing; a blessing to be rejoiced in, or a misery to be deplored?

One fact thrusts itself in our faces as soon as we ask this question: this great increase of wealth is visible mainly, after all, in Christian lands. We said that the world is growing rich, but it is our world — the world with which we are brought into closest political and commercial relations — of which this is true; it is not true of the teeming populations of Africa, save of those tribes that have received Christianity; of them it is true. It is not true of China, nor of India, nor of Persia, nor of Turkey to any great extent.

I have referred to the change wrought, in respect of wealth, in the tribes that have lately received Christianity. This is a notable phenomenon. When we wish to prove the beneficent nature of Christianity we often mention this. Pointing to such a people as the Hawaians or the Zulus, we say: Remember what they were before the missionaries visited them, and now look at them. They had no houses, no clothing to speak of, few cultivated fields, and these but rudely cultivated; no stores of food

to keep them from famine. Now they dwell in ceiled houses; they are clad in the garments of civilization; many of the comforts of home are in their houses; they are cultivating the soil with skill and success; they have barns, plows, hoes, many instruments of husbandry; they are learning some of the mechanical arts; they produce more than they need, and have a surplus for less fruitful seasons. That is to say, there has been a great increase of wealth among them. Every one of the statements that we have made respecting their changed condition comes under this generalization. We say, therefore, and say truly, that one effect invariably produced by Christianity upon an uncivilized people receiving it, is to multiply the wealth of that people. We point to that result as an evidence that Christianity is a blessing to mankind. The major premise of the syllogism here involved must be that the increase of wealth is a benefit rather than an injury to men.

If the Christian moralist were called on to justify this proposition, he would be likely to appeal to the Scriptures, and he would find plenty of Scripture on his side. In the Old Testament, especially, this doctrine is almost fundamental. The connection of prosperity with righteousness is taught on almost every page. When the old servant of Abraham went to the far land of Padan Aram after a wife for his young master, Isaac, he wanted to make on the kindred of Rebekah a strong impression of the fact that God had been his master's friend, and this was the way he put it: "I am Abraham's servant; and the Lord hath blessed my master greatly, and he is become great." What is the proof of this? "He hath given him flocks and herds, and silver and gold, and men-servants and maid-servants, and camels and asses." This was the evidence that God had blessed his master. Everywhere in the Old Testament statements are found in which the possession and the increase of wealth are adduced as proofs of the favor of God.

In the New Testament this teaching is not contradicted, though the proportion is somewhat changed. Our Lord admonishes us, indeed, that a man's life consists not in the abundance of the things that he possesses; he means that we shall learn to regard material good as inferior to spiritual good — a truth not so clearly brought out in most of the Old Testament references to prosperity. But Jesus himself promises that the meek shall "inherit the earth"; that to those who seek *first* the kingdom of God all earthly good shall be added; and his apostle tells us that godliness has promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come. So far, therefore, as the Christian documents are concerned, the increase of wealth is abundantly approved. Christianity expects to see the possessions of men multiply — their lands bringing forth abundantly, their garners filled, their homes supplied with comfort and adorned with beauty.

It has good reason to expect this, for its uniform effect upon human nature is to create in man many of those wants which it is the office of wealth to supply. The savage has few wants; the fully developed Christian has many; the progress of the savage from barbarism up to Christian civilization consists largely in the multiplication of his wants. A missionary lately returned from Africa testified that the great difficulty with the natives, as the missionaries found them, was that they had so few wants; "their greatest want was a want." How to develop in them the sense of want — that was the problem for the missionaries. It was a great encouragement when one day a Zulu found out that he wanted a wash-basin. Pretty soon he wanted a shirt and a pair of trousers, and, after a little, a house with a chimney, and a hoe, and a plow, and by and by he wanted a book to read; and when he had got all this property he was a wealthy man compared with his neighbors. So Christianity always has the effect to develop faculties that require for their exercise the possession of property, and to waken desires that can be gratified only by the use of those material goods whose aggregate we call wealth. If it develops these faculties, it must expect us to exercise them; if it awakens these desires, it intends to have them gratified.

The Christian moralist must say, then, that the increase of wealth is not of itself an evil; that it is, instead, a blessing to mankind. This is not to say that it is a blessing to a child to be born rich; but it is surely better to be born into a community filled with the resources and the opportunities that wealth creates. At any rate, it is historically certain that the reception of Christianity by a people who have hitherto lived under any other form of religion will result in greatly increasing the material prosperity of that people. Christianity cannot be hostile to the production of wealth without making war upon itself; for it is the one grand cause of the production of wealth in modern times.

But now comes a harder question. How is this growing wealth divided? Is it rightly or wrongly divided? If it is wrongly divided, has the Christian moralist anything to say about a better way? Christianity, as we have seen, has much to do with the production of wealth; has it anything to do with its distribution?

We saw a little while ago that there is enough wealth in the country so that, if it were equally divided, there would be for

each person eight hundred and fourteen dollars; a family of six persons would have, say, something less than five thousand dollars' worth of property, of one sort or another. But the wealth of the country is not equally divided. One man recently exhibited evidences of wealth amounting to seventy-three millions of dollars, and said that this was only part of his estate. If the property of the country were divided into shares as big as this, it would hardly go round; in fact, about five or six hundred men would own it all, and there would be more than fifty millions of us who would not have a penny apiece. We shall all agree that this would not be a judicious distribution. Yet there are quite a number of persons in this country who count their gains by tens of millions, and hundreds who count by millions. If any one will take pains to find out how many millionaires there were in the United States forty years ago, he will get a vivid idea of the increase of wealth. Besides this considerable and constantly growing class of the very rich, there are thousands who have attained to competence, and even to opulence, who are able to live in elegance, without labor, on their accumulations. Then comes a larger class of the well-to-do, who by combining the income from their savings with moderate earnings are able to live in comfort, and even to allow themselves many luxuries. It is impossible to draw the line between the rich and the poor; but as we descend the scale of material possessions, we come next upon a large class of those commonly called poor, who live in a measure of comfort, and who have attained to some degree of independence, who earn a decent livelihood and have a few hundred dollars invested in a dwelling or in the savings-bank or in a life insurance. Below these still, there is another large class of the really poor, of those whose earnings are small, whose life is comfortless, who have nothing laid by, who are often coming to want, many of whom frequently become a charge upon society, either through their failure to fulfill their contracts or through their receipt of public or private charity. This class of the very poor — those who are just on the borders of pauperism or fairly over the borders — is rapidly growing. Wealth is increasing very fast; poverty, even pauperism, is increasing still more rapidly.

"Unpleasant as it may be to admit it," says a late writer, "it is at last becoming evident that the enormous increase in productive power which has marked the present century, and is still going on with accelerating ratio, has no tendency to extirpate poverty, or to lighten the burdens of those compelled to toil. It simply widens the gulf between Dives and Lazarus, and makes the struggle for existence more intense. The march of invention has clothed mankind with powers of which, a century ago, the boldest imagination could not have dreamed. But in factories where labor-saving machinery has reached its most wonderful development, little children are at work; wherever the new forces are anything like fully utilized large classes are maintained by charity, or live on the verge of recourse to it. . . . In the United States it is clear that squalor and misery, and the vices and crimes that spring from them, everywhere increase as the village grows to the city, and the march of development brings the advantages of the improved methods of production and exchange. It is in the older and richer sections of the Union that pauperism and distress among the working classes are becoming most painfully apparent." *

These words of Mr. Henry George are not overstatements of the fact. We may say what we please about Mr. George's explanation of the fact; for my own part I do not regard it as a sufficient explanation; but the most orthodox political economists, Mr. David A. Wells, for example, have borne testimony to the truth which Mr. George thus emphasizes.

Plainly there is something out of joint in our machinery of distribution, or this state of things could not be. During the past fourteen years the wealth of this nation has increased much faster than the population, but the people who work for wages are little if any better off than they were fourteen years ago. They are better off now than they were in the hard times, seven or eight years ago; but not in much better condition than they were when the census of 1870 was taken. It is doubtful whether the average daily wages of the mechanic, the laborer, or the operative will purchase for him more of the necessaries of life now than at that time. At any rate, the gain, if gain there has been, must be very slight. What is true of the wage-laborer is true, also, of the small trader who subsists upon the laborer's patronage, and also quite largely of clerks and of teachers, as well as of those professional men whose services are chiefly in request among the poorer classes. There is a considerable class in the community whose fortunes are closely linked with those of the wage-laborers.

This, then, is the existing state of things. The production of wealth in the country increases enormously year by year; the workingman's share of what is produced, and the share of those economically affiliated with the workingman, increases very slowly. This is exactly what Professor Cairnes laid down, some years ago, as the law governing the

* "Progress and Poverty," pp. 7–9.

present industrial system — "a constant growth of the national capital, with a nearly equally constant decline in the *proportion* of capital which goes to support productive labor." And the result of this, as he points out, must be "a harsh separation of classes, combined with those glaring inequalities in the distribution of wealth, which most people will agree are among the chief elements of our social instability." And Professor Henry Carter Adams has lately declared it to be a fact that "the benefits of the present civilization are not impartially distributed, and that the laborer of to-day, as compared with the non-laboring classes, holds a relatively inferior position to that maintained in former times. The laborer himself interprets this to mean that the principle of distribution, which modern society has adopted, is unfair to him." By "former times," I suppose that Professor Adams means fifty years ago, and not five hundred.* Five centuries ago the laborer was commonly a slave. But as compared with recent years, the laborer's *relative* position in society is certainly lower than formerly. Great as the inequality now is, Professor Cairnes says that under the present industrial system it is sure to increase; that "the rich will be growing richer, and the poor, at least relatively, poorer."

What has the Christian moralist to say about this state of things? He is bound to say that it is a bad state of things, and must somehow be reformed. He is bound to declare that "the laborer is worthy of his hire"; that, in the words of the apostle Paul, "the husbandman that laboreth must be the first to partake of the fruits." The broad equities of Christ's rule demand that this great increase of wealth be made, somehow, to inure to the benefit, in a far larger degree, of the people by whose labor it is produced. He will not deny that the capitalist should have a fair reward for his prudence and his abstinence; he will not refuse to the "undertaker," the *entrepreneur*, the organizer of labor, who stands between capitalist and laborer, enabling them to combine in the production of wealth, that large reward to which his superior intelligence and experience entitle him; but he will still insist that the workman ought to have a larger share than he is getting now of the wealth that grows so rapidly under his hands. And Christianity, by the lips of all its teachers, ought with all its emphasis to say to society: "Your present industrial system, which fosters these enormous inequalities, which permits a few to heap up all the gains of this advancing civilization, and leaves the many without any substantial share in them, is an inadequate and inequitable system, and needs important changes to make it the instrument of righteousness."

But when this testimony is borne, we shall hear men answering after this fashion: "Suppose it is wrong; what are you going to do about it? Would you have the state take possession of all the property and divide it equally among its citizens?"

To this question an answer will promptly come from another quarter before the Christian moralist has time to open his mouth: "Certainly. That is the Christian solution of the problem. That is exactly what the first Christians did at Jerusalem, after the Pentecost." But to this the Christian moralist, as soon as he gets a chance to put in his word, will be likely to reply that whatever division of property was made at Jerusalem was made voluntarily, and not under compulsion of the state; and that it affords, therefore, no precedent for the communistic schemes.

In the second place, he will deny that the whole property of those disciples was put into a common fund out of which all were supported. They had "all things common" in this sense, that each man *considered* his property as held by him in trust for the benefit of all that were in need. "Not one of them *said* that aught of the things he possessed was his own." Each one must, then, have possessed some things. But no one *said*, "My money is my own, and I will do what I please with it"; every one said, "My money is for the service of the wants of my brethren as well as of my own wants." And "as *any* man had need," they sold their possessions and goods, so far as it was necessary, and supplied his needs. That is about all that can be got out of this narrative of the Acts of the Apostles. It is plain that there was in Jerusalem a voluntary consecration by each member of the infant church of his property to the supply of the actual needs of the brotherhood. That is, no doubt, the Christian rule; but that stops a long way short of the communistic dogmas.

Perhaps the question with which we are trying to grapple will be more easily handled if we divide it just here into two separate inquiries:

1. What ought Christians to ask the state to do toward a more equitable distribution of

* Mr. Giffen has lately shown that the English laborer is much better off to-day than he was fifty years ago. But Mr. Giffen neglected to say that the first quarter of this century was one of the darkest times in the history of English labor. Fifty years ago the English laborer was little better than a pauper. From that depression he has, no doubt, rallied; but it is by no means clear that his real remuneration is greater at the present time than it was three hundred years ago. Professor Thorold Rogers, in his exhaustive historical treatise upon English work and wages, puts Mr. Giffen's figures in the proper light.

wealth? What should be attempted in this direction by political methods?

2. What should Christians teach that individuals ought to do to promote a more equitable distribution of wealth?

First, then, it is undoubtedly the duty of Christians to do what they can by means of law to secure a better industrial system. But this is not saying that Christians should ask the state to take the property of the rich and distribute it among the poor. It is true that the state does something in this direction already. It takes, by taxation, the property of the rich in large amounts, and expends it for the benefit of all, the poor equally with the rich. Thousands who pay no taxes at all have the full benefit of streets, street-lamps, sewers, sidewalks, water, police, fire department, and schools, not to speak of important provisions made exclusively for the poor, such as city physicians and dispensaries, almshouses, insane hospitals, and the like. The destitute classes thus get the benefit of a considerable distribution of property annually enforced by the state. And it is pretty clear that the state is now going quite as far in this direction as it is safe to go. Certainly we want no more eleemosynary distribution of money by the state than we have now. The time may come when the nation will be compelled to take under its control, if not into its ownership, the railroads and the telegraphs, and administer them for the common good. They are falling, in far too large a degree, into the hands of men who use them for the spoiling of our commerce and the corruption of our politics. But the wisdom or the equity of this measure is not yet so clear that it can be demanded as an act of public justice, and therefore the Christian moralist will not yet venture to pronounce upon it.

There are, however, one or two things that he will insist upon as the immediate duty of the state. Certain outrageous monopolies exist that the state is bound to crush. It is an outrage on public justice that half a dozen men should be able to control the entire fuel supply of New York and New England, forbidding the miners to work more than two or three days in a week, lest the operatives of the New England mills or the 'longshoremen of the New York wharves should get their coal at a little smaller price per ton. This forcible suppression of an industry by which one of the necessaries of life is furnished, this violent interference with the natural laws of trade in the interest of a few monopolists, is so contrary to public justice and public policy that some way must be found of making an end of it. The coal barons must not be permitted to enrich themselves by compelling the miners to starve at one end of their lines and the operatives to freeze at the other. In like manner the great lines of transportation from the West are under the control of three or four men, and although they have not hitherto been able to combine in such a way as greatly to enhance the price of breadstuffs, it is not improbable that combinations will yet take place by which such a levy will be made upon the food of the nation. Even now the oil in the poor man's lamp is heavily taxed by a greedy monopoly. All these iniquitous encroachments upon the rights of the people must be arrested; and it is the duty of every Christian, as the servant of a God of justice and righteousness, to say so in terms that cannot be misunderstood.

Another gigantic public evil that the state must exterminate is that of gambling in stocks and produce. This system of gambling in margins is a system of piracy; by means of it hundreds of millions of dollars are plundered every year from the industrial classes. It is treason to say that it cannot be put down; it must be put down or it will destroy the nation. It is the vampire that is sucking the life-blood of our commerce; it is the dragon that is devouring the moral vigor of our young men. When these monsters of the Stock and Produce Exchanges are killed, and a few of our great monopolies are laid low, the greatest obstructions to a free distribution of wealth will be removed, and the working classes will secure a larger share of the product of their industry than they are getting now. All such violent hindrances to a free and fair exchange of commodities and services — all such hungry parasites of industry — the state is bound to remove, and Christian morality calls on all its professors to enforce this obligation on the state.

Beyond this they cannot go far in this direction. To urge a distribution among the poor, by the power of the state, of the goods of the rich, would be a blunder so nearly criminal in its dimensions as fairly to justify Fouqué's paradox. No one who clearly apprehends the drift of Christian teaching on the subject would ever think of such a thing. If all the property of this country were equally divided to-morrow morning, before to-morrow night thousands would be penniless, and some hundreds would already be well on the way to fortune. The division would need to be remade every night — a rather troublesome bit of administration. Moreover, the speedy loss of their portion by the great multitude of those who had nothing before would be the smallest part of the calamity befalling them; having it for even so short a time would do them great harm. Af-

ter it was gone they would be far worse off, physically and morally, than they were before it came. Money is almost always a curse to those who have not won it by their own industry and frugality. "The result," says Professor Roscher, of the attempt to equalize possessions by the communistic scheme would simply be "that where there are now one thousand wealthy persons and one hundred thousand proletarians, there would be, after one generation, no one wealthy, and two hundred thousand proletarians. Misery and want would be universal. For the purpose of giving the crowd a very agreeable but rather short-lived period of pleasure,—a period simply of transition,— almost all that constitutes the wealth of a nation, all the higher goods of life, would have to be cast to the waves, and henceforth all men would have to content themselves with the gratification afforded by potatoes, brandy, and the pleasures of the most sensual of appetites." An enforced communism is not, therefore, likely to be urged by Christian teachers. They have not often interpreted their documents as authorizing any such experiment. The story of the social life of the early church at Jerusalem has, indeed, frequently been quoted as sanctioning such measures; but those who have carefully studied the Christian ethics have never been misled by this narrative into the adoption of communistic theories. Roscher exactly expresses the consensus of Christian opinion on this subject when he says:

> "Every approximation toward a community of goods should be effected by the love of the rich for the poor, not by the hatred of the poor for the rich. If all men were true Christians, a community of goods might exist without danger. But then, also, the institution of private property would have no dark side to it. Every employer would give his workmen the highest wages possible, and demand in return only the smallest possible sacrifice."

All that intelligent Christians will ask the state to do, therefore, toward promoting the distribution of wealth, is to provide for the general welfare, as it now does, by taxation; to protect all classes in the exercise of their rights; to strike down those foes that now clutch our industries by the throat, and then to leave the natural laws of trade and the motives of humanity and good-will to effect a more equitable distribution.

The second half of our question is not less important. What does Christianity require individuals to do in their private relations toward securing a juster division of the growing wealth of the nation? Make the question concrete and personal. In every city or large town are more or less rich people—people with large incomes — people who are spending large incomes, at any rate; and a good share of them are making all they spend and more, so that they are rapidly accumulating competence or fortune. Not a few of these are Christians in belief and purpose; many who have made no profession of their faith recognize the Christian rule as the right rule, and mean to conform to it. In every city or large town, also, is a much larger class who have no property at all, among whom there is not a little discomfort and distress. A few among them are helpless invalids, with none to care for them. Another class — in some communities a large class — are paupers in spirit and purpose, determined to get a living without work if they can. The great majority are working people of various sorts,— mechanics, operatives, laborers, clerks, errand and office boys,— who subsist on their wages, well or ill, and no more. Among them in many large cities and manufacturing towns are crowds of young men and women, many of whom are away from home, most of whom are working for small wages, all of whom are exposed to many temptations.

Here are the two classes over against each other in the same community. The one class is rich already, and is rapidly growing richer. The wealth of the community, increasing so fast, goes mainly into their hands. The other class has little or nothing, and cannot, under existing industrial conditions, expect as wage-laborers to get much more than a bare livelihood.

The social gulf between these two classes is already pretty wide in many places, and the political economists tell us that it is sure to grow wider year by year.

We have already settled it that there is something wrong in this state of things. No possible system will remove all inequalities; but a system which tends to the depression of any class in the community, which prevents them from reaping their full share of the advantages of an advancing civilization, is a system that needs to be reformed. But what can individuals do to reform it? What message has Christianity for those who are getting the lion's share of the profits of production, respecting their duties to those who are getting so small a proportion of it? Does it bid these rich people divide their gains with their poorer neighbors?

There are plenty of philosophers who could answer that question, off-hand, with one word, yes, or no; but I must have a little more room.

1. It is clearly not the duty of these rich Christians to go about town with their hands full of money, bestowing a dollar here and a hundred dollars there, without much knowledge of the real needs of the people to whom they give it. Most of what was thus carelessly given would go into the hands of actual or

incipient paupers, and the fruit of such sowing would be a harvest of pauperism. Of course there are hundreds of poor men who are always saying of this or that rich man, "He might give me a hundred dollars and it wouldn't hurt him a bit." Possibly; but it is certain that the habit of depending on such gifts would hurt the receivers fatally. An eleemosynary distribution of their surplus by wealthy men among the able-bodied working people of their neighborhood would not be a judicious proceeding.

2. Helpless invalids, old people, and little children who are destitute have a special claim on those who have abundance. Those to whom wealth has been given ought to make sure that no persons of these classes in their neighborhood are ever left to lack for the comforts of life.

3. Another form of voluntary distribution that can sometimes be judiciously practiced, is the quiet helping of honest and worthy persons who are struggling to get on in the world, and who have proved themselves to be possessors of a moral quality that would not be enervated by such bounty. I said just now that money is almost always a curse to those who have not won it by industry and prudence. Almost, but not always. There is now and then a young man or a young woman or a young couple who would be benefited by timely assistance. George MacDonald says that a man is often better worth endowing than a college. But you must be sure of your man.

4. The possessors of large wealth who wish to use their abundance in such a way as to benefit their neighbors may do so in a very effective way by supporting various public voluntary institutions and benevolent agencies. In every city or large manufacturing town is a multitude of persons who are working for low wages or small salaries, and by whose labor the prosperity of the community is, in large measure, produced. The people who are growing rich so fast are, as a general rule, growing rich out of the labor of this working class. The work of the factories and shops could not go on without these working people; they are drawn together in such multitudes to serve the purpose of the organizers of labor. It is out of their earnings, too, in great part, that the profits of the retail merchants and shop-keepers are made. Now, it is the plainest dictate of Christian principle that those who are profiting by the presence and labor of these thousands of poorly paid employees should see to it that they take as little detriment as possible from their environment. The property-holders are taxed, as I have said, to make many public provisions for the benefit of these people; but there is much that cannot be done by taxation, and that needs to be done by voluntary contributions for their physical and moral welfare.

Many of the families of this class find it hard to secure decent tenements. A most Christian charity is the building of sanitary tenement-houses, well lighted, well ventilated, to be kept in good order and rented at a fair price. Nor would this be altogether a charity; the experience of Sir Sidney Waterlow and Miss Octavia Hill, in London, and of Mr. Alfred T. White, in Brooklyn, shows that it may be a good investment. Mr. White reports a net income of six per cent. from his beautiful tenement-houses, after paying all taxes and charges, and making constant improvements. Remunerative though it might be, such an expenditure would prove in many places an unspeakable blessing to the wage-receiving class, promoting their health, their happiness, and their virtue. It would seem that intelligent men of large incomes, who are often puzzled to find ways of spending their money, might discover in the study of this subject, and in the construction of model tenement-houses, a kind of diversion quite as satisfactory as that of spreading banquets, or sailing yachts, or speeding horses.

But the moral welfare of these multitudes of working people, and especially of the young men and women, should be the especial care of men of wealth who recognize the Christian law. Those whom their labor is enriching ought to guard them in every possible way from evil, and to surround them on every hand with wholesome moral influences. The foes that lie in wait for them are many; the agencies by which they may be shielded and saved should be multiplied and strengthened. Many of them are without homes; whatever can be done to supply in part the influence of home should be done without stint. The churches are the proper agencies for this work, and, in spite of all their delinquencies, they are doing more of it than any other social organizations. They ought to be fully equipped for it, and stirred up to take hold of it. They should be provided with attractive social rooms, and with all the appliances needed for furnishing entertaining instruction and wholesome social diversion to these homeless people. Whatever money is wanted for this work ought to be forthcoming. Whether they attend the churches or not, the prosperous men of all our large places ought to see to it that the churches that have a mind to do such work are not crippled for lack of money.

Many other agencies of the same nature ought to be strengthened and created. Public libraries should be handsomely endowed and made free. Buildings devoted to the social

uses of young men and young women should be erected on the principal streets, safe, bright, attractive places of resort, with coffee-rooms, reading-rooms, amusement-rooms, music-rooms, lecture-rooms, gymnasia — places whose beauty and freedom and hearty good-fellowship should overmatch the allurements of the beer-garden or the variety show.

In every community there are men of good-will, who, if they had the money, could organize methods of work among the tempted classes by which many of them could be saved; by which the patronage of the saloons could be visibly reduced; by which many snares now set for the feet of the unwary would be broken. And the Christian moralist thinks that men of wealth ought not to wait to be begged to furnish the means to do this work; that they ought to take the initiative themselves, seeking out the men of good-will who are ready to undertake it, and bidding them go forward. Such would be the dictate of Christian love, and the dictate of prudence with ominous finger points the same way. Out of the social conditions produced by the herding together of so many people without homes in our large industrial communities, moral pestilence and social peril are sure to arise, and none can tell when the blight will fall upon his hearthstone. It is only by a vigorous and determined use of moral preventives that society can be protected; and this will call for a liberal distribution of the wealth that is so rapidly accumulating.

5. But there is a method still more effective, in which men of wealth who are the employers of labor may distribute a portion of their surplus among their employees. It is confessed that, as a general rule, the capitalists, or the organizers of labor, are getting the lion's share of the abundant wealth produced, and that the laborer's portion is small. Out of this notorious fact grows the troublesome labor question. The laborers are discontented. It is idle to tell them that they are better off to-day than people of their class were fifty or a hundred years ago; that a workingman's wages will buy more of the necessaries of life in the days of President Arthur than in the reign of Queen Anne. That may or may not be; the fact is that they are not getting a fair share of the wealth that their labor is now producing. And the truth for every Christian employer to note is, that under the wage-system, pure and simple, there is no prospect that the laboring class will ever get their fair proportion of the game of civilization. Under this system, says Professor Cairnes, "the margin for the possible improvement in their lot is confined within narrow barriers which cannot be passed, and the problem of their elevation is hopeless. As a body they will not rise at all. A few, more energetic or more fortunate than the rest, will from time to time escape, as they do now, from the ranks of their fellows to the higher ranks of industrial life; but the great majority will remain substantially where they are. The remuneration of labor, skilled or unskilled, can never rise much above its present level." With Professor Cairnes agree other economists. It is becoming pretty clear, after fifty years' experience of the large system of industry, that under it the wage-receiving class will never escape from a dependent condition. Now, the first thing for the Christian employer of labor to recognize is the existence of this state of things, and the fact that, for the laboring classes, it is a bad state of things. The wage-system, so long as it rests wholly on competition, is fundamentally wrong. Competition is of the nature of warfare: in warfare the victory is with the strongest; capital is stronger than labor, and, therefore, in competition, labor always goes to the wall. The workman who must have wages or starve is in no condition to try conclusions with the corporation. The historical fact is that strikes are almost always unsuccessful. All the economic harmonies that can be reasoned out will never alter this stern fact. It is the sufficient demonstration of the weakness of labor when pitted against capital.

Society results from a combination of egoism and altruism. Self-love and self-sacrifice are both essential; no society can endure if based on either of them to the exclusion of the other. Without the self-regarding virtues it would have no vigor; without the benevolent virtues it would not cohere. But the combination of capitalists and laborers in production is a form of society. Both these elements ought to be combined in this form of society. The proportion of altruism may be less in the factory than in the house or the church, but it is essential to the peace and welfare of all of them. Yet the attempt of the present system is to base this form of society wholly on competition, which is pure egoism. It will not stand securely on this basis. The industrial system, as at present organized, is a social solecism. It is an attempt to hold society together upon an anti-social foundation. To bring capitalists and laborers together in an association, and set them over against each other, and announce to them the principle of competition as the guide of their conduct, bidding each party to get as much as it can out of the other and to give as little as it can,—for that is precisely what competition means,—is simply to declare war —a war in which the strongest will win.

The Christian moralist is, therefore, bound to admonish the Christian employer that the wage-system, when it rests on competition as its sole basis, is anti-social and anti-Christian. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is the Christian law, and he must find some way of incorporating that law into the organization of labor. It must be something more than an ideal; it must find expression in the industrial scheme. God has not made men to be associated for any purpose on an egoistic basis; and we must learn God's laws and obey them. It must be possible to shape the organization of our industries in such a way that it shall be the daily habit of the workman to think of the interest of the employer, and of the employer to think of the interest of the workman. We have thought it very fine to *say* that the interests of both are identical, but it has been nothing more than a fine saying; the problem now is to *make* them identical.

It is not a difficult problem. The solution of it is quite within the power of the Christian employer. All he has to do is to admit his laborers to an *industrial partnership* with himself *by giving them a fixed share in the profits of production*, to be divided among them, in proportion to their earnings, at the end of the year. If there were no profits there would be nothing to divide; but a certain percentage of the gains of the year might thus be distributed when gains were made. The employer ought to have a large reward for his abstinence, and for the intelligence and experience required in organizing and managing the business — a reward far larger than any of his workmen. That principle few among them would think of disputing. They would expect him to reap the benefit of his superior power; and they would understand that his accumulations must be sufficient to enable him to meet the losses occurring from time to time, which they could not share. But if they could see that they were to be sharers of his prosperity,— that the larger his gains were, the larger would be their dividends at the end of the year,— they would have a motive to do good work that now is lacking, and a wholly new relation would be established between themselves and their employer. That this would be for the interest of the employer, I have no doubt; that it would attach his laborers to him, and awaken a feeling of good-will and a hope of bettering their condition that would add greatly to their happiness and to their efficiency, seems plain. But the strong reason for the change, in the mind of a Christian man, would be the simple justice of it. Experience has shown him that the wage-receiving class are getting no fair share of the enormous increase of wealth; reason teaches that they never will receive an equitable proportion of it under a wage-system that is based on sheer competition; equity demands, therefore, that some modification of the wage-system be made in the interest of the laborer. If it is made, the employer must make it. Saint Paul's doctrine is that "the husbandman that laboreth must be the first to partake of the fruits"; and this doctrine, for substance, is receiving the indorsement in these days of many of the ablest political economists. Such a limited industrial partnership of employer and employed is indicated by careful study of the economic laws, as well as by the Christian ethics. It incorporates the altruistic element into industrial society. Until some such fundamental readjustment has been made the whole structure will remain in unstable equilibrium.

Whether Professor Henry Carter Adams, of Michigan University, wishes to be ranked as a Christian moralist or not, I do not know; but the following words of his exactly express the substance of the Christian doctrine as applied to the labor question:

> "To employers who feel the moral responsibility of their position additional considerations may be addressed. They are asked to analyze human nature until they recognize this truth: *There can never be any equitable or continuous adjustment of the wages question upon the basis of free competition in labor.* If the unions become well organized, they may fluctuate about the equitable point; but peace and harmony between employers and employed there will never be. The only true rule for wages is that they *fluctuate with profit.* But, objects some one, this will change the basis of all business. Certainly, but that basis must be changed. To pay labor in proportion to profit, by whatever method that may be accomplished, is to recognize the true relationship between capitalists and laborers, which is that of common partnership. . . . Professor Cairnes is right in claiming that the ultimate solution of the labor question is the establishment of coöperative industries. This solution is beset with difficulties, but it is the only one in harmony with the democratic spirit of the century or Christian business principles. The creation of industrial partnerships forms the intermediate step."

The sum of all this discussion is that the possession of wealth is justified by the Christian ethics, but that it puts the possessor under heavy obligations to multitudes less fortunate. He could never have become rich without the coöperation of many; he ought not to hold his riches for his own exclusive benefit. The great inequalities arising from the present defective methods of distribution will only be corrected through a deepening sense of the obligations imposed by the possession of wealth. The economic law, like the moral law, can never be fulfilled without love.

Washington Gladden.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

As Mr. Lang told us in his sympathetic paper on M. Théodore de Banville, some literary reputations are like the fairies in that they cannot cross running water. Others again are rather like the misty genii of the Arabian Nights, which loom highest when seen from afar. Poe, for example, is more appreciated in England than at home; and Cooper is given a more lofty rank by French than by American critics. In much the same manner we note that Carlyle gained the ear of an American audience when he was not listened to with attention in Great Britain; and the scattered verses of Praed were collected together for American admirers long before the appearance of an English edition. And so it is, I think, with Mr. Austin Dobson, whose position as a leader in one division of English poetry was recognized more immediately and more unhesitatingly in these United States than in his native Great Britain. To Mr. Dobson, the young school of American writers of familiar verse — to use Cowper's admirable phrase—look up as to a master; and his poems are read and pondered and imitated by not a few of the more promising of our younger poets.

Mr. Austin Dobson was born at Plymouth, January 18, 1840. He comes of a family of civil engineers, and it was as an engineer that his grandfather, toward the end of the last century, went to France, where he settled and married a French lady. Among the earliest recollections of Mr. Dobson's father was his arrival in Paris on one side of the Seine as the Russians arrived on the other. This must have been in 1814. But the French boy had long become an English man when the poet was born. At the age of eight or nine Austin Dobson was taken by his parents — so his friend Mr. Gosse tells us— "to Holyhead, in the Island of Anglesea; he was educated at Beaumaris, at Coventry, and finally at Strasburg, whence he returned, at the age of sixteen, with the intention of becoming a civil engineer." But in December, 1856, he accepted an appointment in the civil service, where he has remained ever since. Thus he has been able to act on the advice of Coleridge, often urged again by Dr. Holmes, to the effect "that a literary man should have another calling." Dr. Holmes adds the sly suggestion that he should confine himself to it; and this is what — for nearly ten years — Mr. Dobson did. He dabbled a little in art, having, like Théophile Gautier, the early ambition of becoming a painter. He learned to draw a little on wood. He wrote a little, mostly in prose. In fact, there are only four poems in the first edition of "Vignettes in Rhyme" which were written before 1868. It was in this year that "St. Paul's" magazine was started by Anthony Trollope, an editor at once sympathetic and severe; he appreciated good work, and was unsparing in the kindly criticism which might make it better. In "St. Paul's," therefore, between March, 1868, and March, 1874, appeared nearly twoscore of Mr. Dobson's pieces, including some of his very best: "Tu Quoque," "A Dialogue from Plato," "Une Marquise," "An Autumn Idyll," "Dorothy," "A Gentleman of the Old School," "Avice"—with its hazardous bird-like effect, French in a way and in exquisite taste,— and the subtle and pathetic "Drama of the Doctor's Window." In October, 1873, there was published the first edition of "Vignettes in Rhyme," and the poet received for the first time that general recognition which denies itself to the writer of verses scattered here and there, throughout magazines and newspapers. "Vignettes in Rhyme" passed into its third edition; and less than four years after its appearance Mr. Dobson made a second collection of his verses, published in May, 1877, as "Proverbs in Porcelain." From these two volumes the author made a selection, adding a few poems written since the appearance of the second book, and thus prepared the collective American volume, called "Vignettes in Rhyme," issued by Henry Holt & Co. in 1880, with a graceful and alluring introduction by Mr. Stedman. "Old-World Idylls," published in London in the fall of 1883, is based on this American selection of 1880. It is to be followed some day by "At the Sign of the Lyre," which is to include the poems written during the past four or five years. Unfortunately we shall not have Mr. Dobson's complete poems even then, for his own fastidious taste has excluded poems which the less exacting reader had learned to like, — "Ad Rosam," for instance, and others not a few which the admirers of fine humorous verse will not willingly let die. Let us hope that there will be vouchsafed to us, in due time, a volume in which we may treasure Mr. Dobson's "Complete Poetical Works." Akin to the fastidiousness which rejects certain poems altogether — and quite as annoying to many — is the fastidiousness with which the poet is continually going over his

verses with a file, polishing until they shine again, smoothing an asperity here, and there rubbing out a blot. This is always a dangerous pastime, and the poet is rarely well advised who attempts it, as all students of Tennyson will bear witness. If the poet is athirst for perfection, he may lay his poems by for the Horatian space of seven years, but when they are once printed and published, he had best keep his hands off them. Of course the most of Mr. Dobson's alterations are unexceptionable improvements, yet there are a few that we reject with abhorrence.

Mr. Aldrich has said that Mr. Dobson "has the grace of Suckling and the finish of Herrick, and is easily master of both in metrical art." The beauty of his poetry is due in great measure to its lyric lightness. He has many lines and many whole poems which sing themselves into the memory, and cannot be thrust thence. Who that made acquaintance with the "Ladies of St. James's" in "Harper's Magazine" a year or two ago can forget "Phillida, my Phillida?" And who cannot call up before him Autonoë and Rosina and Rose and the other "damosels, blithe as the belted bees," whom the poet has set before us with so much breezy freshness? To know them is to love them, and to love the poet who has sung them into being. Next to the airy grace and the flowing and unfailing humor which inform all Mr. Dobson's poems, perhaps the quality which most deserves to be singled out is their frank and hearty wholesomeness. There is nothing sickly about them, or morbid, or perverse, as there is about so much contemporary British verse. Mr. Dobson is entirely free from the besetting sin of those minor poets who sing only in a minor key. He has no trace of affectation, and no taint of sentimentality. He is simple and sincere. His delicacy is manly, and not effeminate. There is a courtly dignity about all his work; and there is nowhere a hint of bad taste. Mr. Locker once spoke to me of the "Unfinished Song," and said that "the spirit is so beautiful"; and of a truth the spirit of all Mr. Dobson's work is beautiful. There is unfailing elevation. Mr. Dobson, in Joubert's phrase, never forgets that the lyre is a winged instrument. Here is a lyric, not one of his best known, and not in the style he most frequently attempts; but it is lifted out of commonplace, though the subject is hackneyed and worn; it soars, and sings as it soars, like the lark:

A SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

When Spring comes laughing
By vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking
And daffodil,—
Sing stars of morning,
Sing morning skies,
Sing blue of speedwell,
And my Love's eyes.

When comes the Summer,
Full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip
The orchard long,—
Sing hid, sweet honey
That no bee sips;
Sing red, red roses,
And my Love's lips.

When Autumn scatters
The leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury
The broad-wheeled wain,—
Sing flutes of harvest
Where men rejoice;
Sing rounds of reapers,
And my Love's voice.

But when comes Winter
With hail and storm,
And red fire roaring
And ingle warm,—
Sing first sad going
Of friends that part;
Then sing glad meeting,
And my Love's heart.

And with all this elevation and lyric lightness there is no lack of true pathos and genuine feeling for the lowly and the hopeless. More than once has Mr. Dobson expressed his sympathy for the striving, and especially for those strugglers who are handicapped in the race, and who eat their hearts in silent revolt against hard circumstances.

"Ah, Reader, ere you turn the page,
I leave you this for moral:—
Remember those who tread life's stage
With weary feet and scantest wage,
And ne'er a leaf for laurel."

The best of Mr. Dobson's poems result from a happy mingling of a broad and genial humanity with an extraordinarily fine artistic instinct. Just as Chopin declared that there were paintings at the sight of which he heard music, so it may be said that there are poems the hearing of which calls up a whole gallery of pictures. Side by side with the purely lyric pieces are as many more as purely pictorial. "The Curé's Progress," for example, is it not a like masterpiece of *genre?* And the ballade "On a Fan, that Belonged to the Marquise de Pompadour," with its wonderful movement and spirit, and its apt suggestion of the courtiers and courtesans "thronging the *Œil-de-Bœuf* through," is it not a perfect picture of

"The little great, the infinite small thing
That ruled the hour when Louis Quinze was king"?

This is a Fragonard, as the other is a Meissonnier. It is not that the pathetic "Story of

Rosina" has for its hero François Boucher, or that other poems abound in references to Watteau and Vanloo and Hogarth; it is not even that these references are never at random, and always reveal an exact knowledge and a nice appreciation; it is rather that Mr. Dobson is a painter at heart, in a degree far from common even in these days of so-called "word-painting." He excels in the art of calling up a scene before you by a few motions of his magic pen; and, once evoked, the scene abides with you alway. Mr. E. A. Abbey told me that once in a nook of rural England he happened suddenly on a sun-dial, and that lines from Mr. Dobson's poem with that title rose to his lips at once, and he felt as though nature had illustrated the poet.

This delightful effect is produced by no abuse of the customary devices of "word-painting," and by no squandering of "local color." On the contrary, Mr. Dobson is sober in his details, and rarely wastes time in description. He hits off a scene in a few happy strokes; there is no piling of a Pelion of adjectives on an Ossa of epithets. The picture is painted with the utmost economy of stroke. Mr. Dobson's method is like that of the etchers who work in the bath; his hand needs to be both swift and sure. Thus there is always a perfect unity of tone; there is always a shutting out of everything which is not essential to the picture. Consider the ballad of the Armada and the "Ballad of Beau Brocade," —a great favorite with Dr. Holmes, by the way,—and see if one is not as truly seventeenth century in thought and feeling as the other is eighteenth century, while both are thoroughly and robustly English. How captivatingly Chinese are the verses about the "little blue mandarin"!

Of the French pictures I have already spoken, but inadequately, since I omitted to cite the "Proverbs in Porcelain," which I should ascribe to a French poet, if I knew any Frenchman who could have accomplished so winning a commingling of banter and of grace, of high breeding and of playfulness. How Roman are the various Horatian lyrics, and, above all, how Greek is "Autonoë"! "'Autonoë,'" as a friend writes me, "is the most purely beautiful of all Mr. Dobson's work. It does not touch the heart, but it rests the spirit. Most so-called 'classicism' shows us only the white temple, the clear high sky, the outward beauty of form and color. This gives us the warm air of spring and the life that pulses in a girl's veins like the soft swelling of sap in a young tree. This is the same feeling that raises 'As You Like It' above all pastoral poetry. Our nineteenth century sensibilities are so played on by the troubles, the sorrows, the little vital needs and anxieties of the world around us, that sometimes it does us good to get out into the woods and fields of another world entirely, if only the atmosphere is not chilled and rarified by the lack of the breath of humanity. There are times when the 'Drama of the Doctor's Window' would excite us, but when 'Autonoë' would rest us—and not with a mere selfish intellectual rest."

About eight years ago, early in 1876, Mr. Dobson began to turn his attention to what are generally known as the French forms of verse, although they are not all of them French. Oddly enough, it happens that the introduction, at Mr. Dobson's hands, of these French forms into English literature is due—indirectly at least—to an American. In criticising Mr. Dobson's earlier verses in "Victorian Poets," Mr. Stedman amiably admonished him that "such a poet, to hold the hearts he has won, not only must maintain his quality, but strive to vary his style." This warning from the American critic, this particular Victorian poet, perhaps having some inner monitions of his own, took to heart, and he began at once to cast about for some new thing. His first find was the "Odes Funambulesques" of M. Théodore de Banville, the reviver of the triolet, the rondeau, and the ballade. Here was a new thing—a truly new thing, since it was avowedly an old thing. Mr. Dobson had written a set of triolets already, in 1874; it was in May, 1876, that he published the first original ballade ever written in English, the firm and vigorous "Prodigals," slightly irregular in its repetition of rhymes, but none the less a most honorable beginning. Almost at the same time he attempted also the rondeau and the rondel. A year later, in May, 1877, he published his second volume of verse, "Proverbs in Porcelain," and this, followed almost immediately by Mr. Gosse's easy and learned "Plea for Certain Exotic Forms of Verse," in the "Cornhill Magazine" of July, 1877, drew general attention to the new weapons with which the poet's armory had been enriched. It would be idle to maintain that they have met with universal acceptance. Mr. Stedman, when introducing the author to the American public, confesses that he is not certain whether to thank Mr. Dobson or to condole with him on the bringing into fashion of the ballade and the rondeau and its fellows. Perhaps this was partly due to the sudden rush of versifiers who wreaked themselves on these forms, and did their little best to bring them into disrepute. Perhaps it was due to a wider dislike of metrical limitations and of all that tempts the poet to expend any of his strength otherwise

than on the straightforward delivery of his message.

Yet rhyme itself, as M. Edmond Schérer tells us, "is a very curious thing, and it is a very complex pleasure which it gives. We do not like to confess how great in every art is the share of difficulty vanquished, and yet it is difficulty vanquished which gives the impression of surprise, and it is surprise which gives interest; it is the unexpected which gives us the sense of the writer's power." The testimony of Sidney Lanier — an untiring student of his art and its science — is to the same effect: "It is only cleverness and small talent which is afraid of its spontaneity; the genius, the great artist, is forever ravenous after new forms, after technic; he will follow you to the ends of the earth, if you will enlarge his artistic science, if you will give him a fresh form." Finally, the fact remains that great poets — Dante, Milton, Wordsworth — have not scorned the sonnet's scanty plot of ground; and the sonnet is as rigid and quite as difficult, if you play the game fairly, as either the ballade or the rondeau. The rondeau and rondel, have they not a charm of their own when handled by a genuine poet? And the ballade,— that little three-act comedy in rhyme with its epigram-epilogue of an envoy,— has it not both variety and dignity?

For the Malayan pantoum, as for the Franco-Italian sestina, with their enervating and exasperating monotony, there is really nothing to be said. And perhaps there is no need to say much for the tiny triolet, effective as it may be for occasional epigram, or for the elaborate and stately chant-royal, which is a feat of skill, no more and no less; that Mr. Dobson and Mr. Gosse have done it as well as they have, suggests only the pertinent query as to whether it was well worth doing. Perhaps no more must be said in favor of the dainty little villanelle — a form which exists under the greatest disadvantage since the first and typical specimen, the ever fresh and graceful "J'ai perdu ma tourterelle" of Passerat remains to this day unsurpassable and unapproached. But the rondeau and rondel carry no such weight, and in the hands of a master of meters they are capable of being filled with a simple beauty most enjoyable. What could be more delicate, more pensive, more charming, than Mr. Dobson's rondel, "The Wanderer"?

THE WANDERER.

(Rondel.)

Love comes back to his vacant dwelling,—
  The old, old Love that we knew of yore!
  We see him stand by the open door,
With his great eyes sad, and his bosom swelling.
He makes as though in our arms repelling,
  He fain would lie as he lay before; —
  Love comes back to his vacant dwelling,—
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!

Ah, who shall help us from over-telling
  That sweet forgotten, forbidden lore!
  E'en as we doubt in our heart once more,
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling,
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling.

The ballade, however, is by far the best of all these poems. I hold it second to the sonnet alone, and for some purposes superior even to the sonnet. It is fair to say that it is the only one of the French poems which in France itself has held its own against the Italian sonnet. The instrument used by Clément Marot, by Villon,— that "voice out of the slums of Paris," as Mr. Matthew Arnold called him,— by La Fontaine, and in later times by Albert Glatigny and Théodore de Banville, is surely worthy of honor. In Villon's hands it has dignity and depth, in Glatigny's it has pathos, and in Marot's, in Mr. Dobson's, and in Mr. Lang's it has playfulness and gayety. I believe Mr. Dobson himself likes the "Ballade of Imitation" better than any of his other ballades, while I confess my own preference for the "Ballade of Prose and Rhyme," the only *ballade à double refrain* worthy to be set alongside Clément Marot's "Frère Lubin." It is almost too familiar to quote here at length, and yet it must be quoted perforce, for nohow else can I get the testimony of my best witness fully before the jury:

THE BALLAD OF PROSE AND RHYME.

(Ballade à Double Refrain.)

When the ways are heavy with mire and rut,
  In November fogs, in December snows,
When the North Wind howls, and the doors are shut,—
  There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
  But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,
And the jasmine-stars at the casement climb,
  And a Rosalind-face at the lattice shows,
Then hey! — for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

When the brain gets dry as an empty nut,
  When the reason stands on its squarest toes,
When the mind (like a beard) has a "formal cut,"—
  There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
  But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,
And the young year draws to the "golden prime"
  And Sir Romeo sticks in his ear a rose,—
Then hey! — for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

In a theme where the thoughts have a pedant-strut,
  In a changing quarrel of "Ayes" and "Noes,"
In a starched procession of "If" and "But,"—
  There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
  But whenever a soft glance softer grows
And the light hours dance to the trysting-time,
  And the secret is told "that no one knows,"—
Then hey! — for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

ENVOY.

In the work-a-day world,—for its needs and woes,
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-bells clash and chime,
Then hey! — for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

It seems to me that in these poems Mr. Dobson proves that the rondel at its best and the ballade at its finest belong to the poetry of feeling, and not to the poetry of ingenuity. It seems to me, also, that the poet has been helped by his restrictions. Here are cases where a faith in these forms is justified by works. We may ask, fairly enough, whether either of these poems would be as good in any other shape. From the compression enforced by the rules, they have gained in compactness, and therefore in swiftness. They are, in Miltonic phrase, "woven close, both matter, form, and style."

It is to Mr. Dobson primarily and to his fellow-workers that the credit is due of acclimatizing these exotic meters in English literature. It is not that he was absolutely the earliest to write them in English — excepting only the ballade, of which the "Prodigals" was the first. Chaucer wrote roundels, the elder Wyatt rondeaus, and Patrick Carey, about 1651, was guilty of devotional triolets! But England was not then ready for the conquest, and the forms crossed the Channel, like the Norseman, just to set foot on land and then away again. Even in France they had faded out of sight. Molière speaks slightingly of ballades as old-fashioned. Only in our own times, since M. de Banville set the example has the true form been understood. Wyatt's rondeaus were printed as though they were defective sonnets. Both Longfellow and Bryant translated Clément Marot's "Frère Lubin," and neither of them knew it was a *ballade à double refrain*. Nor is Rossetti's noble rendering of Villon's famous "Ballade of Dead Ladies" accurately formal. Mr. Lang, in his "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France" (1872), was plainly on the right track, but he failed then to reach the goal. At last the time was ripe; Mr. Dobson came and set the example.

It was doubtless again due to Mr. Stedman's warning that, although there is no work which when well done secures a welcome as instant as *vers de société*, there is also "none from which the world so lightly turns upon the arrival of a new favorite with a different note,"—it was this wise warning which led Mr. Dobson to vary his style, not only with the revival of the French forms, but also with fables and with a slight attempt at the drama —in so far as the dainty and delicate "Proverbs in Porcelain" are substantial enough to be called dramatic. Like John Gay and like Mr. John G. Saxe, Mr. Dobson took to rhyming fables after making a mark by more characteristic verse. And Mr. Dobson's fables, good as they are, and pertinent and brightsome as they needs must be since he wrote them, are like Gay's and Mr. Saxe's in that they are not their author's best work. The fault plainly is in the fable form, if Mr. Dobson's fables are not as entertaining as his other poems; at any rate, I am free to confess that I like his other work better. I have to confess, also, with great doubt and diffidence, that the half-dozen little dialogues called "Proverbs in Porcelain," airy and exquisite as they are, are less favorites with me than they are with critics whose taste I cannot but think finer than mine — Mr. Aldrich, for instance, and Mr. Stedman. I am inclined to believe I like them less because they assume a dramatic form without warrant. The essence of the drama is action, and in these beautiful and witty playlets there is but the ghost of an action. I doubt not that I am unfair to these dialogues, and that my attitude toward them is that of the dramatic critic rather than that of the critic of poetry pure and simple. But that is their own fault for assuming a virtue they have not. To counterbalance this harsh treatment of the "Proverbs in Porcelain," I must declare that I find more pleasure in "A Virtuoso" than do most of Mr. Dobson's admirers, and for the same reason. I find in "A Virtuoso" all the condensed compactness of the best stage dialogue, where a phrase has to be stripped to run for its life. To be read quickly by the fireside, "A Virtuoso" may seem forced; but to be acted or recited, it is just right. I see in this cold and cutting poem, masterly in its synthesis of selfish symptoms, a regard for theatrical perspective, and a selection and a heightening of effect in accordance with the needs of the stage, which I confess I fail to find in the seemingly more dramatic "Proverbs in Porcelain." Most people, however, liking Mr. Dobson mainly for playful tenderness and tender playfulness, dislike the marble hardness of "A Virtuoso," just as they are annoyed by the tone of "A Love-letter," one of the poet's cleverest pieces. If Mr. Dobson yielded to the likes and dislikes of his admirers he would soon sink into sentimentality, and he would never dare to write as funny as he can. There are readers who are shocked and pained when they discover the non-existence of "Dorothy" —although Mr. Browning is not one of these.

After all, this is perhaps the highest compliment that readers can pay the writer, when they enter so heartily into his creations that they revolt against any trick he may play

upon them. And in these days of haste without rest, it ill becomes us to fling the first stone at an author who is enamored of elusive perfection and who is willing to spare no pains to give us his best and only his best. He may be thankful that he is not as infertile on the one hand as Waller, who was "the greater part of a summer correcting *ten* lines for Her Grace of York's copy of Tasso," or as reckless on the other hand as Martial, who disdained to elaborate.

> "Turpe est difficile habere nugas
> Et stultus labor est ineptiarum."

Not infrequently do we find Mr. Frederick Locker and Mr. Dobson classed together as though their work was fundamentally of the same kind. The present writer has to plead guilty to the charge of inadvertently and inaccurately linking the two names in critical discussion. The likeness is accidental rather than essential, and the hasty conjunction is due, perhaps, more to the fact that they are friends, and that they both write what has to be called *vers de société*, than to any real likeness between their works. The fact is, the more clearly we define, and the more precisely we limit the phrase *vers de société*, the more exactly do we find the best and most characteristic of Mr. Locker's poems agreeing with the definition and lying at ease within the limitation: while the best and most characteristic of Mr. Dobson's poems would be left outside. In his criticism of Praed's work prefixed to the selection from his poems in the fourth volume of Ward's "English Poets," Mr. Dobson declares that "as a writer of 'society verse' in its exacter sense, Praed was justly acknowledged to be supreme," and then he adds, "We say 'exacter sense,' because it has of late become the fashion to apply this vague term in the vaguest way possible so as to include almost all verse but the highest and the lowest. This is manifestly a mistake. Society verse as Praed understood it, and as we understand it in Praed, treats almost exclusively of the *votum*, *timor*, *ira*, *voluptas* (and especially the *voluptas*) of that charmed circle of uncertain limits known conventionally as 'good society'—those latter-day Athenians, who, in town and country, spend their time in telling or hearing some new thing, and whose graver and deeper impulses are subordinated to a code of artificial manners." Of these it is indisputable that Mr. Locker is, as Praed was, the laureate-elect, and that "the narrow world in which they move is the main haunt and region of his song." Mr. Locker writes as one to the manner born, and nowhere reveals the touch of the parvenu which betrayed Praed now and again. In the exact sense of the phrase, Mr. Locker, like Praed, is the poet of society, which Mr. Dobson is not — because, for one thing, we may doubt whether society is of quite so much interest or importance or significance to him as to the author of "London Lyrics." The distinction is evasive, and has to be suggested rather than said; but it is none the less real and vital. It is, perhaps, rather that Mr. Dobson is more a man of letters, while Mr. Locker is more a man of the world. Certainly Mr. Dobson has a more consciously literary style than Mr. Locker, a style less simple and less direct. Henri Monnier would say that Mr. Dobson had more *mots d'auteur*. Admirable as is Mr. Dobson's verse, it has not the condensed clearness nor the incisive vigor of Mr. Locker's. One inclines to the opinion that the author of "London Lyrics" is willing to make more sacrifices for vernacular terseness than the author of "Vignettes in Rhyme." It is not that Mr. Dobson is one of the poets who keep their choicest wares locked in an inner safe guarded by heavy bolts, and to whose wisdom no man may help himself unless he has the mystic letters which unlock the massive doors, but he is not quite willing to be simple to the point of bareness as is Mr. Locker, who wears his heart upon his sleeve. In some things Mr. Locker is like Mr. du Maurier, even in the little Gallic twist, while Mr. Dobson is rather like Mr. Randolph Caldecott or our own Abbey, with the quaint Englishry of whose style Mr. Dobson's has much in common. Yet after saying this, I feel inclined to take it all back, for I recall together "This was the Pompadour's fan" and "This is Gerty's glove"—and here it is Mr. Dobson who is brilliant and French and Mr. Locker who is more simple in sentiment and more English. Yet again it is the worldly minded Mr. Locker who declares that

> "The world's as ugly, aye, as sin—
> And nearly as delightful,"—

a sentiment wholly foreign to Mr. Dobson's feelings. This suggests that there is a certain town stamp in the appropriately named "London Lyrics" not to be seen in "Vignettes in Rhyme," some of which are vignettes from rural nature. But both books are boons to be thankful for. Both are havens of rest in days of depression; both have a joyousness most tonic and wholesome in these days when the general tone of literature is gray; both preach the gospel of sanity, and both may serve as antiseptics against sentimental decay.

Here occasion serves to say that each of these masters of what Dr. Johnson, while declaring its difficulty, called "easy verse," has

set forth his views of the art of writing *vers de société*. Mr. Locker made his declaration of faith in the admirable preface, all too brief, to the selection of *vers de société* and *vers d'occasion*, which he published in 1867 as "Lyra Elegantiarum." Mr. Dobson, at the request of the present writer, drew up a code for the composition of easy verse, and although this has been printed before, it would be unpardonable not to republish it again. Here, then, are Mr. Dobson's "Twelve Good Rules of Familiar Verse":

I. Never be vulgar.
II. Avoid slang and puns.
III. Avoid inversions.
IV. Be sparing of long words.
V. Be colloquial, but not commonplace.
VI. Choose the lightest and brightest of measures.
VII. Let the rhymes be frequent, but not forced.
VIII. Let them be rigorously exact to the ear.
IX. Be as witty as you like.
X. Be serious by accident.
XI. Be pathetic with the greatest discretion.
XII. Never ask if the writer of these rules has observed them himself.

Mr. Dobson has not confined his labors in prose to the canons of familiar verse. Although it is as a poet that he is most widely known, his prose has qualities of its own. Besides scattering magazine articles, it includes half a dozen apt and alert criticisms in Ward's "English Poets," the final chapter in Mr. Lang's little book on "The Library," and prefaces to a fac-simile reprint of "Robinson Crusoe," and to the selection from Herrick's poems, illustrated by Mr. Abbey with such abundant sympathy and such delightful grace and fancy. More important than these are the volumes in which Mr. Dobson has given us selections from the best of the "Eighteenth Century Essays," and in which he has introduced and annotated the "Fables" of John Gay, and the "Vicar of Wakefield" of Oliver Goldsmith, and the "Barbier de Séville" of Beaumarchais. Still more important are the biographical sketches of his favorite Hogarth, and of Bewick and his pupils, and the life of Henry Fielding in the "English Men of Letters" series. It was to this which Mr. Lowell referred when he unveiled Miss Margaret Thomas's bust of Fielding in the Somersetshire hall. In the course of his speech, as rich and eloquent as only his speeches are, Mr. Lowell said that "Mr. Austin Dobson has done, perhaps, as true a service as one man of letters ever did to another, by reducing what little is known of the life of Fielding from chaos to coherence, by ridding it of fable, by correcting and coördinating dates, by cross-examining tradition till it stammeringly confessed that it had no visible means of subsistence, and has thus enabled us to get some authentic glimpse of the man as he really was. Lessing gave the title of 'rescues' to the essays in which he strove to rehabilitate such authors as had been, in his judgment, unjustly treated by their contemporaries, and Mr. Dobson's essay deserves to be reckoned in the same category. He has rescued the body of Fielding from beneath the swinish hoofs which were trampling it as once they trampled the Knight of La Mancha, whom Fielding so heartily admired."

It has been well said that the study of practice of verse is the best of trainings for the writing of prose. Mr. Dobson's prose style is firm and precise; it has no taint of the Corinthian luxuriance which Mr. Matthew Arnold has castigated, or of the passionate emphasis which passes for criticism in some quarters. His ideal in prose writing is a style exact and cool and straightforward. Sometimes the reader might like a little more glow. It is not that his prose style is sapless, for it has life; it is rather that it is generally cut-and-dried of malice prepense. He can write prose with more color and more heat when he chooses, as he who will may see in the paragraphs of the preface to Mr. Abbey's Herrick. In general, however, Mr. Dobson forgets that he is a poet when he takes up his pen to write prose, and he remembers only that he is an antiquary and an investigator. In fact, his prose is the prose of a scientific historian; and Mr. Dobson has the scientific virtues,—the passion for exactness, the untiring patience in research, and the unwillingness to set down anything which has not been proved. If we apply De Quincey's classification, we should declare that Mr. Dobson's poetry—like all true poetry—belongs to the literature of power, while his prose belongs to the literature of knowledge.

It is to be remarked, also, that the poet sometimes remembers that he is an antiquary, also. Here Mr. Dobson is not unlike Walter Scott, who was also an antiquary-poet, with a strong love for the past and a gift for making dead figures start to life at his bidding. Much of Mr. Dobson's poetry is like his prose in that it is based on research. His learning in the manners and customs of past times is most minute. Especially rich is his knowledge of the people and of the vocabulary of the eighteenth century. This is the result of indefatigable delving in the records of the past. His acquaintance with the ways and words of the contemporaries of Fielding and of Hogarth is as thorough as Mr. Tennyson's knowledge of botany, for instance; and it is the proof of as much minute observation. Although Mr. Dobson disdains all second-hand information, and likes to verify facts for him-

self, he never lets his learning burden his verse. That runs as freely and as trippingly as though the seeking of the facts on which it might be founded had not been a labor of love, for which no toil was too great. The "Ballad of Beau Brocade" is a strong and simple tale, seemingly calling for no special study; but it does not contain a single word not in actual use at the time of the guide-book where it germinated, and in print in the pages of the "Gentleman's Magazine" of that reign. In like manner, in the noble and virile ballade of the Armada, which the Virgin Queen might have joyed to accept, there is no single word not in Gervase Markham.

Writing always out of the fullness of knowledge, there is nowhere anything amateurish, and there is always a perfect certainty of touch. His work — as Mr. W. C. Brownell has told us — is "as natural an outgrowth as Lamb's." And he is like Lamb in that capacity for taking infinite pains which has been held the true trade-mark of genius. He is like Lamb, again, in that he has resolutely recognized his limitations. Ruler of his own territory, he has carefully refrained from crossing his neighbor's boundaries. Indeed, he is as admirable an instance as one could wish of the exactness of Swift's dictum, "It is an uncontrolled truth that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them."

Brander Matthews.

TO THE MODERN CYNICS.

THEY say there is not anything
To make divine the minstrel's lays,
And cries that made the whole world ring
Are silent in these latter days.
Mere idle thoughts the poet fill,
The nobler themes are laid aside,
So babbles emptily the rill
That once has flowed in fuller tide.
The world is old, and if we try
With our hoarse notes from earth to soar,
We cannot breathe a melody
That was not better sung before.

What? Judge ye truth grown old less true,
And him from deeper knowledge barred
Who laughs that summer skies are blue,
Or weeps that human hearts are hard?
Have we no battle-cry to raise,
No laggard cause to vivify,
Is there no fear in these dull days
Lest Love should fail and Art should die?
For some with unchaste hands and rude
Crush whatsoever thing is good,
And some that play a meaner part
Make Art a parody of Art.

When hate and lust and thirst of gain
By love and truth are laid to rest,
When life's twin riddles, joy and pain,
No longer tear the human breast,
When these have ceased, and the disgrace
Of Right hard-pressed at war with Wrong,
Then shall the singer have no place,
Or haply find some higher song.

Harold E. Boulton.

THE FLIGHT OF THE RED HORSE.

A DAKOTA LEGEND.

"My son, Woneya, I must make
A journey to the Sacred Lake.
Far to the north, 'mid ice and snow,
A long, long way it is I go.
An arrow flying all the night
Would fail to reach it in its flight.
You are my son; I give to-day
Full leave to all your childish play.
All things are thine; go where you will,
Save to the Red House on the hill.
Try not its door, turn not the key;
There death and ruin wait for thee,
But how and why I may not tell,
For there is laid on me a spell,
So all my love must turn to hate,
And no man can escape his fate."

Washaka goes. In boyish play
The child wears out the summer day;
He swims the stream, his crafty hook
Draws shining treasure from the brook;
The chattering squirrel hugs his limb
As the swift arrow grazes him.
But ever, as he played, he said,
"What is there in the House of Red?"
Go where he would, each pathway still
Led to the Red House on the hill.

At last he stands before the door,
With mystic symbols pictured o'er.
"What could my father mean," he said,
"To keep me from the House of Red?"
Ah, no! he will not disobey,
Although the sire is far away;
And yet, what harm could come of it
For him to see which key would fit?

And now he tries them, one by one,
Until the last—what has he done?
Some thoughtless pressure of the lock,
The door flies open with a shock.
Strange tremors run along the ground;
The world is full of direful sound;
Strange voices talk; strange whispers rise;
Strange portents in the earth and skies.
Through the wide door the youth can see
All that there is of mystery.
Before him stood a Horse of Red,
With mane of gold, who sternly said:
"Unhappy boy! what have you done?
Washaka now must slay his son."
Struck down with terror and remorse,
The youth falls prone before the horse.
"Oh, help me, help!" Woneya cries,
With gasping breath and streaming eyes.
"Teach me some way; show me the path
Where I may flee my father's wrath."
The horse replies: "The wrong is great,
Yet I have pity for thy fate.
One way alone is left to flee,
With perils fraught to thee and me.
I charge thee, on thy life, thy soul,
To yield thee up to my control.
Look neither backward, left, nor right;
Be brave, and yield no place to fright.
Thy father now will try each art
To strike a terror to thy heart;
But if thy heart begin to quail,
That instant all my strength will fail;
And if Washaka us o'ertake,
I, too, must perish for thy sake.
Take in thy hand this conjurer's sack.
Away! away! Spring to my back!"

So said, so done. Away they sped.
The dark sky clamored overhead;
A mighty wind blew from the east,
Which momently its force increased;
The sun went down, but, through the night,
He holds his tireless, even flight.
No need is there for spur or rein;
Life is the prize he strives to gain.
But, though the horse flies like the wind,
The father presses hard behind,
And, ere the break of morn appears,
A dreadful voice is in their ears:
"Stop! stop! thou traitor, while my knife
Shall quickly end your wretched life."
"Beware! beware! Turn not your head!
Be brave! be brave!" the Red Horse said.
"Put now your hand within the sack;
What first you find throw quickly back."
Woneya in an instant found
An egg, and tossed it to the ground:
It bursts, it spreads—a wide morass,
Through which the father may not pass:
Fierce lightnings fire Washaka's eyes
As westward still the Red Horse flies.

Long time the father sought, in vain,
Some passage o'er the marsh to gain,
Where long-necked lizards basked or fought,
Where winged dragons ruin wrought,

Where serpents coiled and hissed, whose breath
Rolled up in clouds of fire and death.
At last he throws the magic bone,
Which turns that teeming life to stone;
And where he picks his careful way,
There are the Bad Lands to this day.

The morn blooms in the eastern sky;
The day comes on, the noon is nigh;
The noon is past, the sun is low,
The evening red begins to glow;
But, driven still by sorest need,
Still swift and swifter flies the steed.
Vast, sky-rimmed plains on either side
Begin to turn in circles wide,
While rock, and shrub, and bush within
In dizzy circles spin and spin.
So swift the flight, so hot the race,
The wind blows backward in his face;
But swifter far than any wind
The father presses on behind,
And to their ears is borne the cry
That summons them again to die.
"Beware! Be brave! Turn not thy head!
Put in thy hand!" the Red Horse said;
"The first thing that thy hand shall find,
That take, and quickly hurl behind."

He draws and throws a bit of stone,
When, 'twixt the father and the son,
A range of mountains rears its height
On either hand beyond the sight.
Washaka seeks a pass in vain;
To left and right, above the plain,
The strong grim rocks confront his eyes,
While westward still the Red Horse flies.
At last he draws his feathered spear
And hurls against the rampart sheer.
So swift it dashes on the rock,
Fire-streams burst outward at the shock,
And where against the cliff he drives,
From base to top it rends and rives;
A narrow gorge is opened through,
By which Washaka may pursue.
And now the Red Horse knows the need
To lavish all his garnered speed.
His hoof-beats fall like thunder-dints,
And kindle showers of flying flints;
So swift he flies that one afar
Might deem he saw a falling star;
But swifter still upon his path
Washaka follows in his wrath.
And now that fearful voice again
Comes o'er the horror-shaken plain:
"Stop, wretches, stop! Behold the flood!
Now shall my knife run red with blood!
Who now can save you from my hate,
And who has ever conquered fate?"

Alas! what hope is left, and where?
What refuge now from blank despair?
The end is come, where shall they flee?
Before them is the open sea.
"Beware! beware! Turn not thy head.
Put in thy hand!" the Red Horse said;
"Just as we reach the ocean shore,
Draw out and quickly hurl before.
Be strong of heart. Be calm; be brave;
The sea is not to be our grave."
Woneya thrusts his hand within,
Draws forth the bead-wrought serpent's skin,
And casts it forth, when lo! a boat
Upon the gleaming waves afloat!
They gain it with a single leap
That sends it forward on the deep.
The sails are set; before the breeze
It draws its white trail o'er the seas.
In vain the bright blade of the sire
Whirls through the air in rings of fire.
He gains the beach a moment late—
What man has ever conquered fate?
Vain are his curses, vain his prayer;
The glittering waves are everywhere.

Washaka stoops along the sands,
Uproots a huge cliff with his hands;
He heaves aloft with tug and strain,
And sends it wheeling o'er the main.
High in the air it rocks and swings,
A moment to the clouds it clings;
Then, as from lofty mountain-walls,
Like some vast avalanche, it falls.
The sea shrinks, cringing, from the shock
Of that dark, shapeless bulk of rock,
Like some great fragment of a world
From out the stellar spaces hurled.
Like chaff beneath the flail outspread
The waves, and bare the ocean's bed.
One vast wall, sweeping to the west,
Bears on its topmost curving crest
The tiny boat, so feather-light,
Through all that long and fearful night.
At morn they rest, their journey done,
In a fair land beyond the sun;
And one, with awful rush and roar,
Springs tiger-like against the shore,
Drags down Washaka from the land,
And hides him 'neath the sliding sand.

Still from that coast a slender bar,
Like a long finger, stretching far,
When tides are low, points o'er the wave—
That is Washaka's lonely grave.

H. E. Warner.

THE NEW ASTRONOMY. II.

THE SUN'S SURROUNDINGS.

As I write this, the fields glitter with snow-crystals in the winter noon, and the eye is dazzled with a reflection of the splendor which the sun pours so fully into every nook that by it alone we appear to see everything.

Yet, as the day declines, and the red glow of our recent wonderful sunsets spreads up to the zenith, there comes out in it the white-shining evening star, which not the light, but the darkness, makes visible; and as the last ruddy twilight fades, not only this neighbor-world, whose light is fed from the sunken sun, but other stars appear, themselves self-shining suns, which were above us all through the day, unseen because of the very light.

As night draws on, we may see the occasional flash of a shooting-star, or perhaps the auroral streamers spreading over the heavens; and, remembering that these will fade as the sun rises, and that the nearer they are to it the more completely they will be blotted out, we infer that if the sun were surrounded by a halo of only similar brightness, this would remain forever invisible,—unless, indeed, there were some way of cutting off the light from the sun without obscuring its surroundings. But if we try the experiment of holding up a screen which just conceals the sun, nothing new is seen in its vicinity, for we are also lighted by the neighboring sky, which is so dazzlingly bright with reflected light as to effectually hide anything which may be behind it, so that to get rid of this glare we should need to hang up a screen *outside* the earth's atmosphere altogether.

Nature hangs such a screen in front of the earth when the moon passes between it and the sun; but as the moon is far too small to screen all the earth completely, and as so limited a portion of its surface is in complete shadow that the chances are much against any given individual's being on the single spot covered by it, many centuries usually elapse before such a *total* eclipse occurs at any given point; while yet almost every year there may be a partial eclipse, when, over a great portion of the earth at once, people may be able to look round the moon's edge and see the sunlight but partly cut off. Nearly every one, then, has seen a partial eclipse of the sun, but comparatively few a total one, which is quite another thing, and worth a journey round the world to behold; for such a nimbus, or glory, as we have suggested the possibility of, does actually exist about the sun, and becomes visible to the naked eye on the rare occasions when it is visible at all, accompanied by phenomena which are unique among celestial wonders.

The "corona," as this solar crown is called, is seen during a total eclipse to consist of a bright inner light next the invisible sun, which melts into a fainter and immensely extended radiance (the writer has followed the latter to the distance of about 10,000,000 miles), and all this inner corona is filled with curious detail. All this is to be distinguished from another remarkable feature seen at the same time; for close to the black body of the moon are prominences of a vivid crimson and scar-

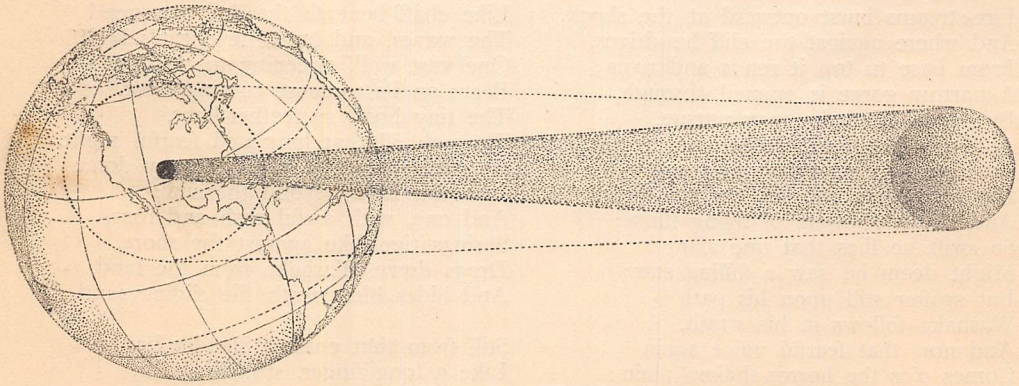


FIG. 1.— LUNAR CONE SHADOW.

let, rising up like mountains from the hidden solar disk, and these, which will be considered later, are quite distinct from the corona, though seen on the background of its pearly light.

To understand what the lunar screen is doing for us, we may imagine ourselves at some station outside the earth, whence we should behold the moon's shadow somewhat as in Figure 1, where we see that since the orbit is not a circle, but nearly an ellipse, the moon is at some times further from the earth than at others. Here it is shown at its nearest point, and the extremity of its shadow is represented as just touching the surface of the globe, while it is evident that if the moon were at its greatest distance its shadow might come to a point before reaching the earth at all. We speak, of course, only of the central cone of shade; for there is an outer one, indicated by the faint dotted lines, within whose much more extended limits the eclipse is partial, but with the latter we have at present nothing to do. The figure however, for want of room, is made to represent the proportions incorrectly, the real ones of the shadow being actually something like those of a sewing-needle,—this very long attenuated shadow sometimes, as we have just said, not reaching the earth at all, and when it does reach it, covering at the most a very small region indeed. Where this point touches, and wherever it rests, we should, in looking down from our celestial station, see that part of the earth in complete shadow, looking like a minute dark spot, whose lesser diameter is seldom over a hundred and fifty miles.

The eclipse is total only to those inhabitants of the earth within the track of this dark spot, though the spot itself travels across the earth with the speed of the moon in the sky; so that if it could leave a mark, it would in a few hours trace a dark line across the globe, looking like a narrow black tape stretched across the side of the world next the sun. In figure 2, for instance, is the central track of the eclipse of July 29, 1878, as it would be visible to our celestial observer, beginning in Alaska in the forenoon, and ending in the Gulf of Mexico, which it reached in the afternoon. To those on the earth's surface within this shadow it covered everything in view, and, for anything those involved in it could see, it was all-embracing and terrible, and worthily described in such lines as Milton's:

> "As when the sun . . .
> In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
> On half the nations, and with fear of change
> Perplexes monarchs."

We may enjoy the poet's vision, but here, while we look down on the whole earth at once, we must admit that the actual area of the "twilight" is very small indeed. Within

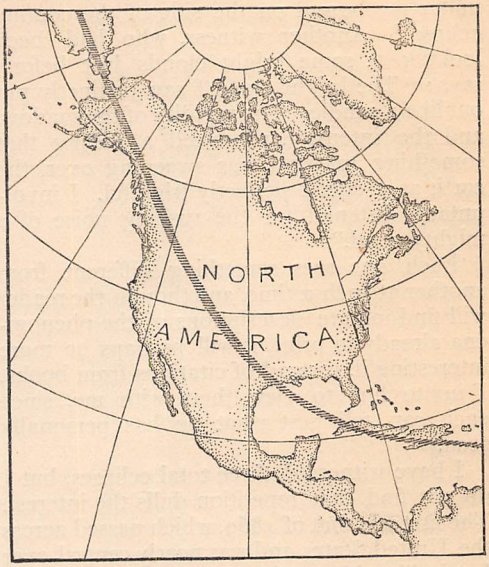


FIG. 2.—TRACK OF LUNAR SHADOW.

this area, however, the spectacle is one of which, though the man of science may prosaically state the facts, perhaps only the poet could render the impression.

We can faintly picture, perhaps, how it would seem, from a station near the lunar orbit, to see the moon—a moving world—rush by with a velocity greater than that of the cannon-ball in its swiftest flight; but with equal speed its shadow actually travels along the earth; and now, if we return from our imaginary station to a real one here below, we are better prepared to see why this flying shadow is such a unique spectacle; for, small as it may be when seen in relation to the whole globe, it is immense to the observer, whose entire horizon is filled with it, and who sees the actual velocity of one of the heavenly bodies, as it were, brought down to him.

The reader who has ever ascended to the Superga, at Turin, will recall the magnificent view, and be able to understand the good fortune of an observer (Forbes) who once had the opportunity to witness thence this phenomenon, and under a nearly cloudless sky. "I perceived," he says, "in the south-west a black shadow like that of a storm about to break, which obscured the Alps. It was the lunar shadow coming toward us." And he speaks of the "stupefaction"—it is his word—caused by the spectacle. "I confess," he continues, "it was the

most terrifying sight I ever saw. As always happens in the cases of sudden, silent, unexpected movements, the spectator confounds real and relative motion. I felt almost giddy for a moment, as though the massive building under me bowed on the side of the coming eclipse." Another witness, who had been looking at some bright clouds just before, says: "The bright cloud I saw distinctly put out like a candle. The rapidity of the shadow, and the intensity, produced a feeling that something material was sweeping over the earth at a speed perfectly frightful. I involuntarily listened for the rushing noise of a mighty wind."

Each one sees something different from another at such a time, and though the reader will find minute descriptions of the phenomena already in print, it will perhaps be more interesting if, instead of citations from books, I invite him to view them with me, since each can tell best what he has personally seen.

I have witnessed three total eclipses, but I do not find that repetition dulls the interest. The first was that of 1869, which passed across the United States and was nearly central over Louisville My station was on the southern border of the eclipse track, not very far from the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and I well remember that early experience. The special observations of precision in which I was engaged would not interest the reader, but while trying to give my undivided attention to these, a mental photograph of the whole spectacle seemed to be taking without my volition. First, the black body of the moon advanced slowly on the sun, as we have all seen it do in partial eclipses, without anything noticeable appearing, nor till the sun was very nearly covered did the light of day about us seem much diminished. But when the sun's face was reduced to a very narrow crescent, the change was sudden and startling, for the light which fell on us not only dwindled rapidly, but became of a kind unknown before, so that a pallid appearance overspread the face of the earth with an ugly livid hue; and as this strange wanness increased, a cold seemed to come with it. The impression was of something *unnatural*, but there was but a moment to note it, for the sun went out as suddenly as a blown-out gas-jet, and I became as suddenly aware that all around, where it had been, there had been growing into vision a kind of ghostly radiance, composed of separate pearly beams, looking distinct each from each, as though the black circle where the sun once was bristled with pale streamers, stretching far away from it in a sort of crown.

This was the mysterious corona, only seen during the brief moments while the shadow is flying overhead; but as I am undertaking to recall faithfully the impressions of the instant, I may admit that I was at the time equally struck with a circumstance that may appear trivial in description—the extraordinary globular appearance of the moon herself. We all know well enough that the moon is a solid sphere, but it commonly *looks* like a bright, flat circle fastened to the concave of the starry vault; and now, owing to its unwonted illumination, the actual rotundity was seen for the first time, and the result was to show it as what it really is—a monstrous, solid globe, suspended by some invisible support above the earth, with nothing apparent to keep it from tumbling on us, looking at the moment very near, and more than anything else like a gigantic black cannon-ball, hung by some miracle in the air, above the neighboring corn-field. But in a few seconds all was over; the sunlight flashed from one point of the moon's edge and then another, almost simultaneously, like suddenly kindled electric lights, which as instantly flowed into one, and it was day again.

I have spoken of the "unnatural" appearance of the light just before totality. This is not due to excited fancy, for there is something so essentially different from the natural darkness of twilight, that the brute creation shares the feeling with us. Arago, for instance, mentions that in the eclipse of 1842, at Perpignan, where he was stationed, a dog which had been kept from food twenty-four hours was, to test this, thrown some bread just before "totality" began. The dog seized the loaf, began to devour it ravenously, and then, as the appearance already described came on, he dropped it. The darkness lasted some minutes, but not till the sun came forth again did the poor creature return to the food. It is no wonder, then, that men, also, whether educated or ignorant, do not escape the impression. A party of the courtiers of Louis XV. is said to have gathered round Cassini to witness an eclipse from the terrace of the Paris observatory, and to have been laughing at the populace, whose cries were heard as the light began to fade, when, as the unnatural gloom came quickly on, a sudden silence fell on them too, the panic terror striking through their laughter. Something common to man and the brute speaks at such times, if never before or again; something which is not altogether physical apprehension, but more like the moral dismay when the shock of an earthquake is felt for the first time, and we first know that startling doubt, superior to reason, whether the solid frame of earth is real, and not "baseless as the fabric of a vision."

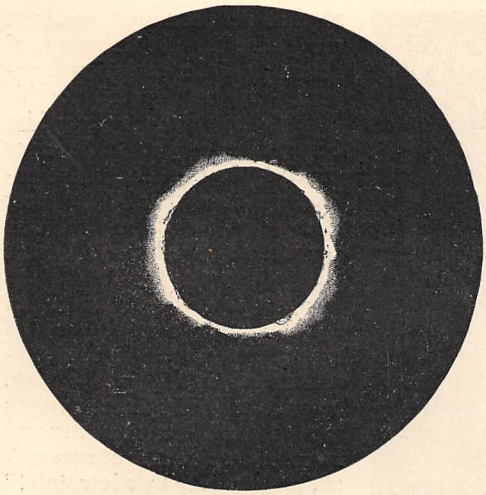


FIG. 3.—INNER CORONA ECLIPSE OF 1869. FROM SHELBYVILLE PHOTOGRAPH. (ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY'S MEMOIRS.)

But this is appealing for illustration to an experience which most readers have doubtless been spared,* and I would rather cite the lighter one of our central party that day, a few miles north of me, at Shelbyville. In this part of Kentucky the colored population was large, and (in those days) ignorant of everything outside the life of the plantation, from which they had only lately been emancipated. On that eventful 8th of August they came in great numbers to view the inclosure and the tents of the observing party, and to inquire the price of the show. On learning that they might see it without charge from the outside, a most unfavorable opinion was created among them as to the probable merits of so cheap a spectacle, and they crowded the trees about the camp, shouting to each other sarcastic comments on the inferior interest of the entertainment. "Those trees there," said one of the observers to me the next day, "were black with them, and they kept up their noise till near the last, when they suddenly stopped, and all at once, and as 'totality' came, we heard a wail and a noise of tumbling, as though the trees had been shaken, and then the boldest did not feel safe till he was under his own bed in his own cabin."

It is impossible to give an exact view of what our friends at Shelbyville saw, for no drawings made there appear to have been preserved, and photography at that time could only indicate feebly the portion of the corona near the sun where it is brightest. Figure 3 is a fac-simile of one of the photographs taken on the occasion, which is interesting perhaps as one of the early attempts in this direction, for comparison with later ones; but as a picture it is very disappointing, for the whole structure of the outer corona we have alluded to, is missed altogether, the plate having taken no impression of it.

A drawing (Fig. 4) made by another observer, Mr. M'Leod, at Springfield, represents more of the outer structure; but the reader must remember that all drawings must, in the nature of the case (since there are but two or three minutes to sketch in), be incomplete, whatever the artist's skill.

Up to this time it was still doubtful, not only what the corona was, but where it was; whether it was a something about the sun or moon, or whether, indeed, it might not be in our own atmosphere. The spectroscopic observations of Professors Young and Harkness at this same eclipse of a green line in its spectrum, due to some glowing gas, showed conclusively that it was largely, at any rate, a solar appendage, and partly, at least, self-luminous; and these and other results having awakened general discussion among astronomers in Europe as well as at home, the United States Government sent an expedition, under the direction of the late Professor Pierce, to observe an eclipse which,

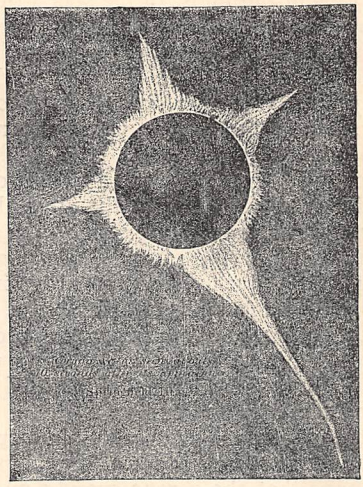


FIG. 4.—SKETCH OF OUTER CORONA, 1869. (U. S. COAST SURVEY REPORT.)

in the next year, on December 8, 1870, was total in the south of Spain. There were three parties, and of the most western of these, which was at Xeres under the charge of Professor Winlock, I was a member.

The duration of totality was known beforehand. It would last two minutes and ten

* Since this was written, the earthquake of August 10, which was felt in the Middle States and New England, has enlarged the circle of readers who will appreciate the force of the illustration.—[EDITOR.]

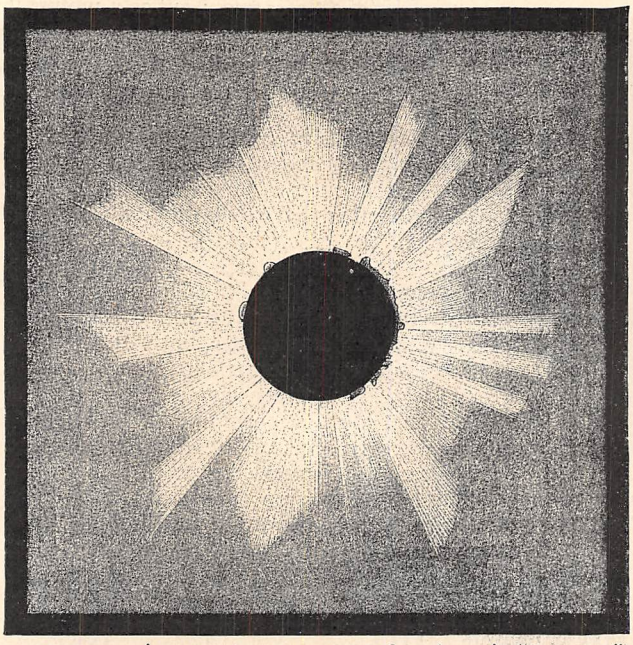


FIG. 5.—TACCHINI'S DRAWING OF CORONA OF 1870. (SECCHI'S "LE SOLEIL.")

seconds, and to secure what could be seen in this brief interval we crossed the ocean. Our station was in the midst of the sherry district, and a part of the instruments were in an orange-grove, where the ground was covered with the ripe fallen fruit, while the olive and vine about us in December, reminded us of the distance we had come to gather the results of so brief an opportunity.

To prepare for it, we had all arrived on the ground some weeks beforehand, and had been assiduously busy in installing the apparatus in the observing camp, which suggested that of a small army, the numerous instruments, some of them of considerable size, equatorials, photographic apparatus, polariscopes, photometers, and spectroscopes, being under tents, the fronts of which could be lifted when the time came for action.

To the equatorial telescopes, photographic cameras are attached instead of the eye-pieces, in the hope that the corona may be made to impress itself on the plate instead of on the eye. The eye is an admirable instrument itself, no doubt, but behind it is a brain, perhaps overwrought with excitement, and responding too completely to the nervous tension which most of us experience when those critical moments are passing so rapidly. The camera can see far less of the corona than the man, *but it has no nerves*, and what it sets down we may rely on.

At such a time each observer has some particular task assigned to him, on which, if wise, he has drilled himself for weeks beforehand, so that no hesitation or doubt may arise in the moment of action; and his attention is expected to be devoted to this duty alone, which may keep him from noting any of the features which make the occasion so impressive as a spectacle Most of my own particular work was again of a kind which would not interest the reader.

Apart from this, I can recall little but the sort of pain of expectation, as the moment approached, till within a minute before totality the hum of voices around ceased, and an utter and most impressive silence succeeded, broken only by a low "ah!" from the group without the camp, when the moment came. I remember that the clouds, which had hung over the sun while the moon was first advancing on its body, cleared away before the instant of totality, so that the last thing I saw was a range of mountains to the eastward still bright in the light; then, the next moment, the shadow rushed overhead and blotted out the distant hills, almost before I could turn my head to the instrument before me.

The corona appeared to me a different thing from what it did the year before. It was apparently confined to a pearly light of a roughly quadrangular shape, close to the limb of the sun, broken by dark rifts (one of which was a conspicuous object), while within, and close to the limb, was what looked like a mountain rising from the hidden sun, of the color of the richest tint we should see in a rose-leaf held up against the light, while others were visible of an orange-scarlet. After a short scrutiny I turned to my task of analyzing the nature of the white light.

The seconds fled, the light broke out again, and so did the hubbub of voices,—it was all over, and what had been missed then could not be recovered. The

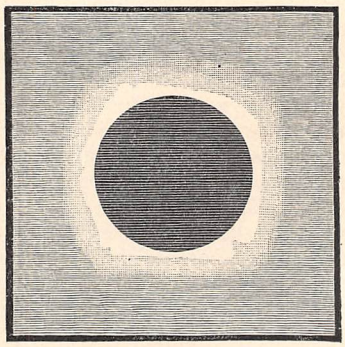


FIG. 6.—WATSON'S NAKED-EYE DRAWING OF CORONA OF 1870. (U. S. COAST SURVEY REPORT.)

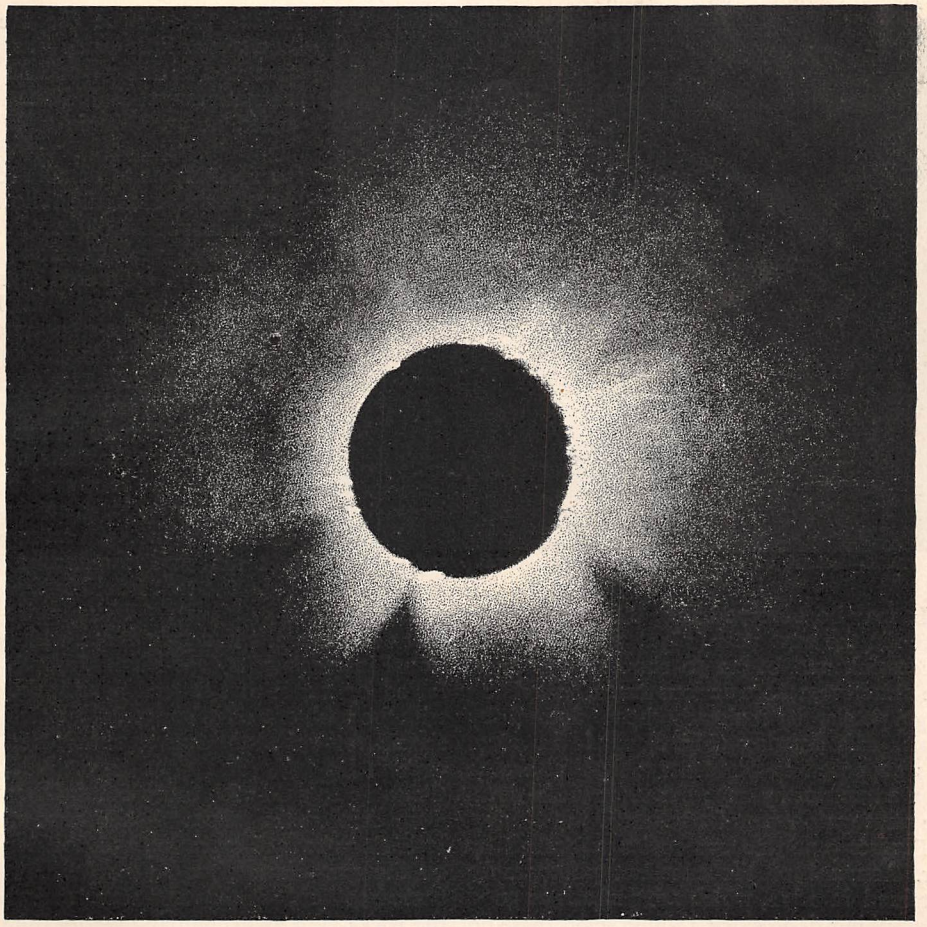


FIG. 7.—PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING COMMENCEMENT OF OUTER CORONA. (ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY'S MEMOIRS.)

sense of self-reproach for wasted opportunity is a common enough feeling at this time, though one may have done his best, so little it seems to each he has accomplished; but when all the results had been brought together, we found that the spectroscopes, cameras, and polariscopes had each done their work, and the journey had not been taken in vain. In one point only we all differed, and this was about the direct ocular evidence, for each seemed to have seen a different corona, and the drawings of it were singularly unlike. Here are two (Figs. 5 and 6) taken at this eclipse at the same time, and from neighboring stations, by two most experienced astronomers, Tacchini and Watson. No one could guess that they represented the same object, and a similar discrepancy was common.

Considering that these were trained experts, whose special task it was, in this case, to draw the corona, which therefore claimed their undivided attention, I hardly know a more striking instance of the fallibility of human testimony. The evidence of several observers, however, pointed to the fact that the light really was more nearly confined to the part next the sun than the year before, so that the corona had probably changed during that interval, and grown smaller, which was remarkable enough. The evidence of the polariscope, on the whole, showed it to be partly due to reflected sunlight, while the spectroscope in the hands of Professor Young confirmed the last year's observation, that it was also, and largely, self-luminous. Finally, the photographs, taken at very distant stations, showed the same dark rifts in the same place, and thus brought confirmatory evidence that it was not a local phenomenon in our own atmosphere. A photograph of it, taken by Mr. Brothers in Sicily, is the subject of the annexed illustration (Fig. 7), in which the very bright lights which, owing to "photographic irradiation," seem to indent the moon are chiefly due to the colored flames I have spoken of, which will be described later.

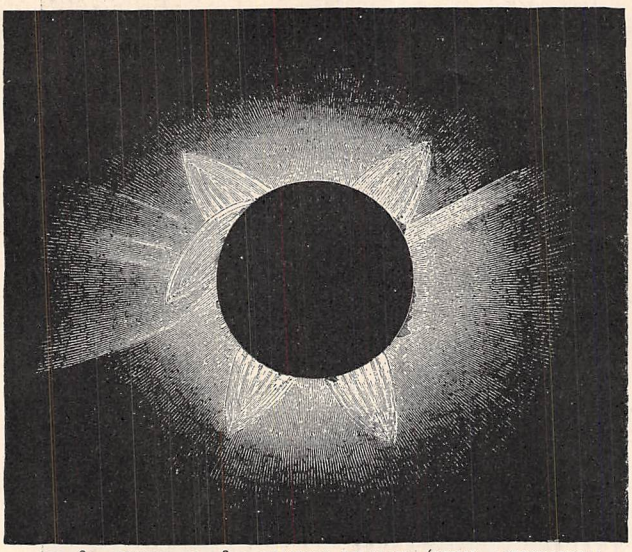


FIG. 8.—ECLIPSE OF 1857, DRAWING BY LIAIS. (ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY'S MEMOIRS.)

It may be observed that the photographs taken in the next year (1871) were still more successful, and began to show still more of the structure, whose curious forms, resembling large petals, had already been figured by Liais. His drawing (Fig. 8), made in 1857, was supposed to be rather a fanciful sketch than a trustworthy one; but, as it will be seen, the photograph goes far to justify it.

Figures 9 and 10 are copies published by Mr. Ranyard of the excellent photographs obtained in 1871, which are perhaps as good as anything done since, though even these do not show the outer corona. The first is an enlargement of a small portion of the detail in the second. It is scarcely possible for wood-engraving to reproduce the delicate texture of the original.

The years brought round the eclipse of 1878, which was again in United States territory, the central track (as Figure 2 has already shown) running directly over one of the loftiest mountains of the country, Pike's Peak, in Colorado. Pike's Peak, though over 14,000 feet high, is often ascended by pleasure tourists; but it is one thing to stay there for an hour or two, and another to take up one's abode there and get acclimated; for to do the latter we must first pass through the horrors (not too strong a word) of mountain-sickness. This reaches its height usually on the second or third day, and is something like violent sea-sickness, complicated with the sensations a creature may be supposed to have under the bell of an air-pump. After a week the strong begin to get over it, but none but the very robust should take its chances, as we did, without preparation; for on the night before the eclipse the life of one of our little party was pronounced in danger, and he was carried down in a litter to a cabin at an altitude of about 10,000 feet, where he recovered so speedily as to be able to do good service on the following day. The summit of the "Peak" is covered with great angular bowlders of splintered granite, among which we laid logs brought up for fire-wood, and on these, sacks of damp hay, then stretching a little tent over all and tying it down with wire to the rocks, we were fain to turn in under damp blankets, and to lie awake with incessant headache, drawing long, struggling breaths in the vain attempt to get air, and wondering how long the tent would last, as the canvas flapped and roared with a noise like that of a loose sail in a gale at sea, with occasional intervals of a dead silence, usually followed by a gust that shoved against the tent with the push of a solid body, and if a sleeper's shoulders touched the canvas, shouldered him over in his bed. The stout canvas held, but the snow entered with the wind, and lay in a deep drift on the pillow when I woke after a brief sleep toward morning, and, looking out on the gray dawn, found that the snow had turned to hail, which was rattling sharply on the rocks with an accompaniment of thunder, which seemed to roll from all parts of the horizon. The snow lay thick, and the sheets

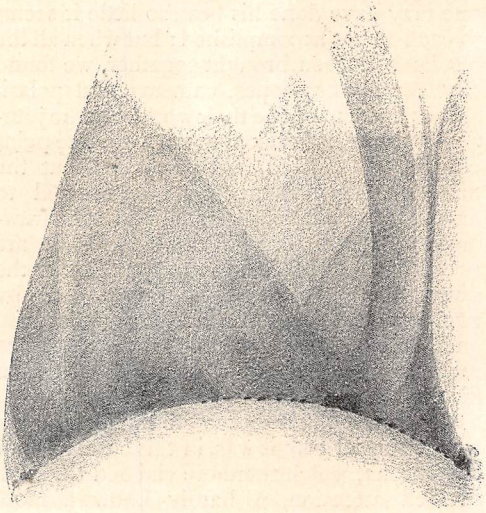


FIG. 9.—ENLARGEMENT OF PART OF FIG. 10.

of hail were like a wall, shutting out the sight of everything a few rods off, and this was in July! I thought of my December station in sunny Andalusia.

Hail, rain, sleet, snow, fog, and every form of bad weather continued for a week on the summit, while it was almost always clear below. It was often a remarkable sight to go to the edge and look down. The expanse of "the plains," which stretched eastward to a horizon line over a hundred miles distant, would be in bright sunshine beneath, while the hail was all around and above us; and the light coming *up* instead of down gave singular effects when the clouds parted below, the plains seeming at such times to be opalescent with luminous yellow and green, as though the lower world was translucent, and the sun was beneath it and shining up through. On page 930 is a picture of three of us on the mountain-top, who saw a rarer spectacle, for directly opposite the setting sun, and on the mist over the gulf beyond us, was a bright ring, in whose center were three phantom images of our three selves, which moved as we moved, and then faded as the sun sank. It was "the specter of the Brocken." These ghostly presentments were tolerably defined, as in the sketch, but did not seem to be gigantic, as some have described them. We rather thought them close at hand, but before we could determine, the vision faded.

The clouds, to our good fortune, rolled away on the 29th, and a number of pleasure-seekers, who came up to view the eclipse and the unwonted bright sunshine, made a scene which it was hard to identify with the usual one. This time my business was to draw the corona, and the extreme altitude and the clearness of the air, with perhaps some greater extension than usual in the object itself, enabled it to be followed to an unprecedented distance. During totality the sun was surrounded by a narrow ring,—hardly more than a line of vivid light,— presenting no structure to the naked eye (but a remarkable one in the telescope), and this faded with great suddenness into a circular nebulous luminosity between two and three diameters of the sun wide, but without such marked plumes, or filaments, as I had seen in 1869. The most extraordinary thing, however, was a beam of light, inclined at an angle of about forty-five degrees, about as wide as the sun, and extending to the distance of nearly six of its diameters on one side and over twelve on the other; on one side alone, that is, to the amazing distance of over ten million miles

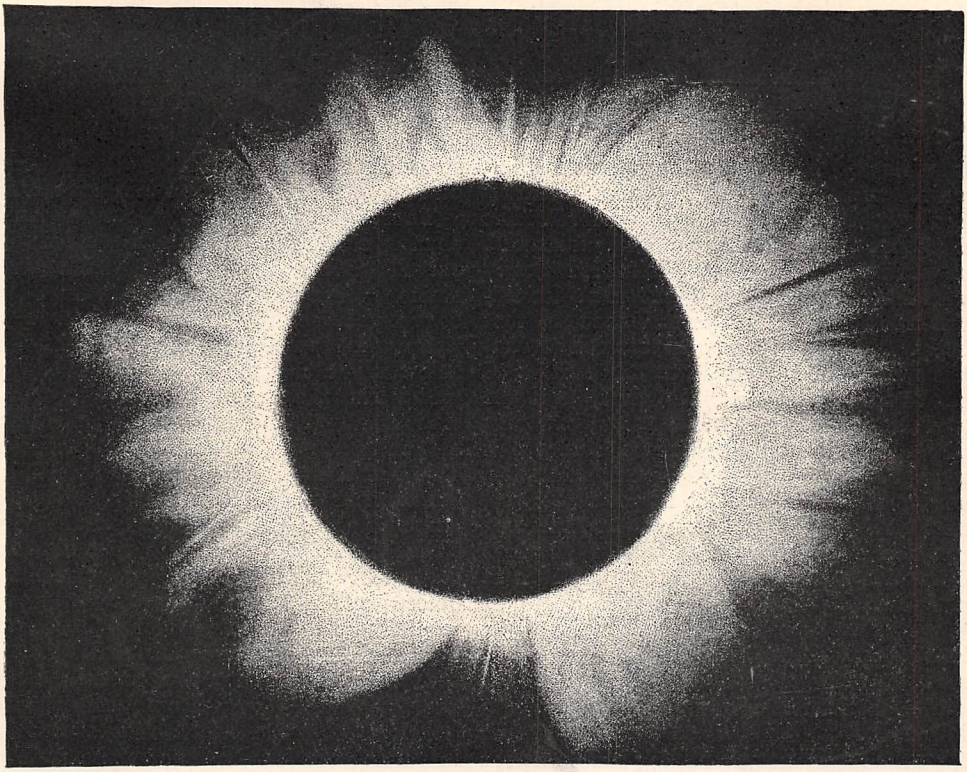


FIG. 10.—FAC-SIMILE OF PHOTOGRAPH OF CORONA OF 1871. (ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY'S MEMOIRS.)

FIG. 11.—"SPECTERS."

from its body. Substantially the same observation was made, as it appeared later, by Professor Newcomb, at a lower level. The direction, when more carefully measured, it was interesting to note, coincided closely with that of the Zodiacal light, and a faint central rib added to its resemblance to that body. It is noteworthy, in illustration of what has already been said as to the conflict of ocular testimony, that, though I, with the great majority of observers below, saw only this beam, two witnesses whose evidence is unimpeachable, Professors Young and Abbe, saw a pale beam at right angles to it; and that one observer did not see the beam in question at all. Figure 12 is a sketch made from my own, but necessarily on a scale which can show only its general features.

With the telescope, the whole of the bright inner light close to the sun was found to be made up of filaments, more definite even than those described in a previous chapter as seen in sun-spots, and bristling in all directions from the edge; not concealing each other, as we might expect such things to do, upon a sphere, but fringing the sun's edge in definite outline, as though it were really but a disk.

Those who were at leisure to watch the coming shadow of the moon described its curved outline as distinctly visible on the plains. "A rounded ball of darkness with an orange-yellow border," one called it. Those, again, who looked down on the bright clouds below say the shadow was preceded by a yellow fringe, casting a bright light over the clouds and passing into orange, pink, rose-red, and dark-red, in about twenty seconds. This beautiful effect was noticed by nearly all the amateur observers present, who had their attention at liberty, and was generally unseen by the professional ones, who were shut up in dark tents with photometers, or engaged otherwise than in admiring the glory of the spectacle as a spectacle merely. This strange light, forming a band of color about the shadow as seen from above, must have really covered ten miles or more in width, and have occupied a considerable fraction of a minute in passing over the heads of those below, to whom it probably constituted that lurid light

on their landscape I have spoken of as so peculiar and "unnatural." It seems to be due to the colored flames round the sun, which shine out when its brighter light is extinguished. I should add that on the summit of Pike's Peak the corona did not entirely disappear at the instant the sun broke forth again, but that its outlying portions first went and then its brighter and inner ones, till our eager gaze, trying to follow it as long as possible, only after the lapse of some minutes saw the last of the wonderful thing disappear and "fade into the light of common day."

There have been other eclipses since, the last being that visible in Oceanica in 1883, to observe which the United States Government sent an expedition to the Caroline Islands, under the charge of Professor Holden; but, in spite of all, our knowledge of the corona remains very incomplete, and if the most learned in such matters were asked what it was, he could probably answer truthfully, "I don't know."

This will not be wondered at when it is considered that as total eclipses come about every other year, and continue, one with another, hardly three minutes, an astronomer who should devote thirty years exclusively to the subject, never missing an eclipse in whatever quarter of the globe it occurred, would in that time have secured, in all, something like three-quarters of an hour for observation. Accordingly, what we know best about the corona is how it looks, what it is, being still largely conjecture; and it is for this reason that I have thought the space devoted to it would be best used by giving the unscientific reader some idea of the visible phenomena as they present themselves to an eye-witness. Treatises like Lockyer's "Solar Physics," Proctor's "The Sun," Secchi's "Le Soleil," and Young's "The Sun" (the latter is most recent), will give the reader who desires to learn more of the little that is known, the fuller information which this is not the place for; but it may be said very briefly that it is certain that the corona is at times of enormous extent (the whole length of the longer beam seen on Pike's Peak must have been over fourteen million miles), that it almost certainly changes in its shape and dimensions from year to year (possibly much oftener, but this we cannot yet know), and that it shines partly by its own and partly by reflected light. When we come to ask whether it is a gas or not, the evidence is conflicting. The appearance of the green coronal line, and other testimony we have not alluded to, would make it seem almost certain that there must be a gas here of extreme tenuity, reaching the height of

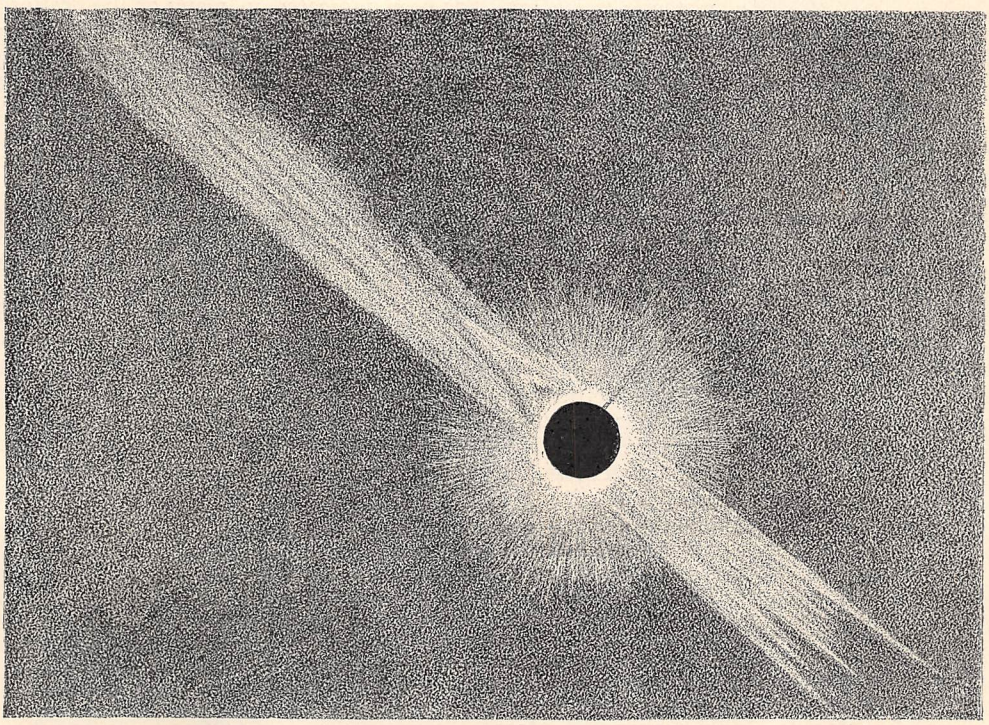


FIG. 12.—OUTER CORONA OF 1878. (U. S. NAVAL OBSERVATORY.)

some hundred thousand miles, at the least; while yet the fact that such light bodies as comets have been known to pass through it, close to the sun, without suffering any visible retardation, such as would come even from a gas far lighter than hydrogen, appears to throw doubt on evidence otherwise strong. It is possible to conceive of the corona, and especially of the outer portion, as very largely made up of minute particles such as form the scattered dust of meteoric trains, and this seems to be the most probable constitution of its outlying parts. It is even possible to conceive that it is in some degree a subjective phenomenon caused, as Professor Hastings has suggested, by diffraction upon the edge of the moon — the moon, that is, not merely serving as a screen to the sun to reveal the corona, but partly *making* the corona by diffracting the light, somewhat as we see the edge of any very distant object screening the sun gilded by its beams. This effect may be seen when the sun rises or sets unusually clear, for objects on the horizon partly hiding it are then fringed for a moment with a line of light; an appearance which has not escaped Shakspere, where he says:

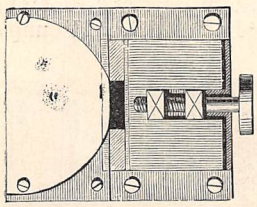


FIG. 13.—SPECTROSCOPE SLIT AND SOLAR IMAGE. (FROM "THE SUN," BY YOUNG.)

> "But when from under this terrestrial ball
> He fires the tall tops of the eastern pines."

Still, in admitting the possibility of some such contributory effect on the part of the moon, we must not, of course, be understood as meaning that the corona as a whole does not have a real existence, quite independent of the changes which the presence of the moon may bring; and in leaving the wonderful thing we must remember that it is, after all, a reality, and not a phantasm.

I have already described how, at the eclipse of 1870, I (with others) saw within the corona what seemed like rose and scarlet colored mountains rising from the sun's edge, an appearance which had first been particularly studied in the eclipse of 1868, two years before, and which, it might be added, Messrs. Lockyer and Janssen had succeeded in observing without an eclipse by the spectroscope. Besides the corona, it may be said, then, that the sun is surrounded by a thin envelope, rising here and there into prominences of a rose and scarlet color, invisible in the telescope, except at a total eclipse, but always visible through the spectroscope. It is within and quite distinct from the corona, and is usually called the "chromosphere," being a sort of sphere of colored fire surrounding the sun, but which we can usually see only on the edge. "The appearance," says Young, "is as if countless jets of heated gas were issuing through vents and spiracles over the whole surface, thus clothing it with flame, which heaves and tosses like the blaze of a conflagration." Out of this, then, somewhat like greater waves or larger swellings of the colored fires, rise the prominences, whose place, close to the sun's edge, has been indicated in many of the drawings and photographs just given of the corona, on whose background they are seen during eclipses; but as they can be studied at our leisure with the spectroscope, we have reserved a more particular description of them till now. They are at all times directly before us, as well as the corona; but, while both are yet invisible from the overpowering brightness of the sunlight reflected from the earth's atmosphere in front of them, these red flames are so far brighter than the coronal background, that if we could only weaken this "glare" a little, they, at least, might become visible, even if the corona were not. The difficulty is evidently to find some contrivance which will weaken the "glare" without enfeebling the prominences too; and this the spectroscope does by diffusing the white sunlight, while it lets the color pass nearly

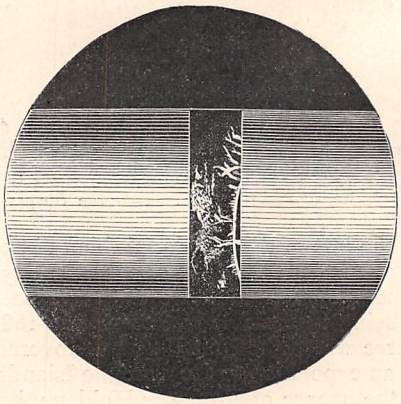


FIG. 14.—SLIT AND PROMINENCES. ("THE SUN," BY YOUNG.)

unimpaired. For the full understanding of its action the reader must be referred to such works as those on the sun already mentioned; but a general idea of it may be gathered, if we reflect that white light is composed of every possible variety of colors, and that the spectroscope, which consists essentially of a prism behind a very narrow slit through which the light enters, lets any single color pass freely, without weakening it or al-

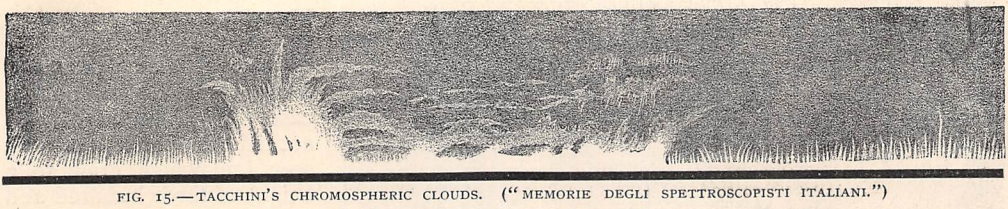


FIG. 15.—TACCHINI'S CHROMOSPHERIC CLOUDS. ("MEMORIE DEGLI SPETTROSCOPISTI ITALIANI.")

tering it in anything but its direction, but gives a different direction to each, and hence sorts out the tints, distributing them side by side, every one in its own place, upon the long colored band called the spectrum. If this distribution has spread the colors along a space a thousand times as wide as the original beam, the average light must be just so much weaker than the white light was, because this originally consisted of a thousand (let us say a thousand, but it is really an infinite number) mingled tints of blue, green, yellow, orange, and red, which have now been thus distributed. If, however, we look through the prism at a rose-leaf, and it has no blue, green, yellow or orange in it, and nothing but pure red, as each single color passes unchanged, this red will, according to what has been said, be as bright after it has passed as before. All depends, then, on the fact that these prominences do consist mainly of light of one color, like the rose-leaf, so that this monochromatic light will be seen through the spectroscope just as it is, while the luminous veil of glaring white before it will seem to be brushed away.

If a large telescope is directed toward the sun, the glass at the further end will, if the eye-piece be removed, form a little picture of the sun, as a picture is formed in a camera-obscura; and now, if the spectroscope be fastened to this eye-end, where the observer's head would be were he looking through, the edge of the solar image may be made to fall just *off* the slit, so that only the light from the prominences (and the white glare about them) shall pass in. To see this more clearly, let us turn our backs to the sun and the telescope and look at the place where the image falls by the spectroscope slit, which in Fig. 13 is drawn of its full size. This is a brass plate, having a minute rectangular window, the "slit," in it. The width of this slit is regulated by a screw, and any rays falling into the narrow aperture pass through the prism within, and finally fall on the observer's eye, but not till they have been sorted by the prism in the manner described. Formed on the brass plate, just as it would be formed on a sheet of paper, or anything else held in the focus, we see the bright solar image, a circle of light perhaps an inch and a half in diameter—a miniature of the sun with its spots. The whole of the sun (the photosphere) then is hidden to an observer who is looking up through the slit from the other side, for, as the sun's edge does not quite touch the slit, none of its rays can enter it; but if there be also the image here of a prominence, projecting beyond the edge, and really overhanging the slit (though to us invisible on account of the glare about it), these rays will fall into the slit and pass down to the prism, which will dispose of it in the way already stated.

And now let us get to the other side, and, looking up through the prism with the aid of a magnifying-glass, see what it has done for us (Fig. 14). The large rectangular opening here is the same as the small one which was visible from the outside, only that it is now magnified, and what was before invisible is seen; the edge of the sun itself is just hidden, but the scarlet flames of the chromosphere have become visible, with a cloudy promi-

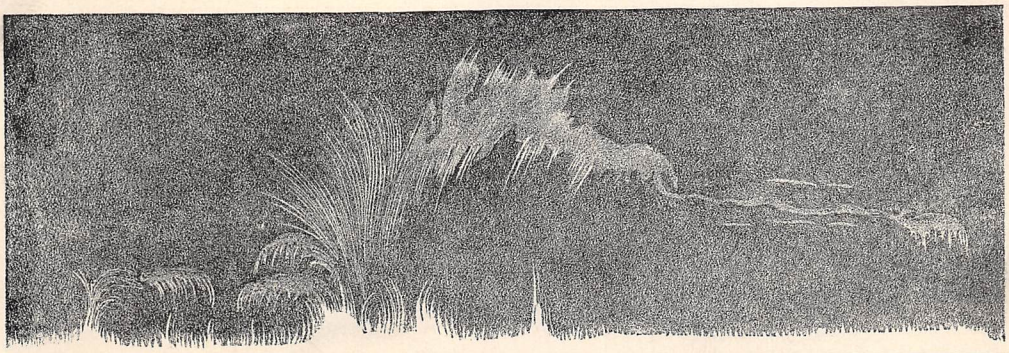


FIG. 16.—TACCHINI'S CHROMOSPHERIC CLOUDS. ("MEMORIE DEGLI SPETTROSCOPISTI ITALIANI.")

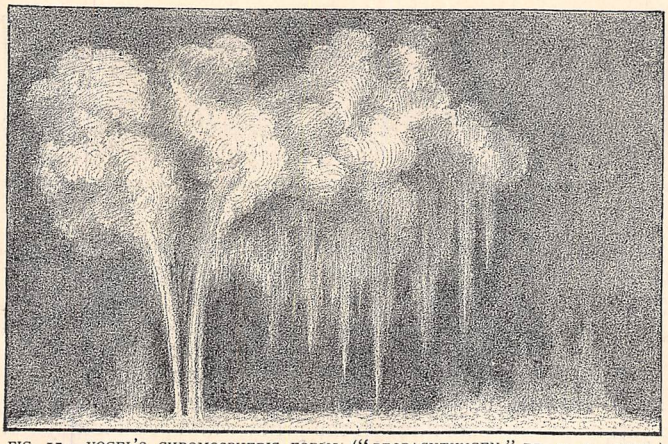


FIG. 17.—VOGEL'S CHROMOSPHERIC FORMS. ("BEOBACHTUNGEN," DR. H. C. VOGEL.)

nence rising above them. The "flames" are flame-like only in form, for their light is probably due not to any combustion, but to the glow of intensely heated matter, and as its light is not quite pure red, we can, by going to another part of the spectrum, see the same thing repeated in orange, the effect being as though we had a number of long narrow windows, some glazed with red, some with orange, and other colors, through which we could look out at the same clouds. I have looked at these prominences often in this way, but I prefer, in the reader's interest, to borrow from the description by Professor Young, who has made these most interesting and wonderful forms a special study.

Let us premise that the depth of the crimson shell out of which they rise is usually less than five thousand miles, and that though the prominences vary greatly, the majority reach a height of nearly twenty thousand miles, while in exceptional cases this is immensely exceeded. Professor Young has seen one which grew to a height of three hundred and fifty thousand miles in an hour and a half, and in half an hour more had faded away.

These forms fall into two main classes: that of the quiet and cloud-like, and that of the eruptive, the first being almost exactly in form like the clouds of our own sky, sometimes appearing to lie on the limb of the sun like a bank of clouds on the horizon, sometimes floating entirely free; while sometimes "the whole under surface is fringed with down-hanging filaments, which remind one of a summer shower hanging from a heavy thunder-cloud."

Here are some of the typical forms of the quieter ones:

Fig. 15, by Tacchini, the Director of the Roman Observatory, represents an ordinary prominence or cloud-group in the chromosphere whose height is about twenty-five thousand miles. The little spires of flame which rise, thick as grass-blades, everywhere from the surface are seen on its right and left.

Fig. 16 (Tacchini) is one where the agitation is greater and the "filamentary" type is more marked. Besides the curiously thread-

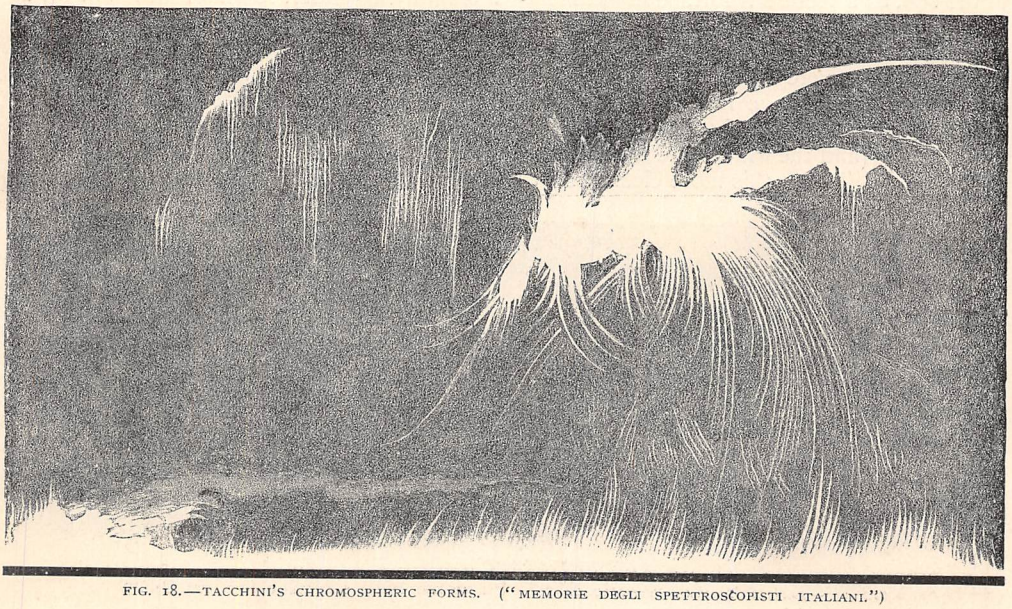


FIG. 18.—TACCHINI'S CHROMOSPHERIC FORMS. ("MEMORIE DEGLI SPETTROSCOPISTI ITALIANI.")

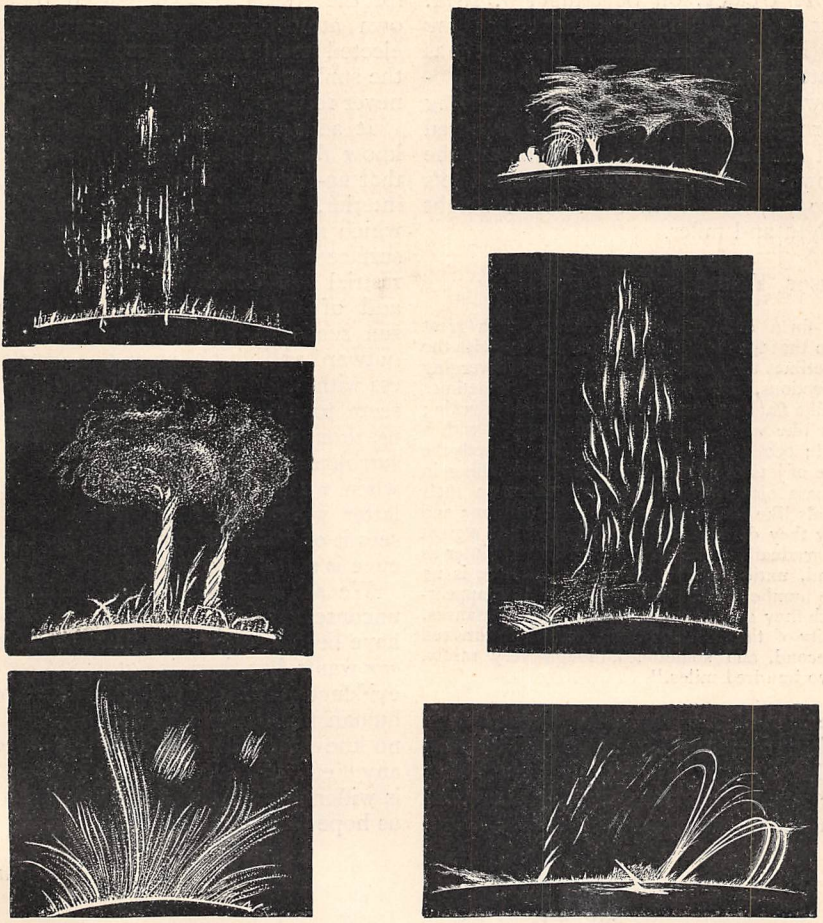


FIG. 19.—ERUPTIVE PROMINENCES. ("THE SUN," BY YOUNG.)

like forms (so suggestive of what we have already seen in the photosphere, we have here what looks like an extended cloudy mass, drawn out by a horizontally moving wind.

Fig. 17 (by Vogel, at Bothkamp) represents another of these numerous types.

The extraordinary Fig. 18 is from another drawing, by Tacchini, of a protuberance seen in 1871 (a time of great solar disturbance), and it belongs to the more energetic of its class.

The fantastic cloud-shape, "if shape it might be called that shape had none," looking like some nightmare vision, was about fifty thousand miles long and sixty thousand high above the surface. The reader will notice also the fiery rain, like the drops from a falling rocket, and may add to it all, in imagination, the actual color, which is of a deep scarlet.

It may add to the interest such things excite to know that they have some mysterious connection with a terrestrial one,—the aurora,—for the northern lights have been again and again noticed to dance in company with these solar displays.

The eruptive prominences are very different in appearance, as will be seen by the next illustration, for which we are indebted to Professor Young.

In Fig. 19 we have a group of most interesting views by him (drawn here on the common scale of seventy-five thousand miles to an inch), illustrating the more eruptive types, of which we will let him speak directly. The first shows a case of the vertical filaments like those rocket-drops we saw just now in Tacchini's drawing, but here more marked; while the second (left side) is a cyclone-form, where the twisted stems suggest what we have seen before in the "bridges" of sun-spots, and below this is another example of filamentary forms.

The upper one, on the right, is the view of a cloud prominence as it appeared at *half-*

past twelve o'clock, on September 7, 1871. Below it is the same prominence at *one* o'clock (half an hour later), when it has been shattered by some inconceivable explosion, blowing it into fragments and driving the hydrogen to a height of two hundred thousand miles. The lowest figure on the right shows another case where inclined jets (of hydrogen) were seen to rise to a height of fifty thousand miles.

Professor Young says of these:

"Their form and appearance change with great rapidity, so that the motion can almost be seen with the eye. Sometimes they consist of pointed rays, diverging in all directions, like hedgehog-spines. Sometimes they look like flames; sometimes like sheaves of grain; sometimes like whirling water-spouts, capped with a great cloud; occasionally they present most exactly the appearance of jets of liquid fire, rising and falling in graceful parabolas; frequently they carry on their edges spirals like the volutes of an Ionic column; and continually they detach filaments which rise to a great elevation, gradually expanding and growing fainter as they ascend, until the eye loses them. There is no end to the number of curious and interesting appearances which they exhibit under varying circumstances. The velocity of the motions often exceeds a hundred miles a second, and sometimes, though very rarely, reaches two hundred miles."

In the case of the particular phenomenon recorded by Professor Young in the last illustration, Mr. Proctor, however, has calculated that the initial velocity probably exceeded five hundred miles a second, which, except for the resistance experienced by the sun's own atmosphere, would have hurled the ejected matter into space entirely clear of the sun's power to recall it, so that it would never return.

It adds to our interest in these flames to know that they at least are connected with that up-rush of heated matter from the sun's interior, forming a part of the circulation which maintains both the temperature of its surface and that radiation on which all terrestrial life depends. The flames, indeed, add of themselves little to the heat the sun sends us, but they are in this way the outward and visible signs of a constant process within, by which we live, and so far they seem to have a more immediate interest to us, though invisible, than the corona which surrounds them. But we must remember when we lift our eyes to the sun that this latter wonder is really there, whether man sees it or not, and that the cause of its existence is still unknown.

We ask for its "object" perhaps with an unconscious assumption that the whole must have been in some way provided to subserve *our* wants, but there is not as yet the slightest evidence connecting its existence with any human need or purpose, and as yet we have no knowledge that, in this sense, it exists to any "end" at all. "As the thought of man is widened with the process of the suns," let us hope that we shall one day know more.

S. P. Langley.

THE HEART OF THE CITY.

Can you not feel the pulse of traffic beat,
Here where shrewd Commerce rears the gilded dome
Of her vast temple, and men's footsteps roam
Amid the bustling but inconstant street?
Here honest barter and keen avarice meet
And speculative passion seeks a home,
Frail as the glittering and unstable foam,
Borne from wan billows when the winds are fleet!
In scenes like these men find no sweet repose,
Through sordid nights and long tumultuous days,
With strained nerves battling for the love of gain:
For them no gracious flower of slumber grows,
With restful rapture past the meed of praise,
In Thought's grim citadel — a burdened brain.

William H. Hayne.

THE PRICE I PAID FOR A SET OF RUSKIN.

In days long past I bought a beautiful set of Ruskin with a book which I wrote myself. And I paid something besides,—more, I think, than any edition on earth is worth. I will put the case before you. Judge for yourselves.

My father was a widowed clergyman, with the clergyman's usual baker's dozen of children, of whom I was the oldest, so that I was wife to my father, mother to the children, and sister to all the parish, before I was well under way in my teens. As a family, our needs were naturally in the customary clerical disproportion to our means; and as to wants, from our childhood we were instructed to forego those altogether.

"Be content with food and shelter and clothing," said my father, patting our cheeks with that gentle hand of his. "Do the robins have more?"

I felt that the robins had a great deal more. None of *us* ever looked so fresh and smart in our spring suits, or supplemented our scanty winter gleanings with the scattered blessings of generous hands; while as to the roof above our heads, there was many a gallant oak-tree that warded the storms off better. However, the argument always silenced me at once, and cheered me, too, as did every word ever spoken by this dear voice; and when I looked up in my father's beautiful face and met his smile, I felt that, having him, I truly needed nothing more. Oh, how I idolized my father! Surely a braver, sweeter, lovelier soul never has been. He was now far past middle life, but still working with tireless zest and unswerving devotion among the people who had summoned him to be their teacher some thirty years before. All the best days of his life, all the best powers of his mind had been given to their service; and now that he was gray and weary and spent with labor, he still had no thought of rest.

"My work is not as other men's work," he would say. "I may not take it up and lay it down at pleasure. God will take it from me when it is time."

And so he toiled on, growing every day more single-minded in purpose, more holy in character, more saint-like in expression. His life was a gospel of itself. But the strength of his soul outran that of his body, and he grew to look old and worn before his time, until at last comforts became necessaries instead of luxuries, and altogether ate up the paltry salary which from the first had been but a meager one even for our not overwealthy congregation.

"Surely, father," I suggested, "they might raise it a little now, if only in recognition of your long and faithful services."

"Nay, nay, Hester, my child," he replied, with his tender smile. "You forget that I am growing old and feeble, and am not worth as much to the parish as a younger and sprier man. It is generous of the vestry that they continue my salary the same. We should be grateful that they have not lessened it. And what should we do with more? Have we not all that we need?"

"No," I said petulantly. "You need a new coat. I can see my face all down the back of that one."

"It is a recommendation of its shabbiness, my dear, that it reflects anything so comely. I shall wear it with added pleasure now."

"And you ought to have a gig to carry you about in bad weather."

"I should but break my neck getting in and out of it. I am safer by far on my feet, my child. I am not so limber at climbing as I used to be."

"At least, then, father, you should be able to indulge in a new book or two when your heart is set on it. There is that beautiful edition of Ruskin down at Carter's, that you look at so longingly every time you pass the store."

"Hoots toots!" interrupted my father gayly. "If you come to idle wishes, not all the mints in all the world could coin money fast enough for our demands, and we are better off as we are."

"But you know you do want that set of Ruskin, father."

"Ay, truly. So I would like the Bodleian Library, but that is no good reason why I should have it. I will not deny though that that is a fine set of Ruskin that Carter has,—the very handsomest edition of the work that I ever saw, and a binding that does credit to the writer. A worthy book unworthily bound is as a monarch in unseemly robes, and my simple mind prefers royalty in its pomp. Yes, it is a fine set surely. It gives me pleasure but to take up one of those books in my hand and turn over the prints, like a child with a picture primer; and Carter is very friendly, and allows me to look at it as often as I enter the store. But that is not to say I

wish it were mine, my dear. Why, there are no shelves in my study fit to hold it. I should next want to be buying that little gem of a carved bookstand at Tracey's to put it in. Nay, nay, it is unsafe to begin with wishes and wants, you see, my child. There is no knowing where they would lead me to."

Nevertheless there was scarcely a day but on some pretext or other my father found his way to Carter's, to have just one peep more at that beautiful morocco-bound edition of his favorite author. How eagerly he took up one volume of it after another! how regretfully he laid each down! how lingeringly he turned away! I yearned unspeakably to make it his. His love of beautiful books amounted almost to a passion, and was his one innocently extravagant taste. Ah, if I could but gratify it in this single instance! By degrees all my soul became absorbed in this intense desire, and by day and by night I dreamed over one by one the few arts for earning money at an ignorant woman's command. And at last I determined that I would write a book.

So these are the circumstances which made me an author; for, like many poor women who earn their living by their pen, I was by no means a writer born; and this is how that first and last book of mine was begun. I felt confident that, once started, I could tell my story well enough, and to write it would cost me no outlay save time, which I took from the night hours, that I might leave none of my day-duties undone; and if I failed, therefore, I would at least lose nothing by my venture.

But I had little imagination, which was scarcely to be wondered at, for a life passed among hard realities soon loses its frail hold on the ideal; and I could not invent a plot, try as I would, till at last, in despair, I fell back on an ended romance in my own life, a sad little story which I had lived through all unknown to any one — even to my father — one eventful, never-to-be-forgotten summer not many years before, when I had chanced to be away from home. It seemed almost like reopening a grave, or betraying some sacred trust to write out this sorry secret of mine to lay before the world's desecrating eyes. But after all, I said to myself, people will think it merely a story; no one can ever guess I wrote about myself; and at least my book must be life-like, and will run no risk of being overdrawn, if I put in it only what really happened. In all my life I had been but that once outside our city, and I knew so little therefore of any other that I preferably laid my scene where I lived, where I naturally took myself for my heroine, for how could I fit my own story to any other woman? Yet every stroke of my pen seemed such an absolute revelation of myself, such a complete unmasking of my inmost and dearest thoughts and feelings, that my cheeks grew scarlet, and a burning shame possessed my whole soul as I wrote. What could the world think of me if it knew that I—*I*— the reserved, reticent, quiet Hester Brooks, had given away my heart's love to one so utterly unworthy it, to one so unworthy the love of any true woman living, and who had won it only to scorn it and fling it from him as a valueless toy?

But to the world it will only be a novel, a fiction, a made-up story, I said reassuringly to myself over and over again. It cannot seem true to any but myself, for no one living dreams that I ever had a lover, and not even he who trifled with me knew that he broke my heart, for all I learned to despise him through my love, and only forgave him long after, when I heard that he was dead.

And so I wrote my book, the simplest of books in very truth, and with only myself in it; for the few other characters necessary to the unfolding of the tale were all shadowy and indistinct, forming a dim background against which this one figure stood out in clear relief. A great morose-looking house which adjoined ours, and which had stood empty ever since I could remember, was the familiar home I chose for my heroine; and I described her from a fancy sketch, which, hanging in my room since childhood, seemed now almost more like my second self than could any reflection from my mirror. My story should be real throughout, I determined, and any visionary head would sit strangely on my shoulders. But this picture over my desk was as my half-sister, and it seemed not unnatural to link her features with my fate. Surely she would be willing to lend so much as that toward helping on my book, she who had watched me through so many years, witnessing with silent sympathy a sorrow hidden from all others.

So in the still hours of the night, for my dear father's sake, I sat and told my tale. My deep love for him, my passionate desire to give him pleasure, lent a strange inspiration to my pen; and if I needed further incentive, if my brain wearied or my courage failed, I would slip quietly out of the house toward dusk and go down to Carter's, and look through the window at that wonderful set of Ruskin, over which my father's spirit yearned. Several times I caught him there. He seemed unable to keep away.

"It is those books bring me here," he would say, deprecatingly, as I came up. "They are a magnet I cannot resist. Truly, I believe I could hardly enjoy them more were they my own."

And the recollection of the subdued long-

ing in his face as he turned away gave wings to my midnight pen. I felt that I was writing well, and I knew that I should never write as well again. But what matters another time? I thought. It is for this once that I seek success, and I will pour all my heart into my book. I will keep back nothing of what I have to give. I will risk my all on this one venture. Ah, my poor little book, wrought in silence and secrecy, like an evil deed, yet so innocent of evil! Oh, had I but known! Had I but known!

But why dwell longer on preliminaries? My book at last was not only finished, but accepted, and in due course of time published. They told me it "took" wonderfully. I smiled to myself. It seemed whimsically odd that my heart's spoiled happiness should now make my life's success. It was like beating gold out of grief. But I experienced none of an author's reputed emotions over a first book. I thought of it only as a means to something dearer than personal fame, valuing it solely as it accomplished the end for which it was written.

Never shall I forget my dear father's amazement when the book came out. He at once locked himself into his study with it, and when he came to me afterwards, his eyes were moist and shining, and his lip trembling.

"I didn't know you had it in you, Hester," he said. "It is a wonderful book, my child. It is truer to life than life itself, but sad!—oh, my dear, sad! Were it not that I knew your life through from end to end, I could almost have believed you were telling your own experiences, so vividly is it written. It is a great gift, Hester, and you have written a wonderful book, a very wonderful book, my dear."

Not all the praise of all the world could have touched me more nearly or satisfied me more perfectly than this praise from my father. I hid my face on his breast, and could not speak for content. Ah, I thought, when I buy him that beautiful set, when he knows why I wrote my book, surely Heaven itself cannot give me more of ecstasy than that moment!

Almost simultaneously, however, with the publication of my story, I began to notice a change in people's manners toward me. I had always been rather a favorite in the parish, and till now had had only the very pleasantest relations with my father's friends. I could not comprehend what was making the difference, yet there it surely was. Mrs. Van Anden, one of our oldest friends, who had almost brought me up with her daughter Juliet, bowed to me so strangely the first time I met her after my book had appeared, that I thought something must have happened, and ran across the street to ask if any of them were ill.

"Oh, no; oh, no. Juliet is *perfectly* well. She was never better, never happier — never in her life. Thank you *very much*," replied Mrs. Van Anden, hurrying by with such a sarcastically polite smile that I was completely dumbfounded.

And Mrs. Brownson, who lived next door to us, and whose daughter Annie — a fragile, delicate little thing — had always been a particular pet of mine, actually pretended not to see me at all at the sewing society, betraying herself by a vivid blush every time I passed anywhere near her.

Even our senior warden, dear old Mr. Drake, greeted me with a positive scowl one day, when father sent me to him with some parish question. He was still at the breakfast table, and inferring that the interruption displeased him, I hurried through my errand and left as speedily as possible. His daughter followed me out to the door. Perhaps it is because she, too, is motherless, that of all my friends I have always been most drawn to Adelaide; but she is certainly a lovely girl, though sensitive and proud to a fault. She stood silently beside me as I fastened on my veil, not offering her usual assistance, and with a strange, constrained manner, which I could not help noticing.

"What is the matter, Adelaide, dear?" I asked. "Is anything wrong? Can I help you in any way?"

"No, I thank you, Hester," she replied, a slight flush tinging her cheek. "I need nothing from you."

There was the faintest possible emphasis on the you. I looked up at her quickly. She threw back her head and returned my gaze steadily. Her eyes were full of keenest reproach.

"Why, Adelaide!" I exclaimed, going to her and taking her hands, "what is the matter, dear? Why do you look at me so?"

She drew away her hands and turned aside. "Your own conscience must tell you why," she answered, with a contemptuous ring in her voice. "Surely you cannot need to be told that after this we can never be friends again."

I caught hold of her dress in despair. "Have you taken leave of your senses, Adelaide? After *this?* After what? No, you *must* tell me. After what, Adelaide?"

"After your book. Why should you pretend not to understand? You must have known when you wrote it that you were forfeiting my friendship forever."

I was speechless with astonishment.

"My book!" I gasped.

Adelaide came nearer, the scorn in her face intensifying.

"Did you suppose," she said, almost in a hiss, "that such slight alterations justified you in taking as your plot what I told you last

fall in strictest confidence? I meant no one but my father ever to know my miserable history. You remember it was only by accident that you learned it. But I trusted you as I trusted myself. I thought a friend's heart was a confessional that held its secrets under seal. I told you what I would have torn out my tongue rather than have told to any one living besides. And you — you have laid it unblushingly before all the world. Is a confidence less betrayed, when betrayed with pen instead of voice? You have played with my humiliating sorrow. You have used me as a tool. You have been false to the holiest of trusts. Hester, I *never* will forgive you! never — never — never!"

The angry words dashed over me like a torrent, taking my breath away.

"Adelaide!" I cried, when at last she paused, "what mistake are you making? *You* are not the heroine of my book. I never once thought of you when I wrote it. Don't you see that the story is altogether different? Any resemblance is purely accidental or imaginary. The story is my own, Adelaide — not yours. Why, I would no more have taken your secret for my book than I would have stolen your photograph for its frontispiece. Adelaide — let me explain — listen!"

I might as well have appealed to a marble image. The look on her proud face deepened to actual hatred, and she turned haughtily away, closing the door in my face. No explanation that I could give availed to win back her faith in me. She never fully believed in me again. I lost her friendship forever.

It was a day or two after that Mrs. Van Anden called. I was cutting out a set of aprons for Mollie, but no interruption was unwelcome that came from this friendly quarter, and I threw down my scissors and turned to her with my usual warm greeting. To my surprise, she pushed me rudely away when I would have kissed her, and sat down, facing me sternly.

"Hester," she said bluntly, "we can't go on in this way. I've made up my mind to have it out with you. That's what I've come for. Look here. Why did you do it?"

"Why did I do what?"

"Don't look so innocent. Of course you know what I mean. Why did you put my Juliet in your book?"

"Mrs. Van Anden, Juliet is *not* in my book."

"Oh, isn't she! Why, then, have you described her face, her figure, her manner even, so unmistakably that the blindest can't fail to recognize her in your heroine, in spite of the feigned name — as if that were any real disguise? You had the grace not to call her out and out Juliet Van Anden; nevertheless, there's not a soul that knows us and has read your story but believes she sat to you for her portrait, the same as if she went to be photographed when you wrote that book."

I was almost in tears. "But my heroine is entirely a fancy picture, Mrs. Van Anden," I insisted. "I didn't mean her to look like anyone I knew. There are plenty of tall girls with black hair and eyes in the world. The description would fit any other brunette just as well as Juliet, and I never meant Juliet in the very, very least. I tried to describe a sketch hanging in my room. I can show it to you there now."

"It's a most singular coincidence, then," said Mrs. Van Anden, not in the least mollified. "And you can't expect me to believe it's merely by chance that a fancy picture should so precisely resemble Juliet, that every word of your description might have been written for her, even to the identical way she wears her hair, in that loose coil in her neck. I wonder you didn't mention, too, how it is forever falling down. The poor girl is so mortified she doesn't know where to look. Here are all her brothers twitting her now on account of that fellow Goodrich, who used to hang about her last summer. Any one can see your hero is meant for him. They're as like as two peas. And of course it's taken for granted now all over town that he left Juliet in the lurch when he went off, while the fact is that she refused him up and down two and three times over, and wouldn't look at him if he were the only man in the world, though he's so dead in love with her. It's hard on the girl, I must say, to have you go and put it into people's heads that she's pining her soul out for love of him, when it's all the other way. I never would have believed you could have played us such a trick, Hester, and we always such friends!"

What could I say? What could I do? Vainly I took Mrs. Van Anden upstairs and showed her the picture above my desk, looking wistfully down at us with its deep, dark eyes, as if longing to enforce the truth with speech. She declared it did not look an atom like the girl in my book, and that my description would fit nobody she ever saw but only her daughter Juliet. There was no pacifying her. She stormed, she cried, she denounced me in the severest terms, and finally flung herself out of the house, even angrier than when she had entered it.

I felt as if turned to stone. I was unable to move or think. The day darkened slowly, and I was still sitting there, helplessly idle, with my hands fallen in my lap, and the uncut aprons seeming to stare reproachfully at me out from the folded muslin, when George came in from school.

"Oh, I say, Hester," he began impetuously, throwing himself face downward on the sofa with his heels in the air, irresistibly suggesting a lizard in boots, "all the fellows are talking of your novel. You've made such a hit. There never was anything like it. Mrs. Brownson is raving distracted."

"O Georgie, don't!" I implored, putting out my hands to ward off what might be coming. "Don't speak to me of that unlucky book. It has brought me nothing but distress!"

"Now, don't you be thin-skinned!" said Georgie, contemptuously. "If you're going to put people in books, why just do it and keep your pluck up. It must be splendid fun, and you do it capitally. Why, all us fellows knew in a minute it was Mrs. Brownson's old hole of a house you meant. I declare I could draw it with my eyes shut after your description. Only you're a little off when it comes to the French roof. I suppose you clapped that on as a blind."

"But I wasn't describing Mrs. Brownson's house at all, Georgie," I said, indignantly. "I meant the one on our right. That has a French roof. How stupid of you not to recognize it. It never entered my head to appropriate Mrs. Brownson's house for my heroine."

"La — la!" answered Georgie, and made an expressive, if disrespectful, gesture of disbelief. "It's all right, anyhow. The old duffer deserves a rub for being so miffy; only, you see, she says every one will suppose, from your laying the scene in her house, that you mean Annie by the heroine; and Annie's being so sickly and all,—just booked for a decline and so on, like your girl,— it really does look as if you were on the inside track of her story, don't you see? And Mrs. Brownson as good as told me we needn't any of us make too free about her premises any more. *I* don't care. *I* don't want any of her old cherries. They're all bird-pecked, anyway. And, oh, I say, Het, *did* you mean old Mr. Brown by Mr. Green?"

"No! no! O Georgie, what nonsense!"

"Well, he thought you did. The names are so like, you see. Both names of colors. And the old maid — what's her name? didn't you mean Miss Tibbets? It's as like! And she's as mad over it as all outdoors."

"O Georgie, Georgie, I didn't mean *anybody* — not *anybody!*" I cried, well-nigh beside myself. "Why will you listen to such stories!"

"Oh, come now, you can't stuff *me*, you know," rejoined Georgie, with a wink. "I can see round a corner straight as most folks. But I must say your hero is an awful gump, Hester. I really don't wonder Mrs. Brownson didn't like your passing him off as Annie's beau, when he's the only beau she's likely ever to have, poor girl."

Oh, what could I do! I wrung my hands in impotent misery. Though I should proclaim the truth upon every housetop, would even that dispel all these false illusions now? There seemed no help anywhere. I tried to hold up my head and brave out the storm, conscious of my innocence; but my spirits sank day by day, as I felt more and more how completely I was in disgrace, and how impossible it was to right myself.

But when at last there came that momentous letter from my publishers, inclosing me a check, whose amount exceeded my wildest dreams, and when not only the precious volumes for whose sake I had undergone so much, but the tiny carved book-case, too, stood snugly in place in my father's study, while I sat waiting his coming — then for one brief moment I forgot all else, and my heart overflowed with a proud and perfect joy. After all, is not that a costlier gift that has been purchased at a sacrifice? Had I not more to give him, having bought it with such tears?

Oh, how unutterably happy I was, how my heart beat for pleasure, when I heard the dear familiar step in the hall outside! I gave a hurried glance at my treasure; it must show off at its best now; and darting to the window I hastily drew up the shade. The rays of a magnificent sunset instantly flooded all the room, and shot slanting across the red-covered books on the new shelves, lighting them up to regal splendor. That bit of brilliant coloring in the heretofore dark corner seemed to my excited fancy almost like a rival sunset. I gave it one more loving, satisfied glance, then opened the door and called my father.

He came in slowly, reluctantly, as if unwilling to answer the call. His head was bent, and his white hair fell over his forehead with a melancholy sweep unusual to him who generally stood so erect. It struck me, even, that his step faltered. Still I was too full of joy to more than notice it vaguely, as I drew him before the book-case. I could scarcely speak for gladness. My cheeks were aflame, and my foolish hands trembled as I clasped them over his arm.

"They are yours, father dear, *yours*," I stammered. "I bought them for you with my own money. It is my present to you. It is for this that I wrote my book."

My father gave a sharp cry; it sounded as much like pain as surprise; and, turning, he took me in his arms and held me close for a long, long time without speaking. "For this — for this!" he said at last, and I felt a hot tear fall on my head. "Oh, my child — my Hester!"

"Yes, father, dear, dear father," I repeated, clasping him close. "I wrote it, not for the

pleasure of it—not for the stress of it—not because it was in me to write, but only, only that I might earn the money for these books. I could not bear you not to have them, and that is why I wrote the story, dear; that is why."

Again he gave that cry; it frightened me, it rang so strangely from his lips; and though he smiled at me when I looked up at him, it was a smile that cut through to my soul, for it seemed to come from a broken heart.

He saw the startled look in my eyes; and putting me gently from him, he bent over the shelves as if to examine them, and patted the books fondly, and tried to take one out; but his hand shook, and he gave it up. I stood by with a great dread stealing over me, and put my arm about his shoulders as he stooped down, suddenly conscious that he needed a support.

"Yes—yes—poor dear—poor child," he said, softly. "It is a sad price you have paid for my books; oh, a sad price, indeed; but it is God's will."

"Father, what is it?" I cried. "Oh, what is it?"

"There, there, do not you mind it too sorely, Hester," he answered brokenly. "I am glad of the books, very glad, and it was nobly done of you. Do not you mind it, dear. I am old—too old—do not you see? It is only a pretext. Perhaps it is easier so than if they had turned me away outright. Oh, yes. It is much easier so."

My heart stood still. "Father," I whispered, "tell me the worst at once. Let me know."

"I will," he said, patting my hand, and trying still to smile at me. "It is best you should know it first from me. They say, dear—do not lay it to heart, my child, *we* know it is not so—but they say you could never have written the book alone; it shows too much knowledge about the people here. Some one—I—who was in the confidence of my people—I—must have helped you with it; and—O Hester, Hester! it is only an excuse, you know, only that they want a younger man; but the vestry has—has asked me—to resign! Oh, my child!"

The brave smile went suddenly all out of his face, as if an overwhelming wave of sorrow had swept up from his heart and quenched it; he staggered to the nearest chair, and, falling into it, bowed down his head upon his hands and burst into uncontrollable sobs.

I stood near him, speechless. I do not know what I did. I scarcely know what I felt. I think I was stunned beyond power of sensation, and felt absolutely nothing. My first conscious act was to bend down and draw to the little silk curtain before those beautiful red-bound books over which the heartless sun was streaming so mockingly. They blinded me.

Many years have passed, and we have a new home now, where the same books stand in a similar little study; and my father pores over them often with loving but faded eyes, and seems to take pleasure in their beauty, and tells me how glad, how very, very glad he is of them. But since that terrible day I have never touched them once; and when by chance my eye falls on them, I feel a stab like a knife-wound in my heart.

For this is the price I paid for them.

Grace Denio Litchfield.

IN FANCY'S FIELD.

THE pastures of the mind are never sear,
Their springs and rivulets run never dry,
Nor Autumn hears their shorn shrubs nightly sigh
As do the growths of nature; never blear
Their bright-eyed flowers, their hollows never drear,
Graves of dead leaves and weeds that in them lie.
Green feeding-ground of thought, they, like the sky,
Spring with new passion all the changing year.

Here, young birds fledge and flutter from the nest;
There, young winds play along the bending grass,
Chasing the sunlight; long, rich, glad days yield
Exhaustless fragrance; down the golden west
Comes ever peace with evening: no days pass
But dew-drops deck the blades in fancy's field.

John Vance Cheney.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.

In the November CENTURY (the initial issue in the new year of the magazine) will appear the first of a series of illustrated papers on the Civil War. Or perhaps we should speak of this new series as a carefully organized continuation of the war articles which have appeared from time to time in the magazine since the publication of the notable "Great South" papers. Our readers can hardly have forgotten the racy "Johnny Reb" papers, by one of Stonewall Jackson's men; the stirring reminiscences of "Farragut in Mobile Bay"; the more recent recollections of "John Brown at Harper's Ferry," by a Southern ex-Congressman; General Stone's paper, describing how he extemporized the militia which saved the national capital to the North; "The Capture of Jefferson Davis," as related by his private secretary; or the anecdotal papers on General Sherman and General Sheridan, printed within the year. Preliminary to this new series, also, is the paper in the present number, which, in pictures and text, vividly recalls the "Lights and Shadows of Army Life"; and as contributing to the same purpose, we might refer to the last half of "Dr. Sevier," in which Mr. Cable has pictured the conflict of ideas and emotions, and the stirring home scenes, which accompanied the outbreak of the war.

But in popular interest as well as historical importance the papers to come, it is expected, will deserve wider attention than any other series ever undertaken by the magazine, and prove of lasting value to the history of the most eventful period of our national life. Decisive battles, the leading characteristics of army life on each side of the lines, and the lives of the most prominent commanders, North and South, are to be the subjects of the papers, which will therefore vary in character from month to month during the two years in which they will be running in the magazine. It is a guarantee of the authenticity and value of the papers that they will be written by officers who wore either the blue or the gray; — in most cases by generals who, on one side or the other, held either the chief command in the battles described, or commands so important as to clothe them with special authority to speak of events of which they were a part. The plan of the series may be further indicated by enumerating the first six papers, which will comprise: 1. "The Battle of Manassas," by General Beauregard; 2. "The Capture of Fort Donelson," by General Lew Wallace; 3. "Admiral Foote and the Western Gun-boats," by Rear-Admiral Walke, with a supplemental paper by Captain Eads, who built the gun-boats; 4. "The First Fight of Iron-clads," by Colonel John Taylor Wood, who was a leading officer on the *Merrimac* during the combat with the *Monitor* (and afterward commander of the cruiser *Tallahassee*) — with a supplemental paper by General Colston, who viewed the spectacle from an open boat near by; 5. "Shiloh," by General Ulysses S. Grant,—with a biographical paper on the Confederate commander, Albert Sidney Johnston (killed in the first day's fighting), written by his son, Colonel William Preston Johnston; and 6. "The Passage of the New Orleans Forts," by Admiral David D. Porter — to which Mr. George W. Cable will add a description of the incidents attending the occupation of the city. The subsequent papers will be of corresponding personal interest and authority as coming from Generals McClellan, Longstreet, Rosecrans, D. H. Hill, Hunt, Newton, Pleasonton, and others. Besides "Shiloh," General Grant will contribute articles on "Vicksburg," "Chattanooga," and "The Wilderness." And as supplemental to the articles by the officers, there will be printed, alongside, brief chapters from "The Recollections of a Private."

It is not a part of the plan of the series to go over the ground of the official reports and campaign controversies, but (so far as these questions are necessarily involved in the incidental history of battles and the personal recollections of officers) to clear up cloudy questions with new knowledge and the wisdom of cool reflection; and to soften controversy with that better understanding of each other, which comes to comrades in arms when personal feeling has dissipated, and time has proven how difficult are the duties and how changeable are the events of war — how enveloped in accident and mystery.

No one will gainsay the importance and the exceptional interest of the final judgments and recollections of the men, yet living, who led the contending armies into battles which are among the greatest in the history of human conflicts. And it happily fits into the graphic, anecdotal plan of the articles that we have found it possible to illustrate them profusely with maps and portraits and with realistic and character sketches studied from photographs taken in the field at the time. These art materials cover every phase of warfare except the actual clash of arms, and the latter feature will be supplied in part by artists who have fought in the ranks. Much will be done, also, to picture the present look of battle-fields, to show how ramparts and rifle-pits have held their own against the leveling forces of nature.

No time could be fitter, we think, for a publication of this kind than the present, when the passions and prejudices of the Civil War have nearly faded out of politics, and its heroic events are passing into our common history where motives will be weighed without malice, and valor praised without distinction of uniform. Such reunions of Confederate and Federal generals and soldiers as that at Fredericksburg in May last,—when they fraternized on Marye's Heights, on the fields of Chancellorsville and the Wilderness, and in the pine thickets and bullet-scarred groves that cover the breastworks of Spottsylvania,— must hasten the Decoration Day that will be national in every sense, postponed though it may be by General Scott's prophetic "fury of the non-combatants." And the generation which has grown up since the war, to whom these papers will be opportune

instruction, may now be taught how the men who were divided on a question of principle and State fealty, and who fought the war which must remain the pivotal period of our history, won by equal devotion and valor that respect for each other which is the strongest bond of a reunited people.

Tips and their Takers.

ONE of the chapter-headings of Professor Sumner's keen and cruel little book about Social Classes is this: "THAT A FREE MAN IS A SOVEREIGN; AND THAT A SOVEREIGN CANNOT TAKE TIPS." It is greatly to be wished that some benevolent person would cause this to be printed in plain letters, neatly framed, and conspicuously hung up in every hotel office and dining-room, in every sleeping-car, in every minister's study, in every legislative chamber, and in both of the houses of Congress. How much deterioration of character is produced by the custom of bestowing and receiving gratuities cannot be easily estimated; if the facts could be shown, it would appear to be a fruitful source of moral degradation, and the first step in many a career of shame. The habit of taking tips, of expecting small gifts and unearned concessions, of looking for little favors of one kind or another, engenders a despicable state of mind, and strips a man of all manliness. He is simply a mendicant; he differs from the beggar in the street only in the method of his appeal. The beggar is brother to the thief, and the taker of tips has entered on the broad road to beggary. No man can keep his self-respect who sets out on this career; and when self-respect is gone the foundations of character are undermined.

Professor Sumner's trenchant apothegm concentrates the truth respecting this matter into a burning ray that ought to penetrate the consciences of a generation of mendicants. "A member of a free democracy is, in a sense, a sovereign. He has no superior. . . . . He wants to be subject to no man. He wants to be equal to his fellows, as all sovereigns are equal. So be it; but he cannot escape the deduction that he call no man to his aid. The other sovereigns will not respect his independence if he becomes dependent; and they cannot respect his equality if he sues for favors." There is the whole matter in a nutshell. The taker of tips abdicates his sovereignty. He proclaims himself no longer independent. He acknowledges that he is inferior to the man whose gratuities he expects and solicits.

It is a curious and significant fact that white native Americans of the working classes are not greatly addicted to the acceptance of gratuities. Something in the genius of American institutions has hitherto kept our poorer people from falling into this degradation. The American has been taught that he is a sovereign; and he feels the force of Professor Sumner's deduction from this principle. The takers of tips in this country are largely negroes and persons of foreign birth. The employments in which tips are regularly accepted, as those of servants in hotels and restaurants, porters and stewards on ships and steam-boats and sleeping-cars, are almost wholly monopolized by foreigners and negroes. The white native American has his faults and his vices, he is often an extremely disagreeable person, but he is not often found clamoring for backsheesh.

It is not strange that the native of a country in which distinctions of rank are firmly established should be addicted to such practices. He has been taught that he is inferior to many of those about him; there is no reason why he should not accept at their hands unearned favors. The social gradations to which he is accustomed justify the bestowing and the receiving of gratuities. But there is no room for any such relation in a democracy, and the introduction of these practices among us is therefore demoralizing. The taker of tips acknowledges himself to belong to an inferior class, and there is no foundation for any such distinction; the only difference between himself and the man from whom he takes the tip is that the other has a little more money. For a dime he degrades himself.

Undoubtedly many of those who bestow these gratuities are well pleased to do so for this very reason. The ceremony symbolizes the fact that they belong to a superior class. When a man takes a dime from our hands, it is a confession on his part that we are superior beings. He knows full well that we would not accept a dime at his hands. The proclamation and acknowledgment of this superiority pleases the vanity of some silly people. On the other hand, the abhorrence felt by many persons for this practice arises chiefly from the fact that they are unwilling to allow any man to make the abject confession concerning himself that is involved in the taking of tips. The exaction of this tribute here and there is sufficiently annoying, but it is a small matter after all; the dropping down into virtual mendicancy of a large class of their fellow-citizens is a great matter; in that social injury they desire to have no part.

So far as the colored people are concerned, their willingness to accept gratuities is a natural fruit of generations of slavery. The pity is that having got their liberty they should be so willing to wear the badge of servitude and inferiority. Those who have grown up among the colored people at the South say that many of them are disinclined to make definite agreements for personal services. They prefer to establish a sort of dependency upon those whom they serve, and to take their compensation in the form of occasional gifts. The evolution of economical society, according to Sir Henry Maine's often-quoted generalization, is from status to contract; many of the Southern negroes are disposed to stick to status and eschew contract. Some of the gentler virtues are developed under this regimen; but it is not good, on the whole, for those who depend, nor for those on whom they depend. It is better to accept the fact of independence with all that it implies. If the colored people will not take what always goes with liberty, they may not keep their liberty; or, if they do, it will not be worth much to them. Sorry sovereigns will they be, if they consent to be distinguished as the takers of tips.

There seems, just now, to be a strong disposition on the part of certain ambitious leaders of the negroes to claim a larger share than they have had in the political life of the nation. How much foundation there is for this claim it might be difficult to say; on the lips of some who urge the claim it sounds like a cry for a more liberal distribution of political backsheesh. But this much is clear: the welfare of the colored people will be most effectually promoted by inspiring them with a disposition to ask for no favors, and to take none

by which their self-respect will be lowered or their independence compromised. Those are their truest friends and their safest leaders who strenuously urge them to free themselves at once from all the implications and incidents of servitude; to refuse to enter occupations in which their livelihood is made to depend upon gratuities; to sell their labor by fair bargaining; to live on what they honestly earn, and expect nothing more. When this spirit prevails among the colored people their social and political rights will be perfectly secure.

We have assumed that the gratuities received by porters, stewards, waiters, and others, in public houses and public conveyances, are unearned extras, since these employees are, or ought to be, paid for rendering the services for which the tips are taken. But this assumption would not, in all cases, be well founded. That these employees ought to be well paid by their employers is true; but many of them are not. One of our leading palace-car companies, for example, though a rich corporation, is said to pay its porters only fifteen dollars a month. This is scarcely enough to keep them from starving; and the company expects that their compensation will be made up from the gifts of passengers. But the porters are not allowed to ask the passengers for gratuities; if gifts thus solicited are reported to the company, the amount is subtracted from the porters' wages. Thus this rich company has organized mendicancy into its system; it makes a portion of its employees subsist on money which they may not take as earnings, but must take as gratuity. It is a thoroughly demoralizing system, and the company ought to be ashamed of it. The men should be paid fair wages for their work, and the system of gratuities should be suppressed. The same remarks will apply to many other great corporations, and to nearly all the keepers of hotels and restaurants. The protection of the traveling public against these petty exactions is often urged, but that is of secondary consequence. The great reason for abating this evil is the need of preserving from degradation the men on whom these gratuities are bestowed.

We need not add that the considerations here suggested are applicable not only to sleeping-car porters and hotel waiters, but to many persons in higher stations. It is a melancholy fact that Senator Charles Sumner's rule against the receipt from interested persons of small favors (and large ones as well) is not universal among American "statesmen."

The Danger of Delaying Reforms.

ONE of the most singular facts in politics is the unwillingness of the rulers of nations to enact reforms until agitation among the people absolutely compels them to do so. The fact is noticeable throughout the history of the world, and is hardly less so to-day than in the centuries of the past. It is easier, no doubt, in our time for the people to secure reforms than it has been in ages past, because the people of most civilized countries have now some effective voice in public affairs. The methods of agitation, too, in most countries have become more mild than in former times, civil wars and popular tumults being much less frequent than they used to be, though other forms of violence seem lately to have received a new development. But whatever may be the methods employed, a persistent agitation, frequently rising to violence, is still found necessary in most parts of the world to induce statesmen to enact reforms.

One of the most recent examples in point is furnished by the case of Ireland. The Irish had long been suffering from the operation of laws in some respects oppressive, and in other respects unadapted to their circumstances; yet they had sought in vain for redress. The subject had been thoroughly investigated by government commissions, and the remedies for the existing abuses pointed out. Some of the more liberal statesmen, including the greatest of them all, were ready to do Ireland justice; but the mass of English public men refused their concurrence. Then began an agitation of an alarming character, conducted by lawless methods, and resulting in infamous deeds; and when at last the whole United Kingdom was disturbed, and civil society in Ireland seemed in danger of dissolution, Parliament consented to remove some of the abuses from which the Irish people were suffering. The result has been that, though the heaviest grievances of Ireland have been redressed, the feelings of the Irish people are more widely estranged from the Imperial authority than ever before.

Another case in point is that of Russia. The people of that empire have long been seeking to obtain a share in the conduct of their national affairs; and their rulers know as well as the people themselves that the popular demand is right. Moreover, unless the Emperor and his advisers are more ignorant and unintelligent than we can suppose them to be, they must know, not only that the people are entitled to a voice in affairs, but that they are certain before long to have it, since the whole course of European politics tends irresistibly in that direction. Yet neither the demands of justice nor the logic of events has been able to secure a recognition of the people's rights from the Emperor, save only in the form of vague promises, which are never fulfilled. The result is that an agitation of the most dangerous kind has spread over the empire, undermining Russian society, destroying the life of one Emperor, threatening that of his successor, and setting an example of violent and lawless methods to political agitators everywhere. Still nothing is done toward establishing parliamentary government, which is the only thing that can put an end to the agitation; and there is reason to fear that a revolution at home, or a terrible defeat abroad, will be necessary to secure to the Russian people their rights.

These examples show in the clearest manner the danger and folly of delaying political reforms after their justice and expediency have become manifest, and they ought to serve as a warning to statesmen throughout the world. But it is not alone the danger of social disturbance that has to be considered; there are other evils that result from unreasonable delay in reforming abuses. One of the worst is that the abuses themselves become more deeply rooted and more difficult to overthrow. The persons who profit by the abuses are always vehement opponents of reform; and the longer the abuses are allowed to flourish and increase, the greater becomes the number and the stronger the influence of such persons, so that every day of delay renders the reform more difficult to effect. Moreover,

when a people have long suffered from abuses, they become to some extent inured to them, and those who do not directly suffer from them, or do not realize from what source their sufferings come, are liable to become indifferent to the abuses, so that in some cases portions of the people will resist reforms that would benefit themselves.

Again, if abuses are allowed to go too long unchecked, till the people rise in indignation to overthrow them, there is danger that they may at the same time overthrow some other institutions connected with the abuses, but in themselves of a beneficial character. The most memorable examples of such mistaken action were seen in the French Revolution, when much that was good was swept away along with a far greater amount of evil. Nor has the risk of such action been removed by the extension of political power to the masses, nor by the adoption of more peaceful methods of agitation. Laws may be suddenly altered and institutions as suddenly overthrown by the simple power of votes; and if the men and the classes whose voice in the government is most influential neglect their duty and delay reforms too long, the people may enact some sweeping change which wiser counsels cannot approve.

Every European nation is burdened with certain laws and institutions handed down from the past and wholly unadapted to the present time. The people will not much longer submit to them and to the injustice and oppression they produce. The signs of popular awakening are everywhere visible, and important changes cannot be much longer delayed. Wisdom and justice alike require that the changes be made in due season, so as to prevent the social disturbance that will otherwise arise.

But it may be said that in America the people are not suffering from the working of old institutions inherited from the past, and consequently that the lesson we seek to enforce is less important to our rulers than to those of European states. It is true that we are not oppressed by feudalism, as many of the peoples of Europe are; yet the lesson we have drawn is not on that account the less needed here. Indeed, it is only a few years since we had in this country an institution far worse than any now existing in Europe, and a terrible civil war was necessary to get rid of it; a war that might perfectly well have been avoided, if our forefathers had obeyed the voice of justice and abolished slavery at an earlier date. For the future, however, the task of statesmen in this country will be not so much to abolish old abuses as to prevent the formation of new ones, and for this purpose seasonable action is imperatively required. Abuses are growing up in this country which, if allowed to go unchecked, may develop into forms of injustice as oppressive as any now prevalent in Europe.

What these abuses are can only be briefly indicated here. Those connected with our administrative systems are too well known to require particular notice, and they are, moreover, now in a fair way of being removed. The pressure of public opinion has in this case proved sufficient to secure the adoption of the necessary measures, and now that the reform has been initiated it will probably be carried successfully through. But there are some other abuses, in which large and powerful bodies of men are interested, which will not be so easily dealt with. One of the worst of them is the perversion of the powers and resources of government for the benefit of special interests, an evil that has already attained great magnitude among us, and is still on the increase. Instances of this kind have been repeatedly seen in our tariff legislation, which has been largely controlled by a few powerful interests for their own special benefit, to the detriment or neglect of others and of the people at large. So flagrant in some cases have these abuses been that opposition has been roused even among protectionists; and yet our legislators have not had courage enough, or have not taken enough interest in the subject, to apply a remedy.

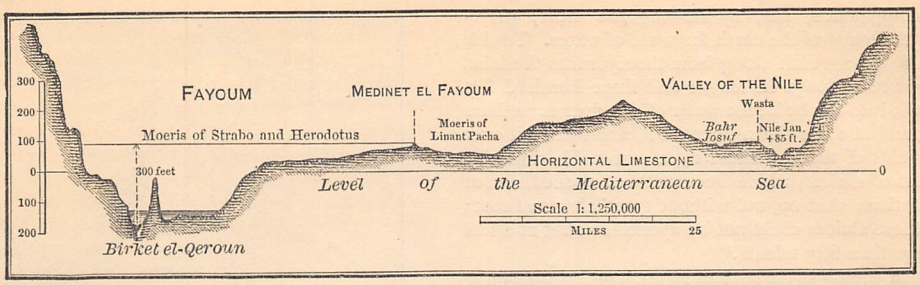
But probably the most difficult problems of American politics hereafter will be furnished by the affairs of the corporations, which have now become so important an element in our industrial life. Their success in developing the resources of the country and promoting its prosperity has been remarkable; but they have brought with them abuses which call for reform, and which, if not reformed in season, may rouse vehement resistance among the people. There is danger, too, of their gaining control at times of the sources of legislative or executive government, and using its powers to promote their selfish interests. To prevent their doing so will require watchfulness on the part of the people, and higher principles than are now universal among our public men,—higher, indeed, than some among us seem to be inclined to demand of American legislators and rulers.

OPEN LETTERS.

Lake Mœris and the Greeks.

WHILE the modernists are disputing the claims of Greek to a place among the useful studies in these days of chemical analysis and the metric system, it has fallen to the lot of an American scholar, a student of the ancient Greek and a devout believer in the sanity of the old historians of Greece, to make, through this very devotion, a discovery which promises to remove a source of danger to the population of Egypt, and to put into the hands of English capitalists, if they use their opportunity well, a valuable enterprise.

To the Egyptian cultivator the river Nile is at once the angel of mercy and the king of terrors. Coming down from the high plateaus of Abyssinia, with its tribute from the eternal snows, it brings blessings and curses in its flood. Once a year the melted snows and the vast volumes of rain falling on the slopes of the Abyssinian table-lands fill the channel of the river to its widest margin, flood the



SECTION OF EGYPT THROUGH THE FAYOUM.

rich arable lands below in the broad valley of the stream, and threaten the island-like villages that rise above the waste of waters. A little excess, such as comes occasionally in this generosity of the mountains, and the dweller in the long Nile valley runs for his life. For he is more or less a fugitive who snatches a harvest, but carries his hut on his back, as it were, and stands ready to run with house, harvest, and home, at the sound of the rising flood. As the great stream approaches the Mediterranean, this cultivable land becomes of extreme importance to the Egyptian. His only harvest lies here; his favored cities creep up to the very edge of the river; his grandest monuments lie buried beneath mounds of sun-dried brick encircled by the green waters; his temples frown from the very edge of the border plateau; the pyramids, the sepulchers of kings, lie near the track of the stream; and, at last, where its swollen waters have discharged through many mouths into the sea, a commerce of great value to England and all Europe finds its home. But just here, between these mouths, lie vast morasses, once of fresh water, but now in part, through inlets of the sea, turned into salt marsh and shallow lakes. What might be the best land in Egypt—hundreds of square miles—is here uncultivated, given over to the sea and the dread of the Nile. With the inertness of the Egyptian Government and the insecurity of its finances, nothing has been done for a century to reclaim these unused lands. And yet "an effective control of the Nile," says a writer in the "Saturday Review," would make it very easy to drain and cultivate much the greater part of Lake Mareotis (near Alexandria) and the other morasses. "The reclaimed land would be available in a comparatively short space of time, and the removal of such a large expanse of brackish water, most of which becomes mud in summer, would improve the health of the country by taking away the sources of malarial fever, and would, in fact, render those parts of the Delta a second Holland."

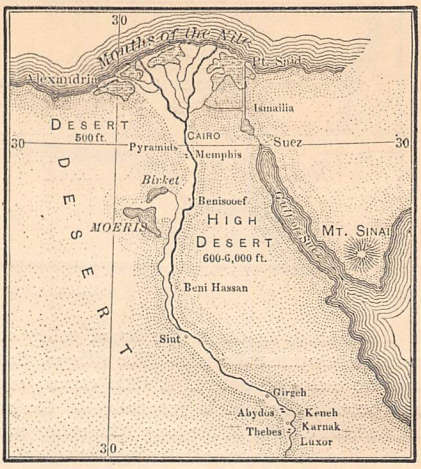
The question has always been one of "controlling" the excess in the rise of the Nile—an excess amounting at the most to about six feet, and lasting but a few hours at the longest. The ordinary rise in the river is counted on and utilized by a system of dikes, built originally at great expense, renewed from century to century, and now of enormous value. Through them, by sluice-ways and an intricate system of canals, the river has been made to irrigate the valley in all cultivable areas, and is thus turned into a blessing to the inhabitants and a source of income to the Government. But how to treat the excess of high Nile has been the problem of ages.

To an American scholar, Mr. F. Cope Whitehouse, a son of the late Bishop of Illinois, is due what now appears to be the successful solution of this problem; and to his simple faith in the "father of history," whose word has been long discredited, the Egyptian cultivator seems now likely to owe more than to all the ancient offerings to the "powerful divinity" of the river. For, according to Herodotus, the problem of disposing of the superfluous waters of the Nile was attacked fully three thousand years ago. He says that the priests of Egypt told him that "Mên was the first king of Egypt, and that it was he who raised the dike which protects Memphis from the inundations of the Nile. Before his time the river flowed entirely along the sandy range of hills which skirts Egypt on the side of Libya. He, however, by banking up the river at the bend which it forms about a hundred furlongs south of Memphis, laid the ancient channel dry, while he dug a new course for the stream half-way between the two lines of hills. . . . Having thus, by turning the river, made the track where it used to run dry land," he "proceeded in the first place to build the city now called Memphis, which lies in the narrow part of Egypt." "The other kings," the priests told the historian, "were personages of no note or distinction, and left no monuments of any account, with the exception of the last, who was named Mœris." This king left among other memorials of his reign the work called Lake Mœris, which the historian describes as "more astonishing" than the Labyrinth, as the Labyrinth was more wonderful than the Pyramids. "The measure of its circumference is sixty schœnes, or three thousand six hundred furlongs, which is equal to the entire length of Egypt along the sea-coast. The lake stretches in its longest direction from north to south, and in its deepest parts is of the depth of fifty fathoms. The water of the lake does not come out of the ground, which is here excessively dry, but is introduced by a canal from the Nile. The current sets for six months into the lake from the river, and for the next six months into the river from the lake. While it runs outward it returns a talent of silver ($1060) daily to the royal treasury from the fish that are taken, but when the current is the other way the return sinks to one-third of that sum." This account, given by Herodotus, is repeated in substance by Diodorus Siculus, who adds: "For being that the Nile never kept to a certain and constant height in its inundation, and the fruitfulness of the country ever depended upon its just proportions, he dug this lake to receive such water as was superfluous, that it might neither immoderately overflow the land, and so cause fens and

standing ponds, nor, by flowing too little, prejudice the fruits of the earth for want of water. To this end he cut a trench along from the river into the lake, fourscore furlongs in length and three hundred feet broad; into this he let the water of the river sometimes run, and at other times diverted it, and turned it over the fields of the husbandmen, at seasonable times, by means of sluices, which he sometimes opened, and at other times shut up, not without great labor and cost; for these sluices could not be opened or shut at a less charge than fifty talents."

Such, then, was the ancient solution of the problem of taking care of the excess of high Nile — a vast artificial lake, four hundred and fifty miles in circuit, with borders resembling a sea-beach, in extent a sea, and resembling the sea in the color of its waters; supporting, moreover, "two-and-twenty sorts of fish," of which so great a number was taken, says Diodorus Siculus, "that those who were employed continuously to salt them up (though they were multitudes of people) could hardly perform it." But this lake, as a beneficent factor in Egyptian life, disappeared, and the "father of history" became as the "father of lies." A shallow, brackish lake, the Birket el Qeroun, answering in no important particular to the supposed ancient lake, is all that now exists. Engineers — Egyptian and French — have visited the country in its vicinity, and established one or two points by accurate measurement and a thousand by guesses. Two or three important theories have been formed as to the possible site of the ancient lake, but none of them adequate to justify the story of Herodotus. Two years ago Mr. Whitehouse, suitably equipped, and having faith in the ancient historian,— a faith which he soon found he could not have in some modern geographers, —visited and explored "the entire area of the Fayoum and a large part of the contiguous desert," and, as Dr. Schweinfurth puts it, "was able to demonstrate by his personal observation the existence of physical conditions which had remained hitherto entirely unknown." That is, by his researches made in three visits and eight months of energetic labor, during which he pumped dry, not the bed of the Nile, but the Arab guides, the English travelers, the Khedive's officials and archives, the European archæologists, with their cabinets and libraries, Mr. Whitehouse established a possible Lake Mœris, extending south of the Birket el Qeroun into a dry valley of the Wadi Reian, sufficiently large in area to contain the excess of waters of the "father of rivers." He ascertained depths and elevations, circumferences and islands, and verified the measurements of antiquity with sufficient accuracy to make a sound foundation for his theory. "His hypothesis," says Dr. Schweinfurth (who is pronounced the "first authority in Egyptian geography, whether ancient or modern"), "satisfies every reasonable requirement of searching criticism." Some of the highest authorities have accepted both theory and facts, and published long articles on the value of the lake depression in modern engineering. The Egyptian Government has shown a strong interest in the scheme of utilizing the new discovery.

The conclusion of Mr. Whitehouse's labor, then, seems to be, that a basin exists of sufficient depth and other dimensions,— a basin worthless for all other purposes than those of storage,— situated near the



LAKE MŒRIS RESTORED.

Nile, and easily reconnected with it by a comparatively inexpensive canal, already once dug and still visible in parts, and utilized in long sections; that this must have formed the southern part of the ancient Lake Mœris in the time of Herodotus and Strabo; that, if this part only were restored, it would hold in storage, to be made useful in irrigation, if necessary, all the waste waters of the overgrown and much-dreaded Nile floods; that, if so used, the Birket el Qeroun, which, since the opening of the Ibrahimieh canal, has encroached on the tillable soil, could be reduced to one-half its present size, and thus many thousand acres of good land be restored to its borders; that, furthermore, engineers could easily drain the lower marshes at the several mouths of the Nile, without fear or favor of the Nile father or mother and all their crocodile brood, and thus recover for Egypt many hundred square miles of its best fields.

"In the present state of engineering," says the writer in the "Saturday Review" (Dec. 1, 1883), speaking of Lake Mareotis, "the question of drainage is merely one of calculation and steam-pumps, but it would hardly take more than two years; then the ground which is left bare must be planted for three years with rice crops, and worked with fresh water, in order to extract the nitre. The fresh water can be supplied in any quantity from the Mahmoudieh canal, which runs between dikes through part of the lake itself, and feeds Alexandria, and in a short time a vast tract of land close to the most important port in the country would be ready for cultivation. A successful prosecution of the enterprise would certainly lead to the draining of the other lakes which border the Mediterranean coast of Egypt."

James Herbert Morse.

The Ku Klux Klan.

COMMENTS.

As an old and constant reader of THE CENTURY I beg permission to comment upon your editorial notice of Mr. Wilson's most interesting history of the Ku Klux: "If it was a questionable device to place the power of the ballot, suddenly and without limitations,

in the hands of an emancipated and uneducated race, none the less immoral, unjustifiable, and brutalizing were the means adopted by the whites to rid themselves of an intolerable rule." Was there anything in the device to place the whites of the South, their families, and their property, under the heels of their late slaves at all questionable? Was it not an unquestionable wrong and a political crime of the first magnitude? Was it not immoral, unjustifiable, and brutal, and in violation of all laws human and divine? Admitting such a rule was intolerable, have you suggested a remedy for it? Has a single Northern man, statesman or editor, found it possible to devise a legal remedy for the intolerable rule of brutal ignorance, numerically strong, over intelligence and refinement, numerically weak? Revolution is the remedy for oppression in all ages and by all peoples determined to be free. It was the remedy in England twice in the seventeenth century, of the American colonies and of France in the eighteenth, and of the United States in the nineteenth. I say in the United States, because her war measures to preserve the Union were in themselves revolutionary. To seize and imprison the Legislature of Maryland was a revolutionary act. To proclaim the slaves free was in direct violation of the Constitution, and only justifiable as a necessity of the war. Without compensation to the owners, the slaves of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, States not in rebellion, were set free. By violence the citizens of these States were robbed of millions of dollars' worth of property, and the nation justified the act. "Necessity knows no law," is a law of nations, of communities, and of individuals. An intolerable rule, for which there is no remedy at law, must find a remedy without law. In the Southern States, in which the negro voters outnumbered the white, and were organized by unprincipled leaders to possess and control the legislative and executive powers of those States, it is an historical fact that the rule was intolerable. Under the forms of law property was virtually confiscated, and utter ruin stared the property-holders in the face. The simple question was, By what measure of violence shall this intolerable rule be thrown off? Violence is not easily measured, or the higher law of self-preservation limited to its actual demands. The invariable law of revolution is excess. "Coalesced Europe makes war upon France, and as the gage of battle she hurls at its feet the head of a king," is the illustration of revolution among all peoples. The wonder of the century should rather be that a brave, proud people submitted for a single year to the intolerable rule of brutal ignorance, than that they resorted, after endurance became no longer possible, to violence as a remedy. I, too, would not be misunderstood. Without hesitation I justify that degree of violence necessary for the preservation of life, property, and just government. Beyond this I deprecate violence of any sort. In revolutions the difficulty always is to take the king's crown yet leave him his head.

R. C. Mackall.

ELKTON, MD.

IN a paper on the Ku Klux Klan, in the July number of THE CENTURY, are these sentences: "Perhaps the most potent of all causes in this transformation [from a social club into "Regulators"] was the existence in the South of a spurious and perverted form of the 'Union League.' . . . It was composed of the disorderly elements of the negro population, and was led by white men of the meanest and basest type. They met frequently, went armed to the teeth, and literally 'breathed out threatening and slaughter.' . . . It was partly to resist this organization that the Ku Klux were transformed into a protective organization."

Perhaps it is not worth while to notice charges so utterly groundless as these. The writer of the article referred to could not, and, as the above quotations prove, did not know anything whatever concerning the organization which he condemns with such flippant incorrectness. The Union League is still in existence, with precisely the same object it had when the Ku Klux Klan was founded. Unlike that organization, it never underwent any "transformation." It was never other than a peaceful, lawful, useful society. It was called into existence among the Union men of the South by the instinct of self-preservation, at a time when nearly the whole population there had plunged into the madness of rebellion. It was kept alive by the bitterness and persecution which, in many localities, accompanied the return of the disbanded Confederate soldiers to their former homes. To their credit be it said, the bitterness did not emanate from them. It was fostered and cherished by those who took no active part in the war. If any ex-Confederate soldiers joined in hostile acts toward Union men, it was due to the bad example and encouragement of men who had been too cowardly to fight in real war.

The "Union League of America"* is a simple organization, having for its object the maintenance of unconditional devotion to the United States. It has as much secrecy as the Masons, or the Odd-fellows, or the Red Men — no more. Instead of being composed of "the disorderly elements of the negro population," its membership was and is confined to persons of good standing in the community. So far from being "armed to the teeth," its meetings were absolutely unguarded. No violence was ever proposed or used by it. The utmost it aimed at was to help to protect innocent and harmless men in their right to freedom and citizenship. It never invaded any one's liberty — never undertook, as the writer affirms the Ku Klux did, to play the rôle of regulators. In most places where chapters of the order existed, the proportion of Union men to secessionists was about one in ten. For people so situated to go about "armed to the teeth" and "breathing out threatening and slaughter" would be suicidal folly. It was only because they were in such a minority that they had a Union League at all. Without going further into the subject, it is enough to deny, absolutely, the truth of the charges above referred to.

As a bit of curious history, as well as a psychological study, the article in THE CENTURY is interesting. If the writer had confined himself to telling the story, there would be no need of criticism or refutation. But when he goes out of his way to speak of that Legislature of Tennessee which, among other things, reorganized the ruined State Government, brought

* Entirely distinct from the Union League Club of New York and from the club of the same name in Philadelphia.—ED.

about the abolition of slavery in the State, made the colored man a citizen, and established a school system for the people, as "infamous," he betrays his inability to discuss historical matters with candor and impartiality. It is, perhaps, too early to expect such qualities in a section so recently enfranchised. The day is not far distant, it is to be hoped, when the "joke" out of which grew the inexpressible horrors perpetrated by the Ku Klux Klan will find a different mode of treatment from that indulged in by the writer in THE CENTURY.

An Ex-Member of the "Union League."

July 14, 1884.

Congregational Singing.

SHALL our church music be by the people or by choirs, or by both? This question of choirs or no choirs seems so largely one of taste that we could safely leave it to the individual choice of the churches, did not other considerations present themselves. I believe that we should by all means have a good chorus choir. Few churches will hesitate to avail themselves of the assistance of a good organ and organist, with or without a precentor; why not as well employ the much more effective help of a good chorus choir? If it is feared that the choir will sing for, and in place of, the congregation, let the choir be restricted to one anthem in each service, and the organ played so full in the hymn-tunes that the congregation will, practically, be forced to sing. If personal display be feared, it is to be said that there are no solos in the full or true anthem, and that it is only in the professional quartet where this unseemly ambition obtrudes itself for the pleasure or misery of the auditors.

In the unfortunately plain service of our American churches, the Roman Catholic and Episcopal of course excepted, there seems to be no way in which the people can take part except by the singing of hymns. And as the people evidently should take some part, they then must sing. As they cannot sing the elaborate music of the anthem or cantata, they must needs have hymns and plain tunes for their use; and this leads us to our theme of congregational singing.

First, what is congregational singing? Everybody is ready with a reply, yet few will give a correct one. In the many churches where congregational singing has been attempted, and alleged failure has been the result, the first essential has been lacking, namely, a congregation. A few worshipers scattered over an auditorium far too large for them do not constitute a congregation. A congregation is such a number of people as completely fills the edifice or room in which they are gathered. Five hundred people in some charming country church or chapel would at home make a congregation. The same persons in Dr. Hall's church in New York city would not be a congregation at all; and their singing in the latter place would be practically a failure, however fine and effective in a church which they filled. If a church seats five thousand people, there must be five thousand people in it to have any congregational singing in the true and proper sense of the word. Singers may be likened to gunpowder. Condensed in the pistol, the thimbleful of powder may produce marked effect; a barrelful scattered over the lawn will not injure him who may apply a torch to it. Our singers, whether choir or congregation, must be compact and together if we would realize our just expectations. Therefore, let us not attempt congregational singing until we first have a congregation. This essential lacking, let us, with or without money, get a choir to do for us what we shall fail in attempting ourselves.

With our full congregation gathered, what else do we need? Many things. Next, a good organ. Now, a good organ is not simply a well-made instrument; it must be of proper size and specification. The size may be determined as follows: Given for example, an auditorium 50 x 80 feet, with a space of 4000 square feet. Divide by 4, and we have 1000 as the number of sittings. (This allows fully for aisles and other passages.) Divide 1000 sittings by 25, and we have 40 as the proper number of registers the organ should contain at the ordinary three-inch hydrostatic pressure. Suppose the auditorium to be twice this size, it would seem that the organ should have 80 registers. This does not follow. Sixty registers should be the absolute maximum and limit of the number of registers in any organ. If more power be needed, let it then be obtained by increased pressure. My own test is this: when any organ reaches the point where that impertinent abomination called the pneumatic action is needed, it is too large, and is sure to be a failure more or less complete. Having played nearly all the great organs in the world, I am able to affirm this with great positiveness. By the preceding formula the desirable size of the organ may be determined for any edifice. The organ should also be properly placed, preferably in the rear of the pulpit, in all except Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches, the organ-floor to be raised slightly, say five or six feet, above the floor of the house. Crowded into some tower or niche, the organ will take its ample revenge by a choked or sullen utterance, worthless alike for leading singers or devotions. If architects would only take a few music lessons!

Next, we must have a good organist. A good organist is not simply a good executant and master of the instrument, but a man of character and consecration. He who views himself as a hireling simply will most surely fail in reaching the highest powers of music in public worship. He should be a member of the church,— the Christian Church of some or any sect,— and interested in its work and welfare. Perhaps some of you may not agree with this latter proposition, but I tell you, brothers, to try it: it *may* help the church, and I *know* it will help us.

After the good organ well played, we should have a good precentor. Not simply a singer, but also a consecrated man who has voice as well as ability. The baritone voice is by far the best for this purpose when joined to the person indicated. We now seem to be fully armed and equipped, but not yet. Almost our chief necessity is yet lacking, namely, a good book of hymns and tunes.

It has been a part of my labors the past season to examine the leading books issued for congregational singing. What is a good congregational tune? I can best define it negatively. It must not lack rhythm, yet it must be free from all odd, strange, or complicated rhythm. It must not lack harmonic variety, yet strange, confused, or elaborate modulation and unusual

intervals must be studiously avoided. In the present state of musical knowledge, we may positively define it as follows: As all people, civilized and uncivilized, are affected strongly by rhythm, the tunes must have some easy and strongly marked rhythm, some "go" in them, if we would induce the people to sing them with any degree of heartiness. Excuse the colloquialism, but, like many another, it seems to express the meaning most briefly and strongly. You all know what I mean—a certain pulsing, on-carrying sweep, which assists both the movement and spirit of the singing. The harmony must be mainly diatonic in its character. This need not confine us to the poverty-stricken tonic and dominant of our forefathers and certain contemporaries. Yet right here I wish to say that I fear we have too often underrated the well-meant efforts of these pioneers. When one fully appreciates the deplorable general ignorance of music in their day he may well wonder that they accomplished anything. They certainly understood the needs and wants of the people of their time, and succeeded in doing much good where doubtless better musicians would have failed. Peace to their ashes! they served faithfully their day and generation.

To return, our tune must have a proper range, rarely exceeding an octave. Five or six notes would even be better as a tessitura. From D below the staff to D fourth line seems to be the most desirable compass. As a general rule triple time of any sort is to be avoided. That hymn which is sung all over the globe, and may properly be called the "World's National Hymn," the English "God Save the King" (called here "America"), is a specimen of a good tune for the people. It has, to be sure, the triple time, but the movement is relatively so slow that it does not here have its usual disastrous effect. Our own bombastic, spread-eagle song, "The Star-Spangled Banner," is a dead failure, owing chiefly to its preposterous range of over an octave and a half.

A few words about details. The experiment of hiring singers, placed in the congregation, to inspire the people to sing, is essentially self-defeating. The people soon become aware of the fact, and all within a radius of thirty feet stop their singing to listen to the surprising ardor and zeal of these well-paid stool-pigeons. The introduction of a blaring and impertinent cornet in the place of a precentor is equally absurd. If it be desirable to have the melody hurled at us in this barbaric fashion, why not put a tuba mirabilis register into the organ, and thereby have the whole matter under the control of the organist, one person instead of two, and unity secured in a legitimate way?

It is "a consummation devoutly to be wished" could we have the idea of association better carried out in our service hymns; I mean that the hymn be invariably sung to a certain tune. So long, however, as the public will not purchase a hymn-book with less than 1500 or more hymns, we shall look in vain for this most desirable reformation.

The grand old choral will eventually be the song of the church, here as well as in other lands; but I have to confess that I fear we must first wade through several generations of rhythms of a more or less trivial and irreverent character. When Moody and Sankey can sell three millions of their pretty books with pretty tunes, what author or publisher shall dare attempt a rivalry?

It is certainly desirable, although not indispensable, that the congregation should sing in tune. At any rate, they should all join in the singing as best they can, and trust to time and experience to remedy any defects of intonation. Also we would have them sing in good and accurate time, although we have to admit that they rarely do. So strong and universal is the sense of rhythm that, with a good tune, I believe this excellence will not long be lacking if the people will only join regularly in the singing part of the service.

It is here that I must say a word about music in our public schools—the only source to which we can look for the remedy of these defects. Let us by all means each lift up our voice for the further spreading and development of this glorious educational feature. The system is of incalculable value, and must in a short time work mightily for the upbuilding of our beloved art both in and out of the church.

Whether or not there be a choir, the organist is properly the leader. A singer is accustomed to follow and listen for only one part, and cannot so well detect faults of harmony as the organist, who is constantly following and listening to the full harmony of four or more parts. If there be a choir, the danger of jealousy among the singers is much less if the organist direct than when one of their own number assumes control. I may here notice one of the familiar objections to the employment of a chorus or volunteer choir, namely, that they will not attend the rehearsals or service regularly Personally, I have never been troubled by this delinquency. Devote a part of the evening (the latter part is always best) to the singing of part songs and other light and entertaining music, and they will rarely fail to be present. If it be said that this music is of no use or value in the church service, and that its practice is a waste of time, I should reply that, at all events, it improves their reading and singing in general, and thus, indirectly at least, does very greatly assist the service proper. Another plan is to pay each singer a salary, and he is then properly bound to come. Twenty singers at $50 each make an expense of $1000. A good professional quartet would cost at least three times that amount, and yet few churches hesitate at such expense when the quartet is called for. Another objection to choirs has been that they have what has been termed an "annual row." I do not believe that this is necessary, or even that it is true in the majority of cases. Even if true, it is no less true that a year rarely passes in churches where there is no choir, during which the music is not discussed with more or less warmth and interest. As these matters may always reach an amicable solution, their discussion is rather to be desired than otherwise.

The question of interludes is one of easy settlement. Let there be a short interlude after each two stanzas, and this will be found the best compromise between too long interludes and none at all. Interludes, at least, avoid a disagreeable wait (or "hitch") between the verses, and give the people a chance to breathe a moment naturally.

And now comes a musico-ecclesiastical question. Singers and organists have been often heard to complain of what they term the selfishness or impertinence

of pastors who insist that music should not form the chief attraction of the service. But the ministers are right in this matter. We have all seen churches where for a little while attractive music seemed to augment the number of worshipers. There is not a case on record where this device did not ultimately fail. Nothing but the Word of God, preached by one able and consecrated, ever did or ever will permanently fill the church. Setting aside, however, all the claims of worship, the pastors are still in the right on simple grounds of courtesy and common sense. A plain parallel case is this: How would we like to have them step upon our concert platform and insist upon reading the liturgy or even the Bible as the chief attraction of the concert? No; we are not to forget that music in the church is a means, and not an end. We weaken our cause when we claim too much for it.

Eugene Thayer.

Is Arctic Exploration Worth its Cost?

A FULL affirmative answer could be made to this inquiry; its outlines only can be laid down within an open letter. The reply may run counter to a widely entertained feeling, yet it is justified by history, and is due to the interests of science. Sympathy with the losses sustained by the De Long and Greely expeditions is sincere, deep, and wide-spread. But sympathy with the sufferers, and with the bereaved, cannot dim the value of the results secured by the sufferings of the lost and the living. Their work is a compensation for at least something of the severe sacrifices made, and history shows that the well-being of man has ever been and will be advanced by sacrifice.

To meet the inquiry fairly, is to recall the true objects and gains of Arctic exploration; its history, like that of other experimental progress, begins with a single object which, in the logic of events, evolves other and far more important issues. Its gains have been made with a remarkably small loss of life, for the whole number of deaths occurring in all the Arctic expeditions from the year 1819 to 1875 was but one and seven-tenths per cent. of officers and crews, while in carrying on the work of the fourteen meteorological stations of the past two years, but two deaths have occurred outside of Greely's party of Lady Franklin bay. With the sufferings of Greely's men before their minds, people are heard to exclaim: "Four miles nearer the Pole! Is this worth nineteen lives?" Forgetting the true objects of Arctic exploration, they lose sight of all but the polar problem alone, and they deal inconsiderately with even this, the origin of more important issues.

The first point in the inquiry here is to recall the fact that the search for the Pole itself was begun, three centuries ago, in no motives of mere curiosity or even of theory. The impulse was of the most practical character, to find a new commercial route from northern Europe to Asia. Columbus and De Gama had opened up the world West and East, but seemingly only for the two nations Spain and Portugal; these two powers promptly setting up for themselves the exclusive right, not only to the new lands found and to be found, but to the navigation of the great oceans. As they were then able to maintain their claim by force of arms, northern Europe soon set about the search for a safer and a shorter route to the rich lands of Asia.

The history need not be traced in full. It began with the voyage of old Cabot, in 1497, and was closed only in 1847 with the discovery of the passage by the drifting and crushed ships of Franklin. The northwest passage will not be pursued. Sir Allen Young's latest disappointment in the *Pandora* (1876) closed the question even for the curious. Tortuous and shallow channels, if found, could, indeed, offer no advantages except for the small exchanges carried on by whalers. Nor is it likely that for years to come national aid will be given for further attempts to push through any one of the supposed gate-ways to a theoretical "open Polar sea," found by Koldwey, Payer, Hall, Nares, De Long, Ray, and Lockwood, to be sealed up as ever by the paleocrystic masses.

Have, then, the labors, exposures, and patient endurance, of Arctic exploration, been profitless and discouraging to future effort? By no means. They have teemed with incidental results in value immeasurably greater than could have been gained from success in their first object. They are a record of extensive geographical discoveries, of large additions to scientific knowledge, of material gains for navigation, commerce, and industry and of moral lessons taught by these examples of heroism. It is something to learn the true boundaries of the land and water surfaces of the globe on which we live; it is yet more to have eliminated from the sphere of human attack the absolutely unconquerable of nature's forces. Lockwood's latest daring advance has again done much in both of these directions.

A true estimate of what Arctic exploration has gained will, in part, be reached by a comparison of the knowledge of our own continent half a century ago with that shown upon the school-boy's map of to-day. The maps of 1825 exhibited for our northern coast-line Baffin's Bay only on the east, and westward, dots only for the mouths of the Mackenzie and Hearne Rivers, up to the icy Cape of Cook and the Behring Sea,— all which was then known except the new sweep of Parry's voyage in the far north. The charts of to-day accurately delineate the zone of land and the coast-lines within the 60th and 130th degrees of west longitude, up to Cape Parry, latitude 71° 23′, a region now largely frequented by the trader. To these add the explorations in the Eastern Hemisphere by the Russians, Danes, Austrians, Dutch, and Swedes, crowned by the circumnavigation, first in the world's history, of northern Asia. And now Lockwood has extended the line of North Greenland.

Again, no Arctic expedition has been fruitless of commercial and scientific gains. Cabot failed to find the passage, but he established the claims for our inheritance of English liberty and law. The first attempt to find the passage by the north-east brought from the ill-fated Willoughby news like that from our De Long:

> "He, with his hapless crew,
> Each full exerted at his several task,
> Froze into statues."

But Willoughby's second ship made the discovery of Russia's wealth — "a new Indies" — for England, the beginning of maritime commerce on the north.

Among the direct or indirect gains of this kind for us have been the whaling grounds of the north-east and the fisheries of Behring Strait, a region rendered safe by the voyage and charts of the *Vincennes*, the explorations of the Coast Survey, and latest by the *Corwin* and the Signal Service. Alaska is now attracting immigration; but its shores seemed forbidding in the extreme before the surveys of Rodgers and the trial observations of Dall and others were charted for the guidance of the mariner. The increasing returns to the Government and to the merchant from the fur seal and the otter have shown the wisdom of the purchase.

Still higher results are associated with the hydrography of the great oceans; the observations needed for the further knowledge of the laws governing the origin and the course of storms; and magnetism, with its relation to the compass, the telegraph, and the telephone. "We shall never accurately know," says the President of our own Geographical Society, "the laws of aërial and oceanic currents, unless we know more about what takes place in the Arctic Circle."

Such research was made the special object of the stations at Point Barrow and Fort Conger. The chief of the Signal Service had justly reported that "the study of the weather maps of England and America cannot be fully prosecuted without filling up the blank of the Arctic region"; and among the results to be expected from the colony at Lady Franklin Bay, the act making the appropriations recited "a more accurate knowledge of the conditions which govern the origin and paths of the storms, the descent of polar waves of unusual cold, and *uncertain movements in the Atlantic*." The instructions of the Signal Service and the Coast Survey have now been carried out by continuous observations at Ooglamie during two years, and at Lady Franklin Bay for a yet longer period. A casual inspection, courteously permitted, of Ray's reports warrants an expectation of results of much practical value. They include, among many points of interest, long-continued observations of the temperature of the earth at great depths, and of the waters on the shores of the great ocean, with hourly observations of the magnetic force and dip, a reverse of the usual experience of these being observed in the increased force and dip at Ooglamie during the *morning* hours and a decrease in the afternoon. Ray's magnetic work, discussed by Mr. C. A. Schott of the Coast and Geodetic survey,— the same officer who discussed Kane's and Hayes's,— will form Appendix 13 of the Coast Survey report of 1882; the whole work at Ooglamie making a full quarto volume.

Of the labors of the party at Fort Conger it were premature to speak as yet with fullness; but enough has been reported by Lieut. Greely to warrant the expectation at the Signal Office that the observations and the topographical work of Lockwood at this point, north of other expeditions, will develop themselves, when reduced, with a completeness and scope in advance of what has ever been attained before. The party were well housed for more than two summers, and were supplied with instruments such as neither Kane nor Hayes could in their day secure. When Ray's and Greely's observations shall have been placed with those received from the other thirteen stations of the Arctic, they will form a full link in the series of synchronous observations thus carried on for the first time around the northern zone.

If such investigations are worth pursuing, if the existing relations between all branches of science and between the individual facts of each be admitted, Arctic exploration will not be soon abandoned— not until the problems referred to are fully solved. Let such as henceforth go to the ice zones depend on native help more largely than in the past; two Esquimaux to every three or four white men, at least. Natives alone can provide sustenance in the extremities of want; they alone improvise the snow hut and capture the seal and the walrus. They saved Hall and the party of Tyson's ice-floe; they would have saved Franklin, and I believe would have preserved the Greely party also.

J. E. Nourse.

The Bombardment of Alexandria.

REJOINDER BY STONE PASHA.

FLUSHING, L. I., August, 1884.

I HAVE read in THE CENTURY for August an open letter signed "C. F. Goodrich, Lieutenant-Commander U. S. N.," in which he discusses a letter of my own that appeared in the June CENTURY as an introduction to the "Diary of an American Girl in Cairo during the War of 1882."

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich, over his official signature as an officer of the United States Navy, comes into print, "very reluctantly," to prevent the evil which might result from the promulgation of my opinion expressed in the introductory letter above referred to, *because*, as he writes, "this opinion involves serious charges against the British Government, as represented by its diplomatic and naval officers in Egypt." He says his observations lead him "to conclusions opposed to those advanced by Stone Pasha."

If the gallant officer finds it his duty, or his pleasure, to make himself, over his official signature as an officer of the United States Navy, the defender of the proceedings of the British Government in Egypt, it is no affair of mine. It is a matter for his own intelligence and taste to decide. But if in the discharge of his self-imposed duty he permits himself to make an utterly unprovoked attack upon me, who never attacked him, if he permits himself to misquote my written words and to misstate facts in reference to my own personal action in the management of my family, then he makes his paper my business. These things he has permitted himself to do.

He commences his open letter by giving several good reasons why my opinions should be respected. Then he gives the reasons why his own opinions should be respected. These latter are, to use his own words, as follows: "I happened to be in Alexandria prior to and during the bombardment, and afterward was accredited to Lord Wolseley's staff as military and naval *attaché*."

I was aware that he was, for a few days *prior* to the bombardment, on board a man-of-war in the harbor of Alexandria; but I seriously doubt his having been, *during* the bombardment, either in Alexandria or even in its harbor. He was, I believe, and his own letter would seem to indicate it, outside the bombard-

ing fleet during that time, and he can know only by hearsay what occurred in the bombarded town. Shortly after the bombardment, I think, the ship to which he was attached left the harbor of Alexandria for Europe, and it was not until a late day in the campaign of Tel-el-Kebir that he returned to Egypt to join General Sir Garnet Wolseley as American *attaché* to the British staff. There all his associations were with the British, and never with the people of the country. His total residence in Egypt in 1882 could hardly have been three months, and his sources of information were almost purely British.

Commander Goodrich expresses the opinion that "the bombardment should, logically, have taken place immediately after" the occurrences of June 11, 1882. See how widely we differ. My deliberate opinion is that had the guns of the British fleet bombarded Alexandria immediately after June 11, 1882, Egyptians to the number of many hundreds would have perished in addition to the hundreds who perished on that day; and that Europeans, many thousands in number, would have perished in Alexandria and in the interior of the country. The Egyptian story of that day, June 11, 1882, has never yet been told in print; or, at least, I have never seen it in print; but a careful reading of the British Government papers, in the Blue Book, will give one some indication of what the feeling was. Had not cool heads then prevented hasty action on the part of the British fleet, frightful disaster would, in my opinion, have followed.

His attack on me for not doing what *then seemed to him*, and now seems to *him*, my duty to my family, while it appears to me, in the words used, far to exceed in arrogance and rudeness the limits of gentlemanly discussion, hardly requires a serious answer from me, since he himself furnishes the answer. He knew nothing of any peculiar circumstances which might exist in my family in Cairo, whom he at that time, I think, had never seen. He knew nothing of my peculiar official responsibilities to the sovereign and Government of Egypt; he knew nothing of any special negotiations going on at the Court of the Khédive; while I, as he himself writes, "reached a solution of the problem in singularly full acquaintance with all the elements which entered into it." I thought that I was fully acquainted with all the elements which entered into the problem, a problem of vast importance to me, for it was *my* family whose welfare was at stake, and not that of Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich; and I probably gave more serious thought to it each hour than that gallant officer has in all his life. Knowing, as I did, the letter of the British Admiral addressed to the military commander of Alexandria, which Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich quotes; knowing, as I did, the answer to that letter, which he *does not* quote; knowing the action taken by the diplomatic agents of European powers other than the British; knowing some of the diplomatic steps taken by the Ottoman Sultan (possibly the archives of the Department of State of the United States may contain valuable information on the subject); knowing that many thousands of Europeans were still in the interior, among them French, German, and Italian employees of the Egyptian civil administration *under the direction of British chiefs of administration*, not then gathered together and brought to a place of safety (the chiefs, it is true, were all on the coast and ready to embark);—knowing all this, and much more, while believing from the actions of the British Admiral that he would finally bombard the forts and batteries of Alexandria, making a pretext if he could not find one, *unless prevented by mediation* or other action of foreign powers,—which seemed to me more than possible, from some proceedings which were known to me,— yet I could not conceive it possible he would proclaim bombardment on so short notice that it would be impossible to transfer to the coast the mass of foreign residents in the interior. Notice which would have been sufficient for the thousands of others, would have been more than sufficient for me. On the other hand, had I, the senior general officer in the service of the Khédive, *prematurely* ordered the flight of my family, I, whose duty it was to do all for his service, would have created a panic which could not have failed at that time seriously to complicate the negotiations. If the Lieutenant-Commander cannot understand how a sense of duty to a government one is serving in a military capacity, can weigh upon one, I am sure that most of his comrades in the United States navy can do so, and that most of my old comrades of the army can.

Forty-eight hours from any *noon* would have sufficed to bring the mass of Europeans to the sea-coast; twenty-four hours' notice given at an *evening hour*, after the departure of the six o'clock train, was mere mockery. The difference was between *one* regular train, starting to arrive late, and *eight* regular trains, starting in time to arrive in season. Had forty-eight hours from the *noon* of any day been given, *eight thousand* Europeans might have been, and would have been, transported to a place of safety before the commencement of fire. Had forty-eight hours' notice been given, there would have been no massacre of European men, women, and children at Tantah or Calioub; and the brave French and Italian inspectors with their families at Mehallet-el-Kebir could have been with their English chief in safety on board a ship of refuge, instead of being left to the fate of having their quivering flesh thrown to the dogs in the streets!

The flimsy argument that any preparation during an extra twenty-four hours in the batteries of Alexandria might have endangered the chances of the splendid iron-clad fleet of Great Britain is an insult to the British navy. Not only this, but the documents published in the British Blue Book prove that the Egyptian Government, far from making new and formidable preparations during the twenty-four hours allowed, formally offered, in order to induce the British Admiral to abstain from bombardment, to dismount three of the guns then in position.

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich states that Stone Pasha advances a new doctrine in reference to giving delay in bombardment for the purpose of allowing the escape of neutrals. I think not. And if I were the first to enunciate a principle like this, that in civilized warfare neutrals in the position of the Europeans then in Egypt, no war having been declared, should not be subjected to unnecessary danger, I would be neither afraid nor ashamed to declare and defend the doctrine on sound principles of the law of nations and the existing laws of war.

Public opinion in England has gone much further than I in this matter when *another* nation was the

actor in bombardment. Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich is too young to remember, but he may have read, what a storm of denunciation was poured out by the English press when an American fleet and an American army gave formal notice of bombardment to a walled city with a supporting castle, some thirty-seven years and more ago. In that case active war had been going on for nearly a year, and the investment of the place had been going on for more than ten days; and the only Europeans, neutrals, who could be endangered were those actually within the place itself, from which they could have come out on the appearance of the investing force or at any time during the investment. If the delay allowed in that instance was, according to British opinion, too short for a civilized army and navy to grant, what must one say of the shorter time accorded at Alexandria, where war had not even been declared, and where the danger of the neutrals, who were perhaps a hundred fold more numerous, was so fearfully aggravated? It is true that in the case of Vera Cruz the attacking force was American, and not English, and that circumstance may make a very considerable difference in the judgment of some.

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich permits himself strangely to misstate my letter in one point, when he writes that I "decided that the discomfort of a crowded train was more to be dreaded than the dangers he [I] describes as the inevitable sequence of a bombardment." What I did write is, as can be seen in THE CENTURY for June:

"I felt that four ladies struggling in a railway station for place, in the midst of a crowd of panic-stricken Europeans, would have but small chance; and even should they succeed in securing places in the railway carriages, it was more than probable that they would be turned out at some point of the road to make place for soldiers on their way to the threatened city."

This sentence conveys to my mind a horror which can hardly be compared to the "*discomfort of a crowded train.*" I imagine that almost any man, not excepting the Lieutenant-Commander, would have had, in the case of his own family, much the same feeling.

He makes the extraordinary statement that the ships of refuge, after leaving the harbor of Alexandria on the 10th of July, were, with the exception of a pull of three miles in a man-of-war's boats, "precisely as accessible as the day previous." If such was the case, how did it happen that, in fact, the European families which arrived by the train from Cairo on the afternoon of the 10th, failed to reach the ships of refuge? They arrived in Alexandria in safety, which to me was a cause of wonderment; but they could not, even by the offer of large sums of money, procure transportation from the shore to the ships. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts made by them to do so, they were, the most of them, forced to remain in Alexandria throughout the bombardment and the scenes of conflagration and pillage which followed, during which time no prompt landing of marines or sailors was made to arrest either. I myself saw in the afternoon of the 11th some of those European ladies and children in the house where they had taken refuge, near the great square, and a shell from the fleet had burst in the court-yard of that house during their occupancy of it. I saw them rescued from the fire after they had been defended by brave Frenchmen from outrage and pillage, and I hope that the family of no one who may read these lines may ever be in so pitiable a condition. These were the fortunate ones, who were finally rescued. Of the others, perhaps the less said of the manner of their going out the better. These were some of the occupants of "the crowded train," which the Lieutenant-Commander professes to think I should have caused my family to take.

As for the slur cast by the Lieutenant-Commander on the governments of all other nations excepting that of Great Britain, that they are less solicitous than it for the welfare of their citizens, I can say that in the case of Alexandria in July, 1882, it is unmerited. America, Austria, Greece, Italy, Russia, and Spain, as well as France, all sent ships of war to afford protection, and all who had large numbers of their nationality in the country sent transports to carry their citizens to a place of safety. The four United States ships of war received all American citizens who presented themselves, and the admiral and the commanders of the three corvettes made place on their ships for many of other nationalities. But sufficient time, by official notice to the representatives of the foreign powers, *was not given* by the British authorities. It is idle to try to make it appear that it was.

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich states that he does not think it can be shown that hundreds of Egyptian women and children perished in the bombardment, and in the panic-flight from the hastily bombarded town, "as Stone Pasha states." I think that it can and will be shown.

He states that the history of June 11, 1882, has not been written as yet. Here we agree perfectly, if he means by his words a correct and impartial history. A strong endeavor has been made, however, by British writers to forestall that history. When the true history shall be written, it may not appear to the world as it has while only one side has had speech and pen.

He states that care was taken on July 11 to spare the town as much as possible. I have no doubt that such orders were given, and have no more doubt that the commanders of the British war-vessels generally did their best to comply with such orders as far as they could, while carrying out their orders to destroy the batteries. But as the town lay behind the batteries, and as accurate fire from a floating gun is not possible when there is any sea or swell, and as the guns used were among the heaviest and most powerful known, it was impossible that the town should not suffer very considerably. And it did so. When projectiles weighing a ton or thereabouts happen to pass through a dwelling-house, they often cause loss of life and limb; and the British shells of July 11 were no exceptions to the general rule. When Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich returned to Alexandria after the bombardment, many houses which had been struck by shells had afterward been burned down; and he could not judge fairly of what the shell-practice had done before the conflagration.

I passed through the town late in the afternoon of the day of bombardment, and noted as well as was practicable the effect of the shot upon it. Considering the number of shells which had fallen in the town, I was surprised that greater damage had not been caused. This small damage resulted from the fact

that a large number of the heaviest shells did not explode. At daybreak on the following morning I visited the barracks and the batteries on the north side, observed their condition and that of the men occupying them, and took reports as to the number of killed in each one.

I next visited the hospitals, examined, conversed with, and *counted* the wounded, did all in my power to have them cared for, and then went to the Prefecture of Police, where I received reports of the cases of death among the citizens which had been reported there. That day I saw the momentary renewal of bombardment, and saw the commencement of the panic-flight from the city. Crowds of women of all classes of society were rushing forth into the open country outside, the greater number carrying each a small child and conducting other children; these, with old men who had hardly strength and activity to make their way, and young, strong, and fierce men, carrying, some of them, what they could of their household goods or of plunder, made up a scene which one would never wish to see again.

It was from such personal observations, and from the reports received the following morning of what had been the scenes of starvation, exposure, and outrage during the night, and from trustworthy reports of what happened later on, that I formed the opinion expressed in my letter, that "hundreds of Egyptian women and children perished in the bombardment and in the panic-flight" which accompanied and followed it. I now repeat the statement, and am quite sure that it will never be overthrown by the results of impartial investigation. If it could be proved that less suffering and destruction of life occurred among those unfortunate people, I should be quite as well pleased as any one.

Charles P. Stone.

COMMENT ON COMMANDER GOODRICH'S LETTER, BY THE COMMANDER OF THE *GALENA*.

IN THE CENTURY for August Lieutenant-Commander (now Commander) Goodrich, U. S. N., replies to a letter of Stone Pasha published in THE CENTURY for June, regarding events in Egypt in 1882. In so doing he has himself fallen into errors, both directly and by implication, which I take the liberty of pointing out; this I do without hesitation, knowing that Commander Goodrich desires to be severely accurate in his statements.

Stone Pasha speaks of the event which took place at Alexandria on the 11th of June as "the so-called 'massacre.'" Commander Goodrich speaks of it in one place as "the massacre," and in another place he says: "Those who witnessed the events of that day, and escaped with their lives, will find difficulty in reading with composure that they only beheld a *so-called massacre.*"

I had the misfortune to witness a part of the affair, and I prefer to speak of it as a riot, for reasons which will appear later. In alluding to this event, Commander Goodrich says: "The bombardment should, logically, have taken place immediately after the massacre." I find it difficult, not to say impossible, to understand the "logic" of this statement. The facts of the matter as then known are these: The British fleet entered the harbor of Alexandria on a professedly friendly mission. During its presence there a disturbance took place between the Egyptians and foreigners, in which about sixty foreigners and *a far greater number of Egyptians* were killed. For some hours the Egyptian authorities seemed to take no steps to put down the disturbance, but finally the troops were called out and order was restored. And, furthermore, order was maintained in the city from that date until the bombardment, a month later, in spite of the threat to "open fire" made July 6. It was thought at that time that this riot was premeditated, but a cool investigation showed that it was entirely accidental. Such being the case, the "logic" of a bombardment by a foreign fleet on a friendly mission is not apparent.

It should not be forgotten in speaking of this "riot" that the Egyptians had no weapons but "donkey sticks" and such fragments of chairs and tables as they could secure in the cafés and shops they had "looted," while the foreigners had fire-arms, and from balconies and windows in perfect safety shot down their opponents. This accounts for the much larger number of Egyptians killed. One needs, too, to know the character of a large majority of the (nominal) foreigners in Alexandria at that time to appreciate the situation, and then there is no difficulty in understanding why Stone Pasha speaks of the event as "the so-called 'massacre'" (of foreigners).

Again, Commander Goodrich says it is true "that other governments are less solicitous than the British for the welfare of their citizens." This may be true as an abstract proposition, but I do not think the events of those days prove it, and I turn to official records for my reasons. I find that on the day of the "riot" there were in the harbor of Alexandria the following men-of-war, leaving out the British, which were there on a mission: French, *La Glassonière*, *Alma*, *Frobin*, *Aspic*, and *La Hirondelle;* Greek, *Le Roi George* and *Hellas;* Turkish, *Iz Iddin;* Egyptian, *Mahomet Ali* and *Maheusa;* American, *Galena.* Later, the French sent the *Thetis* and the immense transports *Sarthe* and *Corrèze* for the express purpose of transporting French citizens to a place of safety. It will interest Commander Goodrich to know that these two great vessels were taken from "ordinary," manned, provisioned, and dispatched from Toulon within twenty-four hours of the receipt of the order from Paris — a feat, I believe, unequaled in naval annals.

The Greeks sent a large transport, which made regular trips, carrying refugees. The Italians sent the *Castelfidardo* and *Stafetta;* the Germans, the *Habicht;* the Dutch, the *Manix;* Austria, the *Loudon;* Russia, the *Asia* and ——; Spain, a large iron-clad (the name of which, like that of the second Russian, is not given); and America, the *Lancaster* and *Quinnebaug.* In fact, only one maritime power — Sweden-Norway — was not represented by a national vessel. All hastened to send assistance as soon as it was known that the mission of the British fleet had changed from peace to war. The following quotations from official reports will probably be sufficient, with what I have said, to establish my point:

" . . . As all (Americans) have been repeatedly warned to seek safety, . . . it will be their own fault if harm overtakes them." This on June 20.

Again, on the same date: "The only decided indication of further difficulties . . . is the earnest way in which the English, *French*, *Italians*, and *Greeks* are sending their subjects out of the country." If I am correctly informed, Commander Goodrich did not reach Alexandria until some days after this date, and, therefore, must have taken his information of previous events at second hand.

O. A. Batcheller.

The Original "Ned Myers."

THE interesting account, in your June number, of the "Sailors' Snug Harbor," recalls an incident of forty years ago which may be worth repeating. It was my lot to reside for a few years on the charming heights of New Brighton, Staten Island, facing the quiet "Kill von Kull," and about half a mile from the "Snug Harbor." It was one of my amusements in idle hours to visit that institution, to look at the workshop, to purchase from the "old salts" newly made canes, baskets, or a miniature ship full-rigged, and to listen to garrulous "yarns" told by these superannuated seamen. I became very well acquainted with a comparatively young and but slightly disabled sailor, who, from his quick intelligence, was placed in charge of the reading-room of the institution. During the summer of 1843 he told me of his recent correspondence with a great American novelist. Hearing or reading somewhere of James Fenimore Cooper, and of his many writings, the sailor was induced to address a letter of some two or three lines to that gentleman, the purport of which was to inquire "if *he* was the *same* James Fenimore Cooper who once plunged into the water and saved the life of his youthful shipmate, Ned Myers." The question brought a very long and full reply from Mr. Cooper, which Myers showed to me, and which recounted many of the incidents of their former life at sea. In a postscript of, perhaps, not more than a single line in length, the writer said that "he had no recollection of the particular circumstance referred to, but that he was the *same* J. F. C." In the winter of 1843 I missed Ned from the reading-room, and learned from another sailor who succeeded to Myers's place, Knight by name, that he had gone away for a time. The next spring developed the fact that he had accepted an invitation from Mr. Cooper to pass the winter with him at Cooperstown, where the long evenings were spent, on Ned's side, in living over again his strangely adventurous life, and, on Mr. Cooper's side, in "taking notes." The result was, in no long time, the issue of Mr. Cooper's interesting tale of "Ned Myers," of which the proceeds went entirely to Ned. Further than this, the novelist obtained for his *quondam* shipmate, from the Government (Mr. Tyler being president), an excellent appointment in the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, N. Y. I remember the great pleasure with which the sailor related to me the story of his agreeable visit to Cooperstown and the happy result of his little chance letter of inquiry.

Benj. B. Griswold.

CARROLL, BALTIMORE CO., MD.

Dr. Sevier: A Protest.

THIS is intended as a protest, conservative and respectful, to all concerned, but a very earnest one, against a passage in Mr. Cable's "Dr. Sevier." On the 603d page in the August number of THE CENTURY, Mr. Cable, evidently speaking in his own person, says, as he beholds the Northern soldiery marshaling in the streets of New York: "'Go marching on,' saviors of the Union; your cause is just. Lo, now, since nigh twenty-five years have passed, we of the South can say it." It is a matter of profound regret and disappointment to some of "us of the South" to hear that Mr. Cable, whose course as a Southern writer we have watched with so much interest, can say to the North, "Your cause was a just one." But no one can challenge his right to utter his personal convictions on this point. But we do feel aggrieved when Mr. Cable utters this same conviction or confession in behalf of the Southern people. It is firmly believed that the South, the best of it, holds, with regard to the righteousness of its cause, the same position now that it held in those stormy days. Twenty-five years is a very short time, indeed, to convince those who believed they were patriots that in fact they were rebels; and if it be true, as Mr. Cable says, that we are ready to confess that the Northern cause was a just one, then history utters a fearful prophecy with regard to *our* future. It is entirely possible for us to maintain still, not that we were *sincere*, but that we were *right*, and yet to make part of a strong and harmonious Government. But for the national mind so soon to abandon that which it so firmly held, does not mean enlightenment, but weakness, and would tend to produce, not a firm and homogeneous people for the whole country, but a figure like the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, part of iron and part of clay.

Very respectfully,

Malcolm McKay.

GRIFFIN, GA., August 5, 1884.

IN this department of THE CENTURY for August, in the notice of "Miss Ludington's Sister," through an inadvertence, the author's name was printed as E. W. Bellamy, the name of another writer. The book was written by Edward Bellamy, whose short stories in this magazine some of our readers will remember.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

THERE is no rule for beauty; this enables every man to have a little better-looking wife than any of his neighbors.

I DON'T expect to please everybody. I don't know as I would if I could, for I don't think anybody but a fool could do it.

THE last thing a man doubts is his judgment, when it ought to be the first thing he is suspicious of.

WHEN the Devil turns moralist look out for breakers; no one can tell where he is going to hit next; he can't even tell himself.

THE world is all agog just now; everybody wants to talk, and nobody wants to listen — the fool-killer will be around soon, and put a stop to these things.

I BELIEVE in moral suasion — as a collateral.

IGNORANCE is the principal ingredient in bigotry — obstinacy and a general cussedness complete the job.

IT aint so much the ignorance of mankind that makes them ridiculous, as the knowing so much that aint so.

JOKES weren't made to cast before swine, any more than pearls were; and the man who can make them shouldn't throw them around too loose.

THE man who can, in a few words, tell all he knows, on any subject, at a minute's notice, is a hard one to tangle.

IT is the brains of the Devil that make him terrible; a fool-devil is the lowest order of crank.

Uncle Esek.

Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder.

IT was in the early summer when my love and I last parted;
She the sea-side sought, and left me in the city broken-hearted —
I to swelter through the summer, she on sea-kissed shores to wander;
But her last words gave me comfort: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

How I loved the little letters that from time to time she sent me!
As I read, it seemed that they a momentary sea-breeze lent me —
When she wrote of picnics, bathing, yachting trips; then bade me ponder
Well the truth of that old saying, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Oft she spoke of her admirers; how she made them dance attendance,
Made them carry books and baskets, and forswear their independence:
Spoke of one she nicknamed Crœsus, who on her his wealth would squander;
But she added, "Dear old goosie, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.'"

So I worked away, quite happy, through the broiling summer weather,
Longing for the coming autumn, when we'd walk the world together.
Though her letters were less frequent, still I very often conned her
Last one, where the postscript told me, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Fewer still were now her letters, and she wrote, "I'm very busy."
I expostulated — mildly — with my wayward, witching Lizzie;
Once more came the same old answer, — any other seemed beyond her, —
"Don't you know, you stupid Willie, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder?'"

One more letter yet she sent me while she at the sea-side tarried,
Laughing at our "mild flirtation," telling me that she was — married;
And 'twas thus her note concluded, — as I read my face turned yellow:
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder — fonder of the other fellow!"

John A. Fraser, Jr.

To a Singer.

IF you earnestly wish to promote
Your talent, hear what I suggest:
You've given us many a *note;*
For heaven's sake, give us a *rest.*

Ben Wood Davis.

Translations from the Spanish of A. Bêquer.

WHAT IS POETRY?

WHAT is Poetry? you ask;
While your blue eyes smiling look,
Through my soul — their open book.
Can you ask? Ah sweet, to me
You are Poetry!

HER LOOK.

To-day the earth and the heavens broad
Smile and sparkle from pole to pole.
The sun shines down in the depths of my soul,
With light that will last through Eternity.
To-day I saw her — she looked at me —
To-day, I believe in God!

HER KISS.

For one of your looks, the world, well lost;
For one of your smiles, Heaven's dearest bliss;
For one of your kisses! Ah me, the cost!
What should I give for your kiss — your kiss?

WHERE GOES LOVE?

Sighs are air and return to air,
Tears are water — to water flow.
Now tell me, woman, where does Love go
When Love is forgotten — ah where, ah where?

Mary Ainge De Vere.

An Old Vote for "Young Marster."

I.

WHAT! up for de Senate? dat chile!
I 'member de day he was bo'n;
Fa'r in de face, like his mudder,
Ha'r like de silk o' de co'n.
You minded him, Judy; our Reuben,
Dick's Peter, old Trip, and King Lear
(De berry best hounds in Virginny),
And *him,* was all pups de same year.

And you don't rickolect *Lear,* Judy? You *is* losin' o' your mind! Why, oberseer Johnson shot dat dog in corn-shuckin' time, de same year Betsy Ann and Steben had de hoopin' cough, for runnin' arter sheep. I 'spicioned two other dogs myself, but howsomever

Lear he got shot, anyway;
And I'm gwine to dem poles at dat 'lection,
And vote for young marster to-day.

II.

Nigh upon forty, is he?
And well growed for his age, I must say;
I went froo de wars as his butler,
And I'll be sebenty in May.
"Bill, look arter my boy," sez ole marster,
"When de shells come a-fizzin' aroun'."
I fotched de boy home from dem battles,
But ole marster was under de groun'.
I helped him to make his fust har'-trap,
And squir'ls we cotched more'n enuff;
De walls o' my cabin was kivered
Wid coon-skins and sech a like stuff.

What's come o' all de har's dese days? Dese 'fernal new-issue free niggers is too rot'en lazy to cotch har's. Dey flops 'round arter politicks and sech trash, and leffs der proper bizness ondone. 'Taint no horns blowed at de crack o' day neither, and times is gone backwed, and t'ings aint like dey used to was noway.

III.

Ole marster was good to us chillen;
Work, work in de 'bacca and corn,
But cake-bread at harvest and Christmas,
And whisky, as sure as you're born.

Den, in de summer-time, loads o' mush and water-millions was dumped out for de head man (and dat's me) for to 'stribute; and eberyt'ing floatin' in meat-gravy, and hot ash-cake and buttermilk. Sweet 'taters long as my arm, tharabouts. A mile o' nigger cabins, and de crows had to rest twice 'fore dey'd fly crost de corn-field.

Dem was *times!*

Mist'ess was one o' de Hortons,
From de place dey called "Wanderin' Brook";
She never gin us cross questions
Nor a *catabias* look.
Died when our Mose had de measles,
Wid a' angel look on her face.
Owned de best farm in King William,
Scuzin' de ole home place.

Ole miss' patterns for cuttin' out de field-han's clo's didn't used to always zackly fit. Sometimes a little no 'count or'nary nigger would have his coat-tails fa'rly sweepin' de groun', and his breeches gallussed up under his shoulder-blades to keep from trarmplin' on 'em; but dat come o' de nigger's own fault in bein' onproperly growed, and de clo's was sho' to be strong and warm. Dem was times wuth libin' in, dem was!

IV.

Git out de shirt-front, Judy,
Wid de buzzum a-shinin' like snow,
And see dat de collar am stiffened
And look like it come from de sto'.

Niggers don't do de i'ning dese days like dey had oughter. When I druv ole miss' kerridge, I'se been had my ears to fa'r bleed from de sawin' o' de stiff-starched collar. Nowadays de corner eends flops ober in no time like a wilted 'bacca plant.

Jes' lay out my blue Sunday breeches,
De swaller-tail coat and crivat,
Dat wesket my ole marse gint me,
And slick up de black beaver-hat.

Lord! dat velvet weskit! I 'member when ole marse flung it to me, as plain as ef 'twas yistiddy. He was 'ginnin' to git right smart portly, ole marster was, and he was a-dressin' to go to de dinner-party at Gen'l Randuff's, and he squez hisself up and couldn't button it no way; and he laffed, and sez he, "Here, Bill, put dat on, and han' me de brown flowered satin."

Jake! Bob! you triflin' little niggers,
Fetch my fa'-topped boots dis way,
And de bresh wid some rosin and toller
And gib 'em a greazin', I say.

Dem dar boots! I gint Tim Cobbler, what's dead and gone nineteen year come next Whitsuntide, nine dollar and sebenty-four cent' for dem fa'-topped boots. Tim was a marster han' on criers, Tim was, and dem boots creaked tell you could hear 'em from de kitchen to de barn; and ole miss couldn't abide 'em, so I darsn't w'ar 'em in hearin' distance o' de house. Dem boots will creak now, ef I wuk my foot properly, from eend to eend.

De trial o' my life was dat I couldn't git on ole mars' ole boots nohow, dough I'd 'a' parted wid a inch o' heel and two or free toes to do it; and dat no 'count nigger Harry would slip 'em on right under my nose. I could *walk* jest like ole mars'; I *hilt* my head gran' like up in de a'r; and, Lord! ef you'd 'a' come up behin' and heerd me fling 'bacca-juice, you'd 'a' swarred out 'twas ole mars' his own self. Haw! haw!! haw!!!

Dem was times, I say;
And I'm a-gwine to dem poles,
And 'lect my young marster to-day.

De bottle o' 'intment, Judy,
And rub it on well in de j'ints;
Dey say Bill is "rusty" and "ign'ant"
On all de political "p'ints."

And Steben, Steben—dat or'nary cuss Steben, o' Tildy Ann Spooner's, whar wouldn't 'a' fotch leben hund'ed at his best day—dat 'dentical black nigger Steben, he come and sot me by de bedside and argy-fied and jawed me to vote ag'inst my own white folks, for de sake o' some po' white trash whar had gint *him* two dollar and nineteen cent. Ebenezer Dubble! neffy o' one o' ole mars' oberseers. I knowed de ginerations o' him soon as I heerd de name. Lived at dat Sandyside trac' o' lan', whar de sorrel am so po' it takes two birds for to say killdee. One calls out "Kill," and t'other say "Dee!" Haw! haw! And when dey sot in to totin' rocks off de lan', dey had to stop, on account o' totin' off de face o' de yearth. Haw! haw!

Howsomever, I retched under de bed for de boot-jack, and 'lowed I'd 'a' riz up and gin Steben nine-and-forty ef I hadn't 'a' ben so stiff sot in de j'ints wid dis plaguey rheumatiz. Ugh! ugh!

But at last I druv him away,
For he seed what ole Bill meant;
And 'stead o' young marse for de Senate,
I'll 'lect him for President.

Eva M. De Jarnette.

The Silenced Choir.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE REV. DR. CHARLES S. ROBINSON.

OH, may I join the choir inaudible
Of those (how mortal they!) who sing no more
In churches better for their absence;—sing
In notes sublime that pierce the night like *Stars*,
And with their shrill insistence lead men's thoughts
To grander operas; sing in muscles
Stirred to risibility by warring
Sense and sound;—sing in organ-lofty scorn
For miserable hymns that have no trills,
For simple pastors and parishioners
Who seek the temple, not to praise the choir
But God, and whose devotion dies the while
Hosannas languish on the proxy's tongue.
Be mine the "noiseless tenor of their way."
"Silence was pleased." She will be pleased again.
So to sing is heaven: this is peace to come,
Which martyred worshipers who strove in vain
To follow foreign tongues have dearly bought.
No more may I support a leader's voice
In some great agony, or feed pure love
Of self in voicing praise of God; enkindle
Generous ardor sharps and flats among;
Beget the smiles of envious rivalry;—
And help the Musical Director crush
The protests mild of hectored ministers.
So shall I join the choir inaudible,
Whose stillness is the gladness of the world.

D. D.

Faynte Hearte.

DWELT my ladye in a castle high,
Were I a knight who hearde her crye,
& knew for me arose a sighe,
& were these ye daies of olde,
Despite ye feudal sworde & lance
My steede sholde 'neath her casement prance,
& with grimme deathe I'd take my chance
& all her warriors bolde.

But her fortresse is of modern bricke,
& I'm a modern swayne love-sicke;
My weapon's but a walkynge-stick;
I'm daunted by her mother.
So, lyke a lover out of date,
Thus borne vi. centuries too late,
I yielde myselfe to bitter fate,
& her — untoe another.

F. Marshall White.

An Avowal.

THERE'S a word in my heart, dare I tell it?
A dangerous, wonderful word:
It calls, and I hush it and quell it;
It flutters and calls like a bird
Made captive from out its dark prison.
And begs for a glimmer of light;
Up, up to my throat it is risen,
And poises for flight.

Her eyes are like stars softly shining,
Each one has a sparkle within;
And radiant roses are twining
In cheeks where my kisses have been.
But something of sadness and sorrow,
A shadowy emblem of doom,
Seems whispering, "Wait for the morrow!"
And leaves me in gloom.

One touch of her exquisite fingers,
One pressure of velvety tips,
In memory's mazes still lingers;
One kiss is still fresh on my lips.
But down in my heart in a flutter
A bird dwells to tenderly sing
The song that my lips dare not utter,
The song of a ring,—

A ring wrought of gold, with a jewel
Imbedded within it that tries
To flash back the soft or the cruel
Light locked in her beautiful eyes.
Will she wear it, I wonder, a token
Of all that my heart holds so fast
That the fetters remain yet unbroken
And firm to the last?

There it comes! What a ghost of a shiver
Just ran through my stammering tongue!
And down in my heart there's a quiver
Of something that ought to be sung.
One word — ah, my darling, you know it;
The long captive songster has flown!
Love — love — is the burden: the poet
Loves you — you alone!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

A Theosophic Marriage.

SHE was a theosophic miss
Who sighed for sweet Nirvana;
She talked of esoteric this
And that, in mystic manner.
She wore a wide and psychic smile,
Used diction transcendental.
Two suitors her besieged meanwhile —
Both softly sentimental.

The one, he was a drummer bland,
Who wore a lofty collar;
He knew not things were hollow, and
He chased the nimble dollar.
The other was a soulful youth,
Who talked of things symbolic;
Enamored quite of inner truth —
And predisposed to colic.

The one, he talked of common love
In tones that made her shudder;
The other soared with her above
To misty realms of Buddha.
She sent the first upon his way
With snub unmitigated—
Upon the other smiled, and they
By Hymen were translated.

FOUR YEARS LATER.

Within a lofty Harlem flat
She's found her sweet Nirvana;
She does not think of this and that
As marshy zephyrs fan her;
She dreamily wipes Buddha's nose
And spanketh Zoroaster,
And mends their transcendental clothes,
Torn by occult disaster.

Her adept husband still can solve
The mysteries eternal,
But for some reason can't evolve
A salary diurnal.
He still floats on to cycles new,
But fills his astral body
With—not the Cheelah's milky brew, —
But Jersey apple toddy.

She eloquently mourns her life
And objurgates her Latin,
To daily see the drummer's wife
Drive by her, clad in satin.
She has been heard, in fact, to say
When somewhat discontented,
"Though 'osophies' hold social sway,
Though 'ologies' enjoy their day,
I think, in love, the good old way
By far the best invented."

Henry J. W. Dam.

For Her Mirror.

(AFTER READING AN OLD LEGEND.)

THE magic mirror at its mistress' call
Proclaimed her fairest lady of them all;
Your mirror, when the truth therein you seek,
Reflects yourself, and does not need to speak.

A. T. L.